

The Scrap Book

Appearances Deceitful.

She had all the earmarks of a green stenographer, and it therefore occurred to the fresh young clerk that here was one whom he could give to his heart's content. After luncheon hour, when all the men were in the office, seemed the best time to show what a wag he was.

Tipping them that he was going to have some fun, he went up to her and said, "Oh, Miss T., I heard the funniest story today, and he proceeded to get off a time honored patriarch of a joke.

When he had finished she looked at him guilelessly and said, "Oh, Mr. X., if you ever hear the mate to that will you tell me?" "The mate?" said he, rather bewildered. "Well, you know," said she, "Noah took a pair of all things into the ark with him, and now that I know one of the jokes really I would love to know the other."—Lippincott's.

It Never Comes Again.

There are gains for all our losses. There are gains for all our losses. But when youth, the dream, departs it takes something from our hearts, and it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better. Under manhood's sterner reign. Still we feel that something sweet followed youth with flying feet and will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished, and we sigh for it in vain. We behold it everywhere, on the earth and in the air, but it never comes again. —Richard H. Stoddard.

According to Formula.

Judge Pennypacker was once asked by his brother Harry during a session of court for the loan of \$5. Harry walked to the desk and whispered the request in the judge's ear. The latter, looking down over the top of his glasses without the suggestion of a smile, said loud enough to be heard throughout the room:

"Put your application in writing and present it to the court in a proper manner."

Mr. Pennypacker, thinking the judge's insistence upon regularity to be merely regard for the dignity of the court, wrote out the request and handed it to the clerk of the court, who in turn passed it to the bench. The judge read it quietly and seriously and then interrupted the pending trial long enough to say:

"Application for a loan of \$5 made to this court is received and refused."

What the Sandwich Was For.

A stately old professor was approached by a young student one day in the western colleges. Trying hard to keep back a smile, the young man asked:

"Professor, you say you are an expert at solving riddles, don't you?" "I claim that I am, my boy."

"Well, then, can you tell me why a man who has seen London on a foggy day and a man who has not seen London on a foggy day are like a ham sandwich?"

The professor studied for a long time, venturing several answers, which proved to be wrong. Finally, at his wits' end, he said:

"I give it up."

"It's easy," said the other.

"Give it up," repeated the professor.

"Why," was the reply, "one has seen the mist, and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch on?"

"Of course I do, you lunatic! But what has the sandwich to do with it?"

After the youngster had recovered from a spell of laughter he chuckled:

"Oh, that's what you bite on."

Almost Too Far.

"Very good repartee—very good—but perhaps a little strong."

The speaker was a prominent actor. He resumed:

"It reminds me of a dialogue at the Lambs club between a New England poet and a Scot."

"Bah!" said the Scot, hearing that the poet had a press agent. "Bah, you Americans are possessed with an itch for notoriety!"

"The poet tossed back his long locks fiercely."

"Well," he cried, "an itch for notoriety is better than a notoriety for—"

"But with a 'Tut, tut, gentlemen!'" said the actor, "I ended this unseemly wrangle ere it went too far."

Heroic Courtesy.

A French writer on "The Revolution, the Empire and the Restoration," cites an amusing instance of what he calls heroic courtesy. Percy, Lord Beverly, invited to dine with him a marquis who was one of the most valiant soldiers of the army of Conde. Wishing to honor his guest and the cause which he served, that of the French king, the English peer ordered his butler to bring him a bottle of fine wine 100 years of age, "a ray of sun shut in crystal."

He opened it carefully and offered a glass to the marquis, saying, "If you deem it worthy the honor, will you drink in this wine the health of the king?"

The marquis tasted the wine. "How do you like it?" asked the host. "Excellent," replied the marquis. "Then," said Lord Beverly, "finish the glass. Only in a foil glass can one drink the health of so great and so unfortunate a king." Without hesitation the marquis did as he was bidden. Only when the Englishman tasted the wine himself did he learn that what he had forced on his guest was castor oil.

DAZED THE ARTIST.

The Story of an Early Portrait of Frith by Himself.

Here is the amusing history of one of Frith's own portraits painted by himself. The celebrated artist had entirely forgotten its existence until a friend entered his studio in London one morning and asserted that a capital picture of himself was on view in a small shop in Great Portland street. "It's not a bit like what you are now," observed the friend, "but it may have resembled you some years ago. Go and look at it."

Mr. Frith went and found his own image after an estrangement of forty-five years. He determined to buy it, though he had not the faintest recollection of having painted it. "Ah, a portrait!" said Frith to the woman in charge of the shop after he had pretended to examine several other works. "Whose likeness is that?"

"That," said the lady, "is a portrait of the celebrated artist, Frith, painted by himself."

