

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Price of an Egg.
Blanche Bates, who is a practical farmer off the stage, tells a funny story apropos of two elderly negroes whom she recently employed to take charge of the extensive poultry yards she has established on her big farm near Ossining, N. Y.

These men, Noah Jackson and Alexander Johnston, are importations from Dinwiddie county, Va., a region famous for the cheapness and plentifulness of its eggs and poultry.

Constantinople Women and Veils.
What does liberty mean to the Turkish? Many things—chiefly the lifting off of a great weight of mind-bending fear.

Norwegians Are Cautious.
A good story of motoring in Norway is going the rounds. In many parts of this Land of the Midnight Sun motorists are unknown and, thanks to the mountains, are likely to remain so.

Painfully Polite.
Lieutenant Shackleton in a speech in reply to the toast of his health told an interesting story of politeness in the untrodden regions of the antarctic.

Accounting For It.
Outgoing heads of the government departments sometimes make a few "personal" promotions upon the eve of their departure, and a clerk in the department of agriculture, believing that Secretary Wilson would go the way of the rest of the Roosevelt cabinet, ventured to approach him with a little plea for special recognition.

The Witty Duke.
A Chicago heiress was relating some of her experiences during the London season that has just ended.

The Physical Culture Girl.
I dread the physical culture girl. For reasons far more than one. She knows too much of science, I fear, and things that shouldn't be done.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Too Good For This Sphere.
When it comes to ideal domestic women," said the proud young author, "the heroine of my new novel is the paragon."

No Cause For Alarm.
Mrs. Newpop—John, dear, do you think so much bread and melasses is good for the baby?

Happy Combination.
It happened down on the beach. A little boy sat on a fence, swinging his feet. Beside him sat a girl playing dolls.

Looking For a Bargain.
"No," said the frigid-hearted maid, "I cannot be your wife. My heart and hand are priceless."

Easy to Answer.
"Say," queried the city chap, "can you tell me how to make a slow horse fast?"

Their Absent Friend.
Bessie—You should have Mame Sanders go on about Fred Mills. She says she wouldn't have him for a husband if there wasn't another man in the world.

Her Quondam.
Her Mother (to bride elect)—What, frowning on your wedding day?

Two of His Strong Points.
The Young Man—I don't take any credit to myself for being able to spell better than other people can. Spelling is a gift.

The Surgeon's Charges.
"I hear you're dissatisfied with your doctor's bill."

Grudging Praise.
"Did the critics say anything favorable about your performance of Hamlet?"

Sterile Ground.
Cholly—Caw'n't imagine what's the matter with Gussie. There seems to be something preying on his mind.

Like Tendencies.
Friend—How is your star spending his free time now?

The Country Cousin.
Glenn H. Curtis, discussing aviation with a New York reporter, said, with smiling impatience:

NEW SHORT STORIES

Prudence of a French Diplomat.
An amusing little adventure happened the other day to the new French prime minister, M. Briand. He paid an official visit to a little town in the southeast of France which is famous for its clocks and watches.



BRIAND SHOOK HIM WARMLY BY THE HAND.

warmly by the hand, told him that he was a bit of a clockmaker himself and would enjoy putting the watch in order and would think while he did so of the kindness of the town which had presented it to him.

A Type Often Met.
George Gould was talking in the salon of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. of the queer characters met on shipboard.

Presence of Mind.
Mayor Stoy of Atlantic City was praising the remarkable efficiency of his corps of life guards.

Robber Bees.
It is where two colonies sitting side by side are at full flight at the same time that mixing of bees comes about.

Industry of the Bee.
The bee is famed for industry. but to show how much work the bee really does a naturalist says that to collect a pound of clover honey the bees must deplete 62,000 clover blossoms of their sweetness.

The Busy Bee.
Three hundred billion bees made enough honey last year to fill a train of cars long enough to reach from New York to Chicago at a low rate of speed or to make a pound, 4 1/2 miles north.



BEE CULTURE.

Hints to a Beginner—How to Prevent Swarming—Making Queens.

In answer to "subscriber" in reference to bees, I would say that if he wishes to keep only a few colonies for home supply of honey, the problem is not hard to solve.

