

TAGS COWS WITH SWISS BELL CHIMES

Illinois Farmer Attempts New Wrinkle in Bovine Harmony on Pasture

RED CAUSES WILD DISCORD

Experimenter Asserts His Herd Can Play "Please Don't Take Me Home" —Calf Spills Harmony—Musician Studies Chimes.

Geneva, Ill.—"Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do."

"Bang!"
The "bang" is the way the barn door shuts. What goes before shows how Colonel George Fabyan's cows march out of the electric lighted barn at Riverside Villa, Geneva, every day at dawn.

Each cow of a pure blooded herd is tagged with a Swiss bell. The chimes are tuned to the scale and the cow with the bell of the lowest pitch gets out first. Then come the rest, and the notes go ringing up the scale until they reach the tinliest tinkie attached to a little wabby calf.

Then the barn door slams and it sounds like the smash of orchestra drums after the violins have run up into the high notes.

The cows have to do a respectable musical stunt when they get out in the morning, because Walter Little, general superintendent at Riverside Villa, releases them in the right order, but there's an awful mess on over getting them back right at night. Instead of beginning at the high notes and running down in proper cadences there's a jangle that sounds like the streets of Cairo mixed up with a spilled pan of dishes and a depot dinner gong.

Thus far the cows have not been dissuaded from a blind desire to just get in the barn any old way. Dahlia jangles a B and Snowball rings the F above, and when they go in together sweet harmonies strike the ear, but this is followed close by A tied to Daisey, G on Violet, and Sunflower wagging her head and smiting the air with low D. The result is a conglomeration of supertonic and dominant sevenths, a cacophony of sound that would terrify a Strauss enthusiast.

"You see, there ain't no use a-trying to get 'em to go in right," Little explained apologetically, "because that calf ought to get in first and she's always behind. We might get the more intelligent cows to learn the scale, but after they had played the whole business back into the barn here would come that calf banging high C after it was all over."

Several months ago Colonel Fabyan espoused the idea that the music of sweet chimes would temper the disposition of his fancy blooded cattle.

It's a variation of a theory held by Mrs. John Hovey, in Janesville, Wis., who plays a harp in the barn while the cows are being milked. So the best chimes that could be purchased were imported from Switzerland and duly attached to members of the Fabyan herd.

It was weeks before the bells were adjusted properly. Magnolia, who could not endure a minor tone, kicked around in apparent distress and held up her milk. A major clang bothered Ma-gold just as much. These two chimes were switched and the effect was instantaneous; Magnolia gave two pints more of milk and Marigold is the merriest cow in the herd.

Just to see if the blooded stock had any sense of harmonies a Chicago musical student went to Riverside Villa and studied the chime ringing herd in one of the meadows of the Fabyan estate.

From the country road which winds between Fabyan's and the golf links of the country club the faint, faraway tinkle of the bells could be heard, like chimes in a church tower miles away. When the crest of the hill above the meadows was reached the tone increased in volume and a company of Swiss bell ringers might have been in the glade below.

"I really can't decide whether these cows know a perfect chord from a dissonance or not," she said.

"I found C, E and G over here together, and that's a beautiful combination. But pretty soon that Jersey came up ringing E as if a house was on fire, and the four of them got at it and made a harrowing jangle."

"Now, if some one"—and the musician looked appealingly at the photographer, safely adjusted on a meadow perch—"will get behind them and pull their tails as I point them out we'll make them play the 'Marsellaise,' and if we do it a lot of times then maybe they'll do it themselves."

The idea seemed fair enough and camera was abandoned for the tall end of the swinging act. The prelude was a charm and the French was about to break over the hill when there came an unexpected interruption.

"The offing the biggest member of Fabyan herd had paid little attention to the music lesson until she spotted a dash of red on the hat of the directress. Just in the middle of the fifth measure the melody went to smash. Pupils and teachers beat hurried retreats, and when things had cleared a bit the photographer was striving vainly to create the impression that he had intended to sit on his camera when he regained his coveted fence.

Being A Witness

I did not know until recently that under certain circumstances it is impossible for me to tell the truth. I have been stumbling along through life possessed of the belief that should the occasion ever demand it, I could set forth unvarnished facts without warping them.

But when I went on the witness stand in a case in which I had no interest I soon learned that it is impossible for me to speak truthfully at times, no matter how hard I try. It seems that I lie naturally and thoughtlessly, just like everybody else. The lawyer on the other side of the case brought out my infirmity in such a way that everybody could understand it.

The attorney who had summoned me as a witness believed in me. He nodded encouragingly when I answered his questions. He asked only two, but I suppose he must have led me too far.

"You were there when Smith made the contract?" asked the friendly lawyer.

"Yes, I was there," I answered.

"You heard him agree to make the payment?" he continued.

"Yes, I heard him," I answered.

"I all seemed very simple to me then. I had been in Smith's office when he made a contract and when I said so I didn't know I was lying. Smith had talked to me about the contract afterward, and had explained the details.

So I sat there on the witness stand and smiled complacently at the court stenographer. She was a good-looking girl. Besides, I didn't know what was coming.

