

Getting Even

"Mrs. James Moreland and daughter—by Jove, can it be possible! Gertie Moreland here in this very house!" And the eyes of the young man bending over the register of the Wessex Hotel beamed. "Haven't seen her for three years. Pretty little Gertie! How she used to care for me." And lighting a cigar he strolled to the smoking room and dropped into a chair, a reminiscent smile on his face as he recalled the time when he and Gertie Moreland were sweethearts—well, no, hardly sweethearts, for there had been no understanding between them. There was no doubt but that she had cared for him, for her brown eyes would sparkle and her soft, fair cheeks reddened at his approach. After he left his home and went to the city they corresponded for a few months, then gradually his little country sweetheart was forgotten.

As he descended to the parlor that night he glanced quickly about for his old-time friends, but they had not made their appearance. "I hope they'll not look too countrified," he thought. "I hope I shall not be ashamed to say I know them. But not a woman in this room has eyes like Gertie's, or—"

He stopped, wonder, admiration and incredulity on his face, as a tall, queenly girl, gowned in a wonderful combination of white fluffy material and pearls, entered, talking softly to an elderly lady in black. With charming grace and control she made her way toward a group of gay young people, but ere she reached them her eyes fell on Grayton, and with a start of surprise she stopped, saying:

"Surely, I am not mistaken. This is Mr. Grayton!"

He flushed, bit his lip, and finally managed to stammer something, but was again stricken speechless as he clasped the warm little hand in his. He heard the sweet voice, but could distinguish nothing she said; his mind was in a whirl with brown eyes and red lips dancing before him. When he bade her good-night he fairly flew to his room to think of her. He could hardly believe it was the same girl he had left so unceremoniously, and his heart beat faster as he remembered she had promised to go boating with him on the morrow.

Would he ever forget that blissful morrow! As the boat glided noiselessly along he leaned forward and asked: "Gertie, you have forgiven me for not answering your letter, haven't you?"

"Forgiven you?" she replied, "to be sure; long ago."

"And—and you remembered me? There's no one in my place? You are not—not engaged, are you?"

She smiled and blushed and cast her pretty eyes down (if he could only have seen and read the little gleam in those eyes) as she replied:

"No; no one has your place. I will confess I felt rather hurt when I received no letter from you, and at the time vowed, as girls will, to get even with you at the first opportunity, but you see—well, doesn't the fact that I am not engaged prove I have not forgotten you?"

The words, the bewitching glance raised him to the highest bliss, and he reached forward to take one of the little hands in his.

"No, no," she cried, drawing back. "You must promise to be good or I'll never go out with you again!"

Five days of the too brief week flew by. On the sixth morning, as they stood on the veranda, he turned quickly to her, saying: "Gertie, I must speak; I must tell you I love you!"

"Hush!" she answered, "I shall go right in!"

"But why?" he demanded. "Why won't you let me tell you that I love—"

A little scream of joy interrupted him, and he gazed in amazement at the sight of the girl to whom he was so earnestly declaring his love rushing with the speed of a deer down the lawn to the gate, through which a tall, handsome fellow was entering. His amazement deepened, and a strange faintness stole over him as she raised her lips for the newcomer's kiss and then started up the path arm in arm with him. As they reached the steps she glanced at Grayton and started. "O, Will," he heard her say, "I want to introduce you to an old friend and playfellow, one who has made our stay very pleasant." As in a dream he heard the sweet voice continue, "Mr. Grayton, let me introduce my husband, Mr. William Randall."

For a second Grayton gazed helplessly, miserably at her, then as he met the frank blue eyes of "her husband" he shook hands with him in a bewildered manner.

After a few words of cordial greeting Randall started to the hotel entrance with a merry "Coming, Gertie?"

"In a minute," she replied. "Mamma is there and I will join you as soon as I finish telling Mr. Grayton my views on a little matter which we were discussing."

As Randall disappeared Grayton turned savagely to her.

"Why have you deceived me?" he demanded.

"There was no deceit, Mr. Grayton," she answered, her eyes flashing. "Merely a bit of concealment. You may remember my little remark about vowing to get even—I rather think I have done it, don't you?"

Grayton answered never a word, but as he recalled the glad light in her eyes as she came up the path with "her husband" he stifled a sigh and agreed in his heart that she had.

—MABEL R. LAMB.

