

Learning to Make Love

"Wouldn't it be dreadful," remarked Kitty, swinging her parasol nonchalantly, as we strolled down the avenue, "if they should succeed in establishing a college of courtship in Chicago, as somebody has been threatening to do?"

"Why dreadful?" I inquired, mildly, flicking the curb with my cane.

Kitty flashed me a scornful glance. "Just fancy a man laying his heart at your feet according to a scientific method," she exclaimed, "and timing his tender speeches with a stop watch and kissing you according to the hygienic rules and—"

"Counting his heart beats or feeling his pulse or appraising the tint of your blush while he tells you he loves you?" I broke in sympathetically.

"Yes," agreed Kitty, and quoting his proposal from a copy book and his love notes from "The Lover's Latest Letter Writer."

"Oh, well," I said, consolingly, "I don't think you need bother about it."

"Why?" asked Kitty, lifting her lashes innocently. "Don't you think anybody ever will propose?"

"I don't think anybody will take a course in the college," I corrected quickly. "Courtship is like cooking. You've got to be born with the knack. It's a gift of Providence or fate, as unaccountable and inexplicable as a straight nose or a good constitution, and it cannot be cultivated any more than either of them. It is one of the things in which brains don't take the prize and theory doesn't count."

"What does count?" demanded Kitty, promptly.

"Well—practice," I replied frankly, and—

"And if you're born with the knack," interrupted Kitty, "you can't help practicing, I—suppose."

"And if you aren't born with it," I rejoined, "you can read Laura Jean Libbey and G. Bernard Shaw and all the guides to lovemaking that ever were printed without learning how to begin—"

"Or where to stop," interpolated Kitty.

"Or what to say to a woman."

"Or what not to say to a man. It's—It's just liking making batter-cakes!" added Kitty suddenly.

"What!"

"There isn't any reliable recipe for it," she explained, "and you can only tell whether or not you have done it properly by the way it turns out. I've asked Dinah twenty times how to mix the batter with her eyes shut. She says nobody ever taught her; she just 'knew how' and then 'done it.' And she scorns a cook book as Cleopatra or Mme. Du Barry would have scorned a Lexicon of Love or a treatise on the art of managing a man."

"And," I hazarded, "I'll wager that, like love, the oftener she makes them the better she does it?"

"Of course," assented Kitty. "And she says she began making them when she was old enough to hold a pan."

"We all begin in the kindergarten," I averred.

"Who—all?" asked Kitty, disconcertingly.

"Oh—er, everybody—who has the knack," I stammered. "We begin by writing Valentines and hanging May baskets and playing kissing games and cutting out initials on the trees inside a heart, and finish—"

"We never finish," broke in Kitty, "if we attain any—any success."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Don't you ever expect to stop?"

"Not," announced Kitty, tranquilly, "until my grandchildren refuse to be made love to."

"Will you please explain—"

"You can't explain it," declared Kitty, "and more than you can explain why all the cleverest men get the worst bargains in wives and all the most beautiful women marry wretchedly; or why a red-headed girl with a turned-up nose and freckles and a figure like a barber's pole can fascinate every man she meets, while another woman with a Greek profile and the lines of the Venus of Milo sits alone in the parlor every evening doing fancy work."

"Or," I apprehended, "why a man with the head of an Adonis and the brains of an Aristotle is thrown over by the girl he loves for some little runt with crooked legs and an insinuating manner and the faculty of saying sentimental things to a woman—"

"And plenty of practice in courtship," added Kitty.

"Yet," I mused, flicking my cane thoughtfully, "the Chicago professor proposes to teach men and women how to understand one another."

"That's the saddest and funniest part of it!" replied Kitty, with a little gurgle.

"How can it be sad and funny at the same time?" I demanded.

"Don't you see," cried Kitty, "how sad it will be for the man and how funny it will be for other people, when he wakes up?"

"When he—what?"

