

DRY FLY FISHING.

Hints to the Angler—How to Entice Big Fish.

Dry fly fishing is very little practiced in "his country for the reason that almost all authorities seemed to agree that the wet fly method is the only one suited to our streams. G. M. L. La Branche, in an article in Recreation, declares that a fly "doctored" with a very light application of paraffine is nearly always to be preferred to a wet fly, if an angler once gets "wise" to the right way to cast. A few of the points he emphasizes are as follows:

"If the angler wants big fish—and we all do—the dry fly will take them when nothing else will; but it must be presented properly to the highly 'educated' trout of streams that are much fished. My one great difficulty at the start was a seeming inability to check the impulse to give the fly, after it had alighted, a few spasmodic jerks, thinking to make it look alive. This action is fatal. The small fish will take it, of course, as they will also when it is just floating with the current, but I have never taken a good fish except when my line was quite slack and the fly floating naturally with the current. What is known as the 'drag' also destroys any chance of a rise, but this is not always the fault of the angler. It must be avoided if possible, and the only remedy I can prescribe is practice. If a cast should be bungled, don't become exasperated and snatch the leader and fly off the water in disgust—you court disaster when this is done, for the chances are better than even that you will hang up good and fast in some tree behind you. Permit the fly to drift downstream until it reaches a point nearly opposite you, and then retrieve, and the danger of scaring a fish that you might get on the next cast is minimized.

"The fly should rest on the surface for but an instant, then be lightly whisked off and a false cast or two made in the air to dry it before dropping it again on the water. Each cast must count! If the point of the rod is raised gently at the end of the cast, just before the fly alights, and this elevation continued afterward, the leader will be kept out of water, and the danger of drowning the fly, i. e., drenching it, will be avoided. Care must be taken, however, not to make this action too quick, or a motion will be imparted to the fly which is as unnatural as that caused by the 'drag.'"

PRIMITIVE ANIMALS RETURNING

Wild Creatures of Which Kansans Thought They Were Rid of.

Some time ago Kansas newspapers printed a line or two about the discovery of a white weasel at Oak Mills, adding that white weasels are extremely rare. Lewis and Clark, in 1804, in the journal of their famous expedition, speak of having procured from an Indian on the Missouri "a weasel which was perfectly white, except the extremity of the tail, which was black." Peasants here are the progenitor of the Oak Mills animal. By the way, it seems that Kansas is coming back to its primitive condition again, especially as regards wild animals.

Many wild creatures that were thought to have long since disappeared from our soil are making their appearance again. A little over a year ago a parrot was killed on the Remsburg farm east of Potter. Parrots swarmed in this locality in the early days. A beaver is occasionally seen in the Missouri River along the Kansas shore. They were formerly as plentiful in Stranger Creek as muskrats are now. Last year Herbert Rogers caught a beaver in the Kaw River near Leecompton.

Sam and Will McConnell killed a large black bear near Elk City some time ago. John H. Hicks of Kingman county killed a fine specimen of a bald eagle out there recently. John Burns caught a white squirrel near Salina last January. It was a perfect albino and had pink eyes. Charles Husted, near Lawrence, comes forward with a black pocket gopher, captured near that place. It is on exhibition at the State university.

Some time ago a deer was roaming about in the western part of Atchison county, but we have not heard whether it was captured or not. Deer were once plentiful and Atchison county has a stream named for them. Elk, antelope, buffalo, wild turkeys and other game which once abounded here have entirely disappeared, but we may expect a stray specimen of most any of these primitive beasts and birds to bob up any old time.

San Salvador Prosperous.

"San Salvador is in a good many respects the best country in Central America," declared Felix Mugden, a merchant of that place, who has just returned from a trip to Europe. "I make this statement because I believe that it is true. Financially and in a great many other respects the country is far ahead of its neighbors. We have not the disturbances that have racked some of the other Central American nations, and we have not interfered in the troubles of others. The President of our country, Figueroa, is a fine man in many ways, and we all love and respect him. He is doing much for San Salvador. He is honest and is an able statesman of the highest type, besides having a fine record as a soldier. He has been a conspicuous figure in public affairs for more than forty years. We did not feel the depression that disturbed business in this country, and commercially we are prosperous. The indications are that the coffee crop this year will be good, and prices promise also to be very favorable."

