

For the Children.

A Charming Little Girl is Miss Gloria Gould.



MISS GLORIA GOULD.

Don't you think that a little girl of six is rather young to be interviewed by a newspaper reporter and to have her picture snapped by the camera man? Well, this experience happened recently to little Miss Gloria Gould when she was an interested spectator at a society circus given at Georgian Court, the magnificent home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, at Lakewood, N. J.

Miss Gloria was not at all scared at having the camera pointed at her; but, like many grownup people, she objected, just at first, to be photographed for publication. The picture shows what a charming little girl she is in her play clothes.

This little lady, who some day will have a splendid big coming out party like those of her older sisters, was very much broken up the day this picture was taken over the sudden death of her pet dog, Buster Brown, which was her constant companion and the family pet. Miss Gloria and the fortunate Buster used to have many a time romp on the lawns at Georgian Court, and the small heifer felt very much aggrieved that her comrade had quit her companionship for that of the other doggies in dog heaven.

The boys and girls in the school at Monticello, N. Y., might have thought that they were having an object lesson in the game of fox and hounds when a wild fox ran into the school-room with two dogs in close pursuit. It was not really an object lesson. No teacher would make so much excitement over the teaching of any one subject. The excitement was great enough at first, but as the fox and the dogs circled the room the little girls climbed up on the desks and screamed and the little boys helped the dogs chase the fox. The hunted beast finally found refuge under the teacher's desk, where he snarled at the dogs and the children and kept them at bay. He would not let any one touch him, but at last one of the boys succeeded in putting a noose over his head. The boys tried to get him out alive, but he struggled so hard that he choked to death.

Ships' Eyes. In the olden days, when the science of navigation was not as well understood as now, it was the custom to carve in the bows of ships a pair of large eyes, with the notion that they would watch the dangers of the deep and avoid catastrophes. Faith in such an idea has long been dead, but the eyes are still to be seen on ships. Through them pass the anchor chains when the ship is safe in port, and thus, though useless in the days of the old fancy, they fill a good purpose now.

The Rejected Valentine. Sambo went a-courtin' Of Miss 'Phelia Green. 'Phelia was the haudsomest Gal he'd ever seen. Sambo, sort of frightened, Lifted up his eye. Saw Miss 'Phelia's mommer, Thought that he should die!

Vain he tried to answer, He couldn't speak at all. So he leaned in anguish For strength against the wall. "Git you off!" cried mommer Of Miss 'Phelia, mild. "For my daughter don't want No comio valentine!"

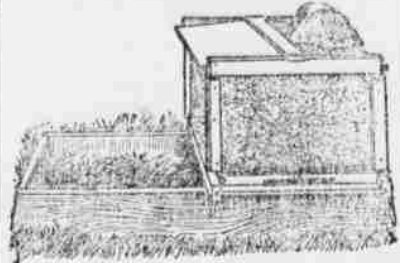
BEES AND BEE KEEPING

PROTECTING BEES IN SPRING.

Beehives Must Be Kept Warm in the Springtime.

For obtaining the best results the beehives must be kept warm in the spring. Some advocate putting the hives in wintering cases when removed from the cellar. This, however entails extra work and expense, for the apiarist that practices cellar wintering has generally no winter cases.

The following method of protection requires slight expense and little work and is at the same time efficient. A piece of dark colored building paper is cut as wide as the hive



COVERING HIVES WITH PAPER.

is high—without the bottom board and the cover—and long enough to reach around the hive with the ends overlapping several inches.

The paper should be started at the center of one of the ends and fastened at each of the corners as it is folded, with strips of wood about an inch wide and as long as the hive one uses is deep. The paper can be used more than one season. It should be left on until surplus apartments are to be given.

Fastening a Queen Cell in a Hive.

When a queen-cell is given to a nucleus, it is generally fastened on a central part of one of the combs. This is done, even if the cell be cut from the same comb and fastened on again, for bees are quite likely to build queen-cells on the edges of the combs, where they are kept warm enough in a strong colony, but are in danger of being chilled in a nucleus. The instruction formerly was to cut with the cell a wedge-shaped piece of the comb, then cut a like-shaped hole in the comb and insert the cell. An easier way is to lay the cell directly against the surface of the comb and fasten it there with a hive staple. Let the cell be at one end of the staple, and press the other end of the staple deep into the comb.

