Confessions

Sylvia stood before the mirror in room giving some finishing touches to her tollet before going down stairs. It was a beautiful, high bred face which looked at her from the oval glass, but there was sadness brown eyes which had held nothing but merriment a few weeks before. It seemed rather strange that a girl who had become engaged so recently should be unhappy, one guest had remarked to another only that morning, for Sylvia Gray certainly did not act as though she was happy. And it was such a desirable match, too, in every way, What could be the matter?

Two months ago Sylvia had come to the "Fernleigh," and there she had met Richard Lindon. The lady who had presented her had casually observed that he was a man of means and influence. The girl had admired him from the first, yet she had never dared to hope that he would look upon her with favor. But from the day of their meeting he had sought her out every occasion, and they had been ore or less in each other's society, until finally he asked her to be his wife. Then she learned that it had been a case of love at first sight on his part as well as her own.

Sylvia reviewed the whole happy month as she stood there. "If I only dared to tell him-to confess everything," she murmured. "How could I deceive him so? I have been intending to tell him, but it's so hard to do it. I won't put it off any longer-I'll let him know my true position tonight."

Down on the veranda her flance awaited her. She promised him that she would go out for a little while on the lake. It would be a good time to tell him everything, she reflected, as she slowly advanced towards him.

There was something about Richard Lindon to-night that puzzled Sylvia. He was unusually silent, and his merry laugh did not ring out as it had been wont to do. What could be troubling him she asked herself. A sudden thought made her faint. What if he had heard and was now planning how to tell her of his discovery? How could she give him up? Of course, she would have to, How wrong it had been to listen to his love for a moment, but she loved him

As the canoe drifted slowly down the river she looked at him stealthily and found him regarding her with serious eyes. The tears came quickly to her own in spite of herself.

"I-I have something to confess," she faltered. "I should have told you before, but I couldn't seem-to do it." "You have found out that you do not-care?" he asked, the shadow deepening in his face.

"Oh, no, not that," she denied quickly; "not that, Richard."

"What is it, then?" he questioned further. "I, too, have something to

say when you have finished. "You have thought-everyone here has thought that I am rich, that I have many friends who move in the most exclusive society. Is it not so?"

"Yes," he answered quickly. The girl wondered at the note of gladness in his voice. But when he spoke again it was not there. "And it is true," he said.

"It is not true. I have deceived everybody. My pretty clothes and finery were given to me by a woman whose companion I was for three years. She insisted that I should take them when I left herwe were more like sisters than anything else. I was called home by the illness of my mother. She was sick a long time, and then she-left me. I have been-alone two years now. I heard of this place, and I determined that I would associate with the class of people that hitherto I had only looked on as an outsider. And then I came and pretended that I was rich. I never can tell you how sorry I am that I have deceived you. There's only one thing for me to do and that is to give you back your ring and-"

The brown eyes had been looking everywhere but at him. Now as she glanced up into his face she was unprepared for the change which had taken place. There was such a rapture in his eyes that it startled her.

"My dear, my dear," he murmured, "We shall be so happy-you and I. Wait until you hear what I have to say before you give me back that ring. I'm not rich, either, little girl,

Do you hear?" "You are not rich either," repeated

Sylvia in bewilderment. "No, I am not rich," and the man's merry laugh rang out over the silvery water. "I thought you were, though and I had made up my mind to tell you to-night that I am only a poor struggling lawyer. But there's a good chance ahead of me, dear. I determined that I'd have a long vacation this summer and for once mingle with people who were far above me financially. When you came I loved you at Sylvia, and I have started a many times to undeceive you, but I couldn't do it, somehow. Now, everything is all right. Perhaps we shall never be rich, but we shall be very happy, little girl. Do you want to give me back the ring now, Sylvia,

dear?"
"I don't believe I do, Richard," she answered softly.'—IDA E. ROGERS.

Carrie's sister May, six years of ge, on being asked why the Sabbath day was different from the other days in the week, answered very carelessly; "Oh, that's the day you pin things on, 'stead of sewing."—The DalinesTHE MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS.

In Thirty Years They Have Made I the Werld's Chief Flour City.

Budapect was at one time known in the world as the Flour City, but along in 1878 a young town on the headwaters of the Mississippi then famous for its prairie dogs and buffalces had a lawyer for a citizen who made use of the natural waterfall in

the Mississippi to operate a flour mill. This small beginning grew to such vast proportions, says the Bakers Weekly, that it soon became necessary to build a more modern system and the Budapest system was adopt

other millers as Pillsbury, Crosby, Christian and Dunwoody had by this time come to this young city, and in a few years it became the flour city of the world. This city was Minneapolis. To-day 120,000,000 bushels of wheat are ground in one year into flour in Minneapolis.