THE DRUMMER'S STORY

The short December afternoon had closed in the little Colorado village among the mountains, and this was Christmas Eve.

The boarders at the Fountain, a small hotel, and the only one the town afforded, had finished the evening meal—a meal similar to that which was to be found at all small villages in the West.

The inmates of the hotel comprised the landlord and his buxom wife, two hired girls, some 10 or a dozen miners, and five or six drummers, knights of the grip, who were forced by the inclemency of the weather to take refuge at the Fountain.

The snow had been falling steadily all day, and was still falling, the drifts in some places being several feet deep.

The men were seated around the table, some playing cards and others telling stories. "Come, Tom," said one of the drummers, "it's your turn for a story; give us something good—something true this time."

Tom was a dark, handsome fellow, with black hair and deep blue eyes—eyes that were full of magnetic power. He pushed back his chair, crossed one leg over his knee and, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, began:

"I once knew a fellow at school, who for instance, I will call Fred—bright, quick-witted, generous to a fault, but very mischievous. His pranks sometimes brought him to disgrace at school, but as Fred was a general favorite he finished the term all right and was graduated with honors.

He entered college with bright hopes and high aspirations, and while there made some brilliant successes; but, alas! there was to be a fall. He became intimately acquainted with another fellow of an entirely different stamp.

Bob Turner was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who wanted to see the world at the expense of someone else. He told Fred that if they had a few hundred dollars their fortunes would be assured. He accordingly induced Fred to forge a check with his father's name, and thus was committed his first act of crime.

They then went to New York, where their money was speedily disposed of, and Bob, seeing that Fred was now penniless, loosely deserted him.

Fred at first did not know what to do, as he was without money or friends. He could not go back to his home with such a disgrace attached to him, so the next thing was to look for employment.

After a long and tedious pursuit he succeeded in obtaining a position in a small office, for which he was poorly paid. He remained there about six months and then obtained a more lucrative position as traveling salesman for a leading New York firm.

One of his trips took him to Ohio, to the city of Cleveland, where he met a beautiful girl.

Alice Hastings was a pet of society and used to being admired. She showed a marked preference for Fred from the first and soon became as much attached to him as he was to her. They were engaged about six months and then there was a quiet wedding at Alice's home. Their honeymoon was spent in making a tour of the States, but alas, his happiness was to be short lived.

While stopping at one of the principal hotels in Chicago Alice met a stranger whose polished manners and flattering tongue, together with his handsome face, soon won her affections. She walked with him, danced with him and drove with him, despite her husband's objections.

His kind heart forgave her many things, thinking she would soon forget the stranger.

One night, after a hard day's toil of travel and dust and smoke of trains, Fred returned to his hotel footsore and weary. He climbed the stairs to his room with a heavy heart. There was an indescribable something which would not take form tugging at his heartstrings. He looked, yet dreaded to enter his apartment. At last he reached the door and flitting the key to the lock he pushed it open and stood inside.

The room held no other occupant. He passed on to the next, calling as he went, "Alice, Alice!" but no response. He searched them all, but in vain. Then he thought she must be at the opera, when suddenly his eye caught sight of a note on the mantel, in a conspicuous place.

He snatched it, opened it and read, "Dear Fred you know the lines, I have another life to meet, without which life my life is incomplete. I have met that life and must abide with it. Don't look for me, for by the time you read this note I shall be far away. Don't grieve for me, Fred, but try to forgive and forget. Your lost Alice."

"And the husband?" asked the miners and drummers who had been listening intently. "Is here," Tom said, as he dropped his head upon his breast, while a choking sob shook his frame. — HELEN GERTRUDE KELLER.

A Wonderful Rabbit Fence.

After five years' work Australia's great transcontinental rabbit-proof fence has been completed. Its length is 2,936 miles, and the cost of its erection has been nearly \$1,250,000. It is furnished at intervals of five miles with systems of traps, in which hundreds of rabbits are captured and destroyed daily. Inside the barrier there appears as yet no trace of their presence.

Flavors of Honey.