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Kitty impatiently, "no man ever finds out how little he knows about women until he marries one of them. And the most awful mistake he can make is to go headlong into matrimony, believing he really understands the sex and totally unprepared for the surprises in store for him. There are just as many kinds of women as there are kinds of weather, and every woman has as many phases as an April day. There's nothing so disappointing as going to sleep on a perfect night with the stars shining and being waked up by a thunder shower. The men who real-

ly understand women are those who haven't any theories and never expect anything but the unexpected; who play all the matrimonial tunes by ear and mix their attitude toward a wife, as Dinah mixes her batter cakes, by instinct, putting in a little sugar or a drop of vinegar just at the right moment, when it is most needed. The man who enters holy wedlock with a theory in his mind is like the man who always trots around with an umbrella and rubber over shoes. He's prepared for the worst; but he is too burdened down with the weight of his theories and his umbrella to enjoy the sunshine. Matrimony isn't all storms and it isn't all fair weather; and you can no more tell one day what the domestic atmosphere will be on the next than you can tell from day to day what the weather will be. The people who get along best are those who aren't looking for storms and trouble, but who are just willing to take one another as they happen to come, as we do Christmas gifts, or a table d'hôte dinner, or a vaudeville show."

"And," I rejoined enthusiastically, "who enjoy variety for variety's sake. But," I added, "there may be some general rules, some vague—"

"There are," interrupted Kitty, "just as there are four seasons, but you've got to have lived through the seasons before you really appreciate them or understand them. A Hottentot can read a description of a snow-storm without having the slightest idea of how it feels, and an Esquimaux can study up on simoons without knowing how they will strike him. A man can read everything that ever was written on women and yet not know enough to keep his feet off a girl's frock or to avoid arguing with his wife when her mouth is full of pins. And a woman can study treatises on men until her head aches and then act like a fool the first time she meets one."

"And that," I declared, flourishing my cane, "is where the practice comes in and the theory goes out."

"Yes," agreed Kitty, "the theory has got to go before the practice comes in, or you'll get horribly muddled. Every woman is a different geometrical problem with a different answer. Imagine a courtship college graduate sending his wife violets on Monday morning when she wants them for Tuesday night or thoughtfully buying her a purple hat when she wants one to match a yellow frock, or sitting in the parlor penning her a poem when she wants him to come upstairs and hook the back of her dress."

"Or fancy a lady expert on love," I murmured, "feeding her husband on angel cake or health food when he is dying for beefsteak, or singing him an aria when he wants to take a nap—just because such things are recommended in the book of rules."

"Yes," sighed Kitty. "Think of going into matrimony with nothing but a stock of ready-made ideas!"

"And having them shattered in the divorce court," I added.

"Managing a man or a woman," went on Kitty, "is like managing a baby. The high-browed lady who conducts the 'mother's' meetings may be an expert on nurseryology and may know all about prepared foods and the training of the infant mind; but she doesn't know the first thing about putting in pins or taking a button out of the mouth; while the East Side mother with five children hanging to her skirt can cook her husband's dinner with one hand and nurse three cases of measles and one of whooping-cough with the other, without the tremor of an eyelid. It isn't education and it isn't theory and it isn't brains that make one successful in motherhood or matrimony; it's the little gift of knowing how—"

"And what?" I interpolated.

"And when—that the gods bestow indiscriminately," finished Kitty, "and bestow oftentimes, it seems, on otherwise unendowed people. The less a man knows about letters, the more he seems to know about women; the less he knows about making money, the more he seems to know about making love; the less he has of honor and intelligence, the more he gets of feminine adoration."

"Well, the less a woman knows of the ologies," I retorted, "the more she seems to know about using her eyes and putting a flower in your coat lapel; the less fluently she can talk art, the better she can talk pretty nonsense; the fewer talents she has, the better husband she gets."

"And," finished Kitty, waving her sunshade dramatically, "one week of actual practice in lovemaking is better than all the theories that could be invented by the most eminent board of education that ever existed. Why, a college of courtship would be just like throwing water on the divine fire. Besides," she added, "where would they find professors to teach the art of love-making and the science of managing a woman? The single men don't know anything about it—"

"And the married men are all too busy keeping in practice themselves," I began.

"They are too clever to profess to understand it," agreed Kitty.

"And too wise," I added, "to give themselves away. But—why don't you do it yourself, Kitty?" I cried with sudden inspiration.

"Do—what?" Kitty glanced up at me suspiciously.

"Apply for a professorship."

"I wish you wouldn't talk nonsense," returned Kitty with a superior dignity.

"You've got a good theory," I declared.

Kitty twirled her parasol impatiently and tossed her chin.

"And you might give a course in—kissing."

"Mr. Curtis!"

"And another in the eye language," Kitty gazed over my head thoughtfully.

"And lessons in the subtle art of wheedling and the science of pretty flubbing."

"Well," broke in Kitty reflectively, "perhaps I shall."

