

The SPORTING WORLD

Padoubny May Visit America.
Another giant foreign wrestler is to visit this country in quest of money and fame. The recent successes of the two famous grapplers, Ernest Siegfried, "the German Oak," and Yussif Mahmoud, the Bulgarian, who is matched to wrestle Frank Gotch for the championship of the world, have caused Ivan Padoubny, the giant Russian wrestler, to announce his intention of coming to America early in the summer to try to secure a match with this country's best mat artists. Padoubny is six feet seven inches in height and weighs 300 pounds. Out of the last six great wrestling carnivals held in Paris the giant wrestler has won five and would have captured the sixth, but he was unable to be present.

Philadelphia Americans' New Park.
Built of steel and concrete, with a seating capacity of 20,000 and standing room upon and about it for 27,000 more, the Philadelphia American league's new baseball grand stand is the greatest in the world and far and away the most durable and the most ornate. It is as different from the usual run of grand stands as the modern opera house is different from the circus tent. It is fireproof, crowd-proof, waterproof. This huge structure will be ready to the last detail for the grand inaugural of the baseball season of 1909 on April 12.

Refused \$75,000 For Peter the Great.
G. H. Moore of St. Clair, Mich., who recently bought the three-year-old colt Robert C. from W. E. D. Stokes for \$12,000, purchased from Mr. Stokes the yearling filly by the trotting stallion Peter the Great, out of Margaret A., and the yearling filly by Peter the Great, out of Mary Sadie. He also renewed his offer of \$50,000 for Peter the Great. He was informed by Mr. Stokes that he had declined to consider an offer of \$75,000 made for the horse by the Russian government.

Stuart May Stroke For Cambridge.
D. C. R. Stuart will have a chance of stroking the Cambridge crew to victory for the fifth time, including the Harvard race. R. W. M. Arbuthnot, the Eton freshman, has been stroking the crew in practice, with Stuart rowing bow, on which side of the boat he always strokes. Arbuthnot is probably a prettier oarsman than Stuart, but the latter's electrifying methods in the early part of the race have carried him far. His stamina has never really been put to a test in the annual boat race.

Princeton May Row on Schuylkill.
From an announcement made by the board of stewards of the American Rowing association there will be at least five and possibly seven crews entered in the junior collegiate race at the sixth annual regatta to be held on the Schuylkill on May 22. Entries have been received from Cornell, Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and New York university. It also is understood that Princeton will send two eights, this being the first intercollegiate regatta in which Princeton has expressed her intention to compete.

Brown on Pitching.
Mordecai Brown, star pitcher of the Chicago Nationals, says "it is ten times harder to pitch easy than to pitch hard. That's a fact," added Brown. "Suppose you have worked vigorously and have acquired a winning lead, then they want you to let up and take it easy. Well, it is harder to slacken up and pitch a comparatively easy game than to throw your arm out. This may sound queer, but it's true."

Cornell-Harvard Freshmen Race.
All arrangements have been completed for the freshman race between Cornell and Harvard, which will be rowed on Cayuga lake on Memorial day. This will be the first freshman race between the institutions since 1878.

The Scot and His Game.
If the Scot who has stayed at home cannot play the game of curling as well as his sons who have settled in Canada, what he lacks in skill is made up by love of the sport. Curling is of the Scot. It is ingrained in his nature, deeper than his religion or his financial interests. It has been known to make a Scotsman break the Sabbath and a dollar bill.—Canadian Courier.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Ground Feed For Horses.
It seldom pays to grind corn for horses, provided their teeth are in first class condition. If horses are old and their teeth not in the best condition there would be some advantage in grinding. It is true that a certain amount of the animals' energy is required to perfectly masticate the corn, but the amount saved by grinding would in many cases hardly offset the cost. In the case of horses which are performing unusually hard work through long hours a general exception might be made to this rule, due to the fact that the animals are required to eat and digest larger quantities of concentrated food in order to perform the work and maintain their weight. Some European experiments have shown some advantages coming from the grinding of corn, cob and all. It is not generally considered, however, to be a profitable practice to grind corn, cob and all, for horses feeding.—G. C. Wheeler, Kansas Experiment Station.