"Why, he must be an elderly man," put in the artist.

The woman remarked that he was young once.

"Humph!" quoth the genial Frith. "Not much of a picture."

To this the woman demurred and asked £20 for the canvas. It was Frith's turn to appear surprised.

"Well," replied the shopkeeper without moving a muscle, "it cost us nearly as much. We shall make a very small profit. You see, it is very valuable because the artist is deceased."

"Deceased?" exclaimed the astonished painter. "Dead, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir; died of drink. My husband attended the funeral."

Frith bought the picture, but did not revive for some time.

Didn't Startle Her.

A certain prominent New York business man is known as a "high roller." "A chandler fell in the night at his house," explained one of his friends, "and in the morning at breakfast he said to his wife, with a laugh:

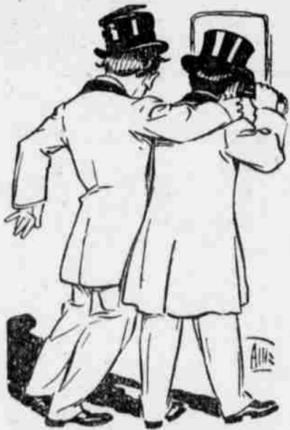
"What did you think, my love, when you heard the chandler fall in the dead silence of the night?"

"I thought, darling," his wife answered, "that you had been detained on business again and was getting upstairs as quietly as you could."

An Easy Winner.

George Ham of the Canadian Pacific railroad is the greatest Canadian mixer. He usually entertains all the visiting English journalists and statesmen who come to look over Canada.

Once a party of dignified English journalists came over, and Ham met



"YOU LOSE," HAM SAID.

them at the dock at Quebec. One was a particularly dignified representative of the London Times, much impressed with his importance.

"George," said a friend who was with him, "you'll never be able to make a dent on that man."

Ham looked him over. "I'll bet you a dinner," he said, "that he'll be calling me 'George' before midnight."

"Done."

At 9:30 that night Ham called up his friend. "You lose," Ham said. "He has not only called me 'George,' but he now has his arm around my neck and is calling me 'George.'" —Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Tattered Flag.

A general on his return from the wars showed his family a regimental flag tattered, torn and riddled with bullets which he had personally captured from the enemy. On the following morning the trophy was to be presented to the commander in chief. When he called for the flag his industrious wife brought it to him smilingly and, presenting it to him with a look of proud satisfaction, said:

"James, I sat up all night mending the flag, and now—see, it looks almost as good as new!"

Cheerfulness.

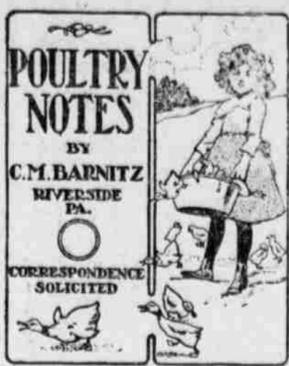
To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort. There is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy, and in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.—Sir John Lubbock.

He Would Need It.

A professor of chemistry in a medical college was examining his class and asked the question, "Suppose you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

There was silence in the room for some seconds, for none of the pupils knew the answer.

Finally the youngest of the students murmured as a sort of suggestion rather than a solution, "Spirital consolation."



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JOHN HENPECK'S REVENGE.

John Henpeck when he took a wife thought that meant happiness for life. But wedlock often turns out wrong because a woman's tongue's too long.

And then her mother would chide in. And found her tongue would spin at him. So John got henpecked night and day. And sought to take his life away.

So unto a deep creek he hid. Determined on sad suicide.

When fairies whispered from the wood, "Why don't you show your true manhood?"

"You surely have a punkin head if by the nose you may be led. Why don't you play a trick or two. And show those tormentors who's who?"

Just then John saw an oaken plank that reached unto the other bank. He loudly laughed: "I've got 'em now! Just watch me stop their bow, wow, wow!"

"I'll simply fix that oaken plank where they cross o'er to yonder bank. So when they go to Aid society, Where scolds and gossips are almighty,

"They'll get a ducking good and deep. My, won't I laugh to hear 'em weep. I'll let 'em soak awhile in there. Until they get more debonaire."

Now, soon they came around the turn. Those women who had words to burn. And when they got out on the plank "Tip! Splash!" "Murder!" in they sank.

The bank right there was very steep. The creek itself was also deep. They stood on tiptoes to their chin. So even yelling chance was slim.

While John, who hid across the way, Rejoiced to hear those two scolds pray, "O Lord, just get us safe to shore And we'll not scold John any more!"

You bet he worked the hero bluff When he was sure they had enough. And, though this happened long ago, John still is their great, brave hero.

No need to split a scolding tongue; No need to amputate a lung; No need to throw a half ton brick; Just let 'em drop into the creek.

