

DRIVE 10,000 ELK ACROSS A STATE

Wyoming Herds to Be Moved to Big Horn Mountains.

GIGANTIC TASK IS CUT OUT.

Animals So Numerous in Western Part of State That Domestic Cattle Are Robbed of Forage—Two Thousand Mounted Men Will Take Part in Great Drive.

Ten thousand head of wild elk trekking across the state of Wyoming and guarded and guided by United States cavalry and many cowboys, ranchmen and sheepherders is the unique spectacle which will be seen some time between now and winter if the plans of the officials who have the project in charge are carried out.

The elk are at present in the Jackson Hole country, in the extreme western part of the state. It is the intention of the officials to remove them to the Big Horn mountains just west of Sheridan and in the extreme northern portion of the state.

75,000 Head in the "Hole."

The animals have increased so rapidly that the Jackson Hole country is fairly overrun with them. It is estimated that fully 75,000 head of elk winter every year in the Hole, and they simply eat the ranchmen out of house and home. They are protected by the state and except for a few days in the fall the killing of an elk is a serious offense. As a result the elk herd has now become a menace, and its numbers are increasing by leaps and bounds. The elk have seemed to realize that they are safe and have become so tame that they are not frightened at the presence of a man.

In the winter, when the range is covered with snow, the elk invade the ranchers' haystacks and eat every straw. Fences are not of the least protection against them, as they go over an obstruction of that kind as though they were birds.

Proved Menace to Ranchers.

The elk herd has finally become so great a menace that the entire western portion of the state took up arms in an effort to save the ranches and farms as well as the sheep and cattle, as the elk threatened to simply strip the range of forage and leave the domesticated animals to die of starvation. The national government was appealed to and at the last session of congress appropriated \$20,000 for the care and preservation of the elk in Wyoming. But this amount is simply a drop in the bucket, and it is realized by the state officials that the great herd must be made self supporting if it is to remain in existence.

In northern Wyoming are the Big Horn mountains, stretching 100 miles or more from north to south. The Big Horns are the most "mountainous" mountains in the northwest—a succession of high peaks and deep ravines, and all heavily wooded. It is an ideal country for elk and other big game. The great elk herd from Jackson Hole would scatter and lose itself once it were transplanted to the Big Horn mountains. And there would be sufficient provender to furnish food throughout the winter without the least assistance from the state or others.

Will Move Elk to Big Horn.

Under these conditions the state officials have determined to move a big portion of the herd from the Hole over to the Big Horn country. But to make the transfer by railroad is out of the question because of the tremendous expense, so it was determined to drive the elk as though they were cattle.

The United States government will be asked to permit 1,000 cavalrymen from Fort Russell, at Cheyenne, and Fort McKenzie, at Sheridan, to take part in the great drive, and to this large force will be added 1,000 cowboys, ranchmen, sheep herders and others, a total force of 2,000 mounted men. The great "trek" will not take place until late fall or early winter.

Elk Do Not Fear Mounted Men.

The elk have become so accustomed to mounted men that they no longer fear a man on a horse, and this fact will be taken advantage of during the drive. The animals will be handled as is a herd of cattle, except that instead of a cowboy now and then the mounted men around the elk will be as thick as flies. At night they will be herded, just as the cattle are.

The expense of the great drive will be shared by the state and the national government, the latter to the extent of the \$20,000 appropriated at the last session of congress.

The west has often seen a herd of 10,000 cattle streaming along over the prairie, but probably no country ever saw that many elk being driven clear across a big state.

Four Toed Horse.

A complete skeleton of a four toed horse, found in the Big Horn basin in Wyoming, has been mounted and placed in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Incomes in England.

During the year 1909-10 there were 10,300 persons in England with incomes over \$25,000 each, the total \$250,000,000, or an average of \$23,000.

TO CRUISE THE WORLD IN A GASOLINE YACHT.

Millionaire Will Spend the Rest of His Life on the Vessel.

James B. Hammond, the millionaire typewriter inventor and manufacturer, has started in his ninety-five foot gasoline yacht, Lounger II., on the round of the ports of the world.

He is seventy-three years old, and he says he intends to spend the remainder of his days on the Lounger II. As Mr. Hammond has made up his mind to live to be 100 years old, he has twenty-seven years of blissful voyaging and cruising in prospect. The yacht is certainly beautiful and comfortable enough to tempt one to prolong existence upon her.

She is sixteen feet beam and draws only three feet. She is equipped with every device that science can suggest, provided with every comfort and luxury. If her engine should refuse duty there is sail to fall back upon. She is good for fifteen knots an hour. There is a refrigerating plant for cooling the cabins in summer, and there are thermostatic installations for keeping an even temperature in winter. She has a tank for carrying fresh fish. In a cockpit especially constructed for it nestles an automobile.

