

ANCIENT ECUADOR HAD ITS DENTISTS

Skulls 1,000 Years Old Found With Gold Teeth.

WORK SHOWS HIGH SKILL.

Professor Saville of Columbia University Returns From Exploring Trip In Land of the Incas With Some Remarkable Examples of Pottery Work of Former Civilization.

Professor Marshall Howard Saville, professor of American archaeology in Columbia university, who has been making extensive excavations in the state of Esmeralda, Ecuador, who later returned to the United States, tells discoveries that, among other things, seem to prove that dentistry of a higher order was practiced in the Inca country more than 1,000 years ago.

"This is the end of my twenty-second trip of exploration in the tropics," said Professor Saville, "and this time did all of the work. I am glad that the trip has been a most successful one in every respect. I managed to get along very well in places that are seldom visited by man. I found a number of human skulls in a splendid state of preservation. The teeth are in perfectly even rows.

Got Much New Data. The scene of my work this time was the state of Esmeralda, in Ecuador. I was able to gather much new data bearing on the ancient civilizations of this hemisphere. The skulls have referred to had their teeth decayed with gold, being filled with gold inside, but showing only slight without. The teeth seemed to have gold bands stretched across their roots either for decoration or the purpose to strengthen the incisors.

Most of the skulls had the incisors chiseled out and filled with gold. Some instances and in others with a material that seemed to be a kind of dental cement.

In another type the gold band was cemented to the teeth, but most remarkable were the chiseled holes, most of them little ones, all filled with gold. The effect is striking and the work is of 1,000 years old—a matter of which it may have been done before the present day.

The skill with which these people worked speaks volumes for the civilization that centuries ago preceded us. I myself expect to get one full volume of it.

I have brought back with me articles which show how wonderfully skillful those people were in pottery work. I have examples of the most distinctive kind of pottery making.

Objects of Ancient Art. Among other things the professor brought back with him were a miniature face and bust and a perfectly modeled clay head about the size of an apple.

Some of the heads were so finely finished that it seemed to be of marble instead of clay. The nose was delicately modeled and the lips were gracefully defined. These are among the most perfect specimens of pottery figures I have ever seen." Professor Saville said, "I showed that these early inhabitants of South America were the only people on that continent to bring pottery making to such a high state of perfection. They are, so far as I know, the only people of that time and region who worked with jewels and platinum. It proves that these people were highly cultured. They were pure American, and must have had high-skilled dentists among them."

Professor Saville said he was convinced that many more wonderful discoveries awaited the archaeologist in Ecuador and the adjoining countries.

STUFFED MODEL TOO REAL.

Man Lives Wildcat to Attack New York Artist.

Robert Hamilton, a New York artist, has a summer studio in Lenox, N. Y., is recovering from injuries received in a rough and tumble fight with a wildcat in his lonely studio a night ago. He was surprised by the beast while painting a wildcat from a stuffed model.

Hamilton had posed his model in an oak tree near the studio, and he carried the easel indoors to make the finishing touches by lamp light. He started to go after the stuffed live one met him in the doorway and leaped on him.

Hamilton was thrown to the ground, but, snatching a can of turpentine from a shelf, he threw it into the wildcat's face as it made a second spring. Liquid baffled the cat, and it ran out of the window.

Hamilton was badly scratched on the face and body, and his clothing torn to tatters. He thinks the wildcat was attracted to the spot by the smell of the stuffed skin.

Vines Bore Cooked Beans. William Williams, a farmer, who lives near Washington, went out to dig for some stringbeans for the family a few days ago and discovered that they were deliciously cooked.

In planting he had placed wires between the poles, and during a recent lightning storm the wires and poles had been struck.

ORCHARD GLEANINGS

USE FOR ALL WASTE FRUIT

Apples and Pears That Drop From Trees and Cannot Be Sold Should Be Made Into Cider.

Apples and pears that drop from the trees and cannot be sold, should be made into cider or dried. A double-cage cider mill of four or six barrels per day, may be had for \$18, and a small mill for family use for ten dollars. A cook stove fruit drier may be had for five dollars. Evaporated peaches, cherries, raspberries, apples, pears and blackberries may be put up for family use or made into salable products. There is a steady demand for evaporated fruit during the winter months. In most every neighborhood a profitable business could be established that would not only prove profitable to the owner, but would give employment to the boys and girls of the vicinity.

