

EFFECT OF WATER ON COAL.

How It Assists Combustion—Does not Make the Coal Last.

It is often asserted that water on bituminous coal both aids combustion and "makes the coal last." Housewives, office men who live where this coal is used, and who are compelled to maintain stove or furnace fires, are firm believers, as a rule, in this paradox. That water on coal cannot do both, these people would know if they but thoughtfully considered it a minute.

The facts are these (and any one may easily verify them): In a light fire, that is to say, a stove or house furnace, water sprinkled on large lump coal really causes it to burn more rapidly. It soaks into the strata, into the porous surface, and being there converted into steam becomes corrugated and cavernous, thus offering a larger area of carbon to the active oxygen of the air. If the water is in excess of the amount which will do this, it then no longer aids combustion, but retards it. Again, if the coal is fine, a small dampness, nothing approaching wetness, however, may increase combustion by holding the particles apart, thus permitting the air to be admitted.

In short, says the Scientific American, water on coal favors combustion, when it does favor it, only by assisting the oxygen of the air to find more ready access to the surface of the carbon.

No Common Offender.

"See here, your Honor!" protested the irate young aristocrat, in city court, "just because my auto happened to run over somebody's pet cur dog and toss its carcass free of the road, this bundling policeman arrests me for exceeding the auto-speed limit; and then, besides embarrassing me before my guests by refusing to take my word of honor that I would appear in court without his escort, he tramples upon my dignity by dragging me out of my auto then and there. Sir, I'm a gentleman and not a common offender!"

"Never mind," calmly returned the judge, with becoming dignity; "I'll not treat you as a common offender. I'll fine you \$100!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Barrel Organ for Church Music.

A curiosity in church organs, is now in use at Brighting Church, England. It is a barrel organ, which has been in use there since the early part of the eighteenth century, possessing an exceptionally good tone, declared equal if not superior to that of the average pipe organ, which it closely resembles from the point of view of the congregation.

Considerable skill is required to play it, for it has six stops, which have to be manipulated with the left hand, while the right is turning the handle, and the wind is being pumped in with the left foot.

There are two rolls of music, each containing twelve tunes, comprising Easter hymns and selections suitable for volunteers.

Marie Antoinette's Books.

The unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette possessed an important library of 4,712 volumes, consisting of plays and romances, little books à la mode, the works of Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Boileau, Cousseau, Corneille, Moliere, Voltaire and many others. She loved music passionately and had a large collection of operas in eighty-nine numbers. The bindings were by Blazot and were uniform in red morocco, with the arms of France and Austria stamped upon them. The execution of the work was poor and the decadence in the art of binding evident. The glories of the art of Padeloup and the Beronnes had passed away, and the revolution effectually killed whatever knowledge remained of the ancient skill of the bookbinders. Half a century later saw its revival in France, and the art has since flourished both there and on English soil.

The Hen's Origin.

Passing over other interesting pheasants mention must be made of what has proven to be economically the most valuable bird on the earth to mankind—the red jungle fowl. Ornithologists know it as Gallus gallus, and it is indeed the "folk of fowls"; for from it has been bred every variety of domestic poultry, game, Langshan, Polish, Plymouth Rock, Leghorns, etc. Whether we consider the black, tailless fowls bred in Holland, or the Japanese poultry with tails fifteen to twenty feet in length, all were derived from the red jungle fowl. Remarkable as these facts are, proof is forthcoming in the fact that if any breed of poultry be allowed to run wild, they will gradually revert to this ancestral type and after a certain number of generations will have reverted to typical jungle fowl!—N. Y. Post.

Kipling and the 'Bus Owner.

Annoyed by the injury done to one of his trees by the driver of the local 'bus, Mr. Kipling once wrote a vigorous letter of complaint to the 'bus owner, who is also landlord of an inn. The landlord laid the letter before the select company of the bar parlor, who advised calm indifference. Also, a Croesus among them offered 10 shillings in cash for the autograph letter. Both advice and cash were accepted. A second and stronger letter followed; and this also found a purchaser, this time at £1, as befitted its increased violence. Boniface again said nothing. To him next day entered Mr. Kipling, briskly wrathful. "Why didn't I answer your letters, sir? Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one every day. They pay a deal better than 'bus driving."—Boston Times.



THE SEPARATOR A NECESSITY.

Several Cardinal Reasons Why One is Needed on Every Farm.