In the age of Pericles the swiftest flour mill in Athens produced two barrels of flour in one day. There is one mill in Minneapolis which fills 17,000 or 18,000 barrels in one day. What the Greeks did in one day Minneapolis does in ten seconds.

The Coming Countries. Southern America and Africa are the coming countries. A half century ago or more the great geographer, Arnold Guyot, predicted that within two or three generations the reaction of the east upon the west would produce an equilibrium, and that then the reaction of the north upon the south would begin in earnest, and the great streams of population and traffic would flow at right angles to those which they have followed during historical times. With the increase of population and a control of mankind over the forces of nature, of which Prof. Guyot could have had no conception, the increase of exchanges between north and south seems likely to begin sooner than he could have anticipated.

Swiss Called Servile. Rev. J. J. Muir, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church, New York, who has just returned from an extended tour of Europe, attended the Baptist Manisters' Conference at Calvary Baptist Church and gave a short "travel talk" on his experiences on the Con-

tinent. In commenting upon the manner and customs of the Swiss people, Rev.

"The population of Switzerland is becoming servile. The traveler cannot help noticing this, and he is largely responsible for it. The country is visited by so many foreigners who hand out tips and bestow the favor of their patronage that the people are beginning fairly to breathe servility.

Man's Guardian Angels. The following beautiful allegory is told among the Turks: Every man has two guardian angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. In doing good the angel on the right shoulder notes it down and sets his seal upon it, for what is done is done forever. When evil is committed the angel on the left shoulder writes it down, but he waits until midnight before he seals it. If by that time the man bows his head and says: 'Gracious Allah, I have sinned, forgive me! the angel blots out the fault, but if not he seals it at midnight and then the angel on the right shoulder

Controlling Flower Colors. By the use of chemicals, such as potassium sulphate, aluminum sulphate, calcium hydrate and lead acetate, Prof. Henry Kraemer of Philadelphia has produced a red color in the petals of the white Kaiserin rose, has caused hyrangeas, naturally red-flowering, to produce blue blossoms, says Youth's Companion. The chemicals are fed to the plants in the form of solutions, or added to the soil in the solid form, solution then taking place gradually in the earth. The manner in which the chemicals act on the plants is not yet fully understood.

Muscular Christianity. Birmingham, England, was the home of prize fighting when the ring was patronized by literature and roy-There was Bendigo, who bean enemy to all unrighteous-"Wot's atheists?" he asked once, on being told that a gathering of men he saw were of that persuasion. He was told. "Don't believe in no God, don't they?" he shouted. "Here, hold my coat. I'll show 'em wot's wot."

Joy of Aspiration.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end; of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich.-Robert Louis Stev-

Seek Cure for Pellagra. The thermal waters of Hot Springs. Ark., are to be tested in an effort to find a cure for the disease of pellagra. Two subjects, one case fully developed, and another in the incipient stage have been brought to the place from Mississippi for treatment and obser-

Motorboats in Mexico Motorboat service has been intro-duced on the Vige causal, from Mexi-so City to Late Rochimitoe, the trip heing made in about three hours.

Short Sermons Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

BLANK PAGES IN BOOK OF LIVES.

+++ By Pastor Ernest A. Tappert.

+++ Text: "Therefore to him that know. eth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."-James, Iv., 17.

* * *

St. James speaks of the blank pages in the book of our lives. They teach a lesson which is often overlooked. Whenever we go over our book of life we are mostly attracted by the pages written in gold that tell of our good works. Of these pages there are but few, and in most cases the "gold" is only brass. Most of the pages are full of spots and stains, and written on them are the works of darkness. There is scarcely a day on which new pages of this kind are not added.

But in between there are pages with nothing written on them, and most people look at them without any disturbance of conscience. They even regard these with a certain quietude of mind, saying, "Thank God, there is a day on which I have done no evil!" Is that true? St. James, in our text, says "No." And then he opens our eyes to the meaning of the blank pages in the book of our lives, saying, Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is

Here we must look back and note the many shortcomings and neglects of our lives. The Roman Emperor Titus used to regard a day as lost on which he had not accomplished something good, and, oh! how many lost days and hours must we confess to our God when we look back on idle hours and wasted days spent in the pursuit of foolishness and not of godliness. Here we think of neglected work as responsible for many a blank page. Life is but short, and even if our years be three score and ten, yet it is true what we sing in that beautiful hymn:- "Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day, earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away!" certainly no time to lose in order to fulfil the Scripture's command:-"Let him labor, working with his hands the

thing which is good."

A Christian should never be guilty of that grave sin of "killing time"that precious time which God has given him and which is his time of grace.

