

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS MERRIAM.

She Had a Surprise In Store For the Man She Won.

By HARRIET LUMMIS.

With Miss Merriam the incredible and happened. She was tired of hearing that she was beautiful. From her earliest recollections strangers had exclaimed over her pretty face, and her lovers one after another had hung the variations on the same theme. Miss Merriam listened politely and found herself extremely bored.

"To be loved for your face is like being loved for your fortune," Miss Merriam confided to her journal. "Beauty has wings just as truly as riches. If a man falls in love with your complexion, what is he going to do when you come down with the smallpox? If I were a pretty fool I might be perfectly satisfied with things as they are, but I know I'm worth loving for myself—if only they had the sense to find it out."

Unfortunately for themselves Miss Merriam's admirers never suspected her peculiar views. If there had been one of their number shrewd enough to compliment her intellect instead of her dimples and to have talked about her sparkling wit rather than her sparkling eyes he would have found the short cut to her heart. As it was, they were unanimous in deciding that the aforementioned article had been omitted from her composition. And Miss Merriam expressed her displeasure in the following paragraph in her journal: "Beauty, beauty, beauty! How tiresome it all is! I wish I might never hear I was beautiful again."

Rash prayers sometimes bring unwelcome answers. Not very many days later the city was electrified by the news that Miss Merriam had been thrown from her automobile at a well known watering place and seriously injured. Pictures of the beauty appeared in all the leading newspapers of the country, with reference to her possible disfigurement. Miss Merriam's relatives when appealed to on this important point refused to say anything to relieve the suspense or to satisfy the popular curiosity. And the explanation of their reticence was apparent when Miss Merriam made her appearance in society a few weeks later. Across the faultless curve of the girl's cheek ran an unsightly scar, a scar so aggressively prominent that it held the attention of the observer and made him forgetful of all else. It seemed likely that Miss Merriam was to have her heart's desire and never again be forced to hear that she was beautiful.

Lloyd Hollister saw her for the first time at one of the opening functions of the season, a few days after his return from abroad. "Notice that girl over there," a friend said, pulling his sleeve. "Last spring she was the 'beautiful Miss Merriam,' and see her now. Hard luck, isn't it?"

Hollister looked as directed. He saw a small head regally carried, a mass of dazzling hair and eyes that shot violet lights from under their arched brows. Then Miss Merriam turned her head, and he saw the scar and nothing else.

"I'd be sorrier for her," the man at his elbow went on, "if she hadn't turned down half the fellows in her set. I guess she thought she was good for a duke with that face of hers. Introduce you, did you say? Why, certainly, my dear fellow."

It was the innate chivalry of Hollister's nature which had prompted him to ask the honor of Miss Merriam's acquaintance. He was as sorry for the girl as he was disgusted with the cold blooded comments of the man who had pointed her out to him. For the first few moments of their conversation he unscrupulously kept his eyes away from her. He could not bear to witness the beauty in eclipse, and he fancied that she who had been so used to rending admiration in the eyes of every man must wince at the pity which tact could not conceal.

Presently he found that admiration was getting the better of his sympathy. This quondam beauty was not crushed by her misfortune. She met this thunderbolt of fate's spite with a gallant courage which quickened Hollister's pulses. Her easy gaiety, her apparent unconsciousness of the pathos of her situation, appealed to him as no woman's beauty had ever done. He made the discovery that Miss Merriam was brilliant if no longer beautiful and that her cleverness, unlike that of many of her sex, owed nothing to ill nature.

In the months that followed he saw a great deal of Miss Merriam. It was clear that the girl's liking for social pleasure remained unaltered by the change in her circumstances. She went everywhere and to all appearances enjoyed herself in spite of the sudden falling off in the number of her admirers. There had been a time when the man who wished a word with the beautiful Miss Merriam was obliged to fight his way through a double ring of black coats, but Hollister had no difficulty in gaining her side whenever he went. Yet the deposed queen of hearts seemed so unconscious of anything about her which called for sympathy that Hollister suppressed his pity as if it had been a form of disloyalty, and after a time he no longer found this difficult. He admired Miss Merriam too much to be sorry for her. In every quality of mind and heart she met his ideal of what a woman should be. As for the scar, he looked at it

now unblinkingly. "Never by did, he meant to act with an open eye."