In a trip through the fruit belt of an adjoining state, taken recently, I found a number of such establishments. I was told that the business was not only fairly remunerative to the owner, but was a means of bringing in more and better help in the community where they were located.

Sweet potatoes, winter squash, pumpkins are now being packed in large quantities and find a ready sale.

In the commercial packing houses the apple parings are made into jelly and the peach stones cracked, the kernels ground and made into various medicines; the stones are ground, and sold for packing purposes.

If the fallen fruit can not be put up the pigs should be turned into the orchard, and many insects would also be destroyed. One peck of sliced apples, mixed with two quarts of wheat bran, may be fed to the cow twice a day. The apples should not be fed whole as there is danger of choking.

SEEDING MACHINE IS NOVEL

Seeds Planted Either in Squares or Triangles—Of Much Advantage to Florists.

A new method of planting seeds has just been invented which is very interesting on account of the perfectly regular geometrical figures in which it will plant single seeds. Such a machine should be of great advantage to gardeners, and particularly to florists, says the Popular Mechanics. The apparatus is described as follows:

The machine is designed to plant the seeds either in squares or in triangles, though it could easily be modified to plant them in circles, hexagons, rectangles, or any other desired forms.

BEAUTY OF THE HYDRANGEAS

Considered Best Late Flowering and Hardy Shrub—Easy of Culture and Attractive.

(By C. M. SCHULTZ.) It is likely that if a vine were to be taken for the best late flowering hardy shrub the honor would fall to the Hydrangea.

While there are shrubs that I like better, this one seems to suit the masses. It has the merit of extreme hardiness, easy culture, great floriferousness, late blooming and persistency.

Its flowers lose their early whiteness as the season advances, but in their pinky-tint stage they are not without attractiveness. In planting the Hydrangeas, I would never advise using it singly. It is vastly more effective when grouped. By this means we secure for it a strength and dignity which single specimens never have. Planted thickly it produces a grand effect.

The enormous heads of the bloom have considerable weight, but they cause the branches to take a graceful curve, and seldom if ever need supporting.

Those who are in search of a plant that will grow in almost any soil and under almost any condition, and is equally beautiful in the south and the north, will find the Hydrangea the very thing they are looking for.

Manure is Money. Manure is money. There is no discounting the conclusion, and any landowner who doesn't believe it by the way he robs his soil is making a great mistake that will soon stare him in the face. All soil is depleted sooner or later, and that farm comes to the turn soonest to which nothing is given back.

Preserve Cut Flowers. Cut flowers may be preserved for an unusually long time if a little saltpeter or carbonate of soda is added to the water. Salt also helps to keep them fresh.

OCEAN SPECTERS.

Phantom Craft That Are Said to Haunt the High Seas.

A CURIOUS ENGLISH RECORD.

The Log of the Warship Bacchante Under Date of July 11, 1881, Bears the Entry, "Flying Dutchman Crossed Our Bows"—The Goblin Ship.

There are numerous legends and stories of ghostly vessels that roam the briny deep, and many hard-headed mariners, free from the common superstition of the ordinary seaman, stoutly maintain that they have at least once in their maritime career encountered what was undoubtedly a phantom ship.

Best known of these mysterious craft that haunt the high seas is, of course, the famous Flying Dutchman, or phantom ship of Vanderdecken. How the story originated is doubtful, but it has been ascertained that there was a seaman of repute who many years ago sailed from Holland to the east via the Cape of Good Hope, but was never again heard of.

Some authorities say that, meeting with contrary winds off the cape, he swore a terrible oath, in consequence of which the divine wrath decreed that he should be occupied till the crack of doom in endeavoring to weather the headland. Others state that this punishment was meted out to him in retribution for a terrible murder he committed before commencing his fateful voyage.

Whatever the cause of this ancient gentleman's monotonous wandering may be, it is probably in connection with him that the most authentic and cold-blooded record of any phantom exists either afloat or ashore, for it is stated that in the log of H. M. S. Bacchante while on a voyage round the world with the little prince in 1881 there appears on July 11 the entry, "Flying Dutchman crossed our bows." The log book of one of the then largest of her majesty's warships is certainly the very last place to expect to find that which is generally associated with the hysterical of either sex.

During January, 1847, a vessel left New Haven, Conn., on her maiden voyage, but was never again heard of. In the following June, just before the hour of sunset and after a severe thunderstorm, the missing ship was seen sailing up the river. The inhabitants, taking their evening stroll, were overjoyed at her return, but the most observant of them noticed that there was something uncanny about her, especially in that she appeared to be sailing up against the wind.

