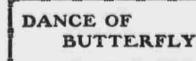
THE CITIZEN, FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1909.



Up the mountain toiled a figure, age-bent and weary. Nyssa knew it for Peracles, courier of the king, who had the yestermorn brought such gladsome tidings. And now-fearsomely she rushed to meet him. "Why comest thou? Is-" the question trailed away. But his first words seemingly irrelevant. "My daughter, have any seen thee dance save Cadmus and me?"

Wondering, the girl made answer, "No, Peracles, since Cadmus wished it not.

"It is well," responded the old man looking back at the empty road. "Little one, his voice bore firmly, "Cadmus comes not down that road to-day. Within the distant city he lies a prisoner, calumned by the foul untruths of one he trusted and thrown into the dungeon on the eve of his honorable discharge as a soldier of the king. Tomorrow at sunset," the courier shuddered, he had loved these children as his own, "he is condemned to be shot, unless-" he paused, "thou canst save him.'

"I, Peracles?" thrilled Nyssa. "I?" -the unspoken resolution blazed in her face.

"There will be a great feast to-morrow at which all of the king's maidens will dance. Come thou also. I will procure thee entrance into the palace, and if it be that thou pleasest the king, then mayst thou perchance intercede for thy lover."

'- to dance-is that all?" faltered Nyssa.

"All!" the old courier turned away. Well he knew that the like of her beauty was equalled not at the court of Athens, though the king made it ever his aim to secure the fairest. But it was the only chance; the gods would guard her, their own.

In the brightness of the next day's noon, a black-robed, hooded figure met Peracles by the palace wall. "All is well," he assured her, gently, and in silence unmolested they trod the marble terraces past countless sentries till they came at length to a small lodge.

It was with a curious exhilaration that Nyssa mounted the grand stairway of the inner court, a quickening of the pulses that robbed her errand of ghastly portent. Above she saw gay groups in many-colored raiment, dower-decked and jewel hung, the king's dancing girls, and she hastened her steps to join them. Amidst the boisterous banter, she glided unnoticed to the far end of the hall where hung a canopied dais. But a moment had passed when a fanfare of trumpets announced the sovereign's approach, and accompanied by a magnificent suite, he was escorted to the throne.

Nyssa could bear concealment no longer. Dofling her black mantle, she slipped forth and bent low before the king in a courtesy of such exquisite grace that a murmur of admiration arose. Twice again she repeated the reverence, then slowly, neither bidden nor refused, commenced to dance, her little arched feet, shorn of their travelling sandals, making no sound on the mosaic floor. In the chaste simplicity of her white robe, unadorned, save for the entwining gold of long unbound tresses, her radiant perfection of youth and beauty thrilled all. But as she danced a new emotion gripped the spectators. Was it fear? As if in answer to these thoughts, through an embrasure high in the stuccoed wall, a golden butterfly fluttered. Far beyond their reach it flitted its vagrant course, idle, unseeking. But Nyssa had seen, and knew! In Athens an ancient legend held that on whomever should rest a golden butterfly in its flight, that person was sacred to the gods. An instant the dancer flung slim arms upward in mute supplication, then as the butterfly, she became its likened shadow. Back and forth, here, there, she darted, now genuflecting as the beautiful winged creature drooped downward, now leaping lightly as it sought the dome. In ecstatic abandon she skipped the far length of hall, and veering, capriced as among visionary flowers. By what intuitive sense knew she its course, none might say; surely the gods directed her steps. But suddenly the butterfly fluttered, came lower, lower and quiveringly poised. Nyssa, who had dropped to her knees, swaying her slender body to each lightest motion, in that instant collapsed in a crumpled heap. With a pitcous little cry, her tiny, trembling hands shot out, and the butterfly, straightly descending, touched thereon, then passed to the whiteness of her robe, where, a golden glowing gem, it remained immobile. A great breath went up, a great sigh, as if in the surcease of that suspense the watchers too knew peace. The king's voice was gentle, for it spoke through unaccustomed tears. "What wouldst thou?" he asked.

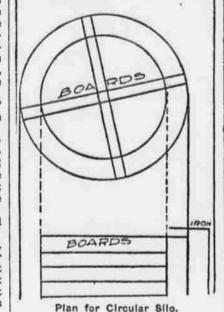


A PLAN FOR SILO.

Instructions Given to Construct Feeding Place for a Small Herd.

