

GRANGE.

EVERGREEN TREES IN BAD CONDITION.

Specimens of twigs and bark of evergreen trees, supposed to have been damaged by scale insects, were received from Washington county, Pennsylvania, at the Division of Zoology of the Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg, with a request for information as to the cause of their impaired condition. One of the specimens was from a tree that appeared to be diseased when it was planted some twenty years ago, according to the correspondent, who stated that "it has never done any good."

Professor H. A. Surface, the Economic Zoologist of the State, in reporting upon the specimens, wrote as follows:

"I have received the twigs and bark of your evergreen trees, which you sent to me, and must confess that I can not find any insects present, and the subject of plant diseases belongs to the specialist known as a plant pathologist. For that reason I would advise you to send some of the supposed diseased bark and twigs to Prof. N. B. Waite, U. S. Plant Pathologist, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Also, if you wish, you might send some twigs to Professor Hugh Baker, Forester, State College, Pa.

"It appears to me that the tops of your trees are too dense, or, perhaps they are too much shaded. I would advise cultivating the ground about them, and opening out the tops by a little pruning. Some fertilizer containing phosphoric acid and potash, such as would be obtained in phosphate rock and wood ashes, should be mixed with the soil around the roots. If the specialists in plant diseases, to whom you write and submit specimens, have different directions to give you, I would recommend you to follow their directions rather than mine. However, in the absence of any directions from them, I am sure that what I here give you will not prove injurious, but, on the other hand, will be helpful."

DEALING WITH PEACH YELLOWS.

The proper method of dealing with peach trees affected by the disease known as yellows continues to be a serious subject with fruit growers. Most fruit growers are satisfied to rip out a tree so diseased without delay and burn it on the spot. Prof. H. A. Surface, the State Zoologist of Pennsylvania, has been conducting a series of experiments with trees showing symptoms of yellows, but does not consider the results thus far obtained as being sufficiently conclusive to base public directions upon them.

In a letter addressed to the Secretary and Treasurer of an Allegheny County Farm and Fruit Company, which has over 10,000 bearing peach trees, Prof. Surface answers an inquiry in regard to peach yellows in the following manner:

"I am not fully satisfied with the results of my studies and experiments with the peach yellows. Many trees treated by me last season, which were apparently infected, grew out of the trouble, and are now in good shape, while a similar percentage got worse instead of better. It is my opinion that the disease known as the yellows is not always due to the same cause, and, consequently, is not always to be remedied by the same means. In general, I would advise an inexperienced person to pull the trees and burn them right on the spot taking care that the infected branches do not come in contact with the living branches of healthy trees.

"However, in regard to a studious and careful person like yourself, it is different; and I would recommend 'dehorning' them while dormant, and hauling or carrying the brush from the orchard—not dragging it—being careful to avoid letting it come in contact with the branches of healthy trees, the brush to be burned on a hot fire as soon as possible. As a matter of economy, the larger wood can be used as fuel for household purposes or elsewhere. A good use would be for boiling the lime-sulphur wash, which should be sprayed on all peach and plum trees, while leafless, whether infested with scale or not.

"After dehorning I should mulch the trees with almost any kind of covering that I could put around the roots, preferring straw stable manure. In the early spring, I should give the soil a dressing with a complete fertilizer, in which nitrogen would predominate, obtaining this from different sources, such as nitrate of soda, dried blood, and tankage. I should give special care to the cultivation and if necessary, to the watering of these trees. I believe they will grow out of it, as nine-tenths of mine have done."

ARE YOU EVER AT A LOSS FOR A SIMPLE WORD.

Aphasia is fast becoming the plague of the age. Every day it attacks more and more people. It is a nervous affliction that takes many forms, though in all of them loss of memory in some form is one of the elements.

Aphasia can be either amnesic—that is, when a person cannot recall words, sensory, when he cannot comprehend spoken or written words, or ataxic, when he is unable to express his ideas.