"What?"

"Establish a college of courtship—"

"Kitty!"

"With only one pupil," Kitty glanced at me from beneath lowered eyelashes.

"I apply for the scholarship!" I cried quickly.

Kitty shook her head sadly.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Because," said Kitty, "you've got it already."

"What?" I walked very close to Kitty and touched the edge of her lace-draped sleeve.

"The instinct," replied Kitty coolly.

"And—the divine fire?" I queried softly.

"And all the necessary practice," remarked Kitty, with a businesslike air.

"But I haven't got the—girl," I argued.

"That," said Kitty, putting up her sunshade and glancing at me through the lace around its edge, "ought to be a mere incident to—"

"Well!" I murmured, ecstatically.

"To an expert," said Kitty, withdrawing her elbow and looking me straight in the eye.

And for the life of me I can't tell whether she meant it as a thrust or a compliment.—Chicago Record-Herald.

One of Bishop Wilmer's Stories.

Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, was a very straightforward man, with a faculty for saying good-naturedly sharp things to, rather than about, people, and the Washington Post prints the following anecdote in this connection: "Soon after the Civil War Bishop Wilmer went to a northern city to ask aid for a Confederate Orphans' Home in which he was interested. There was a dinner in his honor, and after dinner the Bishop was begged to tell a story. He replied that he hadn't a story. 'But,' he added, 'I've got a conundrum: "Why are the southerners like Lazarus?"'

"The guests, who were all Union men, suggested many answers. The southerners were like Lazarus because they were poor, because they ate the crumbs from the rich man's table, because—because of everything anybody could guess.

"No," said the bishop; "you're all wrong. We're like Lazarus because—we've been kicked by dogs."

A roar of laughter went round at that, for the bishop's utter unconcernedness was always one of his charms. Everybody laughed but one man, who became indignant. 'Bishop,' he said, 'if you think we're dogs, why have you come up here for our money—for the money of dogs?'

The bishop chuckled. 'My friend,' said he, 'the hair of the dog is good for the bite. That's why I have come.'

Eager for Knowledge.

A prominent clergyman who spent the summer in travel returned home recently with a story of a western Sunday school class which had received a visit from the bishop. Boys and girls were much impressed by the dignity and there was a conscious effort to answer all questions correctly and promptly. Things moved along very nicely until the lesson was concluded, when one little boy raised his hand politely.

In a manner somewhat shy the lad said: "Please, Mr. Bishop, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir," replied the bishop, good naturedly, as he fumbled the folds of his official robes.

"It's about them," said the boy, eyeing the bishop's robes. "Is they eyeing the bishop's robes. Is they eyeing you have on, or has you pants under 'em?"—Philadelphia Times.

Unappreciative.

A Washington woman has in her employ as butler a dandy of a pompous and satisfied man, says Harper's Magazine, who not long ago permitted a chocolate-colored damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse.

On one occasion, when the mistress of the house had occasion temporarily to avail herself of the services of the butler's wife, it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them in conjunction the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion.

"Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Thomas," casually observed the mistress of the house.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas, complacently. "Ain't it just sickening?"

When All Will Be Happy.

Col. Riordan, who runs the Toronto Mail and Empire, was going home one night when he ran across a friend leaning against a fence, thinking deeply, says the Saturday Evening Post.

"Is that you, Riordan?" the friend asked.

"It is, and what are you doing here at this hour of the night?"

"Thinking, Riordan—thinking on the great human problems of the day. Do you know, Riordan, there is only one way we can all be happy, only one way?"

"What's that?" asked Riordan.

"Riordan," said the friend, "we shall never be entirely and completely happy until every man can print his own money."

Defied.

The pessimist stands beneath the tree of prosperity, and growls when the fruit falls on his head.—Success Magazine.

Boston's Costly Subway.

The costliest mile of underground railway in the world is said to be the new Washington street subway of Boston, which passes through the shopping district. Its construction and equipment has amounted to \$10,000,000, or about \$2,000 a lineal foot. The last section of Boston's modern system of rapid transit, consisting of subway tunnels, was opened about 14 years ago. This was followed by the erection a few years later of the elevated road. And subsequently to that the system was extended by the construction of the East Boston tunnel under the harbor. The opening of the Washington tunnel marks the latest and one of the most important extensions.

Chamois Skins.