C. M. BARNITZ.

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. How can I get my roosters to grow their new tails in time for fall fairs? I have lost the ribbon twice because my birds had molted out their tails and were knocked by the judge. A. About six or eight weeks before the fair gently pull the tail feathers.

Q. Please tell me at what price squabs sell. My homers do not seem to know how to build a nest that will keep their eggs from rolling out and breaking. How can I prevent this loss? A. Price of squabs depends on quality, size and season. The rich do not object to \$6 per dozen for fine birds. At seaside resorts they pay as high as \$4.50. For cold storage you get from \$2.25 to \$2.50. Wholesale winter prices run from \$3 to \$4. Provide earthen bowls for nests and egg breakage will cease.

Q. Will you please inform me how to stop the blood when a cock's comb has been cut off? A. Obtain a soft feather length of wound and cover the raw surface. This will at once stop the blood. Keep bird by himself until wound heals.

Q. How can I stop egg eating? A. Feed the egg feeds nothing but egg shells until they get a surflet. This invariably cures.

Q. Can bacteria penetrate an eggshell? If so, which is more apt to contain germs, a fertile or infertile egg? A. In a recent test at the Pasteur Institute nearly half of the fertilized eggs contained bacteria, while the infertile eggs were free from them.

Q. What has been your experience in crossing the different breeds of turkeys? A. We have found cross bred turkeys not so vigorous as pure bred and more susceptible to disease.

Q. Where may I secure a copy of the new "Standard of Perfection"? Will it be the criterion for judging at next winter's shows? A. The new "Standard" will not be out until after show season is over. The old "Standard" will be used by judges and is for sale by the different poultry journals.

DON'TS.

Don't let your turkeys loaf over on the next farm and eat the feed and then expect to claim them without opposition in the fall.

Don't trust to luck and neglect to lock your plant at night. Those open coops will be visited by Skunk, Weasel & Co.

Don't give up a good job and go into the poultry business thinking it's a bonanza.

Don't let mice multiply under the brooders nor rats feast on your chicken meat.

Don't let pheasants run where the trees are yew. Yew leaves are poison too.

Don't allow hens out where "red devil" run. They will run over them just for fun.

Don't expect your trade to be immense in size when you fail to regularly advertise.

Don't let the hogs eat the turkeys up nor keep the chicken killing pup.

SALT CAT A PIGEON TONIC.

Pigeons, like cows, need salt, and the English make the following mixture—Salt Cat—that furnishes them the salt needed and a splendid tonic besides. It's a standard:

Salt Cat.—Dry pulverized yellow clay, one peck; fine air slaked lime, one-half peck; oatmeal, one-half peck; fine charcoal, one-half peck; milled oyster shell, one-half peck.

Add four ounces each of ground anise, caraway, cummin and coriander seeds.

Mix thoroughly, then add for each half gallon of mixture one-half pint of water, two tablespoonsful of Douglas mixture and a heaping handful of fine salt.

Keep the lumps before birds at all times or pulverize for hopper.

LETTERS FROM THE BOYS.

"Boys will be boys," and they do like pets, and their favorite pets are chickens.

Boys are gradually leaving Bantams for the larger breeds, which simply proves they are getting more practical.

A boy writes us: "I am selling off my Sebrights and intend to buy White Wyandottes. Bantams are pretty, but I want chickens I can make money on."

Another writes for a rooster and says: "I used to have rabbits and guinea pigs. I sold them and bought Game Bantams. For three years now I have been keeping White Rocks and Dottes and I have been saving the money from eggs and culis and have \$45 in the bank."

"I have paid my feed bills, and mother uses all the eggs she wants, besides a chicken sometimes."

Here's a third letter that isn't just so pleasant: "I am reading your 'Notes' every week and keeping them all."



BILLY AND HIS PET ROO.

Please let me know what to do for that rough scab that gets on my rooster's legs. I like chickens and want to be a fancier some day, but just now I am fighting it out all alone.

"My parents won't help me at all, but I work hard, and my chickens have paid their bills right along."

Now, isn't it a pity this last boy's parents don't know a good thing when they see it. Hope your boy isn't "fighting it out all alone." Hope you're interested in his pleasures and employments.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

When our birds droop their wings and pant on the roost we chase them into the yards for the night. The dew freshens them and in the morning they are bright and lively.

We find metal roofing on poultry buildings a pretty hot proposition. Tar roof the same. They retain the heat so long. There is nothing better than cedar shingles.

When you take up a breed its popularity must be considered or you will be stranded with a lot of birds you can't sell. For meat, eggs and fancy the Wyandottes and Rocks are now the rage.

