

CHILD'S BODY IN COTTON BALE

Baby Disappeared in Texas and Its Corpse Was Strangely Discovered in Liverpool.

Galveston, Tex.—The disappearance of Alfred Hartman, the two-year-old son of George and Angelina Hartman of Gillespie county, five months ago, has been solved by the finding of the dead body of the infant in a bale of cotton opened at a gin in Liverpool, England.

It was early in December that Hartman, who is a prosperous farmer, took a load of cotton to a gin a few miles from his home and had it ginned. His little son, who was the youngest of several children, accompanied him on the trip to Fredericksburg and in some manner became separated from his father. Search for the missing boy proved unsuccessful, and it was finally believed that the baby had fallen into a creek and his body had been washed away in the current.

The finding of a body answering the description indicates that the child crept into the press while it was open and, falling asleep, was baled up in the cotton. The cotton was sold to a Texas concern, placed in a warehouse for several weeks and finally exported to Liverpool. The bale was opened a few days ago and the flattened body of the child discovered. Through the various channels the cotton was traced back to the broker who bought it in Texas and the identity of the infant established.

The body will be shipped back to this country for burial in the family lot.

TURKEY'S MAN OF THE HOUR.



MAHMUD SHEKHEP PASHA.

The leader of the constitutional troops in their advance on Constantinople to depose Sultan Abdul Hamid.

WOMAN'S BITE KILLS SURGEON.

Dies of Blood Poisoning After Saving Would-Be Suicide.

London, England.—Dr. Angus Bewley Wilson, aged 32, a house surgeon at the London Hospital, is another of the many martyrs of science.

Dr. Wilson was performing an operation on a woman suffering from laudanum poison, the result of an attempt to commit suicide, and in her struggles she bit one of his thumbs.

The operation was entirely successful in the case of the woman, whose life was saved, but in the case of the doctor blood poisoning set in from the bitten thumb, and Dr. Wilson died.

At the inquest concerning Dr. Wilson's death another surgeon said that it was necessary to gag the woman while the operation was in progress. She struggled all the time, and, seizing Dr. Wilson's thumb between her teeth, bit it.

The coroner said that Dr. Wilson lost his life owing to a woman whose existence was certainly not worth it, from the public point of view, she having attempted suicide on several occasions.

"A great deal is heard," added the coroner, "of doctors' fees, but little is heard of their generous sacrifices."

The jury returned a verdict of death from misadventure.

WILL WHIP MAN WHO KILLS HIM

Pittsburgh Objects to Continued Publication of Obituaries.

McKeesport, Pa.—William A. Long, of McKeesport, read in the Pittsburgh newspapers a neat obituary notice of himself. A relative of Long's had died in a Pittsburgh hospital, and in some way information got to the newspapers that it was the McKeesport man. As this was the sixth "mistake" of the kind in five years, Long became angry and communicated with some of the papers as follows:

"Once again I must prove an alibi. I am neither dead nor near it. It becomes monotonous, however, to be kept busy asserting that one is alive when the newspapers have you dead. The man who wanted a glass coffin so he could see what was going on had nothing on me. I am fairly well equipped now to write a book on 'funerals I have missed.' I will whip the next man who 'kills' me."

AVOID KISSING AND PYORRHOEA

Dentists Say Disease of Gums Goes with Artificially Colored Hair.

Birmingham, Ala.—Kissing and pyorrhoea were discussed at the annual convention of the National Dentists' Association here. Pyorrhoea is a disease of the gums, and is held to be communicated by kissing.

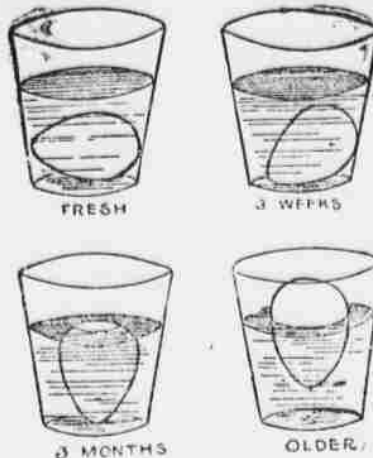
The assertion was made in the discussion that nearly every woman whose hair is artificially colored is a victim of pyorrhoea.

POULTRY

JUDGING THE AGE OF AN EGG.

If It Is Fresh It Will Sink, If Old Float.