The night he asked her to marry him they sat in Miss Merriam's little library, where the gleaming light of the grate fell full upon her face. No man worthy of the name is voidable when he lays his heart and life in the hollow of a woman's hand. Hollister stammered through his love-making like a boy. As he went on Miss Merriam turned away her face so that the profile was toward him. The light of the fire flashed on the scar, and it stood out in vivid relief. As a rule, Hollister was not fanciful, but for an instant the gash seemed the mocking mouth of a demon.

Hollister waited a long time for an answer to his question. Miss Merriam's face was averted, and he could see that she was stirred by some strong emotion. When he made a movement to take her hand she turned toward him suddenly, and he saw that her eyes were brimming with tears.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Hollister," she said in a voice not quite steady. "Have you thought of this? Her fingers touched the scar with a strange, half caressing gesture. "Have you thought what it will mean to have every passerby look at your face pityingly and whisper as you pass?"

"I love you," was Hollister's answer. "If there is a hard thing in your life it is my right to share it." Then his head whirled at the look of sudden adoration that leaped from her eyes.

"Oh, I wanted to find a man like you," Miss Merriam whispered. "I was sure there must be such a one in the world." And then she was in his arms, with the poor, scarred cheek pressed to his, sobbing out her heart in a burst of exultant triumph that enraptured him without his understanding it in the least.

When they said good night Miss Merriam clung to her lover as if reluctant to let him out of her sight. "I must see you in the morning, dearest," she said. "You must spare me a few moments." And Hollister, who was looking forward to the separation of a few hours as if it had been as many weeks, agreed with a sudden lightness of heart.

He wondered a little when he came next morning that she should keep him waiting. His heart leaped at every footstep in the hall for the first half hour, and when at last she stole into the room, closing the door behind her, she took him by surprise. Hollister sprang to his feet, then stood staring blankly.

An enchanting face smiled up at him, a face rosy with blushes. He saw the play of the dimples and the curve of the cheek as if he were looking on it for the first time. The scar was gone.

"My!" said Hollister helplessly, and he dropped into a chair, his own face dead pale. Miss Merriam ran to him and dropped on her knees beside his chair, looking into his eyes with a fascinating mixture of timidity and confidence.

"Forgive me, dearest. Don't be angry with me for deceiving you. If you only knew how tired I grew of men who couldn't see anything in me to love but my pretty face! That little accident with my automobile was too good an opportunity to miss, and the scar was easily put on. An actress showed me how to do it, but I flatter myself that after a little I improved upon my teacher."

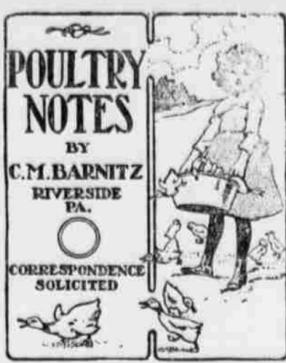
She smiled at Hollister shyly and did not seem to find his silence discouraging. "Please don't say you like me better the other way. I almost grew to hate my beauty when it blinded people to all the rest in me, but now I'm glad to have it to give to the man who loved me for myself."

Several complexion specialists claimed the credit for removing the scar that had ruined Miss Merriam's beauty and reaped golden harvests thereby. But the beautiful Miss Merriam never regained her title for the reason that her identity was soon merged in that of the beautiful Mrs. Hollister.

A Gigantic Goddess of War.
In the Japanese capital there is a gigantic image of a woman made of wood, iron and plaster. The time of its erection and the name of its designer are in dispute, but it is known to have been dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures fifty-four feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding stairway in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding a company of twenty persons. The goddess holds a sword in her right hand and a huge painted wooden ball in the left. Internally the statue is the finest anatomical model in existence, every bone, joint and ligament being represented on a gigantic scale in proportion to the height and general size of the huge figure itself. The large eyes are magnifying glasses, through which a fine view of the surrounding country may be had.

Willing to Please.
The fair, fat and forty landlady of No. 51 was showing the prospective lodger over the house.
"I think you'd find everything comfortable," she assured him. "This 'd be the livin' room."
He poked his head inside and nodded.
"An' this," said the landlady, conducting him down a way that was dark, "this is the bedroom. Good an' hairy, you see!"
"Quite so!" assented the victim, withdrawing.
"An' this," proceeded the dame, "is our bathroom. Nice little room, ain't it?"