The start was made from the yard of the New York Yacht, Launch and Engine company. Accompanying him are a nurse, a masseur, a chauffeur, a secretary, Pinky, a Boston bull; a mother dog and six puppies, a canary and a phonograph.

Captain Into is in command. The skipper's wife is the cook. The skipper's cousin is the wireless operator and his brother-in-law the boatman.

During his twenty-seven year cruise, Mr. Hammond said, he intended to touch at every port. After he is through with the Lounger II, he says he will present her to the United States government as a model of marine architecture.

Some of the relatives of the wealthy manufacturer some time ago tried to have him declared incompetent to manage his estate, but the courts decided that Mr. Hammond was fully competent to look out for his fortune and himself.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR WIDOW.

Mrs. Proctor's Husband Fought Under Washington—111 Years Old.

Mrs. Mary Trawick Proctor, 111 years old, a real daughter of the American Revolution, has been discovered in a one room cabin in Bartow county, Ga. Her sole companions are her daughter, Miss Mary Proctor, ninety, and two great-great-grandchildren, descendants of another daughter.

Mrs. Proctor was born in Wake county, N. C., in 1800. At the age of nineteen she was married to Hiram Proctor, a veteran of the Revolution and the war of 1812. She has lived under the administration of twenty-five presidents.

A movement has been started to raise funds sufficient to provide for the two aged women the rest of their lives.

GEYSER SPOUTS STONES.

Freak Action of Hot Spring in Yellowstone Park.

Eruptions of large quantities of water, steam, sand and small rocks to a height of several hundred feet from the hot springs in the Norris basin in Yellowstone National park have been occurring during the summer.

Persons familiar with the park are unable to explain the phenomenon. They say that as the geysers have shown no diminution in activity the eruptions cannot be due to a diversion of steam and hot water from the regular outlets.

It may indicate, however, increasing activity in the subterranean forces to which the geysers are due, and if such is the case it is possible another geyser may develop in the park.

MORSE PERSISTENT.

Convicted Banker Keeps Up Fight to Secure His Freedom.

Charles W. Morse will appeal to the United States circuit court from the recent decision of Judge William T. Newman denying his freedom from the Atlanta prison, where he is serving a fifteen year sentence for violation of the national banking laws.

Morse contended that the court should fix his status as a prisoner under a ten year sentence or a fifteen year sentence, that he might determine how much time he might get off for good behavior and when a parole might be applied for. He also contended that the Atlanta prison was for the detention of prisoners at hard labor, whereas he could not be sentenced to hard labor.

The Real Center.

The center of population by the census of 1910 is four and a half miles south of Unionville, Ind., or seven-tenths of a mile farther north and thirty-one miles farther west than the center according to the census of 1900.—News.

The center of numbers, concede it, is here. And yet the importance is great. Of finding by methods of science, science Just where is the center of weight.

Ah, who that has studied our president well Can doubt that the thinking is straight Which locates in Washington yet for a spell The physical center of weight?

The center of gravity, that is the thing Which counts, as philosophers state. The White House, until just a year from next spring, Will stand as our center of weight.

IN THE DAYS OF WITCHCRAFT

How Anne Hollivell Was Saved From the Stake.

Did you never hear of Anne Hollivell, the witch of Salem? No? It's an odd story. My grandfather gave it to my father, and my father gave it to me.

Anne Hollivell when she was eighteen years old was accused of witchcraft. Mark Spooner, a big, strong fellow, wanted to marry her, but he was a wicked one—he said he had secret meetings with Satan at midnight in the wood—and Anne would have nothing to do with him. Moreover, she loved Joel Hallitt, son of Deacon Hallitt, who went off with the Roger Williams people. Joel was the reverse of Spooner, being a small, pale looking young man, but with a very intellectual countenance. He was not in favor with the congregation, however, because he openly denied the right of the church to burn out a woman's tongue with a redhot iron. Indeed, so great was the indignation against his heretical protest that Joel came near paying the penalty of his rashness with his life.

Now, I am not going to vouch for what I intend to tell you. I'll give it as I got it from others and their interpretation of it. If you choose to take different views concerning it, I shall have no objection.

Anne Hollivell was accused, as I have said, of witchcraft. My grandfather used to say that Mark Spooner was at the bottom of the accusation with a view to getting Anne into his power, but this was not current at the time. However this be, Anne was tried and sentenced to be burned. When the fagots were prepared and Anne was being bound to the stake a tall man stepped out of a wood nearby and advanced to the party. He wore a purple doublet, bordered with red, and red hose, while on his head was a conical hat with a single feather in it. There was something so singular in his appearance that the people turned from Anne Hollivell, the stake and the fagots to look at him.