Then, to the consternation of all, she gradually faded away before their eyes and entirely disappeared. We may be assured that there were not wanting those who maintained that the vessel in spirit had paid a last visit to her port before resting for good on the ocean bed.

In the "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," by Le Maine, it is recorded that on a certain day in the year a phantom ship is seen off Cap d'Espoir, in Gaspé Bay. Lights are seen aboard her, and her decks are crowded with men. By the foot of the bowsprit a man is conspicuously standing and facing toward the shore, with a lady clinging to his arm. Gradually the lights go out and the vessel sinks. It is said to be the ghost of the flagship of a fleet which was sent out to reduce the French forts, the vessel being lost with all hands.

To come to British waters, there are numerous instances related in local history of the visitations of ghostly vessels, the west of England, as might be expected, being most prolific in these records, says a writer in the London Globe. Indeed, Cornwall boasts of a goblin ship probably unique of the world over, as she not only sails the water, but proceeds most unconcerned a good distance inland.

This is the specter ship of Portcharu, and in Robert Hunt's book on "Romances of the West of England" are related the experiences of a local inhabitant who witnessed one of her escapades. She is described as a black square rigged single masted vessel, sometimes towing a small boat. No crew are ever seen; presumably they are down below. The personal narrative goes on to say: "On came the craft. It passed steadily through the breakers, glided up over the sands, steadily pursued its course on the dry land as if it had been water. On it went to Bodelan, where St. Leven formerly dwelt. It then steered its course to Chygwiden and there vanished like smoke."

An Awful Blow. "Yes," said Slithers, "Mickley was my dearest friend, and I shall never cease to mourn his death. It was a terrible blow, from which I shall never recover."

"Why—I thought you married his widow?" said Jimson.

"Why—er—ahem!—why, yes, I did; but—"

Here Slithers subsided into a deep and uncomfortable silence.—Harper's Weekly.

Poor Comedy. "Why did she cut you?" "She doesn't like my comedy." "How's that?" "She made the statement at a party last night that she was twenty years of age, and I said, 'Yes, I knew that fifteen years ago.'"—Houston Post.

No protecting duties are wanted if there is prudence.—Juvenal.

POULTRY FACTS



CARING FOR LITTLE CHICKS

First Duty is to Provide Suitable Coop for Hen and Brood—Two Methods of Feeding.

During the hatching, if you are wise, you will not be too curious, but will allow the instinct of the hen to do her work. It may be well to quietly reach under the hen and remove such egg shells as can be taken out without disturbing her, but nothing further should be attempted.

The first duty is to provide a coop for the hen and brood. No matter what kind of a coop, from a barrel laid down to the most improved patented article, is used. See that it is clean and the bottom covered with fine sand, or if the weather be really cold, with oat chaff or short fine hay. When the chickens are twenty-four hours old they are ready to be removed to their new quarters. Up to this time, writes M. E. Scully of Illinois in the Prairie Farmer, they should have received no food, but they are now ready for their first meal. Give them water to drink in a vessel into which they cannot get their bodies. A tin vegetable can with small holes punched around the bottom and placed in a deep saucer will answer admirably. Whatever their first food may be, give them only a small quantity. The best rule for feeding is "little and often."

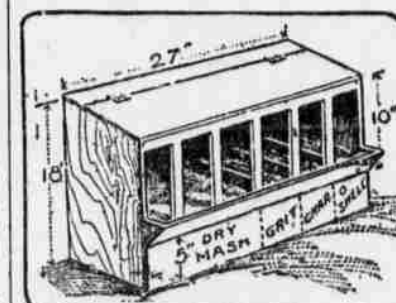
Two distinct methods of feeding have their special advocates, the wet, that is, ground feed moistened with milk or water; and the dry. I find the latter method the more satisfactory. I feed cracked wheat, corn and oatmeal.

Keep the chicks healthy and growing right from the start. Keep them dry and warm. Give them plenty of grit and pure water. If in a brooder scatter food in chaff and let them get exercise by scratching. The first three weeks are the most critical time; after that, if kept free from lice, they will do well.

HOPPER FOR FEEDING MASH

Home-made Receptacle for Keeping Oyster Shells, Charcoal and Grit is Quite Convenient.

I follow the "dry hopper" method in feeding fowls and keep constantly before them a mash made of two parts bran and one part each by weight of middlings, corn meal, gluten meal, ground oats and beef scraps. In the morning I scatter whole grain in the litter and at night feed corn in winter, but only a little of it in summer.



