

ON THE GROUND FLOOR

By M. QUAD

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Aunt Mary Davidson was a farmer's widow, and she ran the farm with the help of a hired man. She had always been given credit for being a sharp, keen woman. People said that she knew twice as much about business as her husband. The husband was industrious and hardworking, but the buying and selling were left to her.

When Aunt Mary found herself a widow and entirely responsible for her actions she determined to make money a little faster by speculation.

In due time Aunt Mary came across the advertisement of the Blue Jacket silver mine.

The Blue Jacket proposed to let a limited number of people in on the ground floor. Aunt Mary was one of them. She sent for a "free book," and when it came the picture of the president of the mine was on the cover. He had the look of a foxy swindler, but his vanity was stronger than his prudence. Aunt Mary held her breath for five minutes over the startling promises made in the book and then sent on \$100. When she received her stock certificate it looked so nice that she forwarded \$200 more of her cash. When all the fools in the country that could raise money had been gathered in and the swindlers had made fortunes the postal authorities stepped in.

It so happened that two or three of the swindlers were after the president of the Blue Jacket so closely that he thought it better to go into the country for awhile than to take steamer to Europe, which is the usual way. Aunt Mary read of the affair in the papers. She had been robbed of her \$300. It hurt her to lose the money, but it hurt her to have been taken in and done for. The worst of the matter was that she had advised others to grab a good thing, and, of course, she would be held responsible. She was gritting her teeth and wishing she could get her "paws" on the rascals when a stranger knocked at her door. It was a summer day. If she took summer boarders and if she had none at the time he would like to come for a couple of weeks. He was a business man from the city whose nerves had been shattered by too close application.

Aunt Mary took a long look at the man and invited him in. She took another long look at him and made him a low rate and added that he could depend on fresh eggs and unwatered milk. At the dinner table she scanned his face for the first time. He said he was connected with a Bible publishing house, but she didn't quite believe him. After dinner Mr. Coles, as the stranger called himself, sauntered about. He inspected the wagon shed, the barn and the milk house and finally came to the smokehouse. As he was peeping in he was given a push and the door slammed and locked on him. It was Aunt Mary who had done the business. When she had her man fast she brought out a chair and sat down by the door.

"I want to know what this means?" was shouted at her from inside.

"Why, you are locked in the smokehouse," was the reply.

"But what for?"

"So that I can have a talk with you. If you wasn't locked in you might run away as soon as I began to say things. And, too, I want you where the constable can find you when he arrives. How does the Blue Jacket silver mine come along these days?" she asked.

"I know nothing about it. I told you I was in the Bible line."

"Have you got a Bible in the suit case?"

"No."

"You ought to carry one with you. Are you still dealing in ground floor silver stocks?"

"My good woman, you are making a terrible mistake and one that may cost you every cent you are worth. In the name of the law I demand that you unlock this door!"

"Shoo, now, but what a hurry you are in! I don't expect the constable for an hour yet. How much boodidid you get away with? I s'pose there'll be a reward offered for you, and in that way I'll get my \$300 back."

"Look here, woman," said the man inside, "it's as I have told you. You are mistaking me for some one else. Perhaps you are not to blame, but don't carry things too far. I know nothing of your \$300, but if you will let me out I'll give you that much money to go on. I have important engagements."

"What are Bibles selling at now?" quietly asked Aunt Mary in reply.

The man began to yell for help and kept it up for ten minutes. Then he saw it was no use and hoarsely asked:

"Woman, what do you want?"

"I want my money back and \$200 for my worry."

"You shall have it."

"I want \$50 for the people around here who invested on my advice and \$25 extra for each one."

"You shall have it."

The strapping hired man was beckoned to come nearer, and when the smokehouse door was opened he took the Bible man by the collar and led him to his bedroom and saw him count out the money for Aunt Martha and then escorted him to the highway.

"About speculating," said the woman as she sat with the money in her hand—"no, I guess not any more. I think I'll stick to taters and corn. The next swindler might not come this way."