Many regard themselves as highly respectable as long as they have not come into collision with the law. But that is very little. The priest and the Levite did no harm to the victim of thieves, but they did no good. That was their sin. So it was with Dives: he had not driven poor Lazarus away from his door, but he had an opportunity to do good, and-did not do it. And if we look back into our own book of life we can find many pages that have remained blank for our neglect of love. However, it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment. Then God will judge us, first, according to our words, when we must give account of our works; secondly, according to our words, when we must give account of every idle word; lastly, He will look at all the blank pages in the book of our lives and say:-"Why are they blank? Didst thou not have an occasion to fill them? Why hast thou not done it? For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink. I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

This is what the apostle wants us to remember in regard to the blank pages in the book of life, when he says:-"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

God Our Home.

God is our home; and in that home life all his gifts are freely bestowed upon us. We can use and enjoy them; nay, we ought to do so. The marvellous endowments of our human nature -of the mind, of the senses, of love and of beauty; all the marvels of this universe in which we live, which man half receives and half creates; these we are meant to know, to use, to enjoy. It is the very privilege of man to be able in some degree to "share God's rapture" in his creation, to see and know that it is "very good."

You are ruled by your ideals. See to it that they include purity, charity, justice, truth, righteousness, love. Jesus Christ is the ideal character. Fashion your life after His .- Rev. S. H. C. Burgin, Methodist, San Antonio, Tex.

God's Word. The word of the Lord is the means

men. It is a revelation of God Himself.—Rev. C. E. Delamater, Episco palian, Providence. The Center of Church Life. The child is the center of the church's life.—Rev. Rufus W. Miller,

by which God expresses His Will to

Temptation Shows Attitude. As we climb, temptation is the barer to show us our altitude.—Rev.

Reformed, Philadelphia.

POETRY WORTH READING

Hold Up Your End. T've noticed," said Abe Wilkins once. "That men are often proud. They like to make a flourish when They're minglin' with the crowd. And many a young man blows the coin He can't afford to spend Because he has the notion he Must always hold his end.

"That 'holdin' up his end' to me Is all right in its way. An' yet it is a phrase that's led A heap of men astray. I've noticed that it most applies To barrooms an' cafes. An' means that, when it comes his turn,

A fellow gladly pays. "I like a man to do his share In everything that goes, An' I despise a mean man's tricks. As everybody knows. But I have seen a lot of woe An' misery depend Entirely on this foolish plan

Of holdin' up an end.

"I've seen a fellow blow the coin His wife an' babies need; I've seen him tryin' hard to keep A pace beyond his speed. An' then I've seen him all alone His homeward journey wend, Shame-faced and downcast all because He had upheld his end.

"The name 'good fellow' is all right. But wheresoe'er I roam, If I were you, young man, I'd try To win that name at home. My loved ones I would think of first

Home is the place, my friend, The only place that's worth the fight Of holdin' up your end." -Detroit Free Press.

True and Untrue.

He was a dog, But he stayed at home And guarded the family night and day.

He was a dog That didn't roam. He lay on the porch or chased the stray-

The tramps, the burglar, the hen, away. For a dog's true heart for that household beat,

At morning and evening, in cold and heat. He was a dog.

He was a man,

And didn't stay To cherish his wife and his children fair. was a man,

And every day His heart grew callous, its love beats rare. He thought of himself at the close of the day

And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away To the club, the lodge, the store,

the show But he had a right to go, you know-He was a man. -The Advance.

I Love You So.

I love you so, what matters else, Tho' you are true to me or false? I love you so resentment melts Beneath your glance, and halts.

And all my sad misgivings go, I love you so.

I love you so I do not care Tho' all the world should praise or shame. I love you so I'd proudly wear.

For your dear sake, the badge of blame, Happy in high estate or low, I love you so.

I love you so I do not ask For pledge or bond. Go, you are free. I love you so I know no task Too hard, if it bring joy to thee,

Tho' you, dear one, should never know My sacrifice, I love you so. -Cora Greenleaf.

The Collie's Reverle.

I lie and sniff at the soft gray mist, And dream of the days gone by. I long for the sound of the shepherd's call: "Lassie! Oh Lassie! Hi!"

I think of the moors where the heather

blooms

I see the flocks as they roam. I think of the nights so dark and gray When I gathered the stragglers

Oh, for the days when wild winds blew, And I raced o'er hill and wold, At the cry of my master's voice afar!

"Lassie-Home to the fold!" Oh, kind is my lady fair to me, Here in this alien land. But what would I give to feel once

The touch of the shepherd's hand! -Town and Country.

His Documents. "I like you, Fred, like your looks; But you've never read"— And she shook her head— "Five feet of books!"

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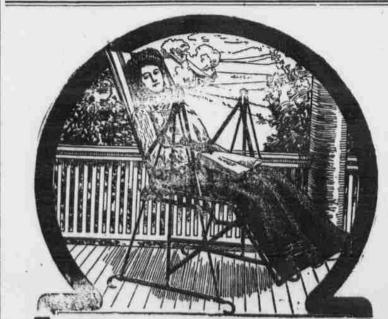
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