ROADS AND ROADMAKING

WHAT POOR ROADS COST.

Put An Added Annual Expense on Farmers of \$600,000,000.

It cost a little over a billion dollars to haul the farm crops of America to market last year. With good roads, roads such as are to be found in some parts of America and in all parts of France, the marketing of the crops would have cost \$400,000,000. Six hundred million dollars per year, then, is the price we pay in this land of the free for having impassable roads. Did ever a nation spend so much for so doubtful a luxury before? With American roads lying open and fathomless before the eyes of our foreign critics, what monstrous injustice it is to talk of American dollar worship!

Most men of middle age can recall the annual picnic known as mending the roads. Just why it got that name no one has ever explained, for in practically every case the picnic left the roads in worse condition than before. The law in many States prescribed that each resident of a rural district must pay a certain road tax in labor each year. The payment of this tax was done under the supervision of a local officer known as the pathmaster. The customary time of payment was in the early summer, just before haying time, when there wasn't much else for the men and teams to do. The neighborhood turned out with horses and plows and harrows, ripped up divers sections of highway which the year's travel had packed to a more or less navigable condition, rounded them up nicely in the middle, scratched them smooth with the harrows. You were never expected to work very hard at these festive occasions, and the pathmaster who insisted on real work soon found himself unpopular. It was just as well, for since nobody had any real notion of roadmaking, the more work the worse results.

What some of those results were and are we have vivid testimony. Across Iowa last winter the "racing" autos had to take to the railroad tracks, because the common roads were simply impassable.

Reduced Cost of Macadam. Macadam roads have long been accepted as the standard of highway construction. But macadam roads of the old pattern, with crushed stone eight inches thick, cost from \$6,000 to \$10,000 per mile. Now it has been found that three or four inches will do quite as well, and the cost is cut squarely in two. In some parts of the central States, where crushed stone is rare, it has been found that the very clay which makes the roads almost impassable is the best of track-making material when burned. In yet other regions the farmers have discovered how to make good roads by the simple expedient of rolling or dragging them after each rain, and in yet other places a mixture of sand and clay, costing \$300 or \$400 per mile, is found almost as good as the best macadam.

Interested in Good Roads Issue. The farmer, the business man and the working man are interested in good roads. Highways that are passable at all seasons mean not only more remunerative and expeditious marketing of crops, but insure an end to the isolation which often is the bane of rural living, more especially to the farmer's wife and daughter.

Good roads will increase the prosperity of the farmer, and thus contribute to the general business prosperity. The fact that railroads are ardent advocates of good roads, as well as of improved interior waterways, is sufficient evidence that business men generally will profit through them as well as the farmer.

A Popular Project. Cities are finding it good business to improve the roads leading out into the farming region; the farmers are beginning to tax themselves in a rational fashion for highway improvement, and many philanthropists have passed by the conventional college and library donation to spend their surplus funds on good roads. Historic mudholes are being slowly filled up, stone and concrete are replacing the crazy wooden bridges, and a hundred inventions have been made to help get the best results for the lowest expense.

Every Section Interested. New York State is preparing to spend \$50,000,000 on roads. In California, Los Angeles county is considering the raising of \$3,000,000 for a similar purpose. In Colorado, 250 miles of mountain roads around Colorado Springs are to be improved. Michigan and Massachusetts have made plans for extensive highway work. From coast to coast the people are interested in the subject.

Vastly Improved. The roads of America are vastly better than they once were, and the improvement is going on apace. The United States government is lending a hand by setting its spare scientists to work teaching the people of different regions how to make the best roads at the least cost. The States are doing vastly more.

Clean feeding pens, clean quarters, plenty of sunlight, fresh air and pasturage as soon as the calves are old enough will insure gratifying success.

For Selection of Friends. The Chinese proverb is "If you don't belong to the family, don't go into the house." Seek friends who enjoy you.

VACANT PEW PROBLEM.

An Indiana Man Has Given a Practical Hint of Solution.

Indiana, land of novelties, poets, and philosophers, and much else in life that is good and great, is again in the limelight. A wealthy farmer out there has presented his pastor sixty acres of land, valued at \$125 per acre, because he made his sermons short and to the point. Here is food for thought for those before the pulpit as well as those behind. The presentation of this land is equal to a raise of salary. There is no doubt that short sermons would help to fill vacant pews, and possibly Indiana has started a movement that may become universal.

