

HOW PERCY HELPED.

I was at work. We had been furnishing my wife and I. We thought we had done it cheaply, but a few charming things in the bric-a-brac line, added at the last moment, had so overbalanced our account that I felt it imperative to make up a better check than usual that week on the daily paper upon which I earned my bread.

But my wife had been hard at work too. She had been to Paul Jones' sale—it was "remnant day"—and she had got a few little things which dear baby absolutely had to have, besides a few more quite indispensable trinkets for herself, all of them "dirt cheap." She had been forced to confess, however, that the week's housekeeping money had been severely encroached upon, and I am afraid I was not enthusiastic over the Jones sale. Instead of chasing the passing cloud from her sweet eyes, as I knew how to do, I had even heard a sigh of relief as the door slammed after her.

So I was hard at work and within sight of the end at last when a voice on the stairs, shouting "I know my way," made me swear a gentle oath under my breath before the door opened and one Percy Falmouth stood before me.

He was a college friend, one of those who always prevent one from working, but to whom one is never able to say nay.

His face, that was wont to be fresh, was sallow and gray, and his eye, that was always merry, was dull and downcast.

"What's the matter, old man?" said I. "You're down on your luck."

"It took him some time to bring the trouble out, even to me, but at last he managed it. He was in love."

"Is that all?" cried I cheerily. "Well, don't be alarmed. I assure you when you have got over the beginning it isn't bad at all."

"It isn't that," said my friend gloomily after a pause.

"Isn't what?" I asked.

"It isn't that I mind being in love," he explained, "but how am I to keep a wife?"

My chair spun round again of itself.

"You!" I cried almost fiercely. "Why, haven't you got \$2,500 a year of your own?" And a vision of the weekly books and the monthly bills swam before my eyes and made me run my fingers wildly through my hair. "You are a nice one to talk!"

Percy smiled sarcastically.

"Two thousand five hundred dollars!" echoed he. "Why, it wouldn't keep her in silk petticoats!"

I looked grave instantly.

"And it wouldn't keep any woman," said my friend, rising and throwing his cigarette away as he warmed to his subject. "And one wouldn't wish that it should. What man cares to see his wife looking a frump and dowdier than other women? And it isn't only the clothes; it's the house and the furniture and the servants and everything. Dinginess is out of date."

I sighed.

"If I were to marry on \$2,500 a year," continued Percy emphatically, "I should be in debt in two months and my wife and I would have quarreled forever."

Why didn't I smile? I had been married more than two years, and, though I had certainly been in debt most of the time, my wife and I had not quarreled yet.

But a vision of a pouting mouth and tear dimmed blue eyes rose uncomfortably before me. Instead of smiling it was I now who sighed.

Perhaps my wife had not brought home small, soft parcels enough from Jones' sale, instead of, as I had meanly supposed that morning, too many.

"But a man can work," said I as bravely as I could.

"Work!" echoed Percy bitterly. "That's all very well if you've got brains. I have no qualifications for earning money, and love in a cottage isn't good enough nowadays."

Somehow this speech restored me to my balance.

He smoked another cigarette, and then he took up his hat, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's a devil of a mess for a fellow to be in," he said gloomily.

"Yes," said I, "I'm afraid you'll have to find a wife who can work on her own account. There are a good many of them about nowadays."

He looked at me doubtfully. "Oh, I hate that sort!" he said. "A girl with money's better, but that won't help me just now."

"So I supposed," said I. And I let him out. I had sworn at his entrance, but he had brought me luck.

The words literally flew from my pen when I sat down again. There was something spurring me on. There was a goal in sight that I knew of.

And when I had put my name to the last sheet and was free I sought it.

Upstairs in the nursery my wife sat beside the cradle. She had our child in her arms and was lulling him to sleep. Her eyes shone as she looked up at me; her face was fresh, and she was as dainty as any man could wish in a plain white frock—ready to welcome me to dinner after my work.

As I bent down to kiss her I said gaily, "I've made up a splendid week, darling, so you needn't worry about the purchases."

And she laughed, saying: "There were not so many after all, you know; only a few dollars' worth. But I shouldn't have interrupted you while you were making them."