Charles C. Drueding has written an article for the American Journal of Pharmacy on the subject of chamois skins. What is known in the market as chamois skins, he says, is really an oil-tanned sheep or lamb skin lining. The supply of skins from the chamois animals is very limited—enough could not be obtained in a year to supply the United States for more than a single day. He made special inquiry on a recent visit to Switzerland about the annual crop of the chamois skin and ascertained that from 5,000 to 6,000 skins would be a fair average yearly crop. This skin is heavier than the skin of the sheep or lamb, also much coarser. For strength and durability the chamois skin is preferable, but for ordinary use and appearance the oil-tanned sheepskin lining would, in most instances, be preferred.

How's Your Liver?

The natural laxative and antiseptic of the bowels is the bile, which is secreted by the liver. The bile is nature's lubricant. When your liver is torpid it produces less bile, and of course the bowels become clogged with poisonous matter which finds its way into the blood, producing biliousness and constipation and indigestion.

Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills are by far the best remedy to empty the bowels and relieve congested conditions. They act as a true tonic to the liver, treating as well as curing constipation. One or two of these pills taken every night mildly stimulates the liver and corrects biliousness without the driving purgative effects of harsh drugs. Their gentle laxative action especially commends them to ladies who bloat after eating and are subject to periodical headaches. To secure a healthy secretion of bile, thus establishing perfect bowel regularity, these little pills possess merits peculiarly their own, not found in other remedies. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These Little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use

SMITH'S PINEAPPLE AND BUTTERNUT PILLS

FOR Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Dizziness, Stomach Discomfort, Liver and Bowels.

60 Pills in Glass Vial 25c.—All Dealers.

SMITH'S FOR Sick Kidneys

Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by leading physicians; safe, efficient. Results lasting. On the market 15 years. Have cured thousands. 30 pills in original glass vial, 50 cents. Trial boxes, 10 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on 24th day of March, 1910, by Jacob F. Katz, W. J. Katz and Leon Katz, under the Act of Assembly approved April 29, 1874, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "KATZ BROTHERS, INCORPORATED," the character and object of which is "buying and selling merchandise, goods and wares of all kinds, at wholesale and retail and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

E. C. MUMFORD, Solicitor.

Honesdale, Pa., Feb. 28, 1910.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, on the 10th day of March, 1910, at 10 o'clock, under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874, and its supplements, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called The White Mills Woodmen Association, the character and object of which are for lodge purposes and for social enjoyment, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

C. A. GARRATT, Solicitor.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation, at the Court House in Honesdale, on the second Monday of March next—viz:

First and partial account of T. L. Medland and Lizzie M. Betz, executors of the estate of Thomas Medland, Honesdale.

First and final account of Francis J. O'Reilly, executor of the estate of Margaret O'Reilly, Cherry Ridge.

First and final account of Mary E. Wasman, executrix of the estate of Jacob Wasman, Texas.

First and final account of R. J. Miller, executor of the estate of Jacob Miller, Honesdale.

First and partial account of George W. Frey, administrator of the estate of George Fasshauer, Texas.

First and final account of M. J. Hanlan, administrator of the estate of Thomas F. Duff, Texas.

First and final account of E. A. Penniman, administrator of the estate of Francis B. Penniman, Honesdale.

First and final account of Charles B. Smith, administrator of Lafayette Smith, Waymart.

E. W. GAMMILL, Register.

Register's Office, Honesdale, Feb. 17, 1910. 104

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on

FRIDAY, MCH. 11, 1910, 2 P. M.

All of defendant's right, title and interest in the following described property, viz:

The First—Beginning at the north-east corner of lands which Walter Bray sold to William Simon; thence by said Simon south twelve and one-half degrees east sixty-six and one-half rods to a stone corner; thence north seventy-seven and one-half degrees east forty-four and four-tenths rods to a stone corner; thence north twelve and one-half degrees west twenty-seven and one-half degrees west forty-two rods to the place of beginning, containing twenty-three acres and eighty perches, be the same more or less.

The Fourth—Beginning at a beech tree marked for a common corner of lots numbered 13, 16, 17 and 20, in the allotment of the late Robert Shields lands; thence by No. 13 north seventy-seven and one-half degrees east one hundred and forty rods to a stone corner; thence by Lot No. 21, south twelve and one-half degrees east one hundred and thirty rods to a stone corner; thence by Lot No. 19, south seventy-seven and one-half degrees west one hundred and forty rods to a stone corner; thence by Lot No. 17 north twelve and one-half degrees west one hundred and thirty rods to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and thirteen acres and twelve perches, be the same more or less. Excepting fifty-six acres and one hundred and forty perches heretofore conveyed. See Deed Book No. 18 at page 35, etc.