The Hoosier State has done many admirable things besides producing James Whitcomb Riley. She may be the means of solving the vacant pew problem, besides bringing church salaries up to a more satisfactory and just elevation. Not exactly, "the shorter the sermon the greater the salary," but, rather, "the longer the sermon the shorter the salary." Indiana, her pastor, and her farmer are to be congratulated.

A "Mite." The difficulties experienced by our forefathers in trying to reckon money in very small proportions appear in the various values given to a "mite" in the sixteenth and seventeenth century books of commercial arithmetic. The original "mite" seems to have been a third of a Flemish penny, but the use of the word for the widow's coin of the New Testament made its regular English meaning half a farthing, and some old people may remember applying the name to the short-lived nineteenth century coins of that value. In those old arithmetic books "mite" stands for various values not represented by actual coins, but obviously used in reckoning. A work of 1706 makes it one-twelfth of a penny, two sixteenth century books one-sixth of a farthing, and in 1674 Jeaque's arithmetic made it as little as one sixty-fourth of a penny.

A Bear Just Misses Revenge. Herman Russell, a farmer of Hudson township, had a thrilling escape from a den of bears the other day, says a Boyne City (Mich.) dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. While driving along the road his watchdog scouted a cub and Herman, seeing the little fellow decided that it would make a good pet.

He accordingly went over to the cub, but when he attempted to pick him up he was confronted by a big mother bear, who put up a fight. Herman took to the first tree, which was a small sapling. Mrs. Bruin sized up the situation, then deliberately gnawed the sapling until it broke.

Russell was saved by falling into the branches of a larger tree.

Very Steep Railway. What claims to be the steepest railway line in the world is that recently opened near Bosen, in the Tyrol. The Mendel railway, with a gradient of 64 in 100, and the Vesuvian, with 63, have hitherto held the record. But the new line in its steepest part rises 70 in 100 and in other parts 66.

It leads up the mountainside to Virgil Terrace, on the River Eisach. The system employed is that of the electrical wire rope and the ascent is made at the rate of five feet a second, or five minutes for the whole distance. The car of four compartments carries 32 passengers.

Many Were in the Same Boat. According to the Saturday Evening Post, this is a story heard with much glee by congress during the last days of the Roosevelt administration: During the recent cold spell in Washington, a man, shivering and ragged, knocked at the door of a K street house and said to the lady: "Please, madam, give me something to eat. I am suffering severely from exposure."

"You must be more specific," the lady replied. "Are you a member of the senate or of the house?"

Many Women Are Illiterate. There are said to be between 70 and 80 per cent of illiterate women in the provinces in Italy south of Rome. Above this line many intelligent women are engaged in professional work and are highly educated. The feminist movement in Italy is going very slowly owing to this fact, but a royal commission has recently been engaged in studying it, and there is hope for the future in the minds of those interested.

In Chicago, of Course. A mother hid her \$1,500 worth of jewels in her little daughter's slipper, forgot all about it and the next day threw the slipper into the garbage can. Of course, it happened in Chicago, says the New York Herald. Where else would a child's slipper hold all those gems?

Peter Thom's Thistle. Peter Thom of Barre has a Scotch thistle in his garden which has reached over eight feet in height. The seed from which the thistle was grown was obtained from thistles growing on the grave of Robert Burns.—Deerfield Valley Times.

Opera First Produced. The first performance of Italian opera in the United States was given in New York City in 1825, Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON
Redland, Vt.

BACKBONE.

International Bible Lesson for Nov. 28, '09.—(Rom. 14: 10-21).



There are three classes of people in every community — those with a straight backbone, those with a crooked backbone, and those with no backbone at all. The first class can bend backward or forward, to the right or the left, or stand erect and straight as an arrow. When the right needs a champion they can be as rigid as Bunker Hill monument. When they discover that they have swung a little out of plumb they can easily "brace up" into a perpendicular attitude. They are moral heroes. They can face storms of opposition without swerving a hair. They can stand alone, if necessary, without leaning on any one else.

Rigid Backbone. Enoch was that sort. He stood alone, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, and he walked with God, when all the rest of mankind were going the other way. He received a perpendicular redemption, he went up to glory, as Christ did from the Mount of Olives, drawn out of the world by the power of heaven's gravitation.