"Take the witness," said the friendly lawyer.

I didn't know who was going to take me, but I soon found that it was the lawyer on the other side of the case. He took me unawares. Still, he handled me very gently at first. Later he jumped upon me with both his feet. After he had me a little while he didn't want me. Nobody would have wanted me after he had finished.

"Do you mean to tell the jury," he began, "that you were there when Smith is alleged to have made this contract?"

"I said that was the impression I intended to convey. Then I began to run over the circumstances in my mind. I could remember all about it. I recalled that Smith was smoking a vile cigar at the time. He always smokes cheap cigars. He had his hair plastered down over one side of his head, just as he always wears it."

"What hour of the day was it?" asked the hostile lawyer, speaking up suddenly and giving me no time for thought.

I pondered awhile and he repeated the question. Then I had to admit that I couldn't remember. I didn't realize it at first, but he had me beaten to a pulp in the minds of the jurors. Then he wanted to know the day of the week and scored again. I was equally shy on the day of the month and everybody looked at me askance.

I said I thought it was in January.

"In January, eh?" pursued the lawyer. "Last January?"

"Last January," I replied.

"Don't you know," he asked, standing over me and pointing at me with the finger of scorn, "that Smith had a railroad pass and might have been out of the city last January?"

I knew Smith had a railroad pass and had to admit it. How he got it I don't know. Smith is the kind of man some people refer to as a whiffet, probably on account of his size. But I didn't know anything about his being out of the city. I had to admit it.

I said something about there being so many Smiths.

"Aha!" exclaimed the lawyer. "You are talking about some other Smith. Isn't it a fact that you don't know much about this case?"

I had to admit that I didn't know much about it. Then it was drawn out of me that I had not been looking at Smith when he made the agreement. I had merely heard him talking. That is I had thought I heard him talking.

I know now that to have been sure about it I should have been within a foot of Smith's face while he talked. I ought to have watched his lips move to be sure that no ventriloquist was deceiving me by pretending that Smith was talking. It was my duty to have had six or seven reputable witnesses present to identify Smith and to be sure he was not talking through his hat. Finally the lawyer asked me a hypothetical question.

"If a witness," he said, "should testify that at a certain time and place he heard statements made by a certain person when the said person might have been away fishing at the time, the said witness not having looked at said person while the said words were being spoken, but just making a rough guess that the said person was speaking, would you say that said witness was morally oblique or just mentally unbalanced? Answer yes or no."

I had to give it up. Then I left the witness stand branded as an unmitigated liar after the lawyer had said to me in a tone that was more than peremptory: "You may stand aside!"

—RICHARD S. GRAVES.

The queerest epitaph in the West was found on a pine board marking a newly-made grave near Tombstone, Ariz. Six playing cards found in the hand of the grave's occupant by a fellow poker player were tacked on the board.

LIVE STOCK

PREVENTS RUNAWAY.

Blinds Which Can Be Quickly Pulled Over the Horse's Eyes.

After being trained to pass locomotives, bicycles, etc., without shying, the horse must now be broken in to automobiles. In fact, the horse has developed a new prank, called "auto-phobia," making him unsafe especially for ladies to drive. Let him see the machine coming, let him hear it, let it pass him slowly at the other



Folds Over Horse's Eyes.

side of the road—the effect is likely to be the same. He shies, he rears, breaks his harness and throws the occupants, the carriage and himself into the ditch. The horse cannot see in front of him—only to the right or left. A California man thinks the safest plan is to let him see nothing at all. He suggests inclosing the eyes in the novel blind shown here, which he recently patented. A pair of blinds are attached to the bridle. Normally these blinds remain open. When the driver sees an approaching automobile he pulls on a strap which extends to the driver's seat and the blinds are folded over the horse's eyes, completely obscuring his vision. The danger of the horse becoming frightened and running away is thus reduced to a minimum and the occupants assured of safety.

Sheep and Dogs.

In some counties of England, it is said, a law exists compelling a lamb to be produced for each acre on the farm. The value of sheep on the farm is thoroughly understood and appreciated by the English people. In some of the States in this country the rule seems to be to produce a dog for nearly every acre. Sheep are constant farm improvers, while dogs are exactly the opposite. But for the prevalence of worthless curs there are many sections where sheep would be raised and their keeping would turn the tide that would soon lead to profitable farming.

Care of Horses.

Keep the collars clean and dry. Keep the colts' feet level by rasping. Don't allow the toes to grow too long. Long toes will cause ringbones. Do not use grease or blacking on the hoofs to close the pores, and prevent the entrance of moisture. It is better never to let horses run on both sides of a wire fence, especially if there is a barb wire at the top. They are very apt to fight through or over it and are pretty sure to get hurt.

Improving Cattle Herd.

By the use of good pure bred bulls marked improvement can be effected in grade and scrub herds in a very few years. Increased profits will accompany the upgrading process. Practical, simple and profitable, this work should appeal to all farmers owning nondescript cattle. Bulls suitable for the purpose are now within attractive reach. They can be bought privately or at public sale at values that are tending upward.—Breeder's Gazette.