The young man stared blankly.
"Yes," he agreed, "but—"
"Oh," broke in the lady, "if you should ever want ter use the bath I desay we could find another place for the coal."—London Answers.



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POULTRY NOTES

BY C. M. BARNITZ, RIVERSIDE, PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

HOW TO DUST BIDDY.

Don't dust a hen on a wet day to keep louse powder in her feathers. When Biddy dusts she rises from her dust bath, shakes herself and off go the stupid lice with the dry dust.

Be gentle, quiet, sweet; flap wings waste powder.

Hold her firmly by the thighs; otherwise she may jerk and snap a bone, as shanks are often brittle.

Hold her head downward over paper or bucket to catch waste, and her feathers will naturally open so you may work powder down to the skin.

Dust her well, especially head, neck, wings and fluff.

Most louse powders just drive lice.

If that's your kind dust outside, so dropping vermin cannot revive in poultry house, and keep dusted clucks away from chicks, or bugs will be transferred.

If powder kills, dust after supper so hens will dust the roosts.

Certain powders cause temporary diarrhea, so keep clucks awhile from eggs lest they soil them.

Dust chicks right over bucket of powder.

Birds should be treated three times, a week apart, and males oftener than hens, as they seldom dust.

Corner every fowl. Don't miss one, as one lousy hen will spoil your work, and always have clean pens for clean hens.

Homemade louse powders are seldom effective and often injurious.

We get sure results from Persian insect powder, which may be used on day old chicks without bad effects.

It goes further than other powders, should be dry, fresh and uncolored and should sell at 30 cents per pound in five pound lots.

BOOMING THE THOROUGHBRED GAME.

When you see a strutting gamecock in your parson's backyard, don't rent your garments and run to tell the sisters.

Jumping at a conclusion often ends in confusion.

The parson isn't a "cocker," but is a criterion on chicken meat and knows that juicy Game is equal to delicious quail, and eggs from the prolific Game Biddies have a flavor akin to those of the wide winged plover.

Hope no one faints when informed that Game breeders have petitioned the American Poultry association to "standardize" the Thoroughbred Game and are hustling a big boom for the breed.

The boom is not engineered to supply our Cuban compatriots, who have



BLACK BREASTED RED TRANSATLANTIC THIMMED FOR THE PRIZE.

recently legalized cockfighting. It will not cause our back yards to run red with rooster gore or lead the rising generation to rooster riots and ruin.

Well, but gamecocks fight. Yes, but humans oft have festive frays over back fences. The clarion cock is armed to defend his own and is not worth a feather as a breeder if he will not war for his rights.

The Game has been deposed from its rightful place by prejudice.

The ruffians of the cock pit have made the name "game" a name of ill fame.

The breed is now in the hands of its friends, and, though its prestige as a warrior for centuries proves it a pedigreed prize, it is now boomed as a useful, beautiful fowl worthy of first rank. No other breed has a like history.

Game in the records of China before the Christian era, Game on the vases of Pompeii, Game on the coins of Rome and Greece and today the same, Game to the name—the survival of the fittest in strength, in purity and in breed characteristics.

DON'TS.

Don't forget it is a fowl house and not a fowl house.

Don't dump the salt brine or salty ice where your prize birds can get it.

THE MOST FAMOUS POULTRY TONIC.

There are all sorts of "cure-alls" for chickens on the market, but the old famous Douglas mixture heads them all in virtue and cheapness. Make some—it keeps. It's a mighty good medicine for all poultry.

DOUGLAS MIXTURE.
Sulphate of iron 8 ounces
Sulphuric acid 1/2 ounce
Water 1 gallon

Put iron into jug containing the gallon of water. When dissolved, add acid.

When clear give tablespoonful to quart of drinking water in glass or glazed vessel.

Good for general tonic, bowel troubles and bracer during molt or convalescence.

THE BLACK TAILED JAP BANTAM.