A good plan for the erection of a silo for the accommodation of a small herd of cows is given in the Rural New Yorker. Nine feet is sufficient for the diameter. It would hardly be practical to build it much smaller, and one that size would cost proportionately more than of greater diameter. The frame in which to run the

concrete would cost at least as much as the material. While iron could be used as suggested, it would be still



Plan for Circular Silo.

more expensive. The frame must be well braced to prevent sagging, and the walls getting out of plumb. It would be cheaper to use the cement blocks. One foot is thick enough for the walls if reinforced with wire. A wire should be run spirally a foot apart around silo. Where doors are to be, fasten wire to irons set in door frame, with a head, set in the side of door space. Use one part cement to 1 1-2 sand and 2 1-2 broken stone. Mix thoroughly before wetting. If you are unfamiliar with the use of cement, it will be unwise to attempt such a structure without the help of a skilled mason.

The Man and the Cow.

Dairy cows require better shelter than beef animals.

Cow stables should have no cellar under them nor storage place above. Stables used exclusively for dairy cows, should be disinfected frequently,

by the use of whitewash. It will take a month, perhaps more, for a cow to regain her normal milk flow, if you permit her to be exposed to the cold rains of early spring.

A decrense of from 10 to 50 per cent. in milk yield, follows exposure at this season, or any other, for that matter.

Women Love

The Rev. Carl Boyce had given Marcia a month in which to decide. He had pleaded for her love quite impassionately, bridging the great gulf which stretched between his life and hers with a studied avowal of his own faith in her.

The elements which formed her life had been cast from his as mere superficial things: he dwelt in an atmosphere of impossible ideals and she realized that he would not be content with a half-hearted surrender.

She faced the month in which he had given her to decide with a little element of rebellion battling against her great love for him. She had allowed the strength of his personality to dominate her, but her heart still remained joyous in the round of daily sacrifice, for as yet he had demanded but minor concessions, little things which it gave her pleasure to concede. She was still filled with an eager wonderment at his love for her. Their lives had seemed so far apart as if belonging to different worlds, when suddenly by a glance mingled with the suggestive warmth in his tone he had brought them together, compelling her love, even against her judgment.

She stood awaiting him with a tremulous happiness, but the smile in her eyes died as he noted the grave displeasure in his. His gaze fell from her face and rested with a marked disapproval upon her gown. She interpreted his glance in an in-

stant. "You do not like my dress?" she asked softly.

A smile flashed in his eyes as he answered thoughtfully: "Something soft and plain would suit you better." "I will remember," she replied simply.

The frown still lingered upon his face. He picked up her latest book from the table and fingered the leaves with a slow precision.

"I cannot approve of a woman writing such books, as these, Marcia," he said at last. The words cost him an effort and she knew that he had counted their cost before he spoke. She drew a sharp breath. It had been this which she had feared more than anything else, that her writing, the thing which had hitherto been the essence of her life, must be placed in the balance against her love for him. She looked up at him with appealing eyes.

"What is it in them which you cannot approve?" she demanded a little tremulously.

"Nothing in particular," he admit-ted gravely. "But, Marcia, there will not be time for it, not in the life I am asking you to take by my side."

"I understand," she said. "Let us not speak of it further." If he intended to make a grave of this one poor talent of hers, she at least would not allow it to be trampled upon.

She had mentioned the name of Molly Enwright. His lips compressed themselves in a straight, firm line.

"She is not exactly a proper companion for you," he admonished.

Study Mysteries of the Air. Man has been born of woman for centuries upon centuries, yet he is as little wise to the control of weather conditions as he is to the truth of what comes after death. Must it be ever so? Is prophecy, even as it may some time be perfected, to remain the ineffective substitute for the power to regulate?

The air throbs with wonders. It affords the medium of wireless telegraphy, perhaps of telepathy. The mystery of how it absorbs and restrains or lets loose the elements that make for storm or sunshine is infinitely better worth attention than are the shortcomings of a forecaster. Let' some earnest seeker find a key to the riddle and see how the farmers and sailors and baseball players and Easter belles and all the sons and daughters of time sit up and take notice.

The Stock Gambler's Voice.

As a rule, great manipulators have high, thin voices and take a distrust ful view of securities. Their vocal pe cultarity must be left as an arbitrary fact; as to their bearish slant of mind It is easily accounted for. It comes of the fact that their services are more often solicited by men having some thing to sell than by men wishing to buy-in the ratio of about five to one. Nevertheless there is no instance of a bear manipulator's having died rich It is a bull's country .- Everybody's Magazine.

Nuggets of News.