The age of an egg can be pretty definitely estimated by use of the simple method shown in the accompanying cut. If the egg is fresh it will sink in the water and rest on



FOUR STAGES IN AN EGG'S AGE.

its side. If about 3 weeks old the large end will be inclined slightly upward. At three months of age it will float with the large end more or less out of the water according to the stage at which it has arrived.

Where Poultry Raising Pays.

One of the most lucrative occupations in southern California, when it succeeds, is poultry raising. But, perhaps, more people fail at it than in any other business, because so little capital is required to begin on a small scale. Although the climate is balmy all the year chickens do not thrive unless cared for in a skilful and hygienic manner. Roup, which is a kind of diphtheria for fowls is the most fatal and prevalent disease, and once it breaks out the destruction of all chickens in the corral is almost certain. Then, too, the cool nights are said to effect them, and for this reason the coops are made warm. It is the dream of many who go to southern California to own a few acres and raise chickens and sell eggs. A small percentage only of those who give it a practical trial succeed. Thousands of dollars are wasted annually in vain attempts, and in some sections abandoned coops and incubators can be seen frequently.

But those who persevere and succeed are richly rewarded. The most successful egg farm that I know of is not far from Long Beach, off the coast. The owner now produces daily an output of five hundred eggs from one thousand five hundred chickens, besides getting a fair price for the superfluous roosters. All of his chickens are white leghorns, and he asserts they are the best layers. His income is about seventy-five dollars per week, less a total expense of three dollars a day for chicken food, oil for heating the incubators, and incidentals. He and his wife attend to the chickens, and the outdoor life has cured her of incipient pulmonary troubles. He made a total failure in the beginning, lost one thousand dollars the first year, but he saw his mistakes and courageously started again. At first he took the advice of neighbors, left his coops open at the bottom, and the cold nights killed the fowls by the score. Roup came and finished all he had, and then he plowed up his three-acre farm, sowed it in barley, and did nothing with chickens for six months. His second trial was successful, because, as he asserts, he relied upon his own judgment. His coops are closed, and a small aperture, left for the chickens to enter, is the only ventilation for the night. Each coop, each runway, is kept absolutely clean, and if a chicken shows the slightest symptoms of illness it is, as a rule, killed, unless he knows how to cure it. Frequently he cuts open the craw, takes out the offending matter, and sews it up again. Mites are great enemies to chickens, but his system of cleanliness keeps these pests away. All of his chickens are wild and the sound of a human voice startles them as it would an animal in the forest. Neither he nor his wife makes pets of the fowls, and at feeding time they are called by hitting a stick on a tin bucket. The theory is that a petted chicken, too tame lies around, waiting to be fed, and does not work and scratch for a living. His neighbors, who started when he did on a large scale, are now following other occupations. He says lawyers and doctors have to study for years to acquire their profession, and it stands to reason that a man cannot, at once, raise chickens successfully. He has to learn by experience and good judgment.

Chickens are so expensive to buy in the market that every household, if possible, has a few in the backyard in a wire corral, and often leading an al fresco existence, i. e., with no coop whatever to keep them warm at night. And, strange to say, these few fowls are often hardy. Trying to raise them on a large scale seems to be more difficult. Some of the swell residential houses in Los Angeles, in West Adams Street, the Fifth Avenue of the city, have chicken corrals in the backyard, and the chorus of the chattering makes music in the early morning. Chicken raising pays handsomely in southern California, if understood.—H. F. in Leslie's Weekly.

Short Sermons

For a Sunday Half-Hour

THEME:

Moral Courage.

By WILLIAM M. GROSVENOR

(Rector, Church of the Incarnation, New York)

And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near the Philistine.—I. Samuel, xvii., 39, part 40.

Thus early in his career did David the shepherd boy assert the distinguishing quality of his life. He must be himself. He was gracious, tactful, ready to try means which other people wanted him to use; he was willing to put on Saul's armor, but when it came to the battle he must have his own off used weapons; he must fight in his own way.

All of us are sinners; all of us have our faults; but we venture to say that for all of us to-day there is one clean cut distinction that always remains in our moral and intellectual judgment of men—do they ring true? When we say, "That man is square; he means what he says; you can trust him," how that covers a multitude of sins! He holds opinions with which we utterly disagree, but we say he is sincere, and we respect him. He is perhaps irritable and cursed with an unfortunate manner; he is tactless and blundering, but he is as trustworthy as time, and as straight as an arrow, and we believe him.