Dry Mash Self-Feeder.

writes Merrit T. Mead of Montgomery County, Ind., in the Farm and Home. Oyster shells, charcoal and grit are kept in "bins" in the home-made "hopper," which is herewith illustrated. From experience I think this line of feeding satisfactory, for from 115 hens I got 11,357 eggs in 11 months.

POULTRY NOTES

Keep something in the grit box. Millet is a great egg-producing food.

Crowding just now lessen the fertility of eggs.

Get an incubator and let the hens keep on laying.

No better feed in the world than nice plump oats and wheat.

The first warm days start vermin to growing in unclean houses.

The modern poultry house has everything inside it easily movable.

Never feed little chicks wet, sloppy food. It is bad enough for mature stock.

Boiling the oats or wheat makes a good ration and a desirable change occasionally.

Feed at regular hours and the fowls will always be ready and waiting for their last meal.

A little more elbow grease used in keeping the premises clean will often prevent disease.

A hopperful of bran is always seasonable feed and the whole flock should have access to it.

Get rid of the hen that is never caught on the nest. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A DOCTOR'S STORY

By RYLAND BELL

After a meeting of our medical society we separated into small groups, some discussing a paper that had been read, some idly chatting and some telling experiences. In our group we fell to talking about leaving patients in the hands of nurses we were not sure of, and one of our number told the following story:

One morning when making my round of visits I was going upstairs to the room of a sick lady when I heard the words:

"Doctor, my nurse is killing me!" I stopped and listened for a repetition. I did not doubt that it came from the sickroom, though the patient had not complained of her nurse, whom I had recently placed on my list of those I recommended. But I did not hear the words again, so resolved to keep my own counsel and went on to the sick chamber, knocked and was admitted.

Now, I am enough of a scientist to know that an investigator is very easily worked upon by his theories. Before entering the room I had explained in my own mind the words I had heard. A former patient of mine had once, while I was bending over her, whispered to me, "For heaven's sake, take away that nurse!" I at once made an excuse to do so, and the patient, whose nerves were shattered, told me that the woman domineered over her. I did not completely side with my patient in the matter, for she needed a firm hand, but I gave her another nurse.

Nevertheless that case influenced me in the second one, and, realizing that I was influenced by it, I resolved to banish it and get at the facts without a word with the patient or the nurse. I found the nurse somewhat agitated, though the patient did not give evidence of anything unusual having happened. The nurse had just come into the room through a door opening upon a back stairway and carried a tray, on which was the invalid's luncheon.

There was no opportunity to speak to the patient alone during my visit for the nurse did not leave the room. It has always seemed to me that for a doctor to send a nurse from the room reflects upon her, indicating that he wishes to say that to the patient which he does not wish the nurse to hear. At any rate, I once offended one of my best nurses by doing that very thing. So in this case I went away without having acquired any further information about the matter.

On my next visit I made a pretext to send the nurse out of the room to bring something I wanted, but she foiled me by going to a closet for it. I couldn't think of any other excuse and went away as uninformed as before. On my next visit I had scarcely entered the house before I again heard the words:

"Doctor, my nurse is killing me!" This time, since I had not gone up stairs, the sound was farther away from me and less distinct. It seemed to come from directly over my head, though I paid no attention to this, for the ear does not give us the direction of sound. I hurried upstairs and into the sickroom without knocking, hoping to learn something by taking them by surprise. I found the nurse arranging the patient's pillow. Neither showed a consciousness of anything disagreeable between them.

But despite my remedies my patient was getting worse. Probably this turned the scale in my mind against the nurse. At any rate, I determined to remove her without offending her. I told her that I had another case in which she alone would satisfy me and I would send a substitute, she reporting at the new place that evening. Then I left without saying anything to her charge about the change, intending to do so after it had been made and at the same time give her my reasons for relieving her of her nurse.

What was my astonishment at my next visit to hear on ascending the staircase the words:

"Doctor, my nurse is killing me!" I had only an hour before left the nurse who had had charge of the case with another patient, and here was the same complaint. I resolved to investigate on my own account. Avoiding the sickroom, I opened every door.

In a small room directly over the front door was a parrot on a perch beside the window where he could see my carriage drive up and see me alight and enter the house.

Here was the explanation, or a part of it. Still keeping my own counsel, realizing that I had removed the nurse unjustly, I returned to the house where I had placed the suspected woman and told her what had happened.