There are several cardinal reasons why the separator is needed on every farm where cows are kept: 1.—It saves lots of time over the old method of raising the cream. 2.—It saves work, as there are no jars or pans to fuss with and wash. 3.—It is easier to carry the cream to the creamery two or three times a week than it is to send a wagon load of milk cans each day. 4.—It saves money in the amount of extra cream which is obtained. 5.—The warm skim milk is better for the stock, whether it is calves or pigs. Statistics show that the feeding value of separator skimming is from 20 cents to 40 cents per hundred-weight. Therefore, by feeding it to the young stock with a little oil cake, they will get fatter than they did by the old method, and with separator skim milk they escape the sickness that comes from the gravity milk. 6.—The cream from the separator makes better butter than that which is raised by the old pan methods. It is a well-known fact that butter fat with impurities in it will not make as good butter as butter fat with the impurities taken out. The separator removes all these natural impurities. 7.—There is more money in it all around where the farmer uses a separator, for he gets more cream, better cream, hence makes higher grade butter, and gets better returns from his stock because of the fresh skim milk which is fed.

STOPS COW MILKING HERSELF.

Contrivance Arranged That Will Save Dairymen Many Pounds of Butter. The following instructions are given in answer to an inquiry regarding a device to prevent a cow from sucking herself:

"Securing two lengths of small cord, also six pieces of round, light wood about 12 inches long and 1-2 inches in diameter, I bored 3-8 inch holes at each end of the sticks, then having tied a knot at one end of the rope, I threaded on the sticks. Not having shorter pieces of wood, I bored through the center likewise to thread

between the longer sticks. I knotted the cord on either side of the sticks, then throwing the same across the cow's neck (having regulated the knots and sticks to suit the small of the neck and also the shoulder), I tied the ends of the cords around the first knot. The accompanying illustration shows the result. This device prevents the cow from reaching her flanks and in my case has stopped the falling and will save quite a few pounds of butter."



A Milk Saver.

Intensive Dairy Farming. The question is often asked how many cows a certain number of acres will support. By the energy of the farm is to be devoted to raising food for the dairy cow. A farm in a good state of fertility can be easily arranged so that one could keep a cow to every two acres if the land is all good, rich, tillable land. And one would be able to raise both the forage or bulky part of the ration, and the grain ration, too. It could be done in a few years' time with the proper handling of the herd on the farm.

Three crops upon the farm will do it—first, corn; second, clover hay, and third, peas and oats. Of course, the clover sod would be plowed down for corn and then the corn ground be put into peas and oats the following season. With these three foods one can make a balanced ration for the dairy cow without purchasing any other outside food, either concentrated or bulky.

The statement has often been made that an acre of good land will support a cow the year round. One dairyman made the remark that he could keep two cows on an acre, but practically the man who keeps one cow on two acres is doing very good business if he gets fair prices for the product. It is a fact that the demand for milk, butter and cheese is increasing faster than cows and that prices are continually advancing. There is no better business than dairying.

The Feed of Colts and Calves.

It is a mistake to allow the colts and calves to go onto pasture skin pure. Keep them in good flesh with hay and grain foods. Corn and clover hay are about the best feeds for these young animals, and they will eat them all the year round. Dry clover hay is relished by all cattle and horses, even when on good summer pasture, and it is a good thing to give them a daily feed of it.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

On the Sunday School Lesson for Rev. Dr. Linscott for the International Newspaper Study Club.

(Copyright 1909 by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.)

September, 12th, 1909.

(Copyright, 1909, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.) Close of Paul's Third Missionary Journey.—Acts xxi:1-17.

Golden Text.—The will of the Lord be done.—Acts xxi:14.

Verses 1-3.—Where was Paul bound for?

Had Paul clearly received Divine instructions to go to Jerusalem or was he simply gratifying his own desire? (See Acts xx:22, 23-25.)

If a devoted man has a longing to go to a place, or to do a thing, is it safe for him to conclude that the longing is of God?

Because there is danger involved in a journey, or an enterprise, in connection with our religion, should we allow our chivalry alone to be the incentive for us to undertake it?

Is there any ground for the opinion that good men have sometimes rushed unnecessarily into danger?

Verses 4-11.—If Christians have to tarry in a town should they hunt up the followers of Jesus?

If these disciples were told "through the Spirit" that Paul should not go up to Jerusalem why did he not heed them?

If there is no record that Paul had a direct call from God to go up to Jerusalem; would that, taken in connection with what these disciples said, indicate that Paul was doing wrong in going?

Is there danger that good men may be led by pious impulses, to do unwise things, which they could be saved from if they waited to cool off, and to get the mind of God? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

If it should prove that Paul was wrong in going to Jerusalem, which finally led to his martyrdom, would that in any way lessen our respect for him, or lessen his influence upon the world?

Verses 12-17.—Should the children always be taken to church and to all religious gatherings?

Should a company of Christians, when bidding good bye to one another on the wharf, or at the railway station, feel as free to get down on their knees and pray, as they are to stand and shake hands?

Why is it that Christians are not as willing to be seen talking to God, or praying, on the street, as they are to be seen talking to their fellows?

Verses 18-19.—Who was Philip, and for what one thing is he distinguished in this gospel story?

Should Christian parents train their children from infancy to know God, to be skillful in prayer, in faith, and in good works?