"What do you with the wench?" asked the stranger.

"We're going to burn her. She's a witch."

"A witch?" The speaker threw back his head and, displaying white, pointed teeth, gave a laugh. At first it was a simple ironical ha, ha! Then it had the ring of a trumpet in it. Then came back an echo, though there was no eminence or cliff to send it.

"Who are you?" asked one of the pillars of the church who were conducting the execution. "You strangely resemble Mark Spooner, but you are not Mark Spooner, for Mark is but twenty-five, while you—you may be young or you may be old."

"No matter who I am, I have come for the wench."

"Stand off!" cried several of the most pious men present, who had no mind that the Lord's will should be interfered with, but the stranger, drawing his sword, stepped up to Anne Hollivell and, cutting the cords, led her away toward the wood. Some said that sparks were seen to fly from the point of the sword, some that his face suddenly from being quite handsome became so demoniacal that every man gave way instinctively before him. As for Anne, from the first she shrank away from him, but he took her by the wrist, and, though he seemed to make no exertion, he dragged her away from the fagots, after which she walked beside him passively, as though under a spell. In this way he took her to the edge of the wood, where the two disappeared.

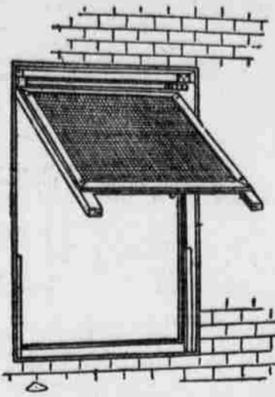
An hour later Anne Hollivell, accompanied by Joel Hallitt, came back into the town. She was not further molested by the people. It was not generally known why, though the master of ceremonies who was to have presided at her execution after a long interview with her gave out that she could not have been a witch because the devil had tried to rescue her and had failed. My grandfather claimed to have got the story of what happened after she disappeared with the stranger from one of her children.

Joel Hallitt on the night before the expected execution, instead of giving way to his grief, spent the hours on his knees praying that the people might be absolved from the superstitions of witchcraft and persecution. When the hour of the execution came he was seized with an impulse to go and save the girl. Seizing a sword standing in the corner whose hilt was shaped like a cross, he seized it and sallied forth. His course lay through the wood, and after entering it he met the stranger, leading Anne. Approaching them, he asked whether they were going. Anne gave her lover an appealing look, and the man glared at him with such a demoniacal countenance that Joel instinctively held up the sword in his hand between himself and the stranger. Whether it was the cross on the hilt or an angelic expression that Anne afterward declared appeared on Joel's countenance, the stranger drew back and, crouching, slowly shrunk away. Joel, now believing that power had been given him in answer to his prayer to save Anne, still holding up the sword, drove the stranger to the thickest part of the wood, where he disappeared.

My father always said that my grandfather believed that Mark Spooner arranged with the devil to get Anne Hollivell for him in return for his own soul.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Window Screen That Moves on Stationary Guides.



An ingenious variation of the guideways for sliding window screens has been invented by an Illinois man. This form of screen moves up and down on stationary grooves set inside the window frame and usually is put in place by having a spring attachment on one end. In the device here shown the guides are made in two sections, the lower of which are stationary and the upper being hinged to the top of the window. When the latter is in vertical position it forms an uninterrupted groove with the bottom section. It is very easy to adjust a screen on this form of guide, as the upper part of the guide can be pulled out at the bottom and the screen slipped into it. The guide is then allowed to drop back into place, and as the screen slides down over the point of intersection of the two pathways it holds both in exact alignment. It is easy to remove these screens to wash the windows.

Jellied Cucumber Salad.

Three cucumbers cut into small blocks, one cupful of white wine vinegar, one ounce of gelatin, one large bay leaf, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper corns, two blades of mace and mayonnaise dressing. Soak the gelatin in half a cupful of cold water for half an hour. Put the bay leaf, pepper corns and mace into a saucepan, add two cupfuls of boiling water, cover the pan, simmer for fifteen minutes, strain and measure the liquid. If there is not a cupful and a half, add sufficient water to make that amount. Turn in the gelatin, stir until dissolved and add the vinegar. Stand away until cold, but not stiffened. Arrange the blocks of cucumber (which should be free from seeds) in small molds and pour over them enough of the gelatin preparation to cover well. Put in the refrigerator to stiffen and serve.

Hollandaise Sauce.