The Fifth—Beginning at stake and stones, the south-east corner, late of William Durham; thence by Lot No. 12, north twelve and one-half degrees west thirty-four rods to a stake on the ty-two rods to a rock corner; thence north 77 1/2 degrees east thirty-eight rods to a public road; thence, along said road, seven and one-half degrees west eighty-nine and seven-tenths rods to the place of beginning; containing thirty acres and one hundred and twelve perches, be the same more or less.

The Second—Beginning at the north-west corner of the land above described; thence by the same north seventy-seven and one-half degrees east sixty-six and one-half rods to a stone corner; thence north thirteen degrees west forty-seven and one-half rods to a stone corner; thence south eighteen and one-half degrees east forty-seven and three-fourths rods to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres and sixty-five perches, be the same more or less.

The Third—Beginning at stone corner on top of high ledge; thence by lands late of Walter Bray south eight and one-fourths degrees west seventy-three and one-half rods to a stone on rock on the top of a ledge; thence north seventy-seven and one-half degrees east sixty-seven rods to a stake and stone corner; thence north twelve and one-half degrees west sixty-nine rods to a stake and stone corner; thence by land first above described south east side of the Day pond; thence across the said pond, south thirty-eight degrees west fifty-three and two-tenths rods to a rock; thence along the division line between lands now or late of John Durham and Henry Riefler, north seventy-seven and one-half degrees east forty-one rods to the place of beginning; containing four acres and fifty-seven perches, be the same more or less.

The above five pieces constitute what is known as the Henry Riefler farm of upwards of one hundred and thirty-five acres, upon which is a dwelling house, barn, apple orchard and nearly all improved land.

The Sixth—Beginning at a heap of stones, the south-west corner of land in the warrantee name of John Woods; thence north seventy-seven degrees east two hundred eighteen and one-half rods to a stone corner; thence by Lot No. 14 in the Wilcox lands south thirteen degrees east fifty-five and one-half rods to stones corner; thence south seventy-seven degrees west two hundred eighteen and one-half rods to stones corner; thence north thirteen degrees west fifty-five and one-half rods to the place of beginning, containing seventy-five acres and one hundred and seventeen perches, be the same more or less.

The Seventh—Beginning at the south-east corner of above described lot; thence north seventy-seven and one-half degrees east fifty-six and one-half rods to a corner; thence north twelve and one-half degrees east fifty-six and three-fourths rods to the south-east corner of Daniel Bryant's land; thence south seventy-seven and one-half degrees west fifty-six and one-half rods to a corner in a stone wall; thence south twelve and one-half degrees east fifty-six and three-fourths rods to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres, be the same more or less.

The last two pieces comprise the Goodnough farm, upon which is a large frame dwelling house. Large barn with underground stable, ice house, and other out buildings. Apple orchard and other fruit trees, and some fifteen hundred dollars worth of standing timber and acid wood.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Chester J. Goodnough and Frank D. Goodnough at the suit of Wm. H. Lee, assignee, No. 207, March Term, 1908. Judgment, \$300. Attorney, Lee.

TAKE NOTICE.—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff.

Honesdale, Pa., Feb. 16, 1910.

TRIAL LIST.—Wayne Common Pleas March Term 1910, Week Beginning March 14.

Ramble vs. Pennsylvania Coal Company, Toledo Computing Scales Co. vs. Hultbert, Mitan vs. Hunkle, Stoeker vs. Killam, Speygoel vs. Bruchie, Sawyer vs. Hoppelheimer, Highhouse vs. Davey, Buckret vs. McGrinnigan.

Second Week Beginning March 21.

Corrigh & Son vs. Erie Railroad, Truesdale, Administrator, vs. Arnold, Whitney vs. Lake Lodge Improvement Co., Buerker vs. Pennsylvania Brewing Co., Riefler & Sons vs. Wayne Storage Water Power Company.

M. J. HANLAN, Clerk.

Honesdale, Feb. 21, 1910.

APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is given that appraisement of \$300 to the widows of the following named decedents have been filed in the Orphans' Court of Wayne county, and will be presented for approval on Monday, March 14, 1910, viz:

Geo. E. Voigt, personal, Honesdale.

