

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office adjacent to Post Office in Dimmock office, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW. Offices lately occupied by Judge Searle.

CHESTER A. GARRATT, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office adjacent to Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

Dentists.

D. R. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST. Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

D. R. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, HONESDALE, PA. 1011 MAIN ST. Citizens' Phone.

Physicians.

P. B. PETERSON, M. D. 1126 MAIN STREET, HONESDALE, PA. Eye and Ear a specialty. The fitting of glasses given careful attention.

LIVERY F. G. RICKARD Prop. FIRST-CLASS WAGONS, RELIABLE HORSES. Special Attention Given to Transit Business. STONE BARN CHURCH STREET.

W. C. SPRY BEACHLAKE.

AUCTIONEER HOLDS SALES ANYWHERE IN STATE.

H. F. Weaver Architect and Builder Plans & Estimates Furnished Residence, 1302 East St.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York.

J. E. HALEY AUCTIONEER Have me and save money. We attend sales anywhere in State. Address WAYMART, PA. (R. D. 3)

JOSEPH N. WELCH Fire Insurance

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadwin's drug store, Honesdale.

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

FARWELL'S FREAK

She Knew How to Turn the Tables

By Clarissa Mackie

The wind was blowing through the pecan grove, and all the leaves rustled softly. Eve Farwell looked up into the maze of branches where the green nuts hung thickly.

In a trice she had swung herself to a lower branch and with boyish agility reached the trunk of the largest tree and climbed into the shelter of its thick greenery. Here two large branches rubbed together and formed a capital seat if one loved the whispering solitude of the treetops.

Eve settled herself for a long afternoon of enjoyment. Her book lay unopened on her knees as she gazed at a picture of which she never tired.

All at once there came a shrill whistle that denoted the presence of Andy Morgan, her father's foreman. He was not far away. He was riding through the aisles of tree trunks below, and he was not alone.

Eve bent over and gazed down at the straight, well knit figure riding the black horse. He was gazing directly ahead, and the brim of his hat shaded his chin, where Eve knew a dimple lurked. A tender smile played about Eve's lips, and the very intensity of her gaze must have attracted his glance to her had he not been absorbed in conversation with another man whom Eve did not recognize, although he was riding one of her father's horses. She saw a pair of brown, well shaped hands grasping the bridle reins and the crown of his big hat, and she noted that he sat well in the saddle.

They stopped beneath the big pecan tree where she was hidden, and Morgan slipped from his animal and tightened a girthing. Then he leaned lazily against the tree trunk and rolled a cigarette.

"You'll like it here all right, Webb," he was saying. "The old man's fair and square enough."

"I think I shall like it first rate," said the other man heartily, and Eve liked his voice at once. It was deep and pleasant. "Farwell's got a pretty sizable ranch here."

"Yes; it'll take us a couple of days to ride over it," returned Andy, and then in a tone which Eve had never heard from his lips he added, "It will be an easy matter if you want to get into partnership with the old man."

"How's that?" asked Webb. "Is he anxious to sell?"

"Not exactly. But he's made it pretty plain that whoever marries his daughter can have a thousand acres and welcome. Wants to keep her near home—not that there's any danger of his losing her in that way!" Andy laughed scornfully.

"I didn't know that he had a daughter," said Webb rather coldly.

"Oh, yes; a regular freak—thin and scrawny, with red hair and freckles! That's what we call her around here—'Farwell's freak.' She's inclined to be soft in my direction."

"Oh, hang it all, Morgan, a girl can't help her appearance, you know," objected Webb in a displeased tone. "I may as well be plain with you as long as I am to be here and we are to be constantly associated. I don't stand for any of this careless talk about women. I have a mother and sisters back home, and they mean a good deal to me, and because of them all women are entitled to my protection. I'm not a milk and water chap, but every man has his own ideas about things, and I might as well tell you that that's the chip on my shoulder, and I hope nobody around here knocks it off!" He spoke firmly and pleasantly.

Andy Morgan laughed again—not a nice laugh to hear. "Oh, very well, Webb," he said carelessly. "I'll warn the boys to confine their talk to the weather and the latest styles in dude collars from the east."

"They are certainly safe topics," retorted Webb calmly as he followed his companion through the grove and out into the open plain.

Eve Farwell leaned against the tree trunk and closed her eyes. Her face was white and strained and certainly did look very plain just now. She could hardly believe that it had been Andy Morgan who had spoken so carelessly about her. Why, Andy had made love to her, and she—Eve's white face suddenly went scarlet and was hidden in her thin little hands. She loved handsome Andy Morgan with a girl's first love, and she had betrayed her liking, and he, the coward, was making a jest of it to this newcomer! What had Andy not said to the other men on the ranch?

What sensitive Eve Farwell suffered up there in the pecan tree to which she had gone so happily nobody might know, but when she finally descended a pink spot burned in either cheek, and her red hair was tossed into a becoming puff around her ears. With her red brown eyes and scarlet lips even Andy Morgan could not have called her a "freak," although she was thin.

Pleading a headache, Eve fled to her room. Her Aunt Janet, who kept house for the widowed ranchman and his daughter, came and brought her niece a cup of strong tea and bits of news from below stairs.