Daniel, in Babylon was a striking example of a youth with backbone. He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself. He acted like a gentleman about it, however. He had a level head on the top of his backbone. To have a spinal column is a great thing, but if a man has a skull full of brains to go with it, he is more likely to be a blessing than an imposition.

Paul belonged to the vertebrates also. He could be as immovable as Gibraltar, and he could surrender his rights for the good of others. He said that there were many things lawful for him to do that were not expedient.

A Crooked Spine. The second class of people are the unfortunates whose backbones are crooked. Sometimes they are born so, but more often they have met with some moral injury early in life, so that their backbone is twisted out of shape. They have moral curvature of the spine. They cannot well change their position. Have you never known people who were so built that they would suffer all sorts of inconveniences rather than retract a statement or give up a position when once they have put their foot down. The world calls them "peculiar," "queer," "set," "cranky." If they happen to get a wrong notion into their heads, the more you try to beat it out, the more they stick to it.

"Convince a man against his will, He's of the same opinion still."

The Scribes and Pharisees in Christ's day were affected with this disease universally. They simply would not be convinced. The fact that Christ's teaching was new, was enough to condemn it. If he had taught them as their father's and their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers had taught them they would have accepted Him, but He taught differently from any other teacher—therefore He must be wrong. They were so twisted about that they were actually looking backward, and a religious teaching that was later than Moses and the prophets did not appeal to them. They had the telescope to their eyes, to be sure, but they were stubbornly searching the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy for directions concerning life in the year of our Lord 30. The police laws of Moses for the tribes of Israel on their way through the wilderness were all right for that time and occasion, but they are not in the same class with the sermon on the Mount. Yet the Mount of Beatitudes to those people was as nothing to Sinal, and the tender messages of the Divine Saviour had no attractions to those who thought of God as a hurler of thunderbolts upon cowering sinners. Twisted, all out of plumb, sticking to their ideas not because they were right, but because they had been brought up that way, by teachers who were crooked before them.

Invertebrates. There is one other class of people we sometimes meet. They are jelly-fish characters—without any moral backbone at all. Their spinal column is only so much gristle. They have not so much vertebrae as an eel. They are as well suited in one place as another. They float like a cork on the tide. They never stem any storms. They never row up stream. They go with the crowd. If the crowd is right, they are right. If the crowd is wrong, they are wrong. They are morally soft, easily impressed and influenced. When they are with good people, they are good. When they are with bad people, they are bad. Their motto is when you are with the Romans do as the Romans do. And they think that is a text in the Bible.

To which class do you belong?

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK AT HONESDALE, WAYNE COUNTY, PA.

At the close of business, Nov. 16, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$ 209,938 01
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	50 12
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	65,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	2,900 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	1,283,268 45
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	40,000 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	4,293 00
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	51 88
Due from approved reserve agents	139,986 44
Checks and other cash items	3,093 34
Notes of other National Banks	325 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	250 84
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank	
viz: Specie	\$86,357 00
Legal tender notes 5,997 00	91,944 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent. redemption fund	2,730 00
Total	\$1,932,887 83

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	\$ 150,000 00
Surplus fund	150,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	83,250 69
National Bank notes outstanding	54,400 00
State Bank notes outstanding	900 00
Due to other National Banks, and Bankers	666 29
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	967 56
Individual deposits subject to check	\$1,466,408 14
Demand certificates of deposit	26,017 00
Certified checks	69 53
Cashier's checks outstanding	148 72
Bonds borrowed	1,492,793 39
Notes and bills rediscounted	None
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	None
Liabilities other than those above stated	None
Total	\$1,932,887 83

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. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

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

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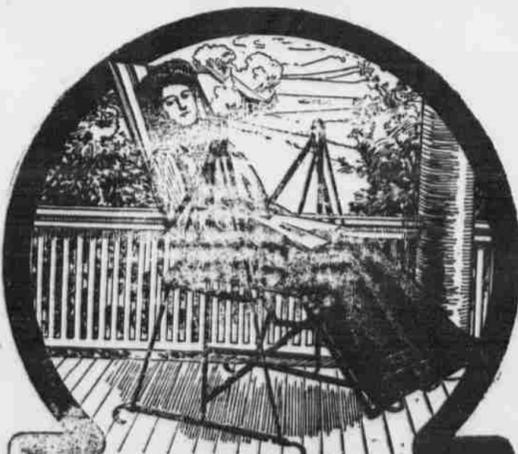
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