Setting Turkeys.
Build a wire coop of sufficient size to accommodate the hen. This is placed on the ground and the turkey put in the middle of it. On top put cedar brush to make shade. Plenty of feed, water and grit are given and the turkey allowed to be alone. The coop is six feet on the sides and at least two feet high. When the poults hatch the corners of the coop are lifted after the dew is off and the young ones allowed to run. In the evening the little fellows are shut in to keep out vermin. At first they are fed bread-crumbs, boiled eggs and meat crumbled together, after being mixed with water or milk and squeezed dry. When a month old they are allowed to roam with a turkey, but encouraged to be at home in the evening by being fed regularly an hour or so before sundown. Usually the turkey hens will not come home of their own accord unless educated in this way.—M. C. Dean in Orange Judd Farmer.

Corrective For Hogs.
There seems to be no better way to supply mineral matter to hogs than to give them free access to salt, charcoal, air slaked lime, wood ashes and bone-meal. Charcoal may be made out of corn-cobs by digging a pit in the ground with sloping sides so as to prevent caving, starting a fire in it and then adding cobs a few at a time, letting the fire burn through each time. This is continued until the pit is full, when it may be covered with an old barn door and the cracks sealed with a little dirt. After twenty-four to forty-eight hours the pit will contain the finest grade of charcoal for pig feeding. When pigs are fed these various mineral substances they will undoubtedly not have such a craving for nut coal. However, a little nut coal in addition, if they care for it, would not be harmful.—Breeder's Gazette.

Improving the Dairy Herd.
The most practical way for the farmer to build up a dairy herd is to buy a good dairy bred bull and cross on the best of his common cows. This is the cheapest way, and, in fact, the only way, unless the farmer has the ready money and will buy a herd of pure bred producing cows, which in the west cannot be found at any price. Contrary to the ideas of many men, dairy bred bulls are much cheaper than good dairy bred cows, and there is no reason why the farmer who wants dairy blood in his herd should stand on the cost of a bull.—Kansas Farmer.

Destroying White Grubs.
Probably the most effectual check to white grubs is early plowing. If the land can be winter plowed and again plowed in the spring the grubs will be greatly injured. The application of lime will doubtless help to destroy them, and if early potatoes are planted and the crop harvested as soon as possible the land may be at once fitted and sown to alfalfa with almost certainty of a good stand.

Lime For Sour Land.
Is your land sour and sodden? If it is, remember that the antidote is lime. Remember also that alfalfa and clover produce acidity of the soil and that unless lime is present in considerable quantity, to get the best results from leguminous crops, it must be applied in more or less generous quantities. For this purpose finely ground limestone is of most lasting benefit.—Kansas Farmer.

SOME CANDLE SHADES.

French Fluted Model That is Easy to Make.
The day of the glaring droplight over the dining table is done; the hanging lamp is happily tabooed; the chandelier holds its old, exalted position, but its overhead and spreading light is quite discouraged by every hostess, who has become a convert to softened colors and candle shades. Who among us is not won over to the little fairy lights dotted around the festive board? When we happen to be



A FRENCH FLUTED AFFAIR.

In a particularly responsive mood their little, sparkling jets of light seem almost to transport us to some other land. One particularly happy feature in the candle shade of home manufacture is the ease with which the original may be reproduced. This makes it entirely possible to keep a supply of "repeats" in reserve for renewing scorched ones and keeping up the required number.

If one is in the least handy with the water color box any of the bristleboard shades may be readily copied. When originality of design is out of the question, tracing may be resorted to and perhaps an even more appropriate color substituted.

A platted shade resembling the French fluted ones may be accomplished by those fairly expert. The knife platted material covers a cardboard shield and is fastened at top and bottom with narrow galloon. They are very fetching—indeed, quite delicious in their suggestion of the little fluted covers with something to eat inside—and eminently suitable to deck the mahogany when used with the short glass candlestick reproducing the antique.

Men Jealous of a Woman Writer.
One of the first of literary honors has been won by a woman. It is the Chauchard prize, given by the Societe des Gens de Lettres of France, and Mme. Jeanne Marni is the winner. There is not a literary man in France who is not eager to earn this distinction, and it is not strange that there have been many protests against the present award. Mme. Marni is the first woman to carry off the prize, and her name now is enrolled with that of De Maupassant. In announcing its decision the committee made known it awarded the prize upon the general excellence of Mme. Marni's work. The opinion also was expressed that her writing in almost every feature was superior to that of all the other contestants. This was putting the truth rather bluntly, for "all the other contestants" were men.

Oils For Leather.
Olive oil, cod liver oil, castor oil and neatfoot oil are considered to be the very best oils for leather. Mineral oils, however, are quite extensively used, and we know of no reason why, if they are free from acids and alkalis, they should be at all harmful to the leather.—W. D. Bigelow, Department of Agriculture.