Feeding Sheep.

There are several points in feeding sheep that must not be overlooked. The feed lot must be dry, with plenty of clean, dry bedding; the animals must have plenty of clean, pure water, and the feed troughs should be kept clean. These should be arranged so that the sheep cannot foul them with their feet. Another point is to keep them from becoming excited or frightened. To this end it is better that one person feed them all the time.

Try This Way.

Handle the colt just as you would the growing boy in your home. Who would think of leaving the boy until he was 21 before teaching him what it meant to obey and perform certain duties? So with the colt. He should not be allowed to get his growth before being what is called broken. It is much easier to begin from the first to accustom the colt to being handled and to lead and drive. Try it.

An experienced dairyman says that 1 1/3 pounds of alfalfa hay are required to one pound of bran in feeding value. If bran gets too high at your local feed store the next best thing to do is to grow a little alfalfa.

Old earthen and china dishes that have been thrown out should be broken up into small bits by use of a hammer. It is better than gravel or oyster shells for grit. There need be no fear of feeding too much.

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVIDSON

Rutland, Vt.

THE KING'S HERALD.

International Bible Lesson for Jan. 2, 1910—(Matt. 3:1-12).



John the Baptist is one of the most striking and fascinating characters in history. The story of his birth and childhood is given a large place in the Bible. The cousin of Jesus, six months older than the king of whom he was the herald, his ministry was pre-

eminently calculated to prepare the way of the Lord. The Jews had a saying that their good things came from the wilderness; Moses, their lawgiver, the law itself, the tabernacle, and particularly their great prophet Elijah. Isaiah, the prophet had spoken of a mysterious one who should be like a voice in the wilderness crying, "Prepare the way of the Lord." True to the ancient prophecy, when Christ was about 30 years of age, John the Baptist came forth from the wilderness, where like Moses, Elijah, and Paul afterwards, he had learned his message amid the solitude of the desert, alone with God.

His appearance was wild, his advent startling. Like Elijah, his great prototype he was clad with the skins of beasts and was nourished with the dried locusts of the wilderness and the honey gathered with his own hands from the rocks. And his message was full of fiery reproof and terrible warning. The times demanded a thunder storm to clear the moral atmosphere. Gentle corruption and Jewish hypocrisy, everywhere prevailed, and without respect of persons John hurled his fiery message against the sins of all classes; the tetrach and his paramour, the publicans and their extortions, the soldiers and their violence, the Rabbis and their false traditions, the Pharisees and their hypocrites; demanding from all alike, contrition, confession, restitution, conversion. There was one word that was the key note of all his ministry. It was the single word Repent.

Repentance Demanded. And a mighty reformation broke out, as fire breaks out in dry grass of the prairie, and in a few days the whole country was in a religious conflagration. Perhaps such a revival the world has never seen. Tens of thousands of people flocked from every direction until the wilderness of Judea became a vast camp meeting with penitents thronging the preacher. Nobles, ecclesiastics, soldiers, publicans crowded to the baptismal waters, confessing their sins and seeking divine forgiveness. The whole nation seemed swept off its feet by the supernatural tidal wave of regeneration.

Yet in the midst of all this ecstasy of piety and almost universal success John the Baptist kept a level head, and never forgot the fact that he was only the herald, the forerunner, the doorkeeper, the avant courier of the king. They tried to fawn upon and flatter him, but he instantly repelled them. They sought for his genealogy, and his pedigree and he said in effect, "Don't look for it, it doesn't matter. I am nothing but a voice, and I have only one thing to do, and that is to cry, 'Prepare the way of the Lord.'" I am only the friend of the Bridegroom, getting you ready to receive him. I am only a morning star to herald the dawn and then be quenched in the blaze of the king of day. I am the last prophet of the old dispensation and the first of the new, I shall soon withdraw from sight. He must increase, but I must decrease. I baptize you with water, He shall baptize you with fire.

That was the message of John and it awoke the nation like a trumpet blast. Is such preaching as that needed to-day? How many sermons have you ever heard on the subject of repentance? We have fallen upon a time when it is not considered good form to utter such a disturbing word in many quarters. There is sin in high places and in low places, sin jeweled, perfumed, brilliant, fragrant bewitching, thrusting its smirking face into all circles of society, but how few there are with the spirit of John the Baptist to tear off the mask of beauty and reveal the death's head behind it.

But it is evermore true that the king can not come into his own until the way is somehow prepared before him. Not by ignoring, humoring sin can the highway be cast up for his advancing feet. To break a road through the wilderness is rough work. It is no holiday task, it cannot be done in dressing gown and slippers. It requires a vast amount of cutting, and uprooting, and ploughing, and filling, and blasting, and excavating. But when it is done there is a broad level highway where once a tangled jungle obstructed progress, and over such a turnpike the king will come. We cannot all be reformers like John the Baptist, but we can hearken to and obey the voice of such a messenger when he appears and thus prepare the way of the Lord and make His path straight.

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