If the Japs ever do shoot a yellow pearl this way, make up your mind it will be artistic. If they ever accomplish and conduct our national funeral it will be a work of art. Follow them from their marvelous cultivation of the lily, iris and chrysanthemum to their lacquer, tapestries, carvings, fabrics, vases, tazans and plaques, and all are "things of beauty."

The same with their poultry. It is also stamped "Made in Japan." This



BLACK TAILED JAP.

magnificent Phoenix cock, with his flowing tail fifteen feet long; the Fan fowl, with its great, graceful, wide spreading tail, and the Jap Bantam, in its white and black, buff and red, golden and silver gray, laced, mottled and spangled—these all show the artistic skill of the wizards of the east.

The American standard recognizes but three varieties of Jap bantams—Whites, Blacks and Black Tailed Whites, the subject of our sketch.

This saucy little chap with high tail like a sail glides quickly over the ground and often quickens his pace with his broad wings.

He has yellow beak, shank and toes, red face, comb, wattles and ear lobes and is all white except the black markings on wings and tail.

STANDARD WEIGHTS.

Cook	Ounces	Hen	Ounces
Cockerel	20	Pullet	24

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

A thousand chickens and ducks were poisoned along the Perkiomen creek, near Philadelphia, the past summer by eating the dead fish floating in the stream. Whole flocks of ducks were found dead on the banks.

There are all sorts of bluffs, and some are occasionally tried on the fancier who has been successful in carrying off the prizes to keep him away from the next show. In such cases he should always go.

A lover in Winsted, Conn., sends love letters to his sweetheart in New York by carrier pigeon. A Madison Square Garden winner is among the birds used. He ought to win 'er love with a winner dove.

The chicken snake is a black snake with white spots. If you find one do not kill it, as they are not poisonous, nor do they catch chickens, but they knock the spots out of rats and mice.

It's not a neat trick certain poultry feed firms play on the fraternity when they fill in the mixture with old stock bought for a song from seed companies. The latest is cracked beans, radish and beet seeds. Rye is also palmed off for wheat. Better use our formula and mix your own feed.

If you are dead sure there are no mites in your poultry house are you sure there are no lice on your hens? Look on under side of the roosts and in cracks and crevices for mites, and on the head and round the duff for lice. Coal oil for mites, Persian insect powder for lice.

The government report on the digestibility of foods is a surprise to many, especially the vegetarians. Stone fruits, such as peaches and plums, are placed with eels, these two taking six hours, the longest period. Rice, venison and tripe are the only items that digest in an hour, all the rest taking longer, even the vegetarian's "easily digested" stewed onions and nuts requiring three and one-half and five hours respectively.

Duck, turkey and goose have always been declared very indigestible. According to the government report, they are more digestible than lamb, mutton, beef or pork.

Note the time of digestion for poultry and eggs:

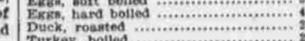
Eggs, raw	H. M.
Eggs, soft boiled	2:00
Eggs, hard boiled	3:00
Duck, roasted	4:00
Turkey, boiled	2:15
Goose, roasted	2:30
Chicken, boiled	2:00
Chicken, fricasseed	2:15
Chicken, roasted	4:00

Notes and Comment
Of Interest to Women Readers

EXTENSION PIANO STOOL.

Can Be Made to Accommodate Two When Duet is in Order.

A piano stool that can be made single or double, as the requirements may be, has been designed by an Illinois man. It resembles the ordinary single stool, but when duets are to be played it can be extended to accommodate two people. The seat is made in two parts, one folding on



the other. The sides of the seat are detachable and when it is desired to extend the stool two opposite sides are let down and the seat opened up like a book and slid over to a point which brings the support in the center of the double seat where the weight may be evenly distributed. Heretofore the only way to provide for duets without having extra stool was to have a bench that would accommodate two players, as chairs of the proper height are not always at hand. Some musicians prefer a single stool to a bench, and with the invention here described it is possible to suit all concerned.

JUST WHAT A HOUSEKEEPER NEEDS NOW.

Non-Meat Menus.

The following menus will give to the body the same elements of nutrition contained in meat in approximately the right combinations and proportions:

BREAKFAST.

