

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Feed for Draft Colts.

As soon as a colt will eat grain feed him all he wants in a separate box from his mother. Oats, bran, molasses feed and a little shelled corn and oil meal fed once a day will make a great improvement in the appearance of the colt. As the colt grows increase the feed. The feed won't hurt him, and the more he is fed the quicker he will become a horse. Many persons think that because a colt is little he requires a small ration, but these same people always kick about their colts being runty and small, while their neighbor, who gives his colt plenty of feed, has big boned colts, with good square bodies to go with them.

It is not a saving of grain to cut down on the feed of colts, because it takes more than the feed saved to bring them out of this dwarfed stage, and it is a well known fact that a colt can be made to weigh more by a systematic feeding than by feeding heavily for awhile, then feeding him a cut down ration, then back to good feeding.—George Maxworthy in Kansas Farmer.

Advantage of Disking.

Disking after harvest is now being recommended by men of study and experience as an important preliminary treatment of wheat land. The advantages of this practice can be readily understood when we remember that usually at harvest the soil is free from weeds and in good condition to plow. Soon after harvest and before it can all be plowed, and especially if there is a wet spell, the weeds grow and interfere with the plowing, especially the Russian thistle. What is worse yet, they take away moisture which should be saved for the succeeding crop. If, on the other hand, there is drought instead of wet weather, with weeds or without weeds, the land becomes too dry for best results in plowing, and the plowing breaks it into great clods or else this operation must be deferred until another good rain, which may come or may not before seeding time.—C. K. McClelland, Kansas Experiment Station.

Harvesting Fodder Corn.

Fodder corn, when sown in drills, should be harvested with a corn binder, but can be harvested quite successfully with an open elevator grain binder, writes a correspondent of Orange Judd Farmer. The bundles should be of medium size. Let them lie on the ground for a day or two to sun cure. They will then be only half as heavy as they were when cut, which means only half as much work when shocking.

The shocks should be big, thirty-five to fifty bundles per shock. Set the bundles quite perpendicular, fill up all holes, have the outside row particularly tight and make the whole shock as nearly symmetrical as possible. Draw the tops tightly together with a rope having a hook or pulley attached to one end and tie with binder twine. In this condition it will cure well. The shock will withstand any amount of wind and rain and may be left in the field until needed in the feed racks.

Wisconsin's Milk Law.

Wisconsin has passed a new law to prevent the sale of unclean and insanitary milk and its use in the manufacture of products. Reasonable lighting and ventilation must characterize barns, and milk taken from a cow where the stables are filthy or kept and transported in dirty vessels, milk that is stale or with any foreign substance in it, is declared insanitary. The law further provides that cream separators shall be thoroughly cleaned after use. A penalty of not less than \$25 nor more than \$100 for each separate offense or jail sentence varying from thirty to sixty days is provided to make the law effective.

Saving Young Trees.

In the summer time the young trees suffer most from the droughts. The trees grow lively in the early spring, when rains are frequent; then when the heated summer months come and the rains cease the trees lack moisture and become stunted or perish. In irrigated countries the best way to preserve the life of the tree in dry times is by a mulch. It may be of straw or old refuse hay. Even weeds that have been mown about the place make a very good mulch. Pile the mulch thick about the tree as soon as the weather turns off dry. The moisture will be maintained and the tree will not perish.

Keep the Henhouse Clean.

Cleanliness is an important factor in maintaining the health of poultry. It should be made a rule to daily gather up the droppings and cover the dropping boxes under the roosts with sifted coal ashes or dirt. Plenty of kerosene should be used on the roosts and in the nest boxes, and every spring and fall the interior of the houses should be whitewashed and several times a year the premises fumigated by burning sulphur. The drinking fountains, too, must be kept clean and the water never allowed to become stagnant.—Western Poultry Journal.

Bitter Rot in Apples.

Bitter rot is found to be most prevalent under the following conditions: A period of hot weather accompanied by frequent rains and heavy dews at a period when the apple crop is approaching maturity—viz. from the second week in July to the end of August. Also when there are numerous sources of infection, such as cankers on the limbs and mummied fruits left hanging upon the trees.—Illinois Experiment Station.