One-third of a cup of butter, yolks of two eggs, juice of a small lemon, one-quarter teaspoonful salt and a little white pepper. Cream the butter, add the yolks, one at a time, and beat well, then add the lemon juice strained, salt and white pepper. Beat it well, adding the lemon juice a little at a time. About five minutes before serving add one-third cup of boiling water. Place the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water and stir rapidly until it thickens like boiled custard. This sauce is nice served with fish or poured on boiled cabbage.

Oil Rub For Colds.

For croup, cold in the head, sore lungs and throat, place parient near the fire and thoroughly rub the forehead, temples, nose, throat and lungs with oil of eucalyptus, being careful to keep oil from the eyes; put patient in bed and in about twenty minutes the body will be in a profuse perspiration and the patient asleep, breathing naturally. This is an old and efficient Australian remedy.

Mucilage For Home Use.

Put one ounce of gum tragacanth in a quart fruit can, pour over it one and one-half pints of clear, cold soft water. Cover the jar and let stand until next day. Stir thoroughly and add five or ten drops of oil of sassafras or wintergreen to prevent its turning sour. Stir several times during the day, cover close and set away for use.

To Wash Silk Stockings.

Make soapuds of lukewarm water, using a good grade of castile soap. Do not use hot water, as it destroys the life of the silk. Rinse in cold, clear water until free from all soap, then pull the stockings lengthwise and press with a warm iron, but never a hot one. They will be as glossy as when new.

Beet Preserves.

Boil beets until tender, skin them and cut into half inch cubes. Weigh and use an equal weight of sugar, wet with water to make a sirup. Pour this over the beets and cook until the sirup is as thick as you wish it. Flavor with stick cinnamon or any other flavor you wish.

Blueberry Slump.

Bring berries to a boil, sweeten to taste. Mix dough as follows: Two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt. Add water to make consistency of biscuit, drop into boiling berries and let cook about fifteen minutes.

Too Much Papa. This bit of humor and pathos is from the Hawaiian Star: "An amusing incident is related of a young service matron who had relinquished her husband for two years and who, having before his departure insisted on a good photograph, applied herself assiduously to the upbringing of her two-year-old baby with a view to the child's familiarity with her distant father. Each day she would call the baby girl to her and, kneeling beside her, would hold up the photograph, pointing out each feature to the child.

"One day the officer came home, and the baby girl, then four years old, was summoned. 'Come dear,' said her mother in glee, 'papa has come home at last!' The child surveyed the officer in perplexity and finally shook her head.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked her mother. 'Well,' replied the child, he looks something like my papa, but my papa hasn't any legs!"

Humor of the Barometer. It was a beautiful barometer. It glistened from its splendid wooden case with a spick and spanness that boasted of its newness. Its rich framework clearly advertised the large price that had been paid for it. Its owner was justly proud. But it possessed one drawback—it wouldn't work. Ever since it had been purchased it had remained at "set fair" whatever the weather had happened to be. And the weather had happened to be particularly wet. At last its owner grew weary of its external beauty and exasperated over its internal stupidity. One day when the rain was pouring extra hard he tore the weather indicator from the wall and took it out into the road.

For a moment the needle hesitated. Then as the raindrops began to dim the glass it made up its mind and moved slowly round to "very dry."—London Answers.

An Innocent Victim. General F. D. Grant, at a dinner at West Point, once analyzed the military genius of Washington.

"Washington," he said, "gave us our independence by campaigning faultlessly. He never made mistakes. There have been more brilliant soldiers than Washington, but there has never been so sure a one. In warfare, you must know, the smallest mistake may lose a whole battle, a whole campaign, a whole cause. And that reminds me of poor Tom White.

"Tom White failed in business owing to the mistake of one single letter made by his stenographer. Tom's patron in business was a deaf millionaire who was very touchy about his deafness. This millionaire turned from a good friend to a bitter enemy—he foreclosed on Tom—because the unhappy fellow's stenographer accidentally began a letter to him 'Deaf Sir.'"

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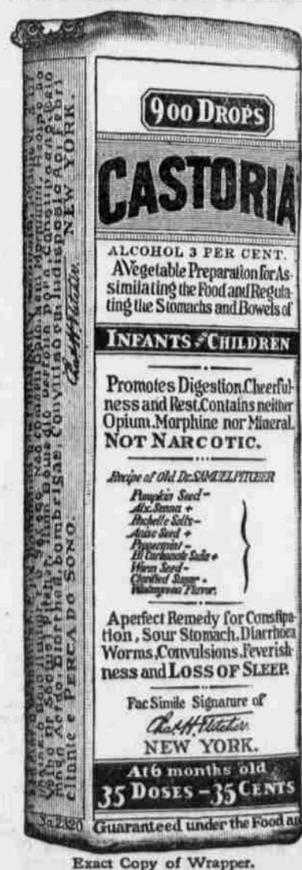
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