And then we went together to the dainty meal of her frugal ordering, and I was sorry that I had not been able to explain to Percy what it was that made it "good enough."

LIVE STOCK

NEVER DRENCH CATTLE.

A Personal Demonstration that Will Show Its Danger.

More cattle die from the effects of being drenched than from tuberculosis. Perhaps the best way of demonstrating the danger of drenching cattle is to advise the reader to throw back his head as far as possible and attempt to swallow. This you will find to be a difficult task, and you will find it much more difficult and almost impossible to swallow with mouth open. It is for this reason that drenching cattle is a dangerous practice. However, if a cow's head be raised as high as possible and her mouth kept open, by the drenching bottle or horn, a portion of the liquid is very apt to pass down the windpipe into the lungs, sometimes causing instant death by smothering. At other times causing death to follow in a few days from congestion or inflammation of the lungs.

We are constantly receiving letters at this office describing the sudden death of animals that were alling with such minor ailments as constipation or loss of appetite, and upon investigation find that they have been drenched and the cause of their death being due to same. This is oftentimes proved by sending out one of our assistant veterinarians to hold post mortem upon such animals only to find that a portion of the drench was still in the lungs; other cases where death had been prolonged and later the animal had died of mechanical pneumonia. I do not feel that the stock raisers of this country realize the danger in drenching cattle and the enormous financial loss brought about by same.—Dr. David Roberts, in the Cultivator.

Don't Weary the Colt.

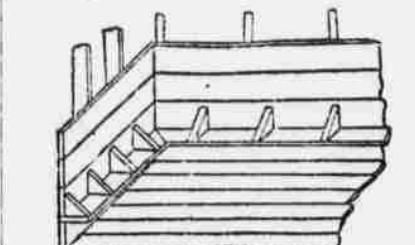
A two-year-old colt should do no more than haul an empty wagon and then should not be wearied and exerted for the colt is undeveloped in muscle and bone and can be easily injured if not completely ruined. Heavy pulling and straining of any kind should be avoided under five years of age. Three-year-olds can do lots of harrowing, plowing, etc., but should not do heavy pulling. Ring bones, spavins, curbs, etc., are of the results of hard usage at an early age.

Dry Lot Hog Rations.

The determination on the part of a great many farmers to feed nothing but farm grown crops upon the farm, is one that has made it extremely difficult to select rations suitable for fattening growing hogs in a dry lot, which are available and will meet with approval. Skim milk will serve this purpose as well, or possibly better, than any other farm product, but it rarely ever is available in sufficient quantities for extensive use in feeding hogs.

A Well Designed Farrowing-Pen.

The picture shows a view of the corner of a farrowing-pen. It is provided with a fender around the inside of the pen which keeps the sow from



lying up against a partition and killing the young pigs, which a large sow will often do. The fenders should project at least eight inches into the pen and allow eight inches clear between the fender and the floor.

Improving the Pig.

A very small percentage of the hogs arriving on the Chicago market are pure-bred. This is due to so much cross breeding beneficial, say buyers who have been long in the business on the Chinese market, as a mixing of the strains has resulted in a general improvement in the class of hogs arriving, from the standpoint of the slaughterer.

Care More Than Breed.

The feed and care of the colt is almost as much importance as the breed. A pure bred colt can be ruined by neglect and a colt of fair grade stock can be made a clipper by the proper care. Care in other words is needed in raising any kind of a colt with profit.

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For scalding hogs have the water 180 degrees. Hotter or colder will not give the best results.

The horse is made or marred by his first year. Start him right, and keep him going right if you would make horse raising pay.

In breeding sows there is great economy in having the litters come near together.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

YOU can't expect any one's disposition to keep sweet when you are adding a ferment to it.

Being able to accomplish wonders is what makes a man a liar.

Truth has a startling way of showing itself in unexpected guise in unusual places.

When your nerves are stretched to their utmost tension and then respect you wonder why it was ever thought necessary to invent a place of punishment.

It is hard work to keep up an average that you don't have.

The things that cost more than they are worth are those that we don't know what to do with.

The person who indignantly exclaimed that prosperity is no crime may not have consulted the prosecuting attorney.