Here is still another way that can be used only with self-spacing frames: Lay one of the brood-combs on its side and lay the cell upon it. Lay upon this another comb, take hold of both together by the top bars and set them in the hive. Of course, the cell with the adhering part of comb must be sufficiently large to be slightly pinched by the opposing sides of the two combs.

This last way is especially good for putting a queen-cage in a hive.

Troubles of a Bee Fancier.

A West Philadelphia bee fancier is being greatly troubled by a swarm of dragon flies. He could not imagine at first what attracted them every evening around his beehives, until by close observation he discovered that they waylaid the returning bees when they were heavily laden with honey and ate them. He does not know how to get rid of the pests. He cannot poison them, they are too quick to be caught in a net, and too small to be shot. He is racking his brains for a method to stop their depredations. The loss of a few bees would not hurt him, but the entire swarm has become uneasy, and consequently the output of honey is much diminished.—Philadelphia Record.

Carbolic Acid for Swarms.

A bottle of diluted carbolic acid, a piece of sponge and a long pole are recommended to be always on hand in the apiary at the swarming time. If a swarm settles in a high or undesirable place, quickly pour some acid on the sponge, thrust it up where the swarm is and like a cloud the bees scatter. If the swarm settles in a place still undesirable, the act is to be repeated, and the tendency each time is for the swarm to settle lower; but the editor warns that too many applications may cause the swarm to leave.

Air-Slacked Lime for Robber-Bees.

I wish to give some experience with robber-bees among my bees, and the way I have stopped them. When I found robbing going on I closed the hive-entrance till only a single bee could pass through, and then took air slacked lime and applied it freely at all places where robber-bees were trying to force an entrance. I applied it directly on the bees and awaited results. I could also find the ones that were robbing.—E. Phillips, Cantril, Ia.

Keep Bees Strong.

Leaving plenty of honey in the fall, equalizing stores in the spring and giving protection to the hives in the spring, if they are not already in a sheltered place, will help much in keeping colonies strong throughout even a season such as this one.

A Strange Case

The Artist and the Pictures of Mystery

By CARROL H. PIERCE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

I am an artist. Being in poor health my doctor ordered me abroad, and I went to Florence, Italy.

I rented rooms of a widow and her daughter, of the name of Micele. They occupied the top floor of a building on the river Arno. I used a front room for a studio and a rear room for a bedroom. The mother was a middle aged woman, the daughter about twenty-five. Their ancestors had been well off, but their estate had melted away, and Senora Micele and her daughter got on with difficulty. Bianca, the daughter, was an artist, but an indifferent one.

Nevertheless there was something remarkable about Bianca Micele. She was neither pretty nor homely. The eyes of the Italians are handsome, but Senorina Micele's eyes were more than handsome; they were, so to speak, compelling. That is, when she looked out of them at me I felt a strange force compelling me to do her bidding. Not that there was apparent exercise of will. She was gentleness itself. The power she exercised was rather persuasive than forceful.

Not long after I arrived in Florence I fell ill and did not leave my bed for weeks. Senora Micele and her daughter both nursed me.

A portion of the time I was in either a stupor or delirium. I don't know which. At such times I was very weak and on coming to myself usually felt as if I had been doing exhaustive work, though I had been in my bed all the while, where it would not have been possible for me to do any work even if I had been mentally capable.

My illness occurred during the winter, and when the spring came on and the weather began to warm up Senora Micele used to put me in an easy chair and wheel me out on to one of those little balconies common in Florence houses. We were on the Arno embankment (the Lung Arno, they call it there), in sight of the green hills that surround the city. Indeed, from my balcony I could see some six or seven miles distant the heights on which Fiosole, the original Florentine settlement, was made. During three more months I spent much of the day on this balcony in fancy painting pictures of the scenes spread out before me. One of these was the undulating plain beyond the city's edge and the heights of Fiosole beyond the plain. There is a big clock tower at Fiosole which it seemed to me would make an attractive feature in my imaginary picture, and I spent hours working it in. Another view I dreamed of was the Arno, directly beneath me, winding under its arched bridges toward the south, and other nearer and consequently greener hills. There is something in the atmosphere of Italy to intensify the color of a landscape, and on such days I delighted in the imaginative painting I could not do in reality. But I always noticed that such days instead of giving me strength drew upon what I had.