THE HOUDAN.

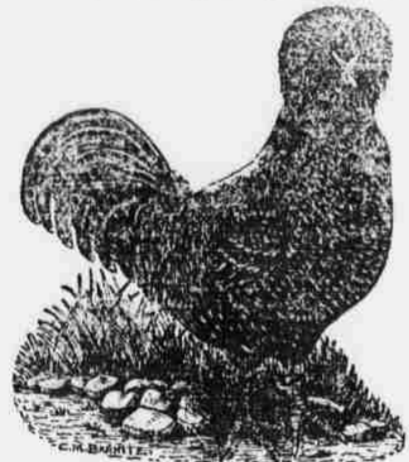
If Paris dictates to American girls the style of their headgear, it can't make us chicken fellows believe that the Houdan, "made in France," is the best and only rooster in the world. Nope. Too much Plymouth Rock in our makeup for that, not even if the Houdan is the French a la mode, is named after the town where it was hatched and is "ze fine, ze vera fine, bootiful fowl."

John B. Gough, the famous orator, exhibited the first Houdans in this country in 1867, and the pretty breed has many devotees today. It is a compactly built, full breasted, long bodied, short shanked, five toed, white mottled bird, and certain fanciers declare these points prove that it is half Dorking and the remainder Polish.

In its checkered career the bird has worn the strawberry, butterfly, anker and V shaped combs, all "made in France" but the last. The butterfly style in Paris and London today; it may change tomorrow, but American fanciers originated and demand the V.

In color the bird is mostly glossy black, one white tipped feather to every three black, except wing flights, secondaries, sickles and tail coverts, which are edged with white.

Beak is dark horn; face, eyes, comb, wattles red, ear lobes white and the



THE HOUDAN—"MADE IN FRANCE." five toes and shanks pinkish white, mottled with black.

The beard should be full, the crest large, globular, undivided, well fitted and balanced on head, falling backward on neck, and of feathers like the hackle.

Its main points are beauty, good size, quick growth, hardy, small ear, easily confined, does not sit, lays early and long, lays large white and very fertile eggs and furnishes much beautiful, juicy white meat with very little waste.

The main objection is to the crest, which, when wet, dries slowly and is apt to cause colds.

STANDARD WEIGHTS.

Pounds.	Pounds.
Cock.....7	Hen.....6
Cockerel.....6	Pullet.....5

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

The practice many fanciers have of stating the value of a hen at \$10,000 and a rooster at \$1,000 is getting very common. Wonder if these amusement makers wouldn't drop if they could get takers.

According to catalogues, the 300 egg hen is almost here. These advertising lists declaring the laying average of pens make very little impression on the thoughtful buyer. Wouldn't some men be awfully in debt if hot air had a value?

We have found planer shavings excellent bedding for brood coops and brooders, but feed should not be thrown into it, as the chick will swallow the shavings and get indigestion.

When a hen digs deep down into her feathers it's a sure sign of lice. In plucking they generally dress the surface.

Dust the roosters often, for, as men have more faults than fair females, so crows have more crawlers than cacklers.

Did Josh Billings ever tell a lie? Perhaps he wrote the following as a satire on some fellow who eggs-aggrieved about his 250 egg hens:

Somebody stole my old biew hen. I wish they let her see. She used to lay Tew eggs a day, And Sunday she'd lay three.

Reports in the poultry journals show a trade in live day old chicks that runs up into the millions. We have had calls from all directions for chickens. Parties order from five to ten hundred in a bunch and report few dead on arrival at destination.

Why did hens start to set so late this season? They got a "dareback." Washington is the center of the universe, and that awful snow squall just radiated to every point of the compass.

A warm spring hens sit; A cold spring, sit, nit.

If Mr. Roosevelt wishes to secure specimens of Barred Rocks and White Wyandottes in Africa he will not have to hunt much.

Extensive shipments of the finest American bred birds are being sent from New York to Cape Town.

