

POULTRY

POULTRY AILMENTS.

Vigilance and Commonsense Combined will Work Wonders.

Of the causes for diseases of poultry and especially chicks, the greatest is lice—a wet spring, or during a rainy summer, the lice will very soon get the upper hand unless one is very vigilant.

The lice can be made to leave the chicks, before feathering, by covering them with a coal oil sprinkled cloth leaving the chicks under the cover for fifteen or twenty minutes.

All the lice that were on the chicks will be found on the cloth dead, and most of the nits on the chicks will also be dead, this rids them of the pest for the time, but if they run with lousy chicks or their mother hen is lousy, or their coops and run are dirty and contain nits it will be but a short time until they are infested again; so the only chance for safety is in continuing the coal oil wrapping every few days, or in thoroughly ridding the rest of the fowls, and the premises of all lice and nits, and then in keeping them so ridden.

This is easier said than accomplished, for one louse will soon have descendants by the million, and the new batch is always vigorously active.

Keep a dry bath for all fowls and chicks all the time and as dust is not found in quantities yet, it will be necessary to use sifted ashes for their bath.

Clean all coops and premises as clean as the proverbial pin; use white wash, strong with lime and coal oil, or other good liquid killer, in quantities, copious enough to rout each louse and nit; give the old fowls a good dusting with fresh powder, use a dip on their legs; coal and lard are good. Use fresh insect powder or fresh tobacco dust freely in their dust bath; when you may sit and rest easy for a few days.

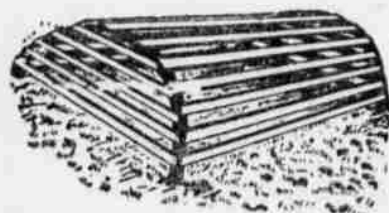
Not for long, however, for eternal vigilance is required in this warfare. Now that things are nicely cleaned and started right, a half hours work each and every day will result in keeping them so.

If above is done thoroughly, the coops moved to clean quarters two or three times each week, good, wholesome food only is allowed, and fresh clean water in clean vessels always at hand, the poultry ailments will be a missing thing.

Not any chick or fowl can keep healthy when inhabited with vermin, or if given sour, or otherwise unwholesome food, or impure water to drink. Put your commonsense into active use.—E. C. in Indiana Farmer.

Feed Coop for Young Chickens.

The feed coop shown in the illustration is made by utilizing two old castaway spring wagon wheel rims. Then with three penny nails fashion laths or light boards across the ends, leaving small openings between according to the size of the chickens. Place the ends 4 or 5 feet apart.



FEED COOP FOR CHICKS.

According to the length of the material at hand, and nail on other strips after the same fashion.

This coop is easily made and will be found very practical for farmers who raise only a few chicks.

Hens and Eggs.

Hens bred for phenomenal egg records are not so apt to have strong rugged offspring.

Extra heavy layers as pullets and yearling hens are not so valuable in their second year as steady layers.

There is no such thing as an egg-laying type. The trap nest exposed that theory beyond a doubt.

Hens forced for egg production will in time produce a weak generation. Pure food is the safest stimulation to use.

Heavy winter layers are generally poor summer layers and vice versa.

The largest eggs are produced by steady layers.

The more eggs a hen lays the smaller the size becomes.

The color of the brown egg grows lighter as the numbers of her product increases.

The hen that will produce from thirty to fifty eggs in succession will not have vigorous germs in her eggs.—Successful Agriculture.

Fowls to Have Animal Food.

Fowl kept in confined runs should have an ample supply of animal food. This is not only necessary in order that they may lay a great number of eggs, but also to prevent egg eating and feather pulling. These depraved habits are usually indulged in by fowls that are confined and fed on too carbonaceous a diet. In such conditions they have an insatiable craving for animal food, or in other words for some protein and they strive to satisfy the desire by eating their own eggs and plucking out and swallowing the feathers from each other's bodies.