I have been observing the progress of this affliction since I have

been in your country, and I notice that aphasia in its many forms is far from rare. Most of us suffer slightly from it at one time or another, generally in its 'cannot-spell' form.

"You have probably frequently had days when the simplest words have mixed themselves up horribly when you have tried to recall them. You write the letters in the wrong order, or you have frankly to confess that you are at a loss to tell how many 't's' there are in some simple, everyday word that normally you write without hesitation a score of times a day.

The next time that this occurs to you, think. You will find that you are overtired or excited. In some ways your nervous system has been subjected to an unusual strain, and the symptoms of nerve fatigue are showing on you in a simple form of aphasia.

You will also find sometimes that you mix your words in speaking, you create what they tell me are known as "Spoonisms," instead of "cattle ships and bruisers," instead of "bat-deships and cruisers." Or you use words the absolute opposite to those you wish to express.

Only to-day a man talking to me of the youthful appearance of a mutual friend, said, "He looks old enough to be his own father"; he meant "young enough to be his own son." The same man shortly afterward referred to a wedding as a funeral, and was quite unconscious of his mistake.

In its more serious forms aphasia means complete loss of memory and utter inability to speak or write intelligibly. I have seen men attempt to write and only produce a meaningless string of letters, try to speak and make only incoherent sounds.

In each case they knew what they wanted to say, but the nerves that command the muscles which should have put their thoughts into written or spoken words were tired out and refused to obey the orders of the brain.

The ever-increasing number of cases reported weekly in the newspapers of people found wandering, unable to recall their own names and addresses or identities, is a proof of what I say.

And every man has his own experiences, too. Men will suddenly forget telephone numbers they use every day, lines of songs they have sung since childhood, the names of their houses, their railway stations, or of mutual friends. Absent-mindedness it used to be called; now we term it aphasia.

Aphasia is not necessarily to be considered a sign of insanity; it is certainly not so in the majority of cases. It is merely a symptom of nervous disorder, mental fatigue, or exhaustion generally.

The brain is a huge and almost limitless storehouse of facts. Each thing we learn we store up in a cell of the brain, and each fact can be recalled, extracted from the brain cell in which it is piled, so to speak, by an effort of will.

Normally, that effort is unconscious; we think automatically, and our brain responds with wonderful regularity. The nerves that run from the brain centre, like telegraph wires, conveying the message from the brain to the particular organ that is to carry out its desires, are seldom at fault in the healthy human being.

But when fatigue, overuse or shock comes to disorganize this wonderful and intricate "telegraph" service the nerve "wires" fail.

Write "cat," says the brain cell. The message is conveyed to another cell where the familiar word is stored, and thence to the muscles of the hand which are to write it. Should those nerve "wires" be exhausted the message, as on a disordered telephone, becomes jumbled. The hand writes "tac," though the brain thinks "cat." This is roughly an example of what happens.

Rest is usually the remedy. A good night's sleep will correct the similar disorders, though a long course of treatment is demanded in more serious cases, when the brain and the overused nerves have to be coaxed back to order again.

The strenuous life of modern cities is responsible for this ailment—the perpetual work and worry that put upon the most delicate of organisms a strain far greater than it can bear.

But the serious forms of aphasia seldom come without warning. Watch your "can't-spell-to-night" symptoms and rest in time, and you will then escape all danger of finding yourself one day wandering in an unfamiliar street, realizing suddenly that your name and all your most familiar tastes and feelings have become to you just blanks.

HUMAN LIFE FOR JANUARY, 1910.

The piquant, beautiful face of Elsie Janis greets the reader on the cover of Human Life for January, and the issue carries a splendidly illustrated story of this very clever little star.

A wealth of other good things is bound between the covers of this number. Alfred Henry Lewis' second instalment of "Traveling with Taft" is undoubtedly the big magazine feature of the opening year, and his account of a secret meeting at a certain Beverly cottage last summer is full of surprising disclosures.

Rufus H. Gilmore has an absorbing story on Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, the dethroned but still feared and powerful leader of the great Christian Science church which she built in New York City. It is a remarkable story of a remarkable woman.