When he doesn't sin in your special way the ordinary man feels infinitely superior to you.

We all like being popular, but some of us dislike the work of qualifying for the part.

Being able to do everything you plan unless you are doing anything.

It somehow sounds suspicious when a man says, "Now let us be frank with ourselves."

Loose It.

When you are freed from labor,
The day's work at an end,
And homeward you go hiking
The evening hour to spend,
Before the house you enter
To finish up the day
Pause e'er the gate you open
And throw your grouch away.

It may be in your business
You need a manner gruff
To make a good impression
Or run an awful bluff,
But in your family bosom
Forget the daily grind
And so when you foregather
At home have peace of mind.

It may be that the children
Won't know you for awhile,
Your wife may think you ailing
If you consent to smile,
But keep on bravely at it,
Chirk up a bit and sing,
They will, if you are patient,
Get used to anything.

In other words, be decent
About the family board,
Though it may cost an effort,
You'll gloat at the reward,
And with a little practice
It will not be so hard,
You might induce your children
To speak of you as "pard."

Sufficient.

"Do Mr. and Mrs. Brown agree entirely?"
"Yes, I guess so."
"Why do you hesitate?"
"Well, anyway, Mr. Brown agrees."

Always Near.

"We would like you to go on our personally conducted tours," said the ticket agent.

"Don't care about it," replied the meek little man behind the mountain of baggage.

"But wouldn't you like to know that some one was always keeping an eye on you?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. My wife is going along."

A Stab at It.

"'Hic jacet,'" quoted Miss Pechis as they strolled through the cemetery—"what does that mean on all these old tombstones?"

"Why—er—you see," began Bluffer, "that's an abbreviation for 'hickory jacket,' that is to say, 'hickory coffin.' That's the kind they used in old times, see?"

Willing, but Not Accomplished.

Mistress (to cook)—Now, Bridget, I'm going to give a party. I sincerely hope you will make yourself generally useful.

Bridget (much flattered)—Shure, mum, O'll do my best. But (confidentially) O'm so sorry OI can't dance, mum.

To Be Out Again.

Cholly—Yaas; she was out when I called, but I hope for bettah luck next time.

Miss Pepprey—How ungallant of you! You should wish her the good luck.

Appropriate.

"He has started publishing a monthly paper for barbers, you know."

Indeed! I suppose it's very appropriately illustrated with cuts.

Country Confidences.

"Do you prefer city life?" asked the dandelion politely.

"Well, I am down on the farm," replied the thistle.

POULTRY NOTES

BY C. M. BARNITZ, RIVERSIDE, PA.

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"IT'S HOT TODAY."

In these days of perspiration Don't you hate like all creation That oft spoken salutation "Hot today! Hot today!"

When your collar's floated off,
Your last nerve has ebbed away,
Then you hear this fool man cough:
"Hot today! Hot today!"

When your shirt is all wet wrinkles
And your cuffs are crushed to crinkles
O'er the phone you hear that jay:
"Hot today! Hot today!"

When the ice man yells for more
And you're roasted at the shore
Then you hear the awful bore:
"Hot today! Hot today!"

When we get our last quietus
Hope this man cannot thus greet us:
Hope we'll never hear him say:
"Hot today! Hot today!"

When the iceman yells for more
And you're roasted at the shore
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FARM AND GARDEN

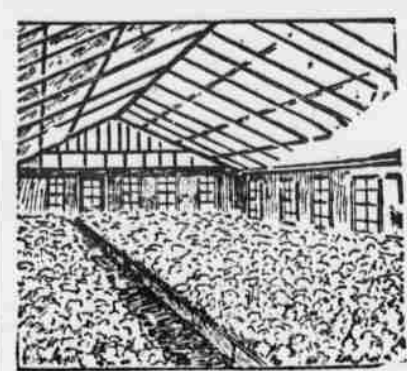
LETUCE UNDER GLASS.

There Is Money in It Near a City Or Large Town.

