

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

HAIR SUPPORTER.

Has "Rat" for Front of Head and Other Support for Back.

Among the numerous artifices used by women who are short on hair—



fine wire screen. The two are joined by two wires, U-shaped. This supporter is placed on the head when the hair is down, and when the hair is done up the pads underneath give it the appearance of being much more abundant than it really is.

MENU FOR A DAY.

- BREAKFAST. Figs with cream. Coddled eggs. Corn dodgers. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Rice croquettes. Strawberry jam. Cream cheese. Wheat muffins. Tea or chocolate. DINNER. Steak a la Francaise. Sweet potatoes, Southern style. Fried eggplant. Orange sponge. Coffee.

Miss Wilson on the Stage. Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, whose debut as a concert singer was made recently and who is now on tour, was graduated from the Iowa State University. Even while there



she was the leading soprano in all the college functions and was leader of the choir in the Non-Sectarian College Church.

Our Women Perfume Experts. American women are regarded in France, the home and centre of the perfume industry, as the best judges of perfumes in the world, and it is chiefly to them that the French manufacturers make acknowledgement for expansion in their business in the last few years.

It is not fashion that changes, it is woman's taste. No woman will admit that the same style of dress can suit her several years in succession.

The Masterpiece

Margery leaned heavily against the mantel, then slowly turned to meet Courtney's gaze. The barrier which had been steadily rising out of the past seemed suddenly to loom her vision with a new, more acute import.

"I can't marry you," she said in a low, stifled tone. "I must not."

Courtney smiled with a slow, steady assurance. "Yet, Margery, you love me?" he insisted gently.

Her eyes flashed for a moment into a radiant glow, but darkened as she uttered a sharp, protesting cry. She turned and paced the room, her hands knotted tightly in front of her.

"I had not intended to speak of the past," she began brokenly. "It seemed disloyal—to him."

Courtney glanced at her with a swift, anxious scrutiny, then smiled. "The past, Margery? What could my little girl have done with a past?" She choked back a sob and his face became instantly grave.

She resumed her place near the mantel and bent forward until her head rested against the marble. "My father was a strange, morbid man," she began. "He spent many hours before the paintings of old masters and dreamed their dreams anew, but art became such a sacred thing to him that he would not allow himself to create until he had studied it for 20 years.

He blended wonderful masses of color, drew marvellous lines, but to erase them. At length, when he permitted his visions to soar, he worked for many days and nights with a feverish zest upon a picture which I have never seen. He dared not trust himself to judge it, fearing that he might see through the rose glow of his dreams, so he carried the canvas to a friend, a famous artist in Italy, entreating him to form his judgment only in a moment of leisure.

He trusted this man so entirely that with an emotional impulsiveness he begged him to destroy the picture if he found it worthless. He did not hear from it again. The artist soon left Italy and we lost all trace of him. He brooded and mourned as one who grieves for a dead child. He believed his picture to be worthless and that the artist, obeying his wish, had destroyed it. He flung his brushes into the fire and then—he drank." Her voice faltered and broke.

He stood before her, with clenched, straining fingers, his face white and pitiful; at length he moved to her side and spoke with unutterable tenderness. "Yes, Margery; yes, little one, a rare, wonderful wife."

His words shook her as a tempest, and she clung to him in a sudden yielding, until with a sharp cry he faced her, his eyes filled with horror. "Was your father Richard Harmen?" he demanded.

"Yes."

His hands fell loosely to his sides and he seemed unable to face the outlook. He struggled against the temptation to withhold the truth from her, and when he spoke his voice was hoarse and hopeless.

"I was the artist in Italy, Margery; your father brought me his picture and I—forgot it. I have not taken it from its wrapper."

She caught her breath sharply, then shrank from him in a bitter recoil. "Where is it now?" she demanded.

His mind flashed back into the past. "In my desk," he responded dully. "I was called suddenly away from Italy and did not think of it again. I had no means of knowing that he—he was your father."

They faced each other in an intense, breathless silence. At last her voice came, cold and hard: "Go, and bring it to me!"

She stood for a long time where he had left her, her eyes staring toward the door with a bright, unnatural glitter. When Courtney at length reentered the room, she took the package from his hand and in silence broke the string.

A warm, marvellous blending of color flashed before their eyes, and they stood gazing upon a picture which held them for the moment spellbound. Each knew that they beheld a masterpiece.