Thirty-four years ago poultry judges were licensed, and the whole thing was a fizzle. Recent licensing of judges by the American Poultry association seems to be going the same way. When a school of instruction for judges is organized and no man gets a license without passing a thorough, impartial examination, then the license business will amount to something.

On the 20th of April snow surrounded our brooders and ice formed in the water vessels. We thought of the words of a friend in California. Said he, "I would sooner be poor in California than rich in Pennsylvania." But, say, he didn't move to that state till after the earthquake.

L. M. Barnitz.

AN IDOL OF STONE.

Like Pygmalion of old, Lorenzo Thompson became insanely enamored of his Galatea. Where the man Thompson rendered a dogged devotion to Sibyl Thuroie the artist Lorenzo offered up an almost fanatical worship to the idol he had fashioned by the cunning of his hands. The idol of marble was set up in Lorenzo Thompson's studio, and at most jealously he issued invitations for a private view before its dispatch to the academy.

Of one thing Lorenzo was feverishly determined, upon one point Thompson was sternly set—Sibyl must pledge her word to come into his life when the idol passed out from it.

The small Chelsea studio was thronged with an unusually enthusiastic gathering.

The idol looked drearily down upon them all, upon the man who had done everything but breathe the breath of life upon the girl whose image it bore and who, living and moving, yet rivaled it in coldness and lack of feeling; upon the polite congratulatory crowd, upon the painful little scene enacted at its very feet.

For there, close to his handiwork, when twilight had fallen and the room was practically empty, Lorenzo Thompson laid the heart God had given him and the fame Sibyl had helped him to win as offerings meet for the girl's acceptance.

But she smiled, frowned and held up her hand to silence him. Then, with a petulant movement, she turned away.

Lorenzo caught her hand and with fierce persistence forced her to face him, his long pentup love carrying away all barriers of reserve. Whether for good or evil, for weal or woe, he must speak now and be answered.

Sibyl pouted becomingly and found the interview tiresome.

"You were like a brother to me," she assured him artlessly. "Did I not often tell you so? I never cared for you, except, of course, with an entirely sisterly affection, but—Mr. Baxter is in candles, you know. Trade is everything nowadays, is it not? And he says he will give you your own price for the marble. We are to be married before the end of the summer."

"Pray accept my congratulations," said Thompson smoothly as he stood away from her, with a low bow, to let a stout dowager pass and inspect his work. "My thanks to Mr. Baxter, but you—she is not for sale."

The familiar studio became a very hell to Lorenzo's maddened fancy as he battled with his tempter and looked with burning eyes upon his idol—the idol that they would wish to buy from him with their accursed gold. Thompson courteously bade his friends goodby, standing on the threshold of his studio and holding aside the quaint old tapestry hangings.

He closed the door, dropped the curtains into their place and was at last alone—alone but for the idol who looked down upon him with unfathomable eyes.

He crossed the room and stood staring down from the window into the dreary Chelsea street.

Lorenzo saw nothing of what Thompson saw. There was no studio to shut him in from the outer world, no London to hem him about by her black river and miles of busy thoroughfares.

He was watching a girl who leaned in a studied attitude of grace against an old sea wall, her gray eyes gazing far away to where the dim sky line came softly down in mist to meet the sea. He thrilled at the tender encouragement of her voice, made doubly musical by the rhythmical lap-lap of the bay waves.

This present vision was all Lorenzo believed in. It at least was real. All the rest was some trickery of his overwrought brain.

Thompson turned back into the room with a quick sigh, realizing that the past with all its sweetness was dead.

And then at last Lorenzo awakened. With a harsh theatrical laugh he stooped and picked up his chisel and mallet from where, with bohemian carelessness, he had left them at his idol's feet. He looked up into the eyes that could not see or pity, the eyes that only spoke to him now of a heart that could not feel.

His idol! The very personification of his ideal! His angel who had existed solely in his imagination!

The lovely, graceful figure that was to win him name, fame and fortune! The beloved creation of his hand, brain and heart, of his very life's love!

