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If you chance to pass the corne stand where Emilia displays her flow ers and turn to look again at her charming face, with its fresh color be sure that she will remember to greet you with an irresistible smill and frank "Good day" should occasio bring you back upon a following more ing, for to Emilia the crowded city) but a joyous place, filled with friendly hearts and hands. She is deeply inter ested, this little foreign maid, in those whom she proudly calls her "custorers," and in her eager desire to please does not distinguish between the grealady who carelessly tosses a coin from



Paren

"JES' & LONGING FOR YOU," SHE SANG

her carriage and the working girl who foregoes luncheon in order to buy one To Emilia all are alike save fower. one, and this one exception is her beautiful iady. That is what she calls her divinity when she and the crippled sister sit at evening exchanging confidences.

"Did you see the beautiful lady?" Tilda would ask, "and did she wear the plumed hat or the scarlet one of Telvet?"

Then Emilia's eyes would widen and her voice sink to an awe inspiring whisper, while Tilda leaned forward expectantly, awaiting the glowing deacription sure to follow.

Each day as the flower girl arranged her small stock the beautiful lady

the audience listened spellbound to the on the folowing day wonderful voice Tilda turned to her

"Ah," she exclaimed, "what she sings we cannot understand." Emilia's own face expressed secret much for me?"

disappointment. "Whatever she sings is beautiful," she auswared loyally. Again and again Mme, Claire bow-

sister.

ed her acknowledgment of the echoing applause, coming forward at last with a smile which seemed to include them all. "At your request," she announced

simply. There was a moment's expectancy; then the slivery notes rang out, "Jes' a Longing For You." With tears wet upon her cheeks the flower girl leaned forward. Her eyes gazed unseeing across the rippling lights. Once more she was back at home in the little fishing village, waiting, watching, with fast beating Leart for a glimpse of a boat-a boat which sailed at evening far over the black waters, and in the boat was Karl-Karl, her lover.

She went to meet the beautiful indy the following day, timidly offering her gift flowers.

"Well," Mme, Claire asked cheerfully, "did you like it. Emilia?"

The girl's eyes were troubled. "I do not know," she answered hesitatingly, then with passionate gesture touched her heart. "It hurts me here," she cried, "for it is too truethat song-all the time I long so for Karl, and he is far across the ocean. He would have me marry bim there. but it was too duil, too slow. Tilda and 1 must first see the new rich country, so when we came he said; "'One day you will be sorry, then you will send for me to take you back.

"But I have been sorry, and I have not sent for him because of the pride. So Karl he thinks that when one sells many flowers and makes other friends that one is happy, but it is not so, for siways-only-I long for him."

The singer laid her hand gently upon the girl's. "Yes, yes, 1 know," she answered, and there was a trem ulous catch in her voice-"always only you long for him."

That night when Emilia climbed to the tiny room at the top of the tenement Tilda met her excitedly, "See the newspaper!" she cried, "It is all there about your beautiful lady. First I saw her picture; then Mary Ryan she read it to me, 'Mme, Claire,' it reads beneath the picture, but that is not all true, for Claire is but her first name, and yet she is married, Emilia -married across the ocean, and her husband he is a very great man, and he would not have her sing on the stage, and she would sing, so they quarreled and parted. It is all here in the paper. And now he comes to New York, and they ask him, 'Will you go to the theater tonight to hear your wife sing.' and I do not like that man, for he tells them, 'No; I did not come to New York to hear Mme. Claire sing,' and when she hearsyour beautiful lady-what her husband says she shrugs her shoulders. so, and laughs. And his name it is Sir John Burrows, and he stays at the Palace hotel."

lessly, while Emilia caught up the paper, looking long at the winsome pictured face. "Married across the water," she repeated slowly, "and they quarreled, too, and parted, and she

Tilda ended her narrative breath-

hauds in speechiess admiration, but as patience she awalted her divinity up-"Where is the picture?" was Emilia's

abrupt greeting. The singer was deeply touched.