Margery's eyes remained fascinated upon the canvas; then suddenly she turned to Courtney with a swift, futile rage. "He trusted you with a wonderful thing like that," she flashed out, and you could—forget? His very life hung upon your word. You are—you are—"

"Don't say it, Margery; yes, I know, dear, but—don't."

He winced and turned again to the door; he closed it softly behind him, and then stood with his head bent against it, as one who renounces all that life had held.—ADELA LOUISE KIMBALL.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme: RICH POOR PEOPLE.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A letter reached me from a venerable lady whose life-clock has reached to-day the high mark of eighty-eight. She has been for many years the inmate of a charitable "Home" for the aged and the impoverished—a kindly provided "Snug Harbor" for those whose fortunes have been wrecked by the storms of adversity.

There are plenty of earthly cisterns that are being shattered, or are running dry. The chief thing in the cistern was money, and that has leaked away. The bags that hold a rich man's money are "full of holes." While he is sleeping, the fire may consume his warehouse, the gales may wreck his ships, or his stocks and bonds may be dwindling toward worthlessness.

Yes, there are. The Bible speaks of them as the "portion of the soul." It is an actual solid possession, and it is one that meets the soul's necessities. That man or woman is well off who has what meets and satisfies his or her real wants. Many of the so-called "wants" are really fictitious. Daily bread is an actual necessity, and Christ teaches us to pray for that; but a sumptuous dinner is a luxury. It is not really necessary for anyone's health or happiness of heart that he should have a handsome house, or a large bank account, or a luxurious table, or high social rank, or any of those things "for which the Gentiles seek." There are certain possessions, however, that are indispensable to our happiness; they are peace of mind, a clear conscience, the forgiveness of our sins, the favor of God, the chance to be more or less useful, and that infinite wealth that is summed up in having Jesus Christ in our souls.

More than one person who is under the harrow of pecuniary anxiety or some other sharp affliction will read this article, and say, "Well, I wish I could feel as contented as that cheerful old lady in that charity 'home.' Her fortune has been lost, and yet she is rich; her kindred are gone, and yet she is not lonely." My friend, just inventory the good things that you may have if you will seek for them in the right place and in the right way.

The value of a bank note depends on the assets of the bank; and the value of God's promises depends on the resources of His power and boundless love. My friend, just open your casket, and read such promises as these: "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." "I will never forsake thee." "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." God never defaults in His promises. Do you crave friendship? Then find a friend who "sticketh closer than a brother." Are you lonesome? Listen to that sweet voice, "Lo, I am with you always." Are you often distracted with worries? Cast your cares on Him; He careth for you. Just think who it is that says, "My peace give I unto thee." Do you crave a full assurance that all is well with you? Then practice the faith of adherence to Christ. Remember that faith is the milk, and assurance is the cream that rises on it; if your milk is half water, you cannot expect much cream.

When income runs down low, invest more in kind deeds to other people; that pays solid comfort. Is your heart aching at the sight of that empty crib, or of that empty chair at your plain table? Then don't let your grief stagnate. The saddest thing about grief is that it tends to make us brood and grow selfish. Wealth or poverty, cheerfulness or discontent, sunshine or darkness depend on our own hearts. With Jesus Christ securely there, you are rich. That cheerful letter that inspires this article was written by an aged hand in the "Louise Home" in a certain city. Methinks the dear Myster was whispering to her, as He does to all of us who trust Him, "A little while, and ye shall see Me; I go to prepare a place for you, and will come again and receive you unto Myself."

Stand Alone. There are times in a missionary's life when the sense of loneliness, the keen want of human sympathy, cuts home like a bleak and bitter east wind; and to learn to stand alone in any course of duty or suffering is a great lesson.—David Hill.

STUNG.

Patientless Doctor Tried the Game of Hunting a Case.

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient. "Thought he: 'If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out.'"

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers. "Here's a chance!" said he, and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly: "Do you want a doctor?" "No," replied the man, roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"

WHAT USE.



She—One never knows what one can do without trying.

He—But that's misleading. I knew I could kiss you last night, so didn't bother trying.

A High Day.

"Yassah! I suitingly would do dat job for you, Cuhnel, and proud o' de chance to estinguish muhsef—would hooraw right on it dis minute, sah, if 'twazn't for one thing, sah, dat certain lopsided colored citizen who was so unafraid of manual labor that he would often fall asleep in its presence. "And dat is, sah, dat I never likes to stigmatize muhsef' by workin' on a hollerday."