Vance Thompson tells the strange story of the duel waged by Mme. Steinheil—the "Witch of the Elysee"—for her life, in which she matched her beauty, wit and fascination against a relentless judge, and won.

More wonderful than the "Arabian Nights" is the story of Joseph Parrott and the building of the great Flagler railroad in Florida, by which it will be possible next February to go by rail to Havana.

Julia Marlowe is the bright particular star in this month's series of "Actresses of To-day."

The other departments, including "The Camera and Folk of the Hour," "Celebrities of the Day," "Caustic Comment of the Cartoon," "Modern Mortals," etc., are right in step with the march of progress in their chatty, entertaining sketches of people worth knowing about.

FLOWERS IN SEALED BOXES.

A Scheme of the Florists Which Prevents in Leakage in Delivery.

Florists have hit on a new wrinkle in delivering flowers. After the flowers have been packed in boxes and the boxes are tied up in fancy style with ribbon, the ends of the ribbon are sealed to the box with wax and the florist's private mark stamped thereon.

This is not to add style to the package, but serves a strictly useful purpose. It was not an uncommon occurrence for flowers to leak on the way.

Two dozen American Beauties would shrink to one dozen. Sometimes the chance of detection was slight, as the recipient would not know how many flowers were sent in the case of a gift, and in the case of a large order few persons would take the trouble to count them, and a half dozen might well slip away unnoticed.

So the florists seal the packages now and temptation is removed from the path of those who deliver them.

The Suez Canal.

It is certain that in ancient times a canal connecting the Mediterranean and Red seas did exist. Herodotus ascribes its projection to Pharaoh Necho, 600 B. C. The honor of its completion is given by some to Darius, by others to the Ptolemys. How long this canal continued to be used we do not know; but, becoming finally choked up by sand, it was restored by Trajan early in the second century A. D. Becoming again useless from the same cause, it was reopened by the Caliph Omar, but was finally closed by the "unconquerable sands" about A. D. 767, in which state it has since remained. This ancient canal, from Suez to Bubastis, on the east branch of the Nile, was ninety-two miles long, from 108 to 160 feet wide, and fifteen feet deep.—Washington Times.

Why.

Hubert Henry Davis, the playwright, who has spent much time in London, tells of an amusing interview between the owner of a publication in the British Capital, whereof George Bernard Shaw had been the dramatic critic, and Max Beerbohm, on the occasion of the latter's assumption of the duties laid down by G. B. S.

The owner advised Max of the salary that had been paid George Bernard, observing at the same time: "Being comparatively inexperienced, you, Mr. Beerbohm, cannot, of course, expect so much."

"Oh yes, I shall!" hastily interposed Max. "Indeed, I shall expect more! Shaw knows the drama so thoroughly that it is an easy matter for him to write of it, whereas I, knowing nothing whatever about it, shall find it dreadfully hard work!"

Women Fishermen.

On the coast of Holland, Belgium and Northern France the fishermen are a familiar sight, with their great hand nets and quaint costumes. Many of the towns have distinctive costumes by which their women can be recognized anywhere. Those of Mana-Kirke, near Ostend, wear trousers and loose blouses while their heads and shoulders are covered by shawls. They carry their nets into the sea and scoop up vast quantities of shrimps and prawns, with an occasional crab or lobster and many small fish. They often wade out till the water is up to their necks, and they remain for hours at a time in water above their knees, rarely returning until their baskets are full.

Steel from the Ore.

Two Australian inventors have found a new process for the continuous treatment of iron ore, which is to be exploited throughout the world. It is a process for directly converting the ore into malleable iron or steel, and is said to effect a saving of 25 per cent. After the ore is concentrated it is passed through a revolving cylinder and brought into contact with the deoxidizing gas; thence it falls into a bottle of molten iron and is converted into steel or malleable iron, the whole process being automatic.

Volcano Not Extinct.