It was Lorenzo who vowed, with an evil little oath, that he would not ponder to a selfish woman's heartless vanity, Lorenzo's ruthless hand that savagely demolished his idol of art and love, Lorenzo's unbridled passion that swept aside all chance of immediate fame for the base, momentary delight of a wholly petty revenge.

Chisel and mallet! A strong arm with temporary madness to aid it, and Lorenzo had laid his own heart and Sibyl's pride in the dust.

Thompson flung away the tools and looked with dull, bewildered eyes on what Lorenzo had done.

His love? Nay, but his love had never been—only in a dream. His love—his gentle love with dove's eyes and a heart of gold. False, false! Such a one had never lived or been loved or lost!

But his idol—his beautiful idol that he himself had fashioned from a mere stone.

Lorenzo Thompson stood with bowed head amid the fragments of the idol that Lorenzo's hand had cast from its throne, fighting out the bitterness of his complex grief.

His idol—the idol that had been all his own, the idol he had created, set up and worshiped! Good God! His shattered idol!

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE SUMMER ATTRACTION.

SEATTLE, wonder city. The marvel of the west, Fixed up with company manners, Its very Sunday best, With hand outstretched to welcome The one who ventures there— Oh, occidental sister, I'd like to see your fair!

They tell me it's a dandy, A dream of shade and light, A picture in the daytime, A marvel in the night, Where men of every nation, Garbed strangely, come and go, And that it beats a circus Or any three ring show.

A mountain for a background, Snow capped and in the stars, A sort of next door neighbor To little sister Mars, A water front majestic That's large enough to hold A half a dozen navies, Or so I have been told.

Invention, art and science Have given a holding hand, The navigators from the northland By grizzled miners panned Displayed in stately buildings, A fine and dazzling show, Not matched in all creation, I guess I'll have to go.



To Talk Against It.

"Where is your wife?"
"Visiting out west."
"Aren't you afraid she will meet a cyclone?"
"I hope she does. They will enjoy each other's society."

Long Wait.

"Do you think babies should be kissed?"
"Not until they reach the age of discretion."
"That would bar the poor things forever. There is no age of discretion when it comes to kissing."

Amiable Person.

"I do hate to be so uncomfortable."
"Then why distress yourself?"
"Oh, I mustn't stop."
"Why?"
"It makes Mrs. Brown more uncomfortable than it does me."

Modest.

"I suppose you had an elaborate wedding."
"Well, not so very. We just walked up to a justice of the peace, and after looking us over he said, 'You're it; \$2.50, please.'"

Next Higher.

To be a Roman was greater than a king. That's what the people said about the place. No doubt the natives meant by such a thing To be a Roman was to be an ace.

Some Excitement.

"What is that man across the stream waving his hands and shouting about?"
"He says we are fishing on his private grounds."
"Oh, it's the call of the wild, is it?"

Unique Reason.

"You say you like to feel sorry?"
"Yes."
"That's queer. Why?"
"Because it is apt to mean that I have been having a bully time."

Enough.

"Johnny, what is Boston celebrated for?"
"Its beans."
"I don't mean that."
"Oh, yes; its bull pups."

He Sticks Around.

The plodder don't get there as soon as the man Who flashier methods displays, Who rattles around like a stone in a can, But when he does get there he stays.

Their Part.

"You know the meek inherit the earth."
"Well, then the earth must consist of slights, snubs and leftovers."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Being compelled to be contrary is one of the penalties of being stubborn.

Keep a youthful heart and maybe Father Time will be a sister to you.

Many clever people are merely vendors of secondhand opinion.

Getting into trouble is a bad thing, particularly when it is other people's trouble.

It isn't a bad idea to keep continually hammering away at something while you stand and wait.

What we object to in a flattering tongue is having it labeled when it speaks of us.

In these strenuous days it is a poor rule that won't work any old way.

An easy way to make the average person weary is to tell him to be thankful for what he has got.

When the coffee turns muddy in the honeymoon the honey is fast becoming treacle.

Short Sermons For a Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

STRENGTH OUT OF WEAKNESS

By Edwin Whittier Caswell, D. D.

Text: "Out of weakness were made strong."—Hebrews, xi, 34.