'Why, little one, do you really care so

The flower girl raised her eyes in mute reply. "Will you pleece write your name on the back of the picture? The little true name 'Chaire' I would have, and beneath it the line of that song which says, "Jes" a Longing For You.

The beautiful lady bent over the cot until her hair brushed the girl's face. "Oh. you queer little thing, you dear little thing." she said tenderly. When the photograph, with the desired sentence written in a peculiar dashing scrawl, was in Emilia's hand she smiled in blissful content.

"If I could I would also give to you parting gift," she said gratefully. Mme. Claire stopped to leave her card with the hospital superintendent.

'Kindly see that little Emilia does not leave too soon," she said. When Emilia asked the nurse later

when she might go home that cheerful person shook her head noncommittally

"Tomorrow, maybe," Emilia ventur ed, "I might take a little walk."

"Decidedly not tomorrow," was the discouraging answer. Therefore when Emilia rose shakingly from bed the next day she cautiously closed the door of the private room whither she had been unquestioningly removed

and donned her garments in nervous haste; then, creeping stealthily down the stairs, she passed unseen into the gardens and fied. The downtown streets rolled dizzily before her eyes, and she rested often, vainly trying to steady her strangely confused senses. She must also go out of her way in order to avoid Tilda, who would de-

Emilia plodded along she repeated a name, saying it over desperately lest this buzzing thing in her head should cause her to forget, and the name that she whispered was, "Sir John Burrows, the Palace hotel." She said it mechanically to the man at the desk, sinking down unasked into an office chair. After one hurried look at the forlorn little figure the man spoke sharply: "What can you want of Sir John

Burrows?' he asked. Emilia passed her hand across her

eyes. "To give him this," she said, The man glanced contemptuously at the dainty packet held out to him-a fold of tissue fastened with a silken two shapes, oval and oblong. The censtring. Then Emilia smiled faintly. speaking as from a distance. "Pleece." she entreated. When she opened her eyes again the man was bending over the three sections when the mirror her concernedly, while a gentleman standing near exclaimed "Good!" in a tone of relief. It was this gentleman who claimed Emilia's prompt attention, for he held in his hand a photograph of her beautiful lady, and beneath the picture was an angular written sentence, "Jes' a Longing For You." Emilia whispered; then, with tense anxiety, she studied the face of the man. "It is a message," she said daringly-"a message from her."

"I thank you." the man replied. "If you can tell me where Mme. Claire may be found I will answer the message in person." There was a suppressed eagerness in his tone, which the flower girl noted with a quick, happy laugh.

"You will go to the White Marble has met with great success since its



New Beauty Helps.

Beauty nids grow more and more alluring. Perfumes, powders, sachets and toilet articles of every description are now put up in boxes and packets. that cannot fail to appeal to every woman. They are as dainty without as within, and, besides this attractiveness to the eye, they are really excellent cosmetics if one chooses the best.

For improving the texture of the lips there is a new salve which comes in a tiny gift case like a bridge pencil. The top is easily removed, and inside is a bit of soft and soothing paste, which can be applied to the lips. The salve pencil can be had in either white or pink. In winter many womendise this calling cosmetic, but they do not like to heighten the natural color of the lins, so they choose the white. The pink, however, is very delicate in coloring and when cleverly applied cannot be detected. By studying the curves of the lips it is easy to strengthen them ever so little, but effectively, with the pink lip stick.

A liquid coloring which does not rut off and which imparts the most dellciously rosy tint imaginable has been imported by one beauty specialist who discovered it when she was traveling in Vienna. The cosmetic is expensive, but it lasts a long time, and when applied it is perfectly natural in appearance. The color does not rub off on tain her with useless questions, and the handkerchief, and women who have there was now no time to lose. As used it in the past declare that nothing

equal to it has been on the market. Among the dressing table novelties this season is a round sliver receptacle made to hold a glass bowl for powder. The silver part is oulte large at the hottom and curves in toward the top. The bowl is cut crystal and has no cover. It holds, however, besides quantities of delicately perfumed tollet powder, a new puff made of swansdown or elder with a long silver handle. This is much easier to manage than the ordnary powder puff, and, besides, it is much more attractive.