There are two ways to make your own queens: Take three or four frames of brood, selecting them from different hives, with the bees on them, and place in an empty hive and close them up nicely, leaving but a small outlet.

Observing the same care as to robbers, etc., as in the other case. The hive from which the queen is taken will, at once, construct queen cells, and rear, perhaps a dozen queens.

When bees leave their own home, each one fills her honey sack, so as to be provided for the journey.

When a sound outside suddenly caught his attention—the shouts of his playmates, who had assembled under his window, and were cheering at sight of him.

John leaned over and waved his hand in token of greeting.

Robbing is not always confined to these colonies, but all weak colonies, whether wintered in the cellar or otherwise, are subject to be attacked in the evening.

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One Hundred to One

One hundred dollars. John looked at the total with a tumult of satisfaction that rose to wonderful heights after the long months of privation to which he had subjected himself to accumulate that magic sum.

Since the first day he went to work the idea of actually owning \$100 had been uppermost in his mind. He had allowed no avenue of possible saving to escape: long tramps to and from business, scanty lunches, thin clothes—all had been borne cheerfully while the meagre bank account had crept dollar by dollar to the 100 mark.

That week John came down with typhoid fever. A nurse was engaged, and a long store of sickness wrapped the small home in gloom.

The nurse had left the day before, and the doctor only looked in now and then to see how things were getting on. But into John's life these two beings had introduced a terrible tragedy. For their care of him his small fortune had got to pay.

That night John heard his parents talking over the prospect of that debt and planning to let go the small equity they had in their little home—glad to do this now that their son's life had been saved.

He got up feeling weak and ill. His mother, humming about her toil, crossed over to his chair and bent down to kiss the white face with a tender solicitude that had never been found wanting all during the years of her son's life.

The light broke like sunshine over that wan face and she wrapped John in a glad embrace, telling him how much it meant to both his parents for him to meet this debt; it meant the saving of their home, in which to foster the little ones growing up, and it meant, too, a burden of care lifted from the poor, invalid father, whose dally toll amounted to so little in the financial need.

All that day John heard his mother's happy song from the kitchen. In her great unselfish heart she never thought but that her boy took pleasure in meeting this debt with his savings, and as John listened, the tears swelled up in his eyes and rolled slowly down his cheeks.

A silence followed, a silence that surprised John not a little, for his friends were at all times noisily good natured. And then he heard a step on the stair. It was not his mother's step, nor the tread of any of his small sisters and brothers, for his ears had become accustomed to their footfall.

Then it was that John's guest marched boldly forward, and tossing an envelope into John's lap told him it was a little present from the boys. With that he rushed from the room before John could speak, and with trembling fingers the sick boy tore open the envelope.

Newsman of the World.
Three hundred billion bees made enough honey last year to fill a train of cars long enough to reach from New York to Chicago at a low rate of speed or to make a pound, 4 1/2 miles north.

ROLL OF HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

Wayne County SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States.

Stands 38th in the United States. Stands 10th in Pennsylvania. Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00 Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 29, 1908.

Table with columns: Stations, Sundry, Only, and train schedule details for various lines including Erie R.R., Delaware & Hudson R.R., and New York, Ontario and Western Railway.

Additional trains leave Carbondale for Mayfield Yard at 6:50 a. m. daily, and 8:35 p. m. daily except Sunday. Additional trains leave Mayfield Yard for Carbondale 6:45 a. m. daily and 8:35 p. m. daily except Sunday.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS
Delaware & Hudson R. R. Trains leave at 6:55 a. m., and 12:25 and 4:30 p. m. Sundays at 11:05 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Public Sale of Personal Property
Take notice that on Friday, Sept. 3rd, 1909, at 11:30 o'clock a. m., the New York, Ontario and Western Railway Company will sell at public sale for freight and storage charges, on hand goods, wares, and merchandise, consisting of six bundles of one dozen chairs, consigned to M. J. Conolly, at its freight station or depot in Clinton township, Wayne County, Pennsylvania, known as the Forest City station of said company.

Advertisement for 'Letters on Poorly Printed Stationery Go into the WASTE BASKET' featuring an illustration of a wastebasket and promotional text for stationery services.