Is there not a way for parents to train their children, so that the promise can be realized with absolute certainty in Joel 2:28, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy?"

Which is the more desirable, to have a son, or a daughter, noted for spirituality and soul saving, or for money making?

Verses 11-12.—Did this noted prophet Agabus (See Acts xi:27-28) join with the rest of the saints in saying, that the Holy Spirit told them, that Paul ought not to go to Jerusalem?

Is there any way to consistently suppose that both parties to this loving controversy were right?

Suppose Agabus and the others were right in persuading Paul not to go to Jerusalem, but that Paul still thought he ought to go, what would be Paul's duty in the circumstances?

If a good man says he has a message from God for us, are we under obligation to obey whether our judgment may concur or not?

Verses 13-17.—Can you recall in all history a greater example of fortitude and bravery than here displayed by Paul?

Lesson for Sunday, Sept. 19th, 1909. Review.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Knock! Knock! Knock! Hear that nasty hammer knocking. Every nerve within us shuddering, keeping all around us rocking. All our modest efforts moaning, Hammer going like a clock—Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!

Knock! Knock! Knock! "This old chicken's tough as leather!" "My, but this is awful weather!" "Ain't this old town dumb and slow?" "My, you've got a dandy beau!" "Oh, just hear that hammer go—Knock! Knock! Blow! Blow!"

Knock! Knock! Knock! "Preacher's sermon was too long!" "Choir sang the roughest song!" "This old bread's most awful dry!" "Butter's strong enough to fly!" "Oh, just hear that hammer whack—Knock! Knock! Crack! Crack!"

Knock! Knock! Knock! "Ain't our boss a bug house man?" "Find a meener if you can!" "Wish I hadn't married you!" "You're so stinky—boo, hoo, hoo!" "Yes, the hammer beats the clock—Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!"

Knock! Knock! Knock! Let us get the ducking stool To douse deep this grumbling fool. Better get the hammer's shock, Add a strong electric shock, Lay his head right down ker-sock And then knock, knock, knock! C. M. BARNITZ.

Wants New Stuff.

I sweat and fan and grouch and choke— Thus do these torrid days upset me— Yet cannot write a weather joke. My boss won't let me! —Cleveland Leader.

His Theory.

"I notice he always speaks well of himself." "Yes; he says that his friends will tell the bad about him."—Washington Herald.

Salvage

"I guess I'll go aloft, May," the keeper of the Point Light said to the young girl who sat near him; "I'll light her up, a storm's a-brewin'."

"Then I'll go with you, my daddy-capt'n. We can stand any wind that blows, can't we?"

The girl had sincerely placed her hand on the rail of the walk around the light when she turned to the keeper, and in the teeth of the stiff wind managed to say: "Look over there, daddy; isn't that a boat, and a row-boat, too? Give me your glass, quick."

"Steady, May; we don't want to be keeled over too easy."

"Yes, but a woman's aboard, and I can't see another soul. I must take the Spray and go to her. Can't you whistle for Sam?"

"Sam's away, and I must stand by here; he'd only come!"

"Well, he isn't here, and I am, so not another word, daddy; I'm no scarecrow, and you wouldn't own me, dearie, if I were!"

The girl flew down stairs, and in an incredibly short time Captain Bearse watched the sailboat dance over the waves. As the Spray drew nearer the fragile rowboat, May shouted: "Sit perfectly still and try not to be frightened, for I'll take care of you."

At that moment another skiff shot from the distance, while the girl dexterously brought the Spray close to the side of the smaller craft.

"I'm coming, May," a strong voice called; "hold her close to the wind." The salt spray was in their faces—a long whistle from Sam was more expressive than words.

"Oh," exclaimed May, "I wanted to do it all myself, Sam. Why didn't you let me?" But it was no time for "back answers"; just as the tiny figure of an old lady was lifted into the girl's boat, the lightning flashed and thunder roared: "George, she's all in," said Sam; "you manage your boat, May, and I'll tow the other."

"There now," the man's voice sounded strangely tender, as he wrapped his reefer about the frail shoulders, "you're safe; but what in time did you venture out here for in such a craft?"

As they rounded the Point, Captain Bearse stood ready to lift their burden into the living room of the light-house. Soon a cup of coffee was made, which May gave to the woman as gently as if feeding a sick child; a wrapper was brought, and, as the girl opened the relief, a piece of exquisite lace fell to the floor.

"Why, why," gasped May, "that is exactly like some lace I have."

"Like this? And where did you buy it? But pardon, signorina, will you tell me who this man is?" The woman's eyes were fixed upon the "keeper."

"Do you mean my—the keeper of the light? My daddy-captain?" The little woman became half-dazed again, and the keeper said, "Go fetch her a taste of brandy; she's all used up."