Feeding Hens.
Don't feed all sloppy food. The hens have been supplied with a machine for grinding, and it should be used. Let any member of the body stop work for some time and when called upon to perform its duties it is very likely to be weak.—Farm and Ranch.

A WRONG AVENGED

They were both guilty, but was he so much to blame in his passionate love for this fair woman who had turned the heads of better men than Gordon Willis?

And Gordon Willis loved her. And yet there was another, a dark faced, childish, loving girl, who bore his name and to whom his love was due.

He had married Iva St. Clair to please his father and keep his inheritance. And years after, at his father's death, Gordon had married her, caring little for her, but fully aware of the fact that she loved him with all the passion of her fervid nature.

Vivian Hope was alone and friendless in the world when Iva Willis offered her a home, for they were distant cousins, and she gladly accepted the generous kindness.

Gordon Willis stood before her now, his handsome face passion stirred, his blue eyes glowing.

The truth had broken on Iva Willis with an awful suddenness of horror. She came forward now with a pleading gesture.

"I have heard all," she said, "and Vivian, pity me. You will go away, Vivian, will you not—go away with your fatal beauty and leave me my husband? I do not blame you. But, Vivian, if this goes on I will die—do you hear—die?"

"You talk nonsense, Iva," she said. "You can turn me away if you wish."

There was a moment's silence; then Iva bent forward, her eyes still on Vivian's lovely face. "Without my husband's love I could not live. I ask you to go away, and you refuse. Remember, I have told you that the day my husband tells me that for your sake he wishes me dead I will grant his wish. But, Vivian, I warn you that if you ever take my place, living or dead, I will avenge my own wrongs."

No one knew what words took place between Gordon Willis and his wife a few weeks later, but every one knew that the cold, still form of Iva Willis was found floating on the lake when the evening shadows fell, her little hands crossed on her bosom, her passionate heart at rest.

Iva Willis had been dead one short year when Gordon brought Vivian home to reign in her stead.

They were straying up and down the shady paths together, and Gordon's eyes, filled with passionate tenderness, were resting on Vivian's lovely face.

They paid no heed to where they were straying till with a little inward shudder Vivian noticed that had turned down the path that led to the lake—the lake where Iva had ended her passionate young life.

"What is the matter, darling?" Gordon asked.

"I—I feel a little chilly. Will you go to the house and bring me a shawl, please?"

Kissing her lightly on the forehead, her husband turned and left her, and she passed on and down to the lake. She had complained of chilliness while Gordon was with her, but as he turned away something crept over her that was not cold, yet left her trembling. A terrible, undefined fear seemed creeping round her heart, and dark shadows were closing over her.

Suddenly her face grew ghastly white and all the light faded from her lovely eyes; even her lips became pale with the terror that swept over her.

For slowly along the edge of the lake came a slender form in wet, trailing garments, with marble face and black, wide open, stony eyes! O God, was it Iva Willis? Was that cold, dusky face the one that had been raised in piteous pleadings to her own? Were those white lips the same that had parted that day in a cry of passionate pain?

Yes, it was she. Living or dead, she had promised to avenge herself, and she had come.

Vivian tried to shrink back, but in vain. Closer, still closer, came the cold, wet form. Then two tiny hands were outstretched as if to clasp her.

Was it a dream, was it madness, or was it a terrible reality?

Closer—closer—the black, staring eyes were looking into hers, and she could see the water dripping on the sand, and then—

An icy chill swept over her, the dark shadow closed around her, and Gordon Willis, coming down the path, heard a shriek so terrible in its anguish and horror that his blood stopped coursing in his veins, and when he reached his darling's side he found her kneeling

on the sand, pleading wildly to some unseen being, and out of her beautiful eyes all light had faded save the wild glare of insanity.

No one ever knew nor ever will know how it really was.

All they have for the story is the wild ravings of Vivian herself. God only knows whether she was simply the victim of imagination or that Iva had come back to avenge the wrongs of her outraged heart, as she promised.

Only one thing every one agreed to, and that was that both the brides of Gordon Willis met strangely sad fates, but which was the sadder none could tell—the fate of the childish young wife swept in dead at his feet or the fate of the beautiful Vivian.

WHEN THE CAT GOT MAD.

Her Digestion Wouldn't Work—Same Thing Happens to Humans.