The drought in many sections the past season made oats very light. Threshers could blow this light stuff out, but as they are paid by the bushel it is carried to the granary. Buy oats by weight this year and be sure your horse and hens aren't cheated with chaff.

Interest in poultry culture is shown by the organization of new poultry associations everywhere. The Bloomsburg (Pa.) association just organized with 100 members, the Sunbury organization held its first show last year with 700 entries, while the Lewisburg association, only two years old, has the largest membership in Pennsylvania. These three associations are within an hour's ride of each other.

When a watchdog gets very little meat it isn't much of a job to bribe him with a piece of round steak. It's better to feed your dog cheap meat than to raise chickens for thieves to eat.

Twenty-seven thousand hens, 30,000 young stock and 5,000 ducks are housed on the farms of a Lakewood (N. J.) poultry company. They are buying up adjoining farms and opening egg stores in the cities. Don't say "Do chickens pay?"

At cornhusking it is poor economy to let green corn and nubbins lie in the field unless hogs follow the huskers and clean them up.

If turkeys clean up this yellow corn yellow diarrhea will clean them up and you'll clean up no yellow coin.

So many pigeon breeders allow the droppings to accumulate and cake on the loft floors.

If you intend to raise chicks on the same ground next season, lime the surface well, plow it under and sow wheat. Roll this smooth and keep the chickens off till it is well grown.

Scranton and Pittsburg

Holland, known as North and South Holland, forms part of the northern part of the Netherlands. These provinces are composed of land rescued from the sea and defended by immense dikes. Holland was inhabited by the Batvi in the time of Caesar, who made a league with them. It became part of Gallia Belgica and afterward of the kingdom of Austria. From the tenth to the fifteenth century it was governed by counts under the German emperors. Holland was at one time a Dutch republic. It was created a kingdom in 1806, and Louis Bonaparte, father of Napoleon III., was declared king.

Rattled. He—I trust you have forgiven me for not recalling your name the other evening, although I remembered your face perfectly.

She—Oh, yes; but my name is such a plain one I should think you would have remembered it quite as readily.

He—Not at all. Your name isn't half as plain as—er—beg pardon; your face is much more aristocratic than your—I mean to say that your name is harder than—

His Mental Incapacity. The Court—So you ask divorce from this man on the ground of mental incapacity. What proof have you that he's insane? The Woman—Who said he was insane, your honor? The Court—Why, you say he is mentally incapable. The Woman—Yes; incapable of understanding that I'm boss.

Enthusiasm Dulled. "Don't you feel as if you would like to leave footprints in the sands of time?" asked the ambitious citizen.

"No," answered Mr. Crosslots gloomily; "out where I live the mud is eighteen inches deep, and I don't feel as if I wanted to see another footprint as long as I live."—Washington Star.

Is Your Blood Pure? Does your head feel heavy and ache? your throat dry, nose stopped up and hot, no appetite, little chilly feelings creeping along the spine, hands hot, feet cold, tongue furred, eyes burn, you feel sick all over? Ever felt this way before?

You are bilious. Nip it in the bud; do the right thing first. Promptness will work wonders. Start using Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, take two to four at bedtime. You won't need any more; they will cure you in a night. Don't wait till you get down on your back, then it will take longer, but, even then, these pills will work wonders. They promote the harmonious action of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Get a bottle of your dealer today and take them home with you and use them when you experience any departure whatever from a healthy standard. They will make your blood rich, red, pure. 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 and Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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

SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys

BUCHU LITHIA KIDNEY PILLS

Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by leading physicians, safe, effective. Results lasting. On the market 16 years. Have cured thousands. 100 pills in original glass package, 10 cents. Trial boxes, 50 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

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NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, ESTATE OF ELIZABETH J. BOYD, late of Damascus, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement. THOMAS V. BOYD, Boyd's Mill, Pa., April 23, Administrator.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY. Bessie M. Hector v. Claud J. Hector. No. 78 October Term 1909. Libel in Divorce. To CLAUDE J. HECTOR: You are hereby required to appear in the said court on the third Monday of June next, to answer the complaint exhibited to the judge of said court by Bessie M. Hector your wife in the cause above stated, or in default thereof a decree of divorce as prayed for in said complaint may be made against you in your absence. M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff, Honesdale, Pa., March 25, 1910.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY. Gustave Kleeman v. Claire Kleeman. No. 34 October Term 1909. Libel in Divorce. To CLAUDE J. HECTOR: You are hereby required to appear in the said court on the third Monday of June next, to answer the complaint exhibited to the judge of said court by Gustave Kleeman, your husband, in the cause above stated, or in default thereof a decree of divorce as prayed for in said complaint may be made against you in your absence. M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff, Honesdale, Pa., March 25, 1910.

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 THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1910, 2 P. M.