SLATE PENCIL MAKING.

Process by Which This Familiar Article Is Produced.

In making slate pencils broken slate is put into a mortar run by steam or electricity and pounded into small particles. This mass goes through a mill and runs into a bolting machine, such as is used in flouring mills, where it is "bolted," the fine, almost impalpable flour that results being taken to a mixing tub, where a small quantity of steatite flour, similarly manufactured, is added, together with other materials, the whole being made into a stiff dough, which is kneaded thoroughly by passing it several times between iron rollers.

Thence it is conveyed to a table, where it is made into "charges," or short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing eight to twelve pounds each.

Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber, or "retort," with a changeable nozzle, so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure, under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in the shape of a long cord and passes over a sloping table silt at right angles with the cords to give passage to a knife that cuts them into lengths.

They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugation serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln into which superheated steam is introduced in pipes.

From the kiln the articles go to the finishing and packing room, where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly revolving emery wheels and withdrawn neatly and smoothly pointed.

They are then packed in pasteboard boxes, each containing 100 pencils.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

Manufactured From New Trimmings of Flax and Hemp.

Of the great army of cigarette smokers there is probably not more than one in a hundred who knows that rice paper, in which the tobacco is wrapped, has nothing to do with rice, but is made from the membranes of the breadfruit tree or, more commonly, of fine new trimmings of flax and hemp. So light is this paper that 500 of the sheets go to make an ounce, says the Scientific American. They are perfectly combustible and give off the minimum of smoke. Before being rolled with tobacco they are analyzed to prove that they are free from all deleterious ingredients and that they contain nothing but the purest paper fiber. Only new material—flax and hemp trimmings—is used, and these are thoroughly purified. Chopped by machinery into minute particles, they are well mixed by a revolving fan and then reduced to a dust, which is placed in a solution of lime and soda. After remaining in this solution for some time in order that all foreign substance may be eliminated it undergoes a thorough washing process, the water being the purest kind coming from artesian wells sunk especially for the purpose. Then the pulp is rolled out into paper. At first it is of a grayish tinge, the pure white of the finished product being obtained by an electric process, which in bleaching also cleans it of whatever impurities might have escaped the bath.

The French manufacturers of cigarette paper practically supply the entire world, the output of Austria and Italy being insignificant.

The Pyrite Industry.

The American people must be fed; crops must therefore be grown, and to grow good crops the ground requires fertilizers. Though very little is heard about the use of pyrite in the fertilizer industry, it nevertheless plays a very important part in the conversion of ordinary insoluble rock or "bone" phosphate into the soluble form, or "superphosphate." The pyrite must first be converted into sulphuric acid, which is often done at the fertilizer plant itself. Sulphuric acid, made largely from pyrite, is perhaps the chief among our commercial acids. It enters in diverse ways into the bulk of our industrial processes and is turned out by the ton from our different chemical factories.—Bulletin Geological Survey.

Facts About Inks.

Inks composed of organic coloring matter or of lampblack (blue, red, violet and printing inks) disappear on incineration, while inks composed from an iron salt, such as are generally used in Europe, leave a red-brown residue of ferric acid, so that the traces of writing become quite visible in the ashes of completely burned paper, and many interesting documents which were accidentally or purposely consumed have thus been reproduced.—La Nature.

Simple Oak Stain.

A simple way of staining oak in imitation of the fumed effect is to boil catechu in the proportion of a quarter of a pound to six pounds of water, after which cool and strain. Apply this to the wood and when dry treat with a solution of bichromate of potash in the same proportion as the catechu.

The Cutthroat Game.

"What is the greatest get-rich-quick scheme you know of?" asked the flimsy financier of his partner. "Taking money away from other people who want to get rich quick."—Wilmington Star.

GOOD STYLE.

Bordered Materials Popular For Gowns and Parasol Covers.

Among hat trimmings are the dashing effects in quills and rosettes. Striped and dotted rainproof foulards are very attractive for hoods for motoring.