Horace Fletcher of mastication fame talked recently to the New York League For Political Education about the influence of mental states upon digestion and left some people in greater despair than ever about the attainment of dietetic righteousness. For it is not enough to chew, it seems. One must also cultivate faith, hope and charity and cease to worry about one's rent. All this has been conclusively proved by the use of the X ray on cats. Pussy is allowed to get "good and hungry," Mr. Fletcher stated, and then she is permitted to eat as much as she wants of some food that she likes, the food being stained with a substance which doesn't detract from its flavor, but which renders it opaque to the X rays. She is now placed beneath the X rays, and taking it for a fire, she stretches herself out in great content to digest her dinner, the course of which can be traced through the digestive apparatus by its opaqueness. Everything goes along smoothly until the attention of the cat is distracted. Then the process is delayed, but if the cat is annoyed and gets angry enough to spit it stops altogether and does not start again until a considerable time after the cat has regained its composure.

The moral is obvious. Avoid all perturbations of the spirit if you want your food to digest, even after you have chewed it. Mr. Fletcher seems to think that this is quite simple.

Hatred, Mr. Fletcher stated, is the most fatal of all the passions, hurting the eater infinitely more than the object against which it is directed, and millions of children, he is convinced, may have been killed by a sharp word spoken to the mother at breakfast, the mental disturbance curdling her milk and rendering it poisonous. But fortunately he does not consider it necessary to give oneself up to the business of digestion, as the cat does under the X rays.

"If you fletcherize," he said, "you can do the most strenuous physical and mental work immediately after eating."

Horrible Examples.
Sometimes you meet a lovely maid Whose beauty has no taint And get a sudden shock because You hear her say, "I ain't!"

Chicago's earnest motto is "I will!" and not "I won't!" And yet there are Chicago girls Who calmly say, "He don't."

And so it goes, in Boston, where There's culture beyond price, You sometimes hear the quick remark, "Say, he don't cut no ice!"

There even is a man from Maine Who loves to chaff and quiz, And you would be surprised to know He often says, "They is."

The Prophet at Home.
"Do you mean to say," began the tourist to the villager, "that the old man in front of that house is really 100 years old?" "One hundred and four," corrected the native. "No wonder you're proud of him," congratulated the tourist. "I don't know about bein' proud of him," replied the villager calmly. "Far's I know he ain't done anything in this place except grow old, an' it's took him a sight o' time to do that."—London News.

To Bleach Dobbies.
To bleach colored embroideries, such as doilies and centerpieces and other delicate pieces that cannot be boiled, dip an old pillowslip or a bag of some kind into deep bluing water and let it dry. Then wash the pieces, dry them in the shade and put in the blue bag and let them hang in the light for several days. They will come out as white as snow.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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LETTER

To A. M. Henshaw from Wanamaker & Brown.

DEAR SIR:
We are in receipt of an unlimited number of congratulations from our sales agents upon the superb assortment of Spring Clothes. They agreeing with us in pronouncing them the handsomest ever gotten together.
We send forward this supplemental line of Grays and Oxfords from the fact that it is being whispered that high priced merchant tailors are preparing to introduce them as their leading lines and these fortyify you in the statement that you have everything that can be demanded.
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In the matter of Erwin D. Prentice in Bankruptcy.
To the creditors of Erwin D. Prentice, in the county of Wayne and district aforesaid, a bankrupt.
Notice is hereby given that on the 16th day of March, A. D. 1908, the said Erwin D. Prentice was duly adjudged a bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the referee in the borough of Honesdale, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, upon Friday, the 24th day of April, 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting.
W. M. H. LEE, Referee in Bankruptcy.
Honesdale, Pa., March 17, 1908. 2w3

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

ESTATE OF EUNICE A. FARNHAM, late of Honesdale. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement.
F. C. FARNHAM, Executor.
Honesdale, Pa., March 5, 1908. 2w6

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership in the mercantile business, in the borough of Honesdale, Wayne county, Pa., heretofore existing between Manuel Jacobson and Wm. A. Jacobson, under the firm name of Jacobson & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The said Manuel Jacobson will continue said business under the firm name of M. Jacobson & Co., and will settle all claims against the late firm, and collect all debts due to it.
MANUEL JACOBSON.
Wm. A. JACOBSON.
March 15, 1908. 2w3

WANTED—In every Hamlet, Village, and Township, energetic people who will use their spare time for good pay.
Drawer 5, Honesdale, Pa. 1f

SMOKE

"BOB" HAMILTON

10 CENT CIGAR.

THE CIGAR OF QUALITY.