Fortunately I recovered before the hot weather set in and after convalescing in the invigorating climate of the Swiss Alps went to Paris, where I remained some time. Strolling one day down one of the Parisian boulevards, I stepped into a picture shop. The dealer, fancying to make a customer of me, advanced and questioned me as to what I was looking for. It occurred to me to ask for one of my own pictures, not that I expected to find one, but that to ask for the work of any special artist would make it appear that I was not looking at his wares with no intention of buying.

"Have you anything of Adrian Giles?" I asked.

"Giles, the American?"

"Yes."

"Certainly. I have a very remarkable piece of his work. Come this way."

He led me to one of his display rooms and up to a picture that had evidently been hung with considerable care. The subject was certainly familiar to me, for it was the plain I had overlooked at Florence with the hills and Fiosole in the distance. And as I stood looking at it I recognized not only the identical scene I had painted in my day dreams, but my individual style. Quickly bending to the lower left hand corner, a cap was put upon my astonishment by seeing my own name.

"W-h-e-r-e did you get it?" I stammered.

"From a dealer whom I never saw before."

"How do you know it is a picture of Giles?"

"I know it because I have seen several of the artist's pictures. One which I tried to buy, but failed to make a deal, is now displayed in a shop on Boulevard des Italiens. You may see it there. There is the same unmistakable individuality about it as in this?"

"What is the subject?"

"It is also a Florentine scene, called 'Up the Arno.' It takes in the river with the hills beyond. It, too, is a great picture."

My knees began to knock together. My jaws chattered, but not sufficiently to prevent my asking, "What do you ask for this picture?"

"Twenty thousand francs."

"Great heavens! I had never received the half of that for a picture. I looked at the man so astonished that he hastened to say:

"My profit will be but 500 francs. I paid 19,500 francs for it."

Taking the number of the shop, where he said the other picture was to be seen, I staggered out of the store and was soon before the picture I had also created in dreams. It, too, far exceeded any work I had ever done. The dealer told me he had paid 27,000 francs for it.

Fortunately I occupied rooms with an American friend in the Quarter Latin and rushed home to tell him that I had discovered something which, if not explained would drive me crazy. He listened to my story, but I could see by his expression that he feared something had occurred to disturb my mental balance. He would express no opinion till he had seen the paintings, and as I could not remain quiet I insisted on his going with me at once for the purpose. He did so, and, being familiar with my work, he pronounced the pictures mine, though they were far beyond any of my work he had ever seen.

On our way back to our rooms neither he nor I said anything about the strange occurrence, but when we reached them he sat down before me, lit a pipe and said:

"While you were ill in Florence and out of your head you undoubtedly painted those pictures, not knowing what you were doing; consequently you retained no remembrance of them."

"But I wasn't out of my head when I was wrapped in the views given in the pictures. Besides, how could I have done the work without the Miceles knowing it? And, knowing it, they would have called my attention to it."

My friend pondered awhile, blowing at the same time clouds of smoke, and finally said:

"Whatever you have been physically I'm sure you are all right now. But if you wish an explanation go back to Florence, see the people you boarded with and get it from them."

Acting on his advice, I started that evening. On the way I had time to think over the matter of my investigation and decided to approach the Miceles without being known to them. On arrival I asked about them and learned that they had been left a legacy of some fifty thousand francs. This at once assured me that they had received the amount paid for my pictures. One morning I rang their bell Bianca answered the summons and seeing me at the door, turned pale.

Going in, I asked her to call her mother and told both of my experience in Paris. At first they assumed to be as much surprised as I; but, seeing that I was not to be deceived, Senora Micele finally began a confession which the seniorina finished.

"We did not suppose that you would ever happen to see your pictures," said the former.