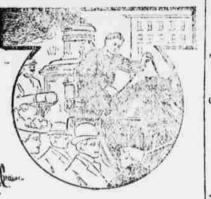
Statistics show that, while England is becoming a less violent nation, it is at the same time, becoming more dishonest.

Government experiments indicate that with the use of oil as fuel, both the speed and steaming radius of a vessel is increased.

The proposed bridge across the Snake River Canyon below the Great Shoshone Falls, 700 feet above the water, will be the highest bridge in the world.

Telephone rates are fixed by the State in Illinois and interchange of service between companies in the same locality is compulsory.

a dining car."



CLEARING SALE

The Giant Event of the Season's End

Every Passing Season finds our Stock Broken in every department. Small lots are bound to accumulate here and there in a busy store like ours. We never have and never will carry over goods from one season to another, no indeed, Sir, the policy of this house demands that the wearables here mentioned leaves us when the season does, so to this end we go through all departments and clip down the prices unmindful of the cost to us. July is not a time for profits. Here following we mean to speak in deeds of many saving opportunities not in words galore; so if that means anything to yon read on

STRAUSE BROS. CLOTHES—ALL SIZES.	LANDAN BRAND CLOTHES-ALL SIZES.
\$18 Suits	\$8 Suits \$5
CHILDRENS' CLOTHES ALL SIZES. \$5 Suits now \$3.50 \$4 Suits now \$2.75 \$3.50 Suits now \$2.25 \$3.00 Suits now \$2.00 BOYS' WASH SUITS—ALL SOc., 75c., to \$1.00—Worth Double the Price. SUITS	SIZES. Eclipse shirts, high grade in every respects. Coat cut, cuffs attached: \$1.50 valueat \$1.00 \$1.00 valueat 79c.

BREGSTEIN BROS.

Underwear at Reduced Prices.

Remember the Place--a Full Line of Everything.

The Era of New Mixed Paints !

This year opens with a deluge of new mixed paints. A con "They say Jones is a very thrift, young man." "They are right. He is one of those people who always defined by our enterprising dealers to get some kind of a mixed paint that would supplant CHILTON'S MIXEL PAINTS. Their compounds, being new and heavily advertised order eggs when they have to eat ir may find a sale with the unwary.

THE ONLY PLACE IN HONESDALE CHILTON'S MIXED PAINTS

Is JADWIN'S PHARMACY.

There are reasons for the pre-eminence of CHILTON PAINTS 1st—No one can mix a better mixed paint. 2d—The painters declare that it works easily and has wor

derful covering qualities.

3d-Chilton stands back of it, and will agree to repaint, at h own expense, every surface painted with Chilton Paint the proves defective.

4th-Those who have used it are perfectly satisfied with and recommend its use to others.

READ THIS:

WHEN THE ENGINE COMES



"Sire, the life of Cadmus, whom I love," answered Nyssa simply.

Staggeringly she approached, and would have knelt in lowly suppliance, but his own hand stayed her. In a few words she gave the story, her dilating eyes fixed upon the slow-tinting patch of sky that filled a niche in the western wall.

"There is need for haste," said the king. At his summons, Peracles entered. Briefly commanding him with the release of Cadmus, the king unclasped from among his decorations a priceless pearl, and fastened it at Nyssa's heart.

"Greater," he said, "was thy gift," and in new-found faith, he reverently bowed his head.-ADELAIDE MO-REAU

The average dairy cow is at her best between the ages of seven and ten years. There is a gradual increase in the milk yield up to about seven years of age, and a slow, gradual decline after the ninth or tenth until the twelfth year. After their period of profitable milk production has passed, dairy cows should be kept dry and fattened for beef.

There should be no unnecessary changes in the attendants who feed and mills the cows

The high-bred dairy cow is of a nervous temperament, and undue excitement has a tendency to lower the milk yield.

Regular hours for feeding, milking and grooming, affect the flow of milk favorably.

A kicking cow is not as bad as kicking man in the dairy herd.

If you have running water in the dairy barn, you can fix up a good wash-room with sink, towels, and all other appliances for cleanliness, for a five-dollar bill. Why not?

No two cows can be fed alike. Each must be studied separately. Increase the protein in the ration

and watch the milk flow.