Each year it becomes more of a fad, so to speak, to grow crops out of season. There is money in it, too, if one lives near a city or large town, and especially is this so in regard to lettuce. Taking about 3 months to grow, a crop to be ready for the mid-winter market should be sown in October; for early spring, some time in December, and so on. Steam heat, of course, is required, and in addition to it underground warmth should be furnished by from 6 inches to a foot of stable manure; and this, if some new is added, can be used for a second crop.

The plants must first be started in a bed by themselves then when of a fair size set about 3 inches apart in another bed; and finally transplanted again—this time to their permanent place. Here they should be set about 4 inches apart each way, and this is best accomplished by laying the surface of the bed off into four-inch squares; the setting will then be more even and taking off the crop and resetting the new one made easier. As to watering, the plants will want wetting frequently, but just how often cannot very well be told, owing to the variations in the construction of different beds and the soils of which they are composed. While heavy ground will hold water the longest it will not do to neglect the plants, and have them get dry. With a light, sandy soil they will generally need watering two or three times a week. Watering to excess must be guarded against as this tends to make the roots of the plants tender, in which case the leaves are

more likely to wilt under too much heat.



LETUCE UNDER GLASS.

It pays to have a system in taking off the crop. Planted as I have described, the middle plant in each square should be cut first, then two of the corner ones. By so doing room will be made for the setting of a few plants in the middle of each square first; following which the space will be made clear for the new plants when the corner ones are removed. Absolutely no time will then be lost in any part of the bed.

This system should be remembered for under the best of conditions some loss must be expected from burning and rot. The former gives more trouble in January and later, and least in December when the sun's rays are of sufficient strength to be dangerous. Lack of warmth from the sun, however, makes rotting to be more feared, and to guard against this the soil should not only be sterilized throughout, but care taken to keep the temperature even and not too high. From 45 to 50 degrees is a safe heat in which to grow lettuce, though it will sometimes do well in a higher temperature, and of course increase in size a great deal faster. It takes too much coal, however, to make it profitable to run a high temperature, even if soft coal is used, which is the kind to buy as it is the cheapest. It is best to proceed carefully and on a small scale at first in taking up lettuce culture under glass, for then one can feel his way, as it were, and find out for certain whether he is making a safe venture before he gets in so deep that he cannot extract himself, financially, without heavy loss.

Profit by Experience.

This year's experience should be next year's profit. For instance ragweed appears in many grain fields. To keep it from seeding it should be cut just at the right time and the time is short. If cut too early the weed continues growing and branching; if left too late until the stalks are hard and woody, raking is necessary. But if cut when in bloom the crop will mature practically no seed and the following spring there will be little seen of the weed.

Basis of Success.

"Integrity and ability form the basis of success. Grow the fruits and produce for which there is a demand. Grow them as well as they can be grown. Pack them as they should be packed. Ship them according to the best method. Select your proper markets, and in those markets the proper commission merchants. Keep close touch with them, and your results will, in the long run, be satisfactory.—Ranch and Range

Beet Sugar in Europe.

Europe's production of beet sugar in the season of 1907-'08 was 6,552,000 tons, a decrease of 158,000 tons from 1906-'07 and 380,000 tons from 1905-'06. Germany led in 1907-'08 with 3,132,000 tons followed by Austria-Hungary with 1,440,000 and Russia with 1,410,000.

Receiver's Notice.

The undersigned having been duly appointed Receiver to take possession of all the assets of the Armony Association and to make distribution of the same among the parties legally entitled thereto will be at his office in the Borough of Honesdale at ten o'clock a. m. on Saturday, July 10th, at which time and place all claims against the said Association, together with the claims of all those claiming to share in the distribution, must be presented, or recourse to the fund for distribution will be lost. 51-eol-3. R. M. SALMON, Receiver.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office, Masonic building, second floor 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 over Relf's store, Honesdale, Pa.

A. T. SEARLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office near Court House Honesdale, Pa.

O. L. ROWLAND, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Relf's new store, Honesdale, Pa.

F. P. KIMBLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over the post office Honesdale, Pa.

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

HERMAN HARMES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Patents and pensions secured. Office in the Schuerman building Honesdale, Pa.

PETER H. ILOFF, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Second floor old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

R. M. SALMON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Next door to post office. Formerly occupied by W. H. Dimmick. Honesdale, Pa.