CUPID

My wife and I are rather old-fashioned people, but we occasionally dine at a cozy little restaurant in the theatre district. I remember our first introduction to finger bowls, but that is not at all what I wish to tell you about; possibly I never shall tell you, as I dwell upon the occasion entirely without joy. And the waiter, a stumpy little chap he was. For quite a while I used to address him as "Mister," with an inviting pause, hoping he would supply his name. He never supplied it, however, and as I am of a somewhat determined nature, persisted in this form of address, until on one occasion he said to me: "Would you mind, sir, not calling me 'Mister'?"

"Not at all," I replied, as blandly as I could. "What is your name?"

"It is Henekiah, sir, but most people call me Cupid, sir."

"For short, I presume?"

"No, sir," he replied. "I believe there's a god by that name, sir, who makes work for the parsons."

The evening was rather a rainy one, and in consequence the dining room was comparatively empty. The waiter, therefore, had little to do but attend us. "You see, sir," he went on, "I'm of a very sentimental nature, sir."

"Yes," I replied, with as straight a face as I could muster, "it seems as though I have heard of Cupid." And from the table I received a remonstrative kick from my wife.

"I've figured in many a matrimonial deal, sir. Maybe you'd like to hear of the one that gave me my nickname, sir?"

"I should be glad to," I replied, and the waiter, warmed to his subject by our receptive attitude, went on: "You see those little numbered dining rooms on the balcony above? Well, one night when I was working up there, in comes an unhappy-looking couple that quite evidently wants to be alone, so the head waiter shows them up to No. 25. No sooner was they seated, sir, than another couple gloomier even than the first, comes in, and we puts them into the next room, 26. I was to wait on them all, running in from one room to the other as was necessary. We waiters sees funny things at times, but those two couples was amazing. They squabbled with each other, two by two you understand, neither knowing of the other's presence, and from soup to nuts, sir, not one of them really ate enough to fill a dicky bird."

"You had no business to take me up so quick," says the girl in 25; "suppose I did ask you to take me out to dinner, that's no reason why you should have done so."

"Now, see here," says the man, "this is no picnic for me, either. You're a charming girl, and all that," he says, "but I can imagine at least as pleasant a companion as you are proving to be," he says. "Confound the little mix," he goes in a kind of musing tone. "God bless her," he adds quickly, "she had no business to disappoint me." You see he was thinking of some other girl.

"And that odious Jack," says the girl, "if he hadn't been so stupid, I'd now be with him instead of you." And so it went on, each mad that they wasn't with someone else. And in the next room it was just as bad. They weren't so outspoken, but I could see that a more miserable couple didn't exist that night. It didn't take me long to put two and two together, so to speak, and I knew that through some misunderstanding each was out with the other fellow's girl and wishin' he wasn't; and the same with the girls. They had formally 'Mister'd' and 'Miss'd' each other so much that I knew all their names, so finally I hit on a scheme that I thought might clear the atmosphere.

"I goes into 25 and, begging his pardon, asked if this wasn't Mr. Atkins?" It was. Well, Mr. Atkins was wanted at the telephone in the manager's office and I showed him the way to the phone. Then I goes into 26 and asks wasn't this Mr. Brown? "That was his name," he says, looking at me as if he'd like to bite my head off. Well, Mr. Brown was wanted at the telephone at the cashier's desk, and I shows him the way, which was in a different direction. I had it all fixed that there was a mistake, and that the gentlemen really wanted had already answered the calls. While the two men are gone, I puts the number 25 on Room 26, and vice versa, so to speak. You see those curtains up there with the numbers on? Well, it was an easy matter for me to do this, and when the men got back each goes into the other man's place. I was taking some chances, but it certainly worked fine.

"Of course it had to come out right away what I had done, and such happy looking sets of people I've never seen before. They run in here quite frequent now, all four of them together, and they always calls me 'Cupid.' There's one thing about it, though, that I never could quite make out, not being very good at figures, sir."

"And what was that?" asked my wife and I in unison.

"Well, you see," said the waiter, "Mr. Brown's check was for \$5 and Mr