The craze for bordered goods has extended to the parasol. The very latest of these accessories has the border to match or to correspond with the border on the gown, making a pretty and striking ensemble.

The design of this simple house gown may be varied in several ways to suit the taste of the wearer. It can be made with the fancy collar and elbow



SEMPRINCESSE GOWN.

sleeves or it may be cut with high neck and long sleeves. The gown consists of a blouse and skirt, the blouse with one truck at each shoulder.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for a thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty, forty-two and forty-four inch bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 7036, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

ODD EFFECTS.

Belts and Bows Are Shown in Striped Effects.

For belts the black and white stripes are used in leather and silk. The plain top sleeves in mannish style or the kimono or peasant cut is dominant.

Trimming with dotted foulard is a fad.

Black velvet bands—one or two—studded with gold or jeweled buckles are for the classic style of coiffure.

New white buckskin shoes have silver buckles on them in place of the inevitable bows.

Rosettes in novel shapes are fashioned of straw with centers of silk.

Hats of woven black or cream colored hemp have big Charlotte Corday crowns of openwork embroidery in colors and are without any other trimming.

This peasant yoke blouse is an extremely attractive affair and may be worn with a skirt that gives the high waist line or one with the natural line.

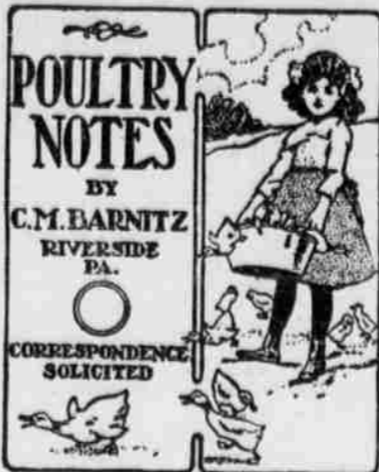


PEASANT YOKE BLOUSE.

The blouse has only underarm and sleeve seams and so is easy to make. The bell sleeves are trimmed with lace, which finishes the neck and outlines the front.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for a thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty and forty-two inch bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 7040, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.



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WELCOME, SWEET BIRDS!

There's old robin at my window Singing his sweet song again. Welcome back, you dear old birdie, With your merry, cheering strain. You may eat your fill of cherries, You may strip the branches bare, If you'll call me at the sunrise With your sweet, soul cheering air.

Hark the lark! Oh, see him yonder Soaring right into the sun! Will he sing his little heart out Ere his morning praise is done? Welcome back, sweet music teacher, I shall join your joyful praise To the God who made the springtime And the golden summer days.

There's the thrush! Just hear him warble Listen to his silver bell. Hear the linnets, wrens and starlings, Mocking birds, in wood and dell. Glad to see you back, dear birdies, You are part of God's great plan To make earth a second Eden And redeem poor fallen man. C. M. BARNITZ.

IDENTIFICATION MARKS.

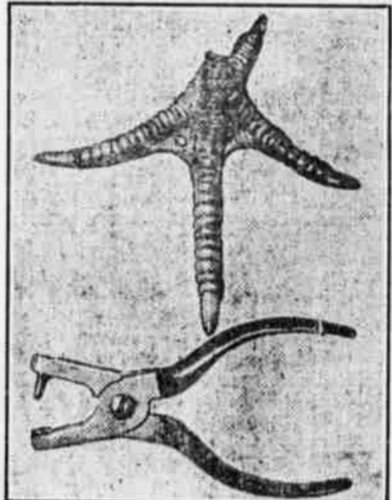
Grandma had a habit of docking her hens' tails to keep them out of the neighbors' coops and cook pots and, of course, got "suspicious and mad as a wet hen" when Sarah Ann Somebody clipped her chickens, conclusions ditto. Must be awfully humiliating for a proud Biddy to become a bobtail, for her peroration is not only ornamental but useful.

It wigwags her feelings. Does she lay a big egg or lay low some sassy henpecker—then her tail stands straight in the air. Is she sick or licked-down trails the flag at half mast.

