

# Among the Lilacs

Romance of the Girl Who Was Tired Out.

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.

It was a warm spring evening, so warm that they had ventured to sit out on the little wooden veranda. There was a suggestion of approaching summer in the breeze, and the air was redolent with lilacs. By glancing toward the right it was not difficult to see where the fragrance came from. On the other side of the hedge in the deepening twilight was a purple forest of plumes, and beyond that, white in the gray light, rose the old Howard house, the oldest in the tiny village as well as the largest. Selden Howard was the only living representative of the family.

Presently the group on Mrs. Jones' veranda began to speak of Selden, leading up to the subject from the fragrance of the bushes.

"Them lilacs is sickly sweet," observed Mrs. Jones herself.

"Really nauseating," acquiesced the boarder who had been spending the winter here in this little cottage among the Berkshire hills. "By the way, I saw a strange man at the postoffice this morning, and I overheard some one say he was Mr. Howard. Very good looking man he was and seemed to know a thing or two."

"That's him," confirmed Mrs. Jones. "But why shouldn't he know a thing or two? He don't do nothin' but travel and trap round the country. Hardly ever home and won't have a thing to do with the people in the village."

The moon was beginning to show red and low in the warm dusk, and the lilacs made superb black shadow effects on the lawn. The little tired out city girl who sat on the lowest step of the veranda and who had just arrived that day had nothing to say. She was filling her whole soul with the beauty of the coming night.

Pretty soon, carrying her lamp, she went upstairs to her bedroom. She looked at the high mound of feather bed and at the small window at the foot into which was already flooding the spring moonlight. For a moment she stood irresolute; then she lowered the shade, slipped on a cheesecloth kimono, drew the pins from her hair, letting it fall about her shoulders, blew out the lamp and followed her whim to lean from the casement.

It had been a very long while since Katherine Hope had looked from a window over a garden when the moon was shining. True, from the window of their stodgey city lodgings on Eleventh street, her mother's and hers, she had looked out at times when her head was hot and aching with too much work and had caught a breath of outside air. But that was so different. From that window she could look out only on clotheslines, sheds and back windows of the boarding houses on the next street, and there whatever restful thoughts might come to her were made havoc of by an accordion, cheap con songs or the caterwauling of feline creatures on the fences below.

And now—oh, the feathery, pale fluorescence of the lilacs over yonder! Katherine drew her breath in with delight as their dominant scent came up to her. If only her dear mother could be with her to enjoy the beauty of it all! But that had not been possible. When the physician had shaken his head gravely over his young patient's worn-out condition and commanded an immediate change in the country it had been all that mother and daughter could do to scrape together the meager savings for Katherine's rest of a fortnight. And Katherine was not one to mew and whimper over impossibilities. She was here now, and she would make the best of every moment to grow strong and well again that she might go back with new life to her office work and the companionship of her sacrificing little mother.

The mild country air and the thousand odors of the spring played upon her face and lifted her loosened hair, gilded by the moonshine into the likeness of an aureole. Her white kimono fell softly around her; from the position in which she held her arms her soft elbows were plainly visible, and her exquisite face, leaning back a bit against the dark painted frame of the window, stood out like a cameo.

The girl was little conscious of anything except the wonder of the night, nor was she aware of one who watched her a moment from the shadow of the lilacs in the garden beyond the hedge. Selden Howard was returning from his dog kennels, whence he had gone to look after a sick collie, when his eye had chanced to fall upon the figure in the casement and in sheer artistic appreciation had rested there.

"She's like some young princess," he thought to himself, pursuing his way toward the big house, "or a goddess. Her hair's like the silvery floss around corn. Her name ought to be Perdita, Marpessa or Ariadne. How ever in the world did the Jones family stumble across such a creature?" The glimmer of the girl wove itself into his dreams, and in waking intervals he pondered on plans for an acquaintance.

"Ah, ha, I have it!" at last laughed he. Early the next morning he went fishing. As luck would have it, he secured a well filled creel. On his way home, without ceremony, he lifted the latch of Mrs. Jones' low back gate and entered. He walked right up to the kitchen window, for there stood Mrs.

Jones rolling the dough for breakfast blaudit.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," said he. "I've got such a jolly big creel full of fish here that I don't know what to do with them. There's no one over there"—nodding toward the big white house—"but my housekeeper, and she's sick this morning, so I'm wondering if you'll accept these." With the gallantry of a knight he held out to her his creel.

"Oh, Mr. Selden!" exclaimed the good woman, a bit flustered, but smiling with unmistakable appreciation. (Would the heavens fall next? When had Mr. Selden Howard last honored her humble dwelling like this? Surely not since his mother died, poor soul! "Accept them?" Well, I just guess I will! And so Mrs. Patch is sick! Well, you'll just stay here to breakfast. It'll be all ready in fifteen minutes." This was as much as Howard had hoped for.