Triple mirrors of silver are another dressing table fad. They are found in ter one is supplied with a silver chain. by which it can be hung on the wall. There are silver feet also to support stands on the dressing table.

Perfumes are fascinating in their delicacy of odor and their reminiscent fragrance of the choicest flowers. There is one variety which suggests all the beauties of a hothouse or the deliciousness of an English garden by its odor, yet it is not called by a flower name, but by that of a gem. This perfume is little known here, but those who are fortunate enough to hear of it when they are in Paris purchase all they can possibly bring home with them. Its color is deep yellow, richer than a mellow old sherry, and its fragrance is wonderfully lasting, while it does not grow stale, as so many perfumes do, and become unpleasant. There is a new sparkling bath which



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 perhar A Hitchin: sonal 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.



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would come quickly from a great stone doorway to be whisked away in a motorear, but the brief moment was always one of pleasurable excitement to Emilia. Upon a certain afternoon the lady waited long at the curb, and her mured, fretful frown deepened as the tardy auto failed to appear; then half absent. asked. ly her gaze rested on the shabby little figure whose dusky head bent low above the purple violets. As their eyes met Emilia came forward impublively.

her outstretched hand a bunch of the fragrant flowers. The beautiful lady fingered her golden purse underidedly. place, while a rosy flush crept from the tip of Emilia's chin to the clustering curls on her forehead.

"But, pleece," she said, with reproving dignity, "it is a gift."

The lady's frown gave way to a transforming smile, "For me?" she Emilia happy." questioned. "A gift for me?"

Emilia modded vigorously, "Always I have wanted to give it," she said. "last there was not time."

The Hugering smile sparkled in the lady's eyes. "You have seen me then before?" she asked amuso IIv,

Again Emills modded "Many times I have seen you" she answered, "and it is true what the papers say-that once we stood in the doorway, my sise you are going?" ter and L and heard you sing."

known as a great singer, hughed soft- to sing in a distant land." "That would be a poor place to hear," she said. "Next time you must corner?" the girl asked dully, come inside" Drawing a notebook "Some time, perhaps, Who knows?" from her purse, she wrote a hasty line Mme, Chire sighed. "I shall think of page, handed it to the flower girl; you care to hear me sing again." she said. "He will see that both the sister and you are taken care of."

Emilia's eloquent eyes spoke her greatitude, and that evening long before the doors of the opera house were opened two enger faced girls in faded clothes headed the waiting crowd. The man at the window glanced at them curlously as he exchanged the slip of paper for two height pink tickets. while Emilia dazediy followed an ush er into an enchanted place of brilliant light and color. Down the alsle they went. Tilda's crutches falling noiseless ly upon the heavy carpet, until at length they found themselves seated directly before the magic curtain When the beautiful lady appeared. standing silent before that sea of up-

knows then-my beautiful lady-what it means to be sorry." A light of rec ollection shone in the girl's eyes. "Always-only I long for you," she mur-

"What are you saying?" her sister

But Emilia shook her head, with a little inscrutable smile.

When Mme. Claire again awaited her auto Emilia was not to be seen in at-"Pleece," she whispered, holding in tendance upon the little stand.

"Where is she?" she asked of Tilda. who endeavored to fill her sister's

"It was the heat," the girl explained. "This morning the sun shone hot on the corner, and when Emilia fainted they took her to the People's hospital. If you could but see her there," she added pleadingly, "it would make

"Certainly I shall see her," the singer agreed with quick sympathy. It was a white face which smiled bravely from the pillows as the "beautiful lady" approached.