It is not generally known by the consuming public that there are as many honey flavors, and just as distinct, as flavors to apples and pears, grapes, and other kinds of fruit. The average consumer seems to have the idea that any honey that does not taste like what was produced "off from the old farm" is bogus. A person reared in a basswood-clover district regards as impure a honey that is mild in flavor, like the mountain sage of California; indeed, he very often will class it as nothing more nor less than sugar syrup. The unsophisticated in a buckwheat district feel a suspicion toward any honey that does not have the characteristic taste and color of that section. Another, who is accustomed to the delightful, minty taste of alfalfa can scarcely be persuaded to believe that a willow-herb or a palmetto honey is the genuine product from the hive.

Throughout this broad domain we find that bee-keepers have been catering to the peculiar flavor to which the locality is accustomed to such an extent that the consumer thinks there is but one flavor to honey. Mr. Seiser says that he can not sell for his bottling trade anything but a clover honey; indeed, he will reject anything that has any basswood or other flavor in the clover, "because," he says, "my trade won't have it."—Gleanings in Bee Culture.

The King and the Boy.

An amusing anecdote relating to the King's recent stay at Brighton was related last evening by the Rev. Cecil Maunsell, vicar of Thorpe Major, to a gathering of his parishioners, who made a presentation to him in celebration of his return from Brighton, where he has been staying for the benefit of his health.

The reverend gentleman, who vouched for the authenticity of the story, said that a few days ago a boy walked up to his Majesty as he was strolling along the esplanade at Howe and said to him:

"Mister, can you tell me the time?"

"Yes, replied the King, taking out his watch; 'It is a quarter to one.'"

The boy then informed his Majesty that he had "been waiting two hours to see the blooming King," adding, "I am not going to wait any longer."

"Neither shall I," replied the King, as he resumed his walk. His Majesty himself, said Mr. Maunsell, afterward related the incident with much gusto.—London Globe.

Discovery of Peat Bog in Maine.

An analysis of the strange mixture which spurted ten feet in the air when Henry Hagan was digging a trench on the Alonzo Davis place at Norridgewock, Me., a few weeks ago shows that it is the finest peat.

So finely separated are the particles that the substance after the water evaporates from it is nearly all carbon. It hardens quickly, and when in this state burns readily. Hagan was digging a trench through a piece of low ground when he struck the vein. It spurted into the air with a rush that drove the men from the trench. The substance was so fine that the men thought it contained oil but the analysis showed this conclusion to be erroneous. About ten tons are in sight, and it is believed that there is a still larger deposit under the surface. These suppositions are borne out by the fact that the stuff spouted out like an oil well for a while, indicating that somewhere it is under great pressure from a clay or other deposit.

A Good Bargain.

"I wish," said a Capitol Hill man recently, "that peddlers would keep away from my house. Somehow or other my wife can't help buying their wares, whether she needs them or not. All the peddler has to do is to say his article is cheap. When I get home at night I usually find some new stove polish, a new fangled kitchen utensil or something else lying around. Last night my wife had a bottle of something to show me when I entered the house.

"It's an asthma cure, John," she said.

"Asthma cure?" I repeated with a frown. "Why, Mary, no one in our family has asthma. We don't need that stuff."

"But, John, just think how cheap it was," she said, "it only cost a quarter."—Denver Post.

Decapitated Turtle Walks.

Arthur Thomason caught a fine turtle one day last week, cut off its head and placed it on ice, expecting to have a few friends enjoy it with him the following night. The next day he went to the ice-box after it, but found the creature walking aimlessly about. He has been back to the ice-box several hours daily since, but the turtle is livelier than ever. Arthur is opposed to boiling it alive and he fears the turtle feast may have to be postponed indefinitely. Friends have informed him that a turtle will give signs of life six months after it is decapitated.—Liberty (Mo.) Tribune.

Pity She's No more.