Good Starter for Sour Cream. A good dairyman says: "Have a good starter of sour cream, and bring the cream to temperature of 60 degrees, by placing the can of cream in hot water and stirring it often till 60 to 62 degrees are reached, using a thermometer. In some cases the churn is filled too full, or cream is too warm, or too cold, or too little butter fat and too much milk mixed with the cream. I never have my churn over half full. When it foams I take out part of the cream and raise the temperature of it, and then the butter will soon come. I always use a thermometer. Some cream has to be made warmer than other batches. The cream of cows that have not been fresh for a long time usually gives trouble in this way when churning it." -Indiana Farmer.

The world has never yet had enough good butter, prime mutton and strictly fresh eggs. There is always a market for choice products.

Sometimes streaky butter is caused by course salt. It is a good plan to sift the salt in evenly and thoroughly worked into butter.

Salt and charcoal should be kept on hand and given to the cows ocasionally. They will help keep them in good appatite and health.

"She is my best friend," flashed s no time to be regretting your neglec "She is a dear, sweet girl. We have known each other since childhood." "But, dear, she is of the world you are leaving behind. There is also no room for such a friendship as this in the life I am planning for you." Marcia steadied herself and bent her head. The retort which sprang to her lips sank with the tumult of her revolt and emerged into the greatness of her love.

"In a few days, Marcia," he remind-ed her gently, "I am to ask your de-cision. But before that I feel that you should know my plans. In a short time I am going to the western coast of Africa. I need you, dear, your love and the sustenance of your sweet womanliness, but if I ask too great a thing of you do not hesitate to tell me."

Marcia's face grew pale as he spoke and her hands pressed themselves tightly upon his arm.

"To Africa!" she gasped. "You ask me to go there with you? You would sacrifice us both-for that?" He drew his arm from the appeal of her touch and they stood apart. "I am going," he answered steadily. "It is for you to decide whether I go alone."

She remained stunned and impotent and the door closed between them. She sat with her head bent for a long time. Then she arose to her feet, her face pale and drawn in the bright light. Her eyes flashed about the luxurious splendor of the room and wandered to her own brilliant reflection in the mirror. Her hands smoothed the silken folds of her evening gown lovingly. She picked up one of her books from the table and her eyes caressed its leaves. How much it all had meant to her! It had been her whole life. How happy she and Molly had been together! How they had rejoiced when her first manuscript had been accepted! Her mind dwelt lingeringly upon the little dinner given at Dresalli's to celebrate the occasion. Then with a shiver of dread she thought of Africa, the dark, isolated land of unknown horrors

She laid these things slowly, one by one, upon one side of the balance. then with a transfiguring smile she placed her love for him upon the other and weighed them in her heart. She arose slowly and went to her desk. She drew a piece of paper toward her and wrote with a steady hand:

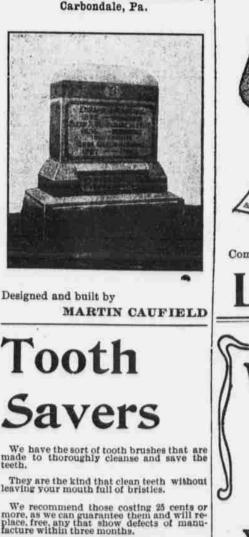
"Forgive me for having hesitated so long, I love you-and I will be your wife,"-LOUISE KIMBALL.

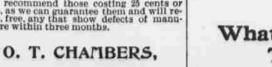
out Marcia with a tinge of resentment. to get insured. A little care beforehand is worth more than any amount of regret.

KRAFT & CONGER,

General Insurance Agents HONESDALE PA.

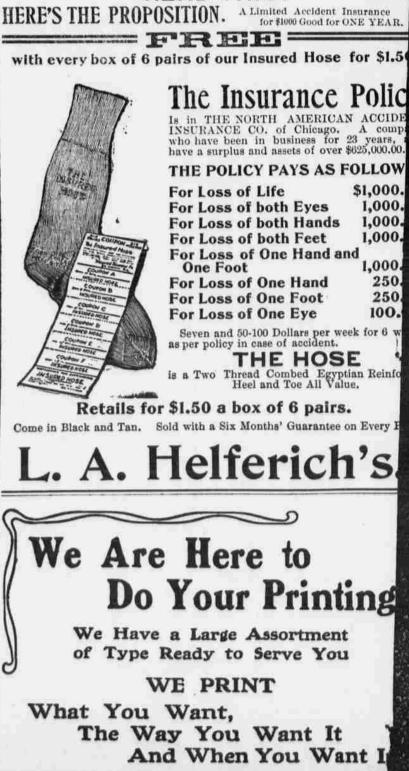
Robbins Memorial, St. Rose Cemetery,





PHARMACIST,

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HONESDALE, PA.