"Why, this is not a holiday," returned the would-be employer. "Yassah! 'Tis, wid me, if yo'll deess 'skuse me, sah. It's de university o' de day muh oldest boy was done sent to de Penitency."

His Ailment.

"When my husband is in good health," said Mrs. Lapsing, "he's as cheerful and as happy as anybody; but just let him eat something that doesn't agree with him, and everything looks gloomy. When his liver is out of order he's the worst pesky-mist you ever saw."

Necessity.

The hostess—What do you have to leave at this early hour?

The Guest—I'm sorry, but it's necessary.

The Hostess—And must you take your wife with you?

The Guest—Yes, ma'am; I'm sorry to say I must.

Sour Grapes.

"To-morrow will be my birthday," remarked the typewriter maid, "and I'm going to take a day off."

"Huh!" sneered the bookkeeper, who had loved and lost. "Why don't you take five years off as you did the last time you had a birthday?"

He Knew Where He Was Going.

The family of a Philadelphia little boy were planning to move to Chicago. The night before the departure, he said his usual prayer and ended it with:

"And now, good by, God—we are going to Chicago to-morrow."

Useless Noises.

"Nothing lost here but the squeal," declared the pork packer. "Are you as economical in conducting your business?"

"Just about," answered the visitor. "I'm a lumber manufacturer. Nothing wasted but the bark."

A Painful Affair.

"What happened in your flat last night? Have a prizefight?"

"Certainly not."

"But I heard subdued yells. What was pulled off?"

"A porous plaster, if you must know."

Exercising the Dog.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss. "Yes," replied Mr. Wyss. "Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had one bit of exercise all day."

Curing a Cynic.

The best way to cure a cynic is to tell him the truth. Nine times out of ten he will back down and say he doesn't believe things are as bad as that.

Woman's Instinct.

"He has succeeded ever since he took his wife into the business." "Yes; the first thing she did was to make the waste as small as possible."

Fame.

He is well known to the public? "Yes indeed. For years he has been the first man to claim the invention after the inventor patented it."

NEW KINK FOR SKATERS.

Fifth Roller Aids Them in Stopping and in Fancy Figures.

The fifth wheel to a wagon has long been cited as typical of usefulness, but the fifth wheel to a roller skate, as arranged by a Pennsylvania man, has several uses. This fifth roller is fastened below the front portion of the skate body and is on an axis that is parallel to the latter. It revolves about this axis in a direction transverse to that taken by the supporting



Skate Attached with Extra Wheel. rollers, and under normal conditions is held above the floor level.

By means of this extra roller a skater can stop quickly by bending one foot forward in such a manner as to act as a brake, the fifth roller rotating and saving him from a stop so sudden as to unsettle his equilibrium. At the same time it saves the floor. Fancy skaters will find this device a great advantage, as it will enable them to pirouette about on their toes and cut all sorts of elaborate figures which they dared not attempt before. The extra wheel should also make it easier for beginners to learn how to use roller skates.—Washington Star.

Before applying a mustard plaster, lightly grease the skin; this will prevent a blister.

A sharp tickling throat cough is a hopeful sign of money taken every 15 minutes is very good.

Italy leads the nations of the world in the matter of theatres.

Mark Twain in his lifetime has earned \$700,000.

Every gem known to the lapidary has been found in the United States.

The great secret about winning is not losing.

A poor excuse is better than coming home early.

Seedless Fruits.

Science so far has failed to furnish any explanation of the mystery of seedless fruits. They are not the outcome of the work of man. Man perpetuates them; he does no more. The seedless orange was found in a state of seedlessness.

The Book of India.

In India the printed book is regarded as vulgar, if not irreverent, and no devout Hindoo would allow his sacred writings to be contaminated by contact with leaf or prepared from the hide of some animal's dead body.

Deep Diving.

Deep-water diving can be carried on with safety to a depth of 210 feet provided proper precautions are taken and suitable appliances are used, according to a report of the British admiralty committee appointed to investigate the subject.

An Ancient Lizard.

A black and white spotted and a yellow lizard, full grown and alive, were found in the heart of an oak log split by Joseph McCloskey, near Bellwood, Pa. The log had been cut from a tree more than 50 years old.

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

Honesdale, Pa., May 29, 1908.

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