"I knew you would come," Emilia whispered happily. "You would not go away without seeing me again. And

"Quite true." the singer answered. "I And the beautiful hdy, who is also go to fill another engagement, Emilia,

"And you will come no more to the

or two and, tearing off the written you often, dear," she said-"of your sweetness, your courage. And at part- her, pleece, that Emilia sends a part-"Give that to the man at the office if ing will you not let me give you a gift. something to remember me by when I am far away? You are such a proud beautiful lady will understand." little thing"-the singer laughed un-

stendily - "that one feels it necessary to ask permission."

Emilia sat up suddenly, disobeying all orders. "Will you, then." she begged "give me whatever I ask?"

Mme. Claire nodded in pleased surprise that her offer had been acceptad. The girl drew a long breath.

"I would like," she said, "a picture of you, the pretty picture that stands at the door, with the rose in your hair and the gown of white."

"But, child, is there not something else?" the singer interposed. "You may gladly have the picture also."

Emilia sank back upon her pillows. "Nothing else I want but that," she radiant smile. "Me? I wait," said raised faces, the two wirls classed answered firmly. With feverish im, Emilia,

apartments." she directed joyously, introduction a few months ago. It is

PADEED

"I WILL ANSWER THE MESSAGE IN PERSON."

ing gift. It is all right," she explained

in answer to his puzzled stare. "The

Emilia did not return to the hospital.

She was in her accustomed place the

following morning, nodding gayly to

her customers as she deftly arranged

the blossoms. And very early, while

the dew still lay upon their petals, a

man and woman came and stood be-

fore the corner stand, and the woman,

who was very beautiful, clasped the

making us happy," she said. "But

"We shall never forget you, dear, for

"I have written a letter." the girl

confided, "and soon my Karl comes,

sailing far over the ocean." She paus-

ed shyly and then looked up with her

little flower girl in her arms.

what of yourself. Emilia ?"



How to Rid Face of Pimples. If your face, through neglect or other causes, has suppurated pimples, be sure that your excretory organs are in perfect order and take care of your baths with unbated zeal. Then use upon the pimples a salve made of five drams of innolin, five drams of sweet almond oil, five drams of subbur precipitate, two and a half drams of axide of zine and ten drops of extract of violet. Open the pimple with a sterflized needle, one that has been dipped in a hot horic acid solution; apply a drop of peroxide of hydrogen to the sore and wipe off with a sterilized gauze. Afterward rub a little of the sulve on the pimple, and unless there is some peculiar affection it will heal directly.

For the common sort of pluples which often trouble young girls and others of nervous, excitable tendencies and those who suffer from disturbed circulation bicarbonate of soda, thirtytive grains; glycerin, one dram, and spermaceti ointment, one ounce. This should be used upon the affected parts and allowed to remain fifteen minutes; then wipe most of it off.

In this connection you should use a simple laxative, which your doctor will probably prescribe for you.

Etiquette of the School.

Girls who share rooms together in a boarding school should learn the art of consideration for one another. It is well to begin with a clear understanding of an equal division of the use of everything, and under no circumstances should one use that allotted to her companion. Two girls who wish to remain friends should not habitually use one another's toilet articles, garments or, in fact, anything belonging to one another. In a perfectly pleasant way all arrangements can be made in the beginning to divide the space on dressing table, washstand, in the closet and in the bureau or chest of drawers. Then the rule must be made never to borrow from one another unless it is absolutely unavoidable, in which case everything must be returned the next day.

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	Total admitted assets	273,813,063.04
	Total Insurance in force	1,050,2331,708.04
	Total number policy-holders	425,481.00
	New Insurance Reported and paid for in 1910	118,753,033,0
	increase in Insurance in force over 1969	67,240,613.00
	Total Income for 1910	5° 979,892.21
	Total payment to policy-holders	32,869,899.0K
	fratio of expense and taxes to income	178 per cent
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