And without it, all the gifts of nature and of grace are marred and valueless. Though he speaks with the tongues of men and angels, the moment we find him out and know that it is all honeyed words and glittering unrealities the eloquence becomes as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Though he has faith, and goes to church and sings hymns and utters prayers, and all the while is doing it for social recognition or political influence or business success, the moment we find him out we call him hypocrite and curse his him. He may feed the poor and build hospitals and colleges, and churches and libraries, and yet when we know, or even imagine that we know, that he has oppressed the poor, and been hard as flint and stony and unmerciful to all those who work for him or deal with him, no amount of explanation will ever redeem his one irreparable fault.

There is something very remarkable about our Lord's discrimination between men. He has compassion on the multitude; He is most sympathetic with physical suffering; He is most merciful and tender with sinners and social outcasts; He is most tolerant with honest doubters; He takes into the wide embrace of His arms, outstretched upon the cross, the whole tragic life of the sin-sick world, but He turns with almost savage fury on that mental and moral insincerity which made many of the leading classes of his own day children of the devil. He seems to say, Be true to yourself, bring better ideals into your life. It is that kind of manhood, simple, frank, open true to itself, that alone will save our politics and our society from the demoralization of its sins and unrealities.

What we need supremely to-day is moral courage. Thousands of young men and women would be saved from moral ruin if they were only brave enough to be true to themselves and to the real convictions of their hearts. If we know that gambling, intemperance, sensuality, are dragging us down, the first step to victory is to fling compromise and all excuses aside and speak out frankly to our friends. If we think a thing is wrong let us boldly say so, and then there will come to us the larger courage to go on and win a greater victory.

Herald Blasts.

Some fools and their money won't part until death takes the fool.

Education liberates a man from a prison whose walls are ignorance.

The faster a man lives, the easier it is for the devil to keep up with him.

The man who can't quit drinking alcohol might try some of the denatured kind.

When a woman wears the trousers, she generally does it because her husband won't.

Instead of thinking twice before they speak, some people speak twice before they think.

The dead tree which stands through the storm, but after the clouds have rolled away and the sun smiles upon it, falls to the earth with a crash, is like the man who withstands a storm of criticisms and then falls under the calm of compliments.

Perfection.

Michael Angelo, the famous sculptor, was showing a visitor over his studio and pointed out how, on the great work in which he was engaged, he had polished this part, softened that, retouched this since his last visit. "Yes, I see," answered the visitor, "but these things are such trifles."

"So they may be," replied the great master, "but remember that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."—C. & M. Alliance.

WORTHY OF THEIR STEEL.

Militiaman Asuaged His Thirst and Then Told His Rank.

During a strike in the coal mines of West Virginia some years ago, apprehension on the part of the State authorities led to the calling out of the Militia. There was really no trouble, but the situation was tense and bloodshed was looked for at any moment.

One day a soldier in uniform, off duty, was strolling through the main street of the town wherein the greatest violence was feared, when he was surrounded by a crowd of strikers.

"Honest, now, Bill," asked one of the men of the militia, "would you fire at your fellow men?"

"No, I wouldn't," promptly replied the man in uniform. "I never shot at any one in my life, an' I ain't goin' to do it now."

The crowd cheered, and some one invited the militiaman to have a drink, an invitation which he accepted with alacrity. When he had satisfied his thirst the question was put:

"If you are in sympathy with the strikers, why did you answer the call to come here?"

"I ain't said I was in sympathy with the strikers," was the unexpected rejoinder of the man in uniform.

"But you said you wouldn't shoot at a miner; that's the same thing," protested one of the men.

"Well, fellows," said the uniformed one, after a moment's hesitation, "to tell you the truth, I never carried a gun in my life. The fact is I play the cornet in the band."

His Tears Had Been Shed.

President Hadley of Yale is apt in story telling, and all his tales have an application that those for whom they are intended cannot fail to perceive. At a reception given for him by an old friend some 500 miles from New Haven one individual with a better memory than tact asked him what he thought of the recent baseball game. As Yale had met with a disastrous defeat, the subject might be called unpleasant. Without hesitation President Hadley said: "There was a boy who lived in a village whose uncle died. The next day a man driving along the road was surprised to find the boy working in a field. Thinking this did not show proper respect for the dead uncle, he called the lad to him and said, 'Johnny, didn't you know your uncle was dead?' Johnny slowly approached and drawled out: 'Yes, I know it—I have cried.'"