"Your father had Andy and the new man, Mr. Webb, in to supper tonight," chatted Aunt Janet. "I like Mr. Webb so much. He is very handsome and

every inch a gentleman. Your father was disappointed that you are sick. He wanted you to come down and play accompaniments for him."

Eve made no answer. She lay there staring into the darkness, scarcely hearing the music that stole up to her chamber. Her thoughts were busy ones.

"Aunt Janet," she said suddenly, "you'd like to have me go east for a long visit, wouldn't you?"

"Yes. Sarah says it isn't fair that her only niece should be buried alive here in Texas when she can give her a lovely winter in New York. Your Aunt Sarah has money, Eve, but she needs some one to help her spend it. It would do you a world of good."

"If father consents I'd like to go at once," went on Eve. "If I do go you will take a vacation when I return, won't you, Aunt Janet?"

Miss Farwell leaned over and kissed her niece. "Certainly, dear. I'd like a change myself. You go and have your fling, and then when you return I'll go and have my fling!" she laughed comfortably.

It was settled that way. Neither Abner Farwell nor his sister understood Eve's feverish desire to get away from the ranch, but they helped her all they could. There were an exchange of telegrams with Aunt Sarah in New York and a few hurried preparations by the two women at the ranch. Then early one morning Abner Farwell hitched the grays to the buckboard, and, with Eve's trunk strapped on behind, he took her to the nearest railroad station.

Her sudden departure was a surprise to the men on the ranch. Many of them she had known since childhood, and they had a warm place in her heart. All liked her sweet disposition if they did not admire her rather plain face. The new assistant foreman, Webb, had never seen her at all so swift was her going.

As for Andy Morgan, this sudden vanishing of the girl he had heartlessly criticized remained a mystery. It was also a blow to his extreme vanity.

Eve's winter in New York lengthened into a year, and the pecans were once more hanging thickly in the groves, and the same caressing wind was making music in the branches.

She came unannounced. A cattle wagon from a distant ranch was at the station. Some expected freight had not arrived, and it was going away empty when Eve hailed the driver.

"Can you take me to Farwell's?" she asked the man. "I didn't have time to send word I was coming."

"Sure thing!" he answered cordially. "I'll tote your trunks. I reckon you got a mighty lot of pretties in all those big suitcases."

"Yes, I have," smiled Eve through her thick veil.

"I reckon you're some kin to the Farwells," he suggested as they drove along.

"Why?" asked Eve, although she could guess his bewilderment.

"You look a lot like Farwell's girl, Eve. I ain't seen her in a month of Sundays."

"Not for a year, Joe Flanders," laughed Eve suddenly. "Don't you recognize old friends?"

Flanders stared amazedly. The face he saw through the veil was wonderfully round and fair, and Eve Farwell had been thin as a rail. He shook his head doubtfully. "My gosh, you're either joshin' me or else you've been fattenin' up some!" he blurted forth.

Eve threw back her head and laughed such a sweet, merry laugh that Joe Flanders recognized her at once.

"Nobody but Eve Farwell could laugh like that," he admitted. "If you'd take off that veil I could identify you further."

Eve removed the veil and looked at him with mischief in her red brown eyes. Joe Flanders stared until the tears came from his strained orbs.

"Good heavens, girl, what have you been doin'? Why, you're a dream of beauty!" he gasped.

A lovely color flushed Eve's perfect complexion. She certainly had developed wonderfully during that year in New York. Dancing and gymnastics, pleasure and happiness under the wise guidance of Aunt Sarah's trained experience had changed "Farwell's freak" into a beauty. The red hair gleamed and glistened like red gold against her white brow, and the arched dark eyebrows added to the beauty of the red brown eyes beneath. Her figure was perfect now. Surely Eve Farwell had come into her heritage.

"I'm glad you like me, Joe," said Eve wistfully.

"Bless your heart, Eve, I've always liked you. But this is a surprise. I wonder if I spent a year in New York they'd turn me out a rav'n beauty. What say?"

When he left Eve at the Farwell ranch it was to see her swallowed up in the embrace of father and aunt. Later at the supper table there was a surprise in store for Andy Morgan.

"Eve—Eve," he stammered as she gave a cool little hand into his for a brief instant, "you're changed some." He stepped back as Webb came forward, and Mr. Farwell proudly made the introduction to his daughter.

Eve never forgot Webb's surprised glance that swept from her lovely face to the chagrined countenance of Andy Morgan.

Then Webb's straight glance came back to her eyes and seemed to find something there that satisfied him. A thrill passed between them, but at the moment they did not understand its meaning.

Afterward Eve knew that the old, unworthy love had died that day when she sat high among the pecan branches and heard Mark Webb's plain statement of his attitude toward women. And she rejoiced that always she would have this brave knight to defend her.

ASTOR'S ESTATE IS \$80,000,000

Appraiser Cuts It Millions Under Popular Estimate.

LARGE INHERITANCE TAX PAID

Check For \$3,150,000 Sent to the New York State Comptroller by the Colonel's Executors—His New York Realty \$62,850,000.