Mount Cameroon, on the west coast of Africa long regarded as a extinct volcano, was found by a party of German explorers recently to be still alive and in danger of eruption.

Longest Telegraph Wire Span.

An Indian stream the River Kistnah, 600 feet wide, has the longest span of telegraph wire in the world.

THE FLYER THAT NEVER HALTS

But Keeps Going Steadily Without Body or Wings or Wheels.

"The only flying thing that never breaks down," said the man with frost in his hair, "is the one commonly known as Time; nothing ever the matter with that; it flies steadily with never a stop.

"Other flying things that we know of burst their carbureters, or bend their shafts, or break their propellers, or get out of gasoline, or they bend their wings or blow up or burn, or there's something the matter with them so that they can't be kept flying, but the flying thing called Time keeps right along without requiring even any oil on its bearings, the one and only perpetual motion, which nothing can stop. It never speeds, it keeps going always at the same steady uniform gait, whether on the earth or in the air, but it never stops, and so, soon or late, it leaves men and all their works behind.

"I'd like it if I could help the flying machine men; I would do it if I could; but I'd like better to be able to stop or at least to check or slow down the flight of that greatest of all flying things, though it is without body, or wings or wheels, the flyer that we call Time."

Heard in Some Households.

Absolutely no consideration for me.

You are driving me to desperation. Your treatment is beyond endurance.

A weaker woman would be driven into a mad-house.

I am surely losing my mind. I never had a moment's peace.

You are making my life a hell on earth.

You are driving me to an early grave.

I am simply worn to the bone. Never get one kind word.

Oh, why did I leave home? I can never open my mouth.

Oh, if the grave would only open and take me in.

I am all unstrung.

I am on the verge of nervous prostration.—F. J. W., in Life.

The Limitations of Royalty.

The late King Oscar of Sweden was the least conventional of monarchs, but he had to courtesy to custom, nevertheless.

The King and Monsieur Bonnier, the botanist, met as strangers, the New York Sun's foreign correspondent says, while out in search of flowers near Stockholm. They were soon the best of friends, and Bonnier suggested lunch at his lun.

"Come home with me instead," said the other.

When the way led to the palace gates Bonnier hesitated.

"I'm sorry," said his companion, "but I happen to be the king of this country, and this is the only place where I can entertain my friends."

For a Loaf, All Right.

As the tramp looked at Mrs. Godard he felt a thrill of hope. Here was surely an easy and benevolently inclined person. "Could you gimme a dime to buy a loaf o' bread?" he whined.

Mrs. Godard's guileless soul looked out at him through her near-sighted eyes, and she fingered her purchase hopefully.

"I have only a quarter here," said she, "and I'm really too tired to walk home."

"Sure, I can change it for you," said the tramp, cheerfully, as he took out a dime and a nickel; and not until Mrs. Godard was half-way home on the car did it occur to her that there was anything unusual in the transaction.

Microscopic Writing.

A remarkable machine made by a lately deceased member of the Royal Microscopical Society for writing with a diamond seems to have been broken up by its inventor. A specimen of its work is the Lord's prayer of 227 letters, written in the 1,237,000 of a square inch, which is at the rate of 53,880,000 letters or 15 complete Bibles, to a single square inch. To decipher the writing it is necessary to use a 1-12-inch objective, which is the high power lens physicians employ for studying the most minute bacteria.

"Only Us Chickens."

The same thing that prompts one to say yes in answer to the query, "Are you asleep?" may have influenced the negro in the following story from Life:

It was a dark night, and the owner of the chicken-coop, gun in hand, was investigating certain suspicious noises he had heard.

"Who's in there?" he called at the open window.

Erastus, inside, replied softly and reassuringly, "Ain't nobody heah 'cep'in us chickens."

Brought Into Commerce.

The fruit of the garite tree is now being handled in fair commercial quantities for the production of a cheap type of vegetable grease, useful for the manufacture of soap and candles.

Criticism of Nature.

"It has always seemed to me that Nature is at fault," observes the Philosopher of Folly, "when she gives a man a mouth capable of biting off more than he can chew."