When May placed the liquor to her lips the color came back into the worn face. With a great effort she controlled herself and said, "I want to tell you, sir, why I am so trembling and nervous. That little word about the lace—will you not show it to me? I do love pretty laces!"

"Yes, yes," the girl answered soothingly, and slipping into an adjoining room, she soon returned with a tiny garment, which she laid in the old lady's hand.

"See! do you not see? This is my own pattern. My fingers made it. Yes, I sewed it on myself! Oh, the dear little bambino! But wait, please don't say a word until I tell you my story—if this strange feeling in my head will only be quiet!"

"My home used to be in Italy; my daughter married a sea captain, and they had one child. A terrible fever made the bambino motherless. I can't talk about my Lucia's death. The captain did not love my country and one day he snatched the baby from me. I was about crazy after that, but I turned to lace making; earned money and sailed for the States. I taught lace making, but one morning I found all my precious laces stolen. My heart was broken again. The doctors told me I must never use my eyes over those fine patterns again, but I worked just one short strip like my bambino's, and I always wear it close to my heart. I was poor and I drifted into the country farm at Sea View. My name, 'Marita Mondali,' is written in the book. This afternoon the water looked so calm I took the little boat. Now, will you tell me who this girl is?"

The captain brought a chest from the secretary in the corner; took from it a statement of Captain Hermann Baker written two days before his vessel was wrecked. His money was left for his daughter, Marita Mondali Baker, in the care of the bank at —

"My name? Oh, I am not crazy, am I?" a wild voice interrupted the keeper.

"I haven't touched one cent of that money since I rescued this child that night in May, but you've had all you needed, mate, haven't you?" Tears ran down the captain's cheeks.

"You've spoiled me, daddy, and here's another that'll help you! She shall never leave us, for she's our salvage, isn't she, and Sam must go over to Sea View so they needn't look for her."

"Grandmother dear, you are to be happy again. I shall wipe the tears from your three eyes, and we'll keep them bright like my captain's light." —LUCERTIA MACY GARDNER

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. I had such poor luck hatching Buff Cochins eggs this season, only averaging about four chicks to fifteen eggs. My birds are very vigorous, and I cannot understand it. Can you tell me? A. Cochins have very large fluffs. To insure fertility these should be trimmed in breeding season.

Q. I note parties selling high priced show bird eggs almost always warn purchasers not to expect many show specimens from a setting. Is this a bluff to cover the sale of culled eggs? A. It might be in some cases. There are times when a setting results in a majority of high scoring birds, and, again, there may be none. The offspring is not just governed by the present mating. Ancestry has a part in it. A boy's parents may have good blood, and yet he may be the proud possessor of red hair and freckles that are inherited from his great-great-grandmother.

Q. I note you mention the young orchard of apples and plums around your poultry plant. When you spray Paris green to kill the green lice on your apple trees how do you prevent poisoning your fowls? A. We don't use Paris green. Scald tobacco stems or clippings and use it the color of coffee. Spray several times to catch successive hatches.

Q. When a fancier buys show birds from a judge to exhibit where this judge scores the birds do you think that judge can be so unbiased as to not place his own stock first? A. This is a case where you can't "sometimes" but always tell.

Q. At what meal do you feed soft mash to your chickens? A. We like to feed it for breakfast or dinner. The moist droppings then fall on the ground while flock is on range.

Q. I wrote some time ago to a Wyandotte breeder for price of a trio, cockerel and two hens. He offered me rose comb birds at \$10 and single comb for \$8. I never heard of the single comb Wyandottes before and wrote him so. He then declared, "It is a new breed." Is this true? A. No. They are an old breed of culis.

Q. Why do so many turkey breeders use onions in the feed? A. Turkey raisers feed both onions and dandelion. They are both tonics. They add bulk to the ration, so that the juices of the crop can penetrate the mass. The poult likes them and thrive on them, and the onions prevent intestinal worms.

Q. Don't turn young stock into the oats stubble if they have been fed sparinx. They will fill up and turn up their toes.

Don't let your watchdog off your premises at night. He might be shot. Then what?

Don't quit because wheat is high. It will drop in July, when the reaper knives shall fly.

Don't do away with the dust boxes because it's summer unless the fowls have an outside place for dusting lice.

Don't let that green slime gather in the water vessels. Scald them and keep them sweet.

Don't forget that Mr. Grouchy is closely related to Mr. Slouchy. Be good, do good, make good and you'll feel good.

Don't forget that hot lime wash and crude carbolic acid can kill a multitude of mites.

Don't doctor your chickens all the time and expect them to get well when you don't remove the cause. It's there no microscope is needed.

Don't be a traitor to a friend, a confidence or a contract. Where did Judas go?

The Food Question. The mosquito bored through the paint and powder on a girl's face and then became violently sick.

"Curse these adulterated foods, my bow!" said he.—Philadelphia Ledger

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