It is the best guess of the executors of the estate of Colonel John Jacob Astor that his estate is not worth more than \$80,000,000, instead of the much larger estimates heretofore made. Their opinion took the form recently of a certified check for \$3,150,000 sent to State Comptroller Schuler for the account of the inheritance tax due in New York.

The law provides for a rebate of 5 per cent of the tax on payments made within six months of the death of the testator.

Estates in excess of \$1,000,000 and falling to heirs in direct line, like Colonel Astor's, pay an inheritance tax of 4 per cent to the state. On this basis the check represents a principal of \$78,750,000. Newport property, not assessable in New York, raises the total estimate to \$80,000,000.

The payment is the largest inheritance tax paid on a single estate in New York since the enactment of the law, twenty-seven years ago. It is nearly one-third as large as the entire tax collected in the fiscal year ending Sept. 30.

Appraisal Not Ended.

There was no object in the payment except to earn the legal rebate of 5 per cent. James Roosevelt Roosevelt, Douglas Robinson and Nicholas Biddle, the executors, join in advising the comptroller that the present estimates are preliminary and that appraisals will not be finished for several weeks.

Tentative appraisements of Colonel Astor's real estate in the city aggregate \$62,850,000. These holdings had been popularly supposed to be worth \$100,000,000. When final reports are in and hearings are held to determine exact values comparisons may be made between the figures in the city tax books and those of outside experts.

Robert E. Dowling is appraising the Broadway and upper Broadway properties and those lying on either side of Fifth avenue between Madison and Sixth avenues. His preliminary report shows a total of about \$54,000,000.

Kept Records in Old Way.

Before undertaking this work Mr. Dowling went to the office of the Astor estate for surveys to mark the exact location of each parcel of land, taxes and other expenses of maintenance and the rentals received in order to figure the net income. He found that the estate had never kept anything of the kind, but had been content to do business by keeping the leases in strong boxes and recording everything else in account books. A few city maps furnished the office with all its requirements in the matter of reference. Mr. Dowling is preparing detailed maps of every piece of land, which he has compiled in handsome books.

Clarence J. Ramsey was appointed to appraise west side properties, including docks. His estimates amount to about \$2,760,000. Clarence W. Eckhardt appraised east side properties at about \$1,530,000, and Joseph P. Day figured the Bronx lands at \$4,500,000. All these appraisals are subject to revision.

Value of Other Property.

Tentative figures on the value of paintings, engravings, miniatures, statuary and bronzes in Colonel Astor's Fifth avenue residence and in his country house in Rhinebeck were made by Edwin C. Holston. He figures them worth \$460,000. Benjamin H. Herts has appraised the other personal property of Colonel Astor of his town and country homes at \$887,005. Hiram K. Knapp is appraising the personal property of Colonel Astor in his town and ports that the appraisal will be between \$500,000 and \$600,000.

No appraisal has yet been made of stocks, bonds, mortgages and other similar personal property or of the Rhinebeck real estate.

TO TAKE RAT CENSUS.

Wants to Fix Blame For Spread of Disease and Other Damage.

The first rat census of the United States is about to be undertaken by the public health and marine hospital service.

Surgeon General Blue issued instructions to officers of the service in cities throughout the country.

"The object of this investigation," said the surgeon general, "is to determine not only to what extent the rat and other rodents spread disease, such as the bubonic plague, but also the amount of damage done by them in houses, barns and warehouses."

To Eliminate Commission Brokers.

In southern Spain there is a movement to eliminate the commission brokers by dealing directly with the owners of vineyards.

British North Borneo Inhabitants. There are only 255 European residents among the 208,000 inhabitants of British North Borneo.

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

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

There Are Two Things

which the up-to-date business man MUST HAVE in the handling of his financial affairs.

1. He must have the assurance that his funds are than they could possibly be in his own hands, and that his interests are being looked after more carefully than it is possible that they could be even under his own management.

More Secure

2. In every detail he must have the possible in order to minimize the friction of his daily routine of business.

Best Service

Honesdale Dime Bank

of Honesdale, Pa.

OFFERS

SECURITY and SERVICE

The Ideal Guardian



of the estates of your minor children. It has the very best facilities for the profitable and wise investment and re investment of the principal and accrued income. -The Scranton Trust Co.

516 Spruce Street.

ERIE RAILROAD TIMETABLE

Effective June 15, 1912.

To Patrons Along the Scranton Branch of the Erie Railroad, except Sunday, directly to Honesdale giving people all day if necessary transact their business at the coal seat and return home the same evening.

HONESDALE BRANCH.

Table with columns: West Bound, Sun. Only, East Bound, Sun. Only. Rows include Lv. Hawley Ar., West Honesdale, White Mills, East Honesdale, Ar. Honesdale Lv., Scranton (D&H).

SCRANTON BRANCH.

Table with columns: West Bound, Sun. Only, East Bound, Sun. Only. Rows include Ar. West Lv., Lv. Hawley Ar., Hoadleys, Clemo., Lake Ariel, Maplewood, Saco, Wimmers, Elmhurst, Nay Aug, Dunmore, Scranton.

Published by the Greater Honesdale Board of Trade, Honesdale, Pa.