C. H. Woodward, personal, Hawley.

Nicholas Smith, personal, Clinton.

M. J. HANLAN, Clerk.

Honesdale, Feb. 23, 1910.

JURORS FOR MARCH COURT.

The following Grand Jurors will serve for week commencing March 7.

Berlin—S. N. Dills.

Buckingham—J. A. Carey.

Cherry Ridge—Robert Boner.

Clinton—Fred J. Cook.

Damascus—E. B. Sheard.

Dreher—D. L. Frey.

Dyberry—Wesley Bodie.

Hawley—Louis Geisler.

Honesdale—Walter Fowler, Alton VanHorn.

Lake—Samuel Black.

Lehigh—M. E. Smith.

Lebanon—Frank Avery.

Manchester—Richard Nichols.

Mt. Pleasant—J. D. Brennan.

Preston—James Hoag, Frank McKee.

Salem—Frank Westlake.

Seylville—George Moules.

Scott—L. E. Ecker.

South Canaan—John Buckley, Delbert McKinney.

Texas—John Myers, Thos. R. Varcoe.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Week Commencing Mch. 14.

Bethany—H. A. Bennett.

Berlin—R. L. Woodley.

Buckingham—Ralph Dillon.

Canaan—Wm. H. Reilly.

Clinton—Thomas Bates.

Cherry Ridge—Thos. Rutledge.

Damascus—Junius Young, Clifford Blair, P. J. Keesler.

Dreher—Christian Lang, A. C. Angel.

Dyberry—Spencer E. Bates, Fred Stephens, James Hensley.

Hawley—Wm. C. Ames, John J. Sheridan.

Honesdale—Frank Wasman, Christian Hartung, Henry Theobald.

Lake—George Swingle, William Brooks.

Lehigh—James Surplus.

Lebanon—Thos. Ridd.

Manchester—Alfred Oden, John W. Keyes.

Mt. Pleasant—Clark Spenoer, Frank Hauenstein, Thos. Meagher.

Oregon—Wm. Colwell, Arnold Sluman.

Palmyra—Augusta Laabs.

Paupack—Charles Utt.

Preston—Richard Sherman.

Prompton—E. R. Bodie.

Salem—Thos. Gerrity, Samuel Kimble.

Scott—Wm. Rockwell, C. D. Tarbox.

South Canaan—A. J. Piatt, Harvey Daniels.

Sterling—I. M. Kipp.

Starrucca—F. A. Stoddard.

Texas—Julius Keltz, Fred Clark.

Clifford Gray, Bert Bassett, A. W. Eno.

Waymart—B. S. Hull.

Second Week, Commencing Mch. 21.

Berlin—Fred Frey.

Buckingham—Bernard McGarry.

Canaan—Geo. Munson.

Cherry Ridge—Peter Sweitzer.

Clinton—John Schermer.

Damascus—A. M. Rutledge, F. W. Tegeier, Walter Branning.

Dreher—Merrett Smith.

Dyberry—A. K. Kimble, Lucian Mumford.

Hawley—James Flynn, M. J. Bohan.

Honesdale—L. S. Partridge, J. A. Brown, Leopold Fuerth, R. P. Schmidt, Walter B. Kimble.

Lake—Geo. E. Miller.

Lehigh—John Roth.

Manchester—John Ewain, John P. Flynn.

Mt. Pleasant—Simon Pomroy, J. F. Connor.

Oregon—J. M. Knorr, Warren Miller.

Palmyra—John Kellerman.

Preston—T. C. Caffery.

Prompton—Stephen Kegler.

Paupack—John Drake.

Salem—Henry Sterner.

Scott—Wm. Evans.

South Canaan—John Bronson.

Sterling—Samuel Fitz.

Starrucca—George F. Brooker.

Texas—Perry Tallman, John Dorfingier, Geo. J. Bergman, Chester Smith.

Waymart—F. S. Hinds.

Railway Mail Clerks Wanted.

The Government Pays Railway Mail Clerks \$800 to \$1,200, and other employees up to \$2,500 annually.

Uncle Sam will hold spring examinations throughout the country for Railway Mail Clerks, Custom House Clerks, Stenographers, Bookkeepers, Departmental Clerks and other Government Positions. Thousands of appointments will be made. Any man or woman over 18, in City or Country can get instruction and free information by writing at once to the Bureau of Instruction, 645 Hamlin Building, Rochester, N. Y. 103011.