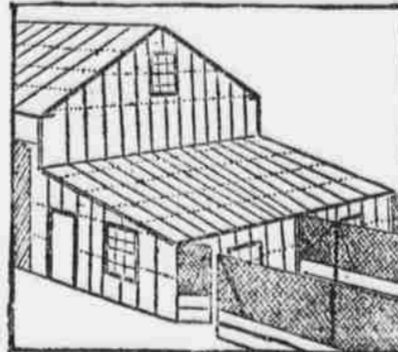
There was an old-fashioned woman who would blush if company caught her with less than six different kinds of cake and seven different kinds of preserves in the house. If a guest liked coffee for supper, she thought it was right that she should have it. Her pies were always rich, and she used lots of butter and cream. She had never heard of the diet cure, and believed in people eating just what they liked. What a pity it is that she isn't alive, so we folks who are tired of dieting could go and visit her.



A LEAN-TO POULTRY HOUSE.

Very Comfortable and Convenient When Built Against a Stable.

The accompanying cut represents a very convenient and comfortable poultry house, built against a stable or other outbuilding. The portion adjoining the other wall is eight feet high, and the lowest part of roof is six feet. The roosts and droppings boards are set parallel with the yards, and a partition separates the two



houses, so that they may each have a yard, as shown in illustration.

The nest boxes are placed under the droppings boards and the straw and litter are kept on the floors of the houses.

Of course we prefer the separate scratching shed, but when something cheap, designed for utility, is wanted then the above is most admirably suited. It may be built any size desired, and the most will be much less than that of a separate house and yards.

Size of the Eggs.

While it is true that small eggs and large eggs all sell alike, yet it is equally true that a basket of large eggs will be the first to sell, even though they bring no more than the small ones, and it is also true that the poultryman who can furnish large eggs of uniform size and color will have customers, when those who supply a mixed assortment will sometimes find that his supply exceeds the demand.

A good way to develop large eggs is by selection of hens. Each year those that come nearest laying the kind of eggs wanted should be kept for the next year's breeding yards, and in this way a flock of fowls that will lay large eggs may be obtained.

The time is surely coming when market men will discriminate against small eggs, and the sooner we secure a flock which will furnish us the preferred kind, the more certain are we to reap the early profits from the change.

How to Improve a Flock.

It often happens that one who has heretofore kept only mongrel fowls becomes convinced that he should keep a pure breed, but for some reason he finds it inconvenient to secure the same. The cost in many cases is too much, and, though he would like to have better fowls, he feels that he cannot afford it.

In such cases we would suggest a gradual improvement, a building up, as it were, of the mongrels he has.

A male bird of some good breed will give him the first year half breeds, and these mated with a pure breed will the next year further improve the flock, and so on for a few years, when he will have a good strain of pure-bred fowls. Begin next year to get on the right road for profit.

A Change of Food.

Fowls not only relish a change of food, even from the best, but it is absolutely necessary that they have it. Continuous feeding of the same things in the same way will in time become tiresome, and the fowls lose their appetite. They must have a change even though we give them something not so good.

It is best to plan for this and arrange the food so that each day will find a different kind for them. If we have not enough variety to do this, then we should prepare those we have in different ways, so that each kind may be inviting to the fowls. One day we can cook their food, another day we can feed in some other way, and so on, giving a change almost every day.

Foolish Hens.

There are some foolish hens which should never be allowed to set. They will step on chickens, smother them, trail them through tall, wet grass, lose them, and do all sorts of silly things. On the other hand, there are natural mothers which may be depended upon to bring successfully through the ills that chickens are heir to, a dozen out of every thirteen. To these hens may be entrusted valuable eggs.

Muslin Curtain Front.

You have heard of the muslin curtain front for poultry houses. Why not try such a covering over at least one of the windows of your poultry house? The verdict of those who have tried them is that the hens are healthier and lay better where houses are so equipped.

Geese Are Hardy.

Geese are good fowls to raise. They are hardy, and subject to no particular diseases as are turkeys. Old geese of two or three years are more profitable than younger ones. There is two-fold profit to be had from geese, flesh and feathers.—Mary R. P. Hatch.

CASTORIA

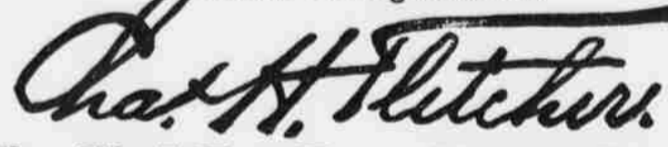
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