Besides, it's her steering gear, and without her tail she may sail to a sad finale.

Then others add variety to the landscape by painting their hens red, white and blue.

Spring rains soon wash off these untanned tints; some hen fancier inno



A WEB PUNCH AND PUNCHED WEB.

cently appropriates another's calico colored cackler; then the feathers fly and the millennial dawn gets a setback.

My friend, to avoid a punch, buy a punch.

The one in the picture cost 50 cents, and that foot web was marked five years ago when the hen was a day old chick.

Leg bands are most too expensive for large flocks.

They must be changed too often to fit the growing fowl and they will come off.

That punch mark stays. It shows in a moment the blood line to which the fowl belongs, it records the age, it identifies your stock when found on thieves and may help convict a midnight neck wringer, and, besides, if your neighbor dares you over the fence to prove your goods that little private mark quick does the trick.

DON'TS.

Don't have too broad a roost slat. Crooked toes.

Don't spend all your profit to win a silver cup. Remember, utility is the foundation of prosperity.

Don't blarney in business. While you may catch some with a sweetened hook you will from others get a sour look. The goods themselves will have a tale to tell, and if they're good and advertised they'll sell.

Don't buy roosters with warts on their face, comb or wattles. Chicken-pox.

Don't eat hens with white scale and scurf on head, neck and body. Favus.

Don't cook a fowl with gray patches in its throat and swollen eye. Diphtheritic roup.

Don't dress a hen with dark comb and soiled fluff. Diarrhea.

Don't buy dressed chickens with full crops. Waste. Unlawful to sell, crop may smell.

Don't get weary in well doing. Pay your subscription in advance and hurrah for the chance.

Don't forget that at Thanksgiving geese are at their best and most in demand.

Pitcher Nagle a Nerve Youngster. "Of all the funny youngsters breaking into the game this fellow Nagle of the Pirates is the best of the lot," says Sherwood Magee. "We handed him an awful lacing, something he was not used to, but it never fazed him. Some youngsters had they got a beating like that would have been downhearted and discouraged, but not this kid. When Clarke took him out, after we had scored six runs, he came over to the clubhouse door with a grin all over his face and said, 'Gee, but didn't I get a swell lacing?' I believe all pitchers would be better off if they felt that way about a reverse."

Vanderbilt's Horses Capturing Stakes. W. K. Vanderbilt's horses are winning the lion's share of rich French turf prizes. A glance at continental racing cards shows that American jockeys have most of the mounts. Yankee trainers condition the equines.

BASEBALL POINTERS

Schmidt, Detroit's catcher, is permanently incapacitated from playing ball because of an injury to his arm received in a prizefight last fall.

In Ray Miller the Boston Nationals have one of the best hitters in the National league. He is punishing the pitchers for a .400 batting average.

Manager Clarke of Pittsburg would amend the baseball rules so players could coach their own batters from the bench. He wants to "encourage" his men.

Dode Criss, the St. Louis pitcher, is the only player in baseball who earns his salary as a pinch hitter. As emergency batter he outclasses every other player in the big league.

Very Strong.

"I see," said Slaters, "that our old friend Bilkins had a strong article in one of the Boston papers the other day."

"Really?" said Binks incredulously. "I'd never have believed that of old Bilk. What was it?"

"A recipe for pickled onions," said Slaters.—Harper's Weekly.

Long Drawn Out.

Little Elmer had just been given a piece of pie. "Are you going to give me another piece, mamma?" he asked. "Why do you ask, Elmer?" she queried.

"Cause if you ain't I'll eat this piece real slow," was the reply.—Chicago News.

Unfeeling.

Orator—I ask yer, wat is this life we 'old so dear? Soon I'll be lyin' with me forefathers. The Voice—An' givin' 'em points at the game too!—London Tit-Bits.

Dodged the Ruins.

Mr. Cleverton—You saw some old ruins in England, I suppose? Miss Struckett Ribb—Yes, and one of them wanted to marry me.—Princeton Tiger.

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