When Katherine Hope entered the dining room Mrs. Jones, of course, presented Mr. Howard.

"How do you do, Mr. Howard?" said she conventionally, with a smile, a little tired in spite of the play of childish dimples. But Selden was looking down admiringly on the fine white parting that separated the braids of purest flax.

"And how d'you like them, Mr. Selden?" asked Mrs. Jones a bit later, referring to the blaudit.

"I love them," answered he, referring to the girl's dimples.

Of course that was only the beginning. After that Selden Howard managed almost daily to meet Katherine, or at least to catch a glimpse of her. Her lovely, tired eyes and little, quiet ways appealed to him in an infinitely more tender and real fashion than had those of many a pampered beauty whom he'd met in the course of his varied travels.

One morning Katherine was reading a popular new novel out on the veranda. At least she was supposed to be reading it. In reality she had closed the book, keeping the page marked with her slim forefinger. She had only two days more here in God's green earth, and the lilacs seemed to be calling her imperatively. She had been breathing in lilacs to that extent that her thoughts seemed to be fairly scented with them. All at once an impulse of yielding came to her. Why in the world should she not step over the low hedge and go into the lilac garden?

She did. Bees hung above the purple bloom, and a little attenuated fountain tinkled in the distance. Oh, it was altogether enchanting! Just then a golden eyed sable collie came leisurely down the curved walk to meet her.

"You beauty!" cried the girl exultantly, stooping to pat the dog's queenly head. The collie, with slowly swishing tail, gently kissed her behind the ear.

A commanding whistle from around the turn of the walk and then:

"Mollie, Mollie, old girl, where are you?" Mollie sat with one ear up, the other down, as collies will when perplexed. She loved her master, but also she loved her new found friend.

"Ah!" cried Selden, coming upon them unexpectedly. "But it is beautiful to find you in my garden!" he said, looking gladly upon Katherine. "Do you know, last night I dreamed you were here. You are very, very welcome, little lady."

"You see," she explained helplessly, trying to hide her telltale blushes, "it was the lilacs. They called me."

Suddenly he took both her hands in his and drew her toward the bushes. "Dear lilacs," he whispered whimsically, "she is here now—on enchanted ground—and we must keep her. You belong to my garden," he added masterfully, turning full upon Katherine. "And I will not let you go. The house yonder is very lonely and waits for you. You will stay?"

Her answer? Well, she was a girl and very tired, and he was a man and strong, and it was spring, and they were among the lilacs!

## Animal and Plant Life.

It has just been computed that the day fly lives twenty-four hours, the May fly six weeks, the butterfly two months, as, alas, also does the flea; the fly three to four months; the ant, the cricket and the bee one year each; the hare and sheep, six to ten years each; the nightingale twelve years; the wolf twelve to fifteen years; the canary bird fifteen to twenty years; the dog fifteen to twenty-five years; cattle twenty-five years; the horse twenty-five years; the stag thirty-five to forty years; the heron, lion and bear fifty years each; the raven eighty years; elephant, turtle, parrot, pike and carp 100 years each.

The ivy outlives 200 years; the elm 300 to 350 years; the linden 500 to 1,000 years; the locust tree and the oak 400 years; the fir 700 to 1,200 years, and palm trees 3,000 to 5,000 years.—Chicago Tribune.

## Australian "Tea Fuddle."

The "tea fuddle" is still in vogue in New South Wales and Queensland, writes a correspondent. The term has nothing in common with "fuddling" in the sense in which that word is used in England.

A "tea fuddle" in Australia is a means of raising money—usually at a bazaar in aid of some church or chapel. Those who enter their names as subscribers to the "fuddle" each subscribe a shilling. Their names are pasted on tea-cups which are jumbled together on a tea table. Each subscriber, after being blindfolded, picks up a cup. Should he happen to pick up the one bearing his own name he gets a prize. As there are usually about a hundred entries this very seldom happens, and the money, of course, goes to the bazaar funds.

## DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Over Five Million Farms in the United States Have Cows.

Statistics covering dairy products in the United States are interesting at this time. A bulletin summarizing the data collected for the products of 1909 has just been issued by the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce and Labor, which shows that there were 5,140,869 farms in the United States for which the enumerators reported dairy cows on April 18, 1910. For only 4,413,333 of these farms were dairy products of any kind reported as produced in 1909, and for only 4,021,460 was the quantity of milk produced in 1909 stated. The total number of dairy cows on farms April 18, 1910, was reported as 20,625,000, while the number on farms which reported the production of any kind of dairy products in 1909 was 18,746,000, or 90.9 per cent. of the total number, and the number of farms which reported the production of milk in 1909 was 16,069,000, or 77.9 per cent. of the total. In considering these figures, it should be borne in mind that there is no precise distinction between dairy cows and cows not kept for milk. In a good many cases enumerators probably reported as dairy cows which in fact were primarily kept for breeding purposes and which were only milked for short periods, if at all, during the preceding year.

The total production of milk reported for 1911 was 5,814,000,000 gallons, the true total probably exceeded this by not less than ten per cent. There were, on April 15, 1910, a total of 16,069,000 dairy cows on farms reporting this milk. Assuming that there were the same number in 1909, the average production of milk per cow would be 362 gallons.

The total value of dairy products of farms in 1909, exclusive of milk and cream consumed on the farm, was reported as \$596,413,000. This represents the sum of the receipts from the sale of milk, cream and butter fat (amounting in all to \$872,403,000), and the value of all butter and cheese produced on farms, whether sold or retained for home use (amounting to \$224,010,000).

The total reported value of dairy products sold in 1909 was \$473,769,000, of which the value of milk, cream and butter fat sold represented nearly four-fifths and that of butter most of the remainder. The quantity of milk sold as such was reported as 1,937,000,000 gallons, or substantially one-third of the total reported as produced; but it should be borne in mind that a great deal of milk sold or delivered to creameries for butter making is paid for on the basis of the cream or butter content, in which case the quantity of such cream or butter fat was usually reported on the census schedules and not the quantity of milk. The greater part of the milk reported as sold was doubtless consumed as such, chiefly in cities and villages, but a considerable quantity represents milk delivered to condensed milk and cheese factories, and some small part milk delivered to creameries for the production of butter and reported as milk instead of on the basis of the cream or butter fat contained.

In 1909 the leading dairy states, as judged by the total value of farm production (excepting milk and cream used at home), were New York, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan and California, in each of which the value reported exceeded \$20,000,000. In production of butter (on farms and in factories combined) Wisconsin was the leading state, followed by Iowa, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and New York. A large part of the milk produced in New York is sold for consumption in the cities, and a large proportion is also used in making cheese. New York ranks next to Wisconsin in the production of cheese, and in no other state did the cheese production equal one-seventh of the production in New York. In combined production of butter and cheese Wisconsin led with 279,992,000 pounds followed by New York with 174,944,000 pounds.

NO MORE OF OLD MATCHES.

That time honored custom of striking matches on your trousers is to become one of the lost arts. Since January 1 the American manufacturers can make no more of the old strike-em-on-your-pants matches. The law prohibits it. The Esen bill becomes effective in Ohio, and all American matches are made at Akron and Barberton.

The Diamond Match people are making the sesquialphide match, which contains the necessary combustible ingredients, but is non-poisonous. According to the Ohio lawmakers, the old style match was dangerous and caused many deaths from "phossy jaw."

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In Bankruptcy No. 2365. In the matter of LEON G. BIDEWELL, Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Leon G. Bidewell, of Maplewood, county of Wayne, and district aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the eighth day of January, 1913, the said Leon G. Bidewell was duly adjudged bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the referee, in the borough of Honesdale, county of Wayne, within the said district upon the 27th day of Jan., 1913, at 10 a. m., at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a Trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

W. H. LEE, Referee in Bankruptcy. Honesdale, January 10, 1913. 5e12.

## SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Hon. Sant Kirkpatrick, Former Revenue Sleuth.



Among the new members of the Sixty-third congress none is likely to attract more interest than Sant Kirkpatrick of Ottumwa, who will represent the Sixth Iowa district in the new house. He is a Democrat and will succeed to the seat now held by H. E. Kendall, Republican. He is nearly seventy-one years of age and since 1886 has been an internal revenue officer, working among the moonshiners and counterfeiters of the south. The Hon. Sant has faced death on many occasions and bears many scars of battle, but save for the partial loss of eye-sight he is still hale and hearty.

His career as internal revenue agent has been one of the most remarkable in the history of the service, both from the point of accomplishment and narrow escapes from death. The Hon. Sant has destroyed more illicit distilleries and placed more men in the penitentiary than any other man in the United States. In his body he carries over a hundred pieces of lead, mementos of his clashes with the moonshiners during his various raids. He has several times raided the notorious Shina Allen gang, which shot up the court of Carroll county at Hillsville, Va., last spring.

Congressman Elect Kirkpatrick served throughout the civil war as first lieutenant of Company K, Second Iowa Infantry, and is the only civil war veteran representing Iowa in either branch of congress.

Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate.

E. Livingston Cornelius, successor to the late Colonel Daniel Moore Ransdell as sergeant-at-arms of the United States senate, is a Democrat. He has been assistant sergeant-at-arms for more than a year, a position specially created for him by the senate.

His first position at Washington was as private secretary to Colonel Rans-



E. LIVINGSTONE CORNELIUS.

dell when the latter was appointed United States marshal of the District of Columbia by President Harrison. When Colonel Ransdell became the senate sergeant-at-arms in 1900 he retained Mr. Cornelius as his private secretary. On the death of his superior a short time ago Mr. Cornelius was appointed to the position. The new sergeant-at-arms made all the official arrangements for the funerals of Vice President Sherman and Senator Rayner of Maryland.

Jack of Many Trades.

Henry F. Ashhurst is easily the most versatile member of the senate. When the whirligig of politics leaves him jobless he will have a variety of pursuits by which to earn a livelihood.

In his autobiography in the congressional directory Mr. Ashhurst makes this plain statement of facts: "Has pursued the following occupations: Lumberjack, cowboy, clerk and cashier in store, newspaper reporter, hod carrier and lawyer."

## Wayne Common Pleas: Trial List Jan. Term, 1913.

First Week—

1. Knapp vs. Stinnard.
2. Skinner vs. Dolsen.
3. Kordman vs. Denio et al.
4. Conley vs. McKenna.
5. Wilcox vs. Mumford.
6. Hittinger vs. Erie R. R.
7. Slivka vs. Kelsey.
8. Honesdale Milling Co. vs. Kuhbach.
9. Vetter vs. Columbian Protective Ass'n.
10. Box vs. Columbian Protective Ass'n.
11. Bregstein Bros. vs. Ridway.
12. Jordan vs. Lake Lodore Imp. Co.
13. Dexter vs. Blake.

Second Week—

1. Sellick vs. DeBreun.
2. Kreiger et al. vs. Salem Twp.
3. Kreiger vs. Salem Twp.
4. Wayne Concrete S. & C. Co. vs. Cortright.
5. Cortright vs. Kreitner et al.
6. Kreitner vs. Cortright.
7. Tuthill vs. Erie R. R.
8. Thomas vs. Norton Exrs.
9. Gerety vs. Columbian Protective Ass'n.
10. Congdon vs. Columbian Protective Ass'n.
11. Grey et al. vs. Hudson et al.
12. Wilcox vs. Hanes.
13. Lawson vs. Weltzer.

W. J. BARNES, Clerk.

## For Sale

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## GOOD SUMMER RESORT.

The Buy-U-A-Home Realty Company has just listed one of the finest and best-known farms in Wayne county. It is located in the heart of the summer boarding business, in Wayne's highlands. The property consists of 325 acres and is well watered both by creeks and springs. A most beautiful natural lake, consisting of 15 acres, is one of the attractive sheets of water in Preston township. Ideal for the location of summer cottages. The farm is 2 1/2 miles from the Lakewood station on the Ontario & Western railroad, three miles from Poyntelle on the same road and two miles from Como. Of the 325 acres 275 are under good state of cultivation, consisting of meadows, plow ground and well-watered pasture fields. The balance are in maple, beech and birch timber. This farm is especially adapted to raising hay and for dairying.

There are four dwellings and cottages upon the premises. Dwelling No. 1 will accommodate from 40 to 50 guests. Near this house is a never-failing spring for domestic use. The second cottage contains nine rooms. Good water. Small barn near house. House No. 3 is a very good seven-room cottage furnished with water by one of the best springs in Wayne county. Cottage No. 4 is near beautiful natural spring lake, which consists of about 15 acres. The above mentioned places are located in an ideal summer boarding district visited every year by boarders from Philadelphia, New York, Scranton and other cities. Other cottages could be built on the border of this lake.

Situated upon the premises is a laundry, coal and wood house combined, size 20x60 feet. The second floor is equipped for holding entertainments, etc.

The barns are as follows: Horse barn 26x56 feet, with running water; hay barn 26x36, with two cow sheds attached 20x50 feet. One building with scales and wagon house with underground stable for cows. One good blacksmith and carriage shop, with second story for storage. Chicken houses, capacity for 200. Barn No. 4 situated near House No. 2, size 30x40 feet, two sheds for cattle, with good spring water. Two other hay barns, size 26x36 feet, and 18x20 feet.

There are three apple orchards on the farm and a small fruit orchard. The property will be sold for a reasonable consideration and upon easy terms.

Consult Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co., Box 52, Jadwin Building, Honesdale, Pa.

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