A Coward.

A coward boasting of his courage may deceive strangers, but he is a laughing-stock of those who know him.—Phaedrus.

Short Sermons For a Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

CHRISTIAN'S RESOURCE

BY REV. J. H. JOWETT, M. A.

Text: Luke 14:31. "Or what king going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he is able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

Our Lord was always seeking to get men to sit down to think. He seeks to win their judgment, to touch their reason, that they may see the reasonableness of His doing and the reasonableness of His evangel. He is continually calling upon men and women to think. "What think ye?" "What king," He says, "about to engage in a campaign sitteth not down first to estimate the strength of the foe and the strength of his own resources, and then ascertain whether there is legitimate hope of his forces being able to meet and conquer those who oppose him?"

My simple purpose to-day is to ask you to do this little thinking, to meditate on what kind of enemy we have to meet, and I pray you not to let your thoughts wander away to a far-off world, but let us consider what enemies we have to meet in this world where we have to labor and die, and whether we can with our own strength overcome them.

Now what are these enemies that we have to meet? What are the enemies in front of us? I repeat our Master's own estimate of the foe which every one of us will have to meet to-day and to-morrow. Jesus Christ calls one "the world." Now what is the world? We sometimes say a man is a worldly man. What is the significance of the term? Too frequently when we use this term we refer to something a man does or leaves undone. Men may be habitues of the theatre, or fond of cards, and we say they are worldly; and people who abstain from these things are labeled unworldly. I do not think that covers it in the slightest degree. Worldliness is not implied in what we do or do not do. Worldliness is not in doing this, or not doing this. Worldliness is in the spirit. It is the atmosphere of the soul. Worldliness is the spirit of the horizontal. Worldliness looks on and out, but it never looks up and prays. It is ambition, not aspiration. Its motto is "forward," never "upward." Its goal is success, never holiness. Worldliness is life without the vertical, without the upward calling in Christ Jesus, our Lord. And when we find a man or woman, no matter what they do or don't do, who always looks out to the horizontal end, men and women who have no ideal, no aspiration, no heavenly vision, no prayer, those are men and women who would be described by the Master as "of the world, worldly."

Everybody here knows what an exceedingly strong gravitation there is toward the horizontal life. In the church and out of it you feel this tremendous mesmerism, this worldly fascination, leading us to turn our eyes from the heights, from what Paul calls "the heavenly things in Christ Jesus." We have got that force of gravity to meet—the world.

Then there is the "flesh." Everyone knows the power of the flesh; not merely the carnal power of the body, but of carnal power expressing itself in vanity and pride. The flesh that bows down the soul and rides it, instead of the soul's determining the movements of the flesh. We have the "flesh" to meet, whether in appetite or carnal desire. "The world, the flesh and the devil." I do not know how I can define the devil, but Paul's phrase always seems to describe my relationship with the devil better than any other: "The prince of the power of the air." He does not leap upon you like a lion. The devil usually appears as "the prince of the power of the air"; and he comes into every life and lets down the temperature; he changes the moral atmosphere.

You were just praying fervently, and suddenly you experienced a chill. It is "the prince of the power of the air." You start with great zeal to lead a clean life, and before you know it the temperature is perceptibly chilled. "The prince of the power of the air" quietly, silently makes that tremendous change in your moral life by influencing and changing the atmosphere. We have got the devil to meet.

Have you anything else to meet? Yes, the fourth enemy is the binding power of guilt. In my country there are prominent men who say that men and women have no longer the sense of guilt. I cannot regard that as healthful. There are many who cannot hear the voice of God who are nevertheless pursued by their guilt. You do not need to hear the thunder and see the lightning to have proof of the storm. The souring of the milk in the dairy proves the storm's presence, and there is often the proof of the Lord's presence and of guilt in the souring of the disposition, the manufacturing of cynics. The man who was once sweet tempered becomes a cynic, the optimist becomes a pessimist. These things have registered themselves as "the blinding presence of guilt."

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