His Deficiency.

A certain Chicago merchant died, leaving to his only son the conduct of an extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies.

"Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part, I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow; but take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."

Eggs Boiled to Music.

A well-known evangelist tells a story of a visit to a small town in one of the Southern States, where he was awakened one morning by a soprano voice which came from the kitchen singing a famous hymn. As the bishop was dressing, he meditated on the piety of the servant. Speaking to her after breakfast of the pleasure it had given him, he was met with an unexpected answer. "Oh, thank you, sir," she replied, "but that's the hymn I boil the eggs by—three verses for soft and five verses for hard."

INSINUATING.



Madge—I never eat such things because they spoil the complexion.

Marjorie—But you used to eat them, didn't you?

A Fair Offer.

"No," snapped the sharp faced woman at the door, "I ain't got no food for you, an' I ain't got no old clo'es. Now, git!"

"Lady," replied Harvard Hasben, "I could repay you well. Give me a square meal and I'll give you a few lessons in grammar."

Not the Way.

"Why have we stopped, captain?" "On account of the fog, madam."

"Oh! but, my dear captain—surely not! Look!, it's perfectly clear up above."

"Aye, ma'am—but we're not goin' that way, unless the boiler busts!"

Unusual.

"Yes; we were disappointed in the peasantry."

"As to how?"

"They always seemed to be working. We never found them dancing or snoring in slumbers."

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Book Work.

Frank Lincoln, who used to be well known in Chicago as an entertainer and humorist, had been appearing in London for a time in a monologue. One afternoon he had just made his bow and was about to begin when a cat walked in and sat down on the stage.

"You get out!" said Mr. Lincoln, severely. "This is a monologue, not a catalogue!"

Quiet All Right.

A little chap in Philadelphia whose father is a prominent merchant, and, as such, never loses an opportunity to descant upon the virtues of advertising, one day asked his mother:

"May Lucy and I play keeping store in the front room?"

"Yes," assented the mother; "but you must be very, very quiet."

"All right," said the youngster; "we'll pretend we don't advertise."

THE KIND THAT FIGURES.



"You say he's a great reformer; what's his speciality?"

"Corsets."

Domestic Economy.

They had automobilized in twenty-five miles to see Mr. Highflyer's pet oculist, and on the return trip three tires, one after another, had blown up. Whereupon Mrs. Highflyer remarked plaintively and with intense conviction: "My dear Alfred, it would have been so much cheaper to have kept you at home and bought you a glass eye!"—New York Times.

Evidence Lacking.

Master—What part of speech is the word egg?

Boy—Noun, sir.

Master—Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?

Boy (perplexed)—Can't tell, sir.

Master—Is it masculine, feminine or neuter?

Boy (looking sharp)—Can't tell, sir, till it's hatched.

A Home Trader.

A surgeon in a Western town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he were willing to have only a local anaesthetic.

"Sure," replied the other; "I believe in patronizing home industry when you can."

And he meant it.

The American Habit.

Briggs—I suppose if I accept your invitation to go to that dinner you will want me to make a speech.

Griggs—No, my dear fellow, you see it's this way. Everybody we have invited so far wants to make a speech, and what I am trying to do now is to get together a few listeners.

A Rising Fall.

A certain member of the British government, who was admittedly a great failure, was being discussed by two of his colleagues.

"And now," concluded one, "they want to make him a peer!"

"No," said the other, with greater acumen, "they want to make him disappear."

Poor Child!

"When I grow up and marry, mother, will I have a husband like papa?" asked Mary.

"I hope so, dear," said mother.

"And if I don't marry, will I be like Aunt Sue?"

"I hope so."

"Gracious," said Mary, as she turned away, "what a fix I'm in!"

Half Awake.

There had been a railroad accident, and the absent-minded tourist awoke to find himself with a mouthful of splinters. Turning uneasily in his shattered berth, he remarked:

"Maria, this breakfast food wouldn't be so bad if it had a little more cream on it."

His Job.

Towne—He's employed by the P. D. Q. Railroad now, I believe.

Browne—Yes; he has charge of the puzzle department.

Towne—The puzzle department?

Browne—Yes; he makes out the time tables.

Not Stopped by Trifles.

Mistress (who had detected her colored cook in theft)—Why, Dinah! You've been to communion—after taking the chicken?

Dinah—Shore, mum. Ye don't think I'm going back on my church jes' for one chicken?

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