The one hundred thousand spectators witnessing the Olympic at London were filled with wonder when they saw a mere boy from New York City, the smallest of the fifty-five competitors, win the great Marathon race. Littleness was better than bigness; quality than quantity. That the unseen forces of will, courage, purpose and faith are mightier than visible prowess was proven when David met Goliath, when the Japanese defeated the Russians, and when John Hayes won the twenty-four mile race.

Concomitance of weakness means preparation, discipline, progress and development, and these mean victory. Necessity is called the mother of invention; therefore if the young man of wealth feels no necessity he will fail of the greatest achievement.

Carrie and Rockefeller struggled up from the weakness of poverty to the summit of wealth and influence. Dante, Ruskin and Carlyle fought against the weakness of bodily ills till they attained the climax of intellectual greatness. The handicap of blindness enabled Milton, of England, Milburn and Mathewson, of Scotland, to behold visions of thought and beauty beyond their fellows.

Hardships, deprivations and great difficulties in early life lifted Lincoln and Grant into their loftiest seats of power. Prisons have palaces proved to minds like Paul and Bunyan, where they were inspired to produce pen pictures that have delighted and blessed mankind in every land. Is it not a sublime truth that there is a pathway upward for every one? No wonder that Paul gloried in his infirmities, persecutions and distresses, for he exclaimed, "When I am weak, then am I strong, for the power of Christ will rest upon me."

The little child becomes strong because it stretches out its hand to the parent. The father is nobler when he bears his child out of danger into safety. So the sinful and troubled soul that stretches out its hands of faith to the Heavenly Father feels underneath the everlasting arms and nestles in the bosom of forgiveness and fatherhood; and who shall say God is not happier and mightier because of His embrace of helplessness?

Do you feel crushed by the law of "the survival of the fittest," or that "the weakest go to the wall"? Heaven's law of grace creates fitness and meekness for the highest inheritances. Do you agonize in the convulsions of pain? It is the Divine Hand leading you to greater riches, as earthquakes reveal the gold in the rended rocks.

If God in nature can produce the diamond from the black carbon, the white lily from the black earth and bulb, the great tree from the tiny seed, He can bring purity out of sinfulness, strength out of weakness and heaven out of hell. His power will enable the soul that trusts in Him to overcome dangerous hereditary tendencies, untoward environments and unspeakable difficulties, so that you may become the author of opportunities and the creator of circumstances, and though at last, like John Brown, you go down to ignominious death, your liberty loving soul will go "marching on" through all millenniums, in blessed companionship with Him who arose from the weakness of the manger, the cross and the sepulchre to become Conqueror and Ruler of all worlds.

If we put our little crosses at the foot of His great cross He will lift them up until they become transfigured into crowns of glory for evermore.

Fountains of Happiness.

If self be denied for the good of others, we receive immensely more than we bestow; we multiply our avenues of enjoyment; we are refreshed and gladdened by every stream and rill of beneficent, kind office and genial feeling that flows from our abundance or trickles from our scanty resources; we have as many fountains of happiness as there are hearts and lives to whose happiness we minister.—Andrew Peabody.

Taking No Thought.

It is one thing to take no thought for want of thought, and another to take no thought from sufficing thought, whose flower is confidence. The one way is the lovely way of God in the birds, the other his lovelier way in his men and women.—George Macdonald.

Flames Not Needed.

God discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions which they had never the opportunity of performing.—Addison.

Patriotism.

In peace, patriotism really consists only in this: that every one sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house.—Goethe.

ROLL of HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the

Wayne County

SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Stands 38th in the United States.

Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.

Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00

Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 29 1908.

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of the savings in our bank is Interest--Good Interest--for the use of your money. Twice a year you reap the harvest on the dollars you have planted here during that time. There is no safer soil than a bank, with ample resources and wise management; no surer yield than the three per cent. interest we pay. Saving leads to success.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,

Honesdale, Pa.

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Erie R. R. Trains leave at 8:27 a. m. and 2:50 p. m. Sundays at 2:50 p. m. Trains arrive at 2:13 and 8:02 p. m. Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

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