- Oranges or Apples Mixed Nuts
- Cereal Flakes with Cream and Maple Sugar
- Banana Coffee
- LUNCHEON.
- Fruit Salad with Whipped Cream
- Peanuts Brazil Nuts
- Tender Carrots scraped and cut in strips
- Sweet Butter
- Corn Bread
- Sweet Butter
- Buttermilk
- One or two Figs
- DINNER.
- Cream of Corn with Croutons
- Celery Olives
- Vegetable Salad with Dressing
- Carrots in Cream Baked Beans
- Protoid Nuts Rye Bread
- Cocoanut Cream Pudding
- Milk or Banana Coffee

BREAKFAST.

- Dish of Soaked Prunes or Apricots
- Cereal Flakes with Cream and Maple Sugar
- Protoid Nuts Banana Coffee
- LUNCHEON.
- Salad of Lettuce, Celery, Apples and Nuts
- English Walnuts
- Unfermented Whole Wheat Gems
- Sweet Butter
- Very Ripe Banana with Cream
- Dates or Raisins Milk
- DINNER.
- Cream of Tomato
- Ripe Olives Celery
- Spinach
- Spaghetti with Grated Cheese
- Corn Bread Sweet Butter
- Protoid Nuts
- Home Made Ice Cream
- Banana Coffee

BREAKFAST.

- Baked Apple with Cream
- Two Tablespoons Nuts
- Whole Wheat or Corn Bread
- Butter
- Glass Milk or Banana Coffee
- LUNCHEON.
- Vegetable Salad—Cabbage, Celery, Nuts With Oil or Lemon
- English Walnuts
- Whole Wheat or Rye Bread
- Peanut Butter
- Milk (Buttermilk preferred)
- Prunes
- DINNER.
- Cream of Pea Soup with Croutons
- Celery Protoid Nuts
- Onions in Cream
- Baked Potatoes
- Whole Wheat Bread
- Peanut Butter
- Prune Whip with Cream
- Milk or Banana Coffee

Tips About Underlinen. Nearly all the new underlinen is trimmed with hand made embroidery. Little and good seems to be the rule, no matter what decoration is used.

C. M. Barnitz.

A BAD LIVER.

A celebrated English authority once said, "The liver is the direct cause of ninety per cent of the ills that flesh is heir to." It is the largest gland in the body. The blood must pass through the liver many times in an hour. When your liver is out of order you will have pains or uneasiness in the right side, or a dull aching under the shoulder blade. The complexion becomes sallow, your appetite is impaired, your bowels inactive; while headaches, dizziness and bad feelings are your daily experience.

In all such cases almost instant relief is afforded by the use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, which are a marvelous success in curing all forms of liver complaint, including biliousness and jaundice. They restore an inactive and torpid liver to healthy action, regulate the bowels and cleanse the blood. A week's use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills by a bilious or constipated person will make life really worth living. They are invaluable for all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These Little Vegetable Pills will ward off all ills.

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

SMITH'S PINEAPPLE AND BUTTERNUT PILLS

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 15 years. Have cured thousands. 100 pills in original glass package, 50 cents. Trial boxes, 50 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

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"Guaranteed articles only sold."

NOTICE OF UNIFORM PRIMARY ELECTIONS—In compliance with Section 3 of the Uniform Primary Act, page 37, P. L., 1906, notice is hereby given to the electors of Wayne county of the number of delegates to the State conventions each party is entitled to elect, names of party officers to be filled and for what offices nominations are to be made at the spring primaries to be held on

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1910.

REPUBLICAN.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.

2 persons for delegates to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.

DEMOCRATIC.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.

1 person for Delegate to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.

PROHIBITION.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.

3 persons for Delegates to the State Convention.

3 persons for Alternate Delegates to the State Convention.

1 person for Party Chairman.

1 person for Party Secretary.

1 person for Party Treasurer.

Petition forms may be obtained at the Commissioners' office.

Petitions for Congress, Senator and Representative must be filed with the Secretary of the Commonwealth on or before Saturday, May 7, 1910. Petitions for Party officers, committeemen and delegates to the state conventions must be filed at the Commissioners' office on or before Saturday, May 14, 1910.

J. E. MANDEVILLE,
J. K. HORNBECK,
T. C. MADDEN,
Commissioners.

Attest:
George P. Ross, Clerk.
Commissioners' Office,
Honedale, Pa., April 4, 1910.