"Well, tell me where they came from," I asked her. She looked at her daughter.

"I can only tell you," said Bianca "that I painted them while you were sitting out in your chair on the balcony—how I know not. All I do know is that it seemed to me that it was your brain working with my hand."

I questioned her and cross-questioned her, eliciting nothing further except that she had discovered some time before meeting me that she possessed some strange power of the order commonly called clairvoyant. My own interpretation of the incident was that not being able to do good work herself, she had exercised this power over me to utilize my ability. Since she had painted the pictures herself the only fraud involved was her placing my name on them. She did this not realizing the pecuniary value of the pictures themselves and supposed she could not sell them without a name to them. She and her mother were tempted chiefly because they were financially in desperate straits. They had sold the paintings through a friend who appreciated their worth and paid them all they brought except a bare commission. I told them that they were welcome to all they had received for the paintings. The sole interest I took in the matter was a curiosity to know how the work had been executed.

Every year brings to light new evidence to show that there are subtle forces acting psychically within us that we do not understand. I believe that just as surely as the invention of wireless telegraphy will come an explanation of how Bianca Micele united by artistic ability with her own personality and of the union made a far better work of art than I could have produced by myself. It is possible that the advantage came merely through a certain suppleness in her wrist or in some other mechanical feature that was superior to mine, thus enabling me to attain an ideal that I had never been able to attain before with my less perfect member. But this is a mere hypothetical exposition of my own, unsupported by proof.

He Started the Trouble.

Mrs. Johnson had begun to learn French and was gleefully informing her husband of the rapid progress she was making in her studies.

"I'm afraid," remarked Johnson, "that you'll soon grow tired. I've known people tackle a foreign tongue, expecting to know all about it in a few weeks, but before they have mastered even the rudiments their enthusiasm has evaporated and they have given up the task as hopeless."

"Oh, that's not the case with me," declared Mrs. Johnson confidently. "I am getting on splendidly, and Professor Dubois says I shall soon begin to think in French."

"Well," the husband murmured, "I won't interpose any further objection, and I shall be glad when you are able to think in French. It will be something you have been unable to do in any other language!"

The rule in carving holds good as to criticism—never cut with a knife when you can cut with a spoon.—Charles Buxton.

We wish to secure a good correspondent in every town in Wayne county. Don't be afraid to write this office for paper and stamped envelopes.

ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave Union depot at 8.25 a. m. and 2.48 p. m., week days. Trains arrive Union depot at 1.10 and 8.05 p. m., week days. Saturday only, Erie and Wyoming arrives at 3.45 p. m. and leaves at 5.50 p. m. Sunday trains leave 2.48 and arrive at 7.02.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION,

ESTATE OF SARAH A. WILSON, Late of Honesdale, Wayne Co., 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. J. ADAM KRAFT, Executor. Honesdale, Pa., Jan. 17, 1911.

ESTABLISHED 1836 THE OLDEST BANK IN WAYNE COUNTY --THE-- HONESDALE NATIONAL BANK CAPITAL, \$ 150,000.00 SURPLUS 241,711.00 TOTAL ASSETS 1,902,000.00 WE ARE AFTER YOU! You have more or less banking business. Possibly it is with us, such being the case you know something of our service, but if not a patron would it not be well for you to become one? OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT will help you start. It is calculated to serve all classes, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN IT RECEIVES DEPOSITS OF \$1.00 AND UP and allows three per cent. interest annually. Interest will be paid from the first of any month on all deposits made on or before the 10th of the month provided such deposits remain three calendar months or longer. HENRY Z. RUSSELL, PRESIDENT. ANDREW THOMPSON, VICE PRESIDENT. EDWIN F. TORREY, CASHIER. ALBERT C. LINDSAY, ASST. TANT. (ASST. TREASURER)

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend. GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CASTOR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

D. & H. CO. TIME TABLE---HONESDALE BRANCH Table with columns for A.M., P.M., Stations (Albany, Binghamton, Philadelphia, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Carbondale, Lincoln Avenue, Whites, Farview, Canad, Lake Ladore, Waymart, Steens, Prompton, Fortonia, Seelyville, Honesdale) and times.