"Doctor," she said, "the morning you called when I was carrying in the patient's breakfast I had just passed the room where the parrot was kept and heard him say, 'Doctor, my nurse is killing me!' I was in terror when I saw you enter for fear you had heard him and would suspect me. Upon inquiry I learned that a former patient had been delirious in that house and had repeatedly accused her nurse of trying to kill her. That's where the parrot picked up the phrase and whenever he saw you enter repeated it."

I was so disgusted at the way I had been fooled that never since will I permit a parrot to remain in any house where I have a patient. There are other ways than the one I have mentioned that they may influence what is taking place in a sickroom. At any rate I don't want one about.

JOSEPH N. WELCH Fire Insurance

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

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

In re Executor's sale of real estate of H. J. Quinney, late of the Borough of Honesdale, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the Orphans' Court of Wayne County has fixed Monday, September 8, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the hearing of an application made by the Executor of H. J. Quinney, late of Honesdale, deceased, for a private sale of the real estate of said decedent, situated in the borough of Honesdale, for the sum of Sixteen Hundred Dollars. At which time and place any objections to a private sale on the terms set forth in the application will be heard.

WILLIAM A. QUINNEY, 66w3 Executor.

NOTICE.

The Commissioners of Wayne county will receive bids for carpenter work in toilet room at the Court House. They will also receive bids for plumbing work in toilet room.

Bids received up to noon Tuesday, September 2, 1913.

Plans and specifications for above work can be seen at the Commissioners' office, at the court house.

JOHN MALE, EARL ROCKWELL, NEVILLE HOLGATE, Commissioners. Attest: T. Y. Boyd, Clerk. 65eol3

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of John Kubbach, deceased.

The undersigned an auditor appointed to pass upon the exceptions to account and to report distribution of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment, on Thursday, Sept. 11, 1913, at 10 a. m. at his office in the borough of Honesdale, at which time and place all claims against said estate must be presented, or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost.

E. C. MUMFORD, Auditor. Honesdale, Aug. 9th, 1913. 65w3

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale on SEPTEMBER 12, 1913, at 11 A. M. All the defendant's right, title and interest in the following described property—viz:

All the surface or right of soil of and in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Brownedale, Clinton township, Wayne County, Pennsylvania, and designated by Joseph Scubix, southerly by lot No. 8; westerly by lands of the Hillside Coal & Iron Co.; and northerly by lot No. 11; last fifty feet on the westerly end of lots which Gregor Scubix granted and conveyed to Joseph Scubix by deed dated Aug. 18, 1908, and recorded in Deed Book No. 99, page 12. Also a free and uninterrupted use, liberty and privilege of a passage in and along a certain alley or passage six feet in breadth by fifty feet in depth extending from the south-east corner of land herein conveyed east fifty feet along the southern boundary of land still owned by Joseph Scubix to land of Anthony Drashler, where connection is made with the alley to the street. Excepting and reserving as excepted and reserved in the heretofore recited deed to Joseph Scubix. Being the same land granted and conveyed by Joseph Scubix to Frank Koenig by deed dated Aug. 18, 1910, and recorded in Deed Book No. 101, page 305.

Property above described improved with a two-story frame dwelling house. ALSO all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the town of Brownedale, Clinton township, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, designated as 10929 feet of the westerly extremity of lots No. 9 and No. 10 in Block No. 16 as described in a map of building lots of H. W. Brown in said town of Brownedale, being eighty feet on the easterly and westerly boundaries, and bounded easterly by portions of lots No. 9 and No. 10; sold to Anthony Drashler; southerly by lot No. 8; westerly by land of the Hillside Coal & Iron Company; northerly by lot No. 11. Being the same property granted and conveyed to Joseph Scubix by Gregor Scubix by deed dated Aug. 18, 1908, and recorded in Deed Book No. 99, page 12. Excepting and reserving as excepted and reserved in last mentioned deed. Also excepting and reserving therefrom a lot 50x30 feet which was granted and conveyed by Joseph Scubix et ux. to Frank Koenig by deed dated Aug. 31, 1910, and recorded in Deed Book No. 101, page 305.

Improvements with a two-story frame dwelling house. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Joseph Scubix at the suit of E. A. Bloxham. No. 53 June Term, 1912. Judgment, \$750. Attorneys, Gardiner & Mumford.

TAKE NOTICE—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged. FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff. Adv. 65w3

The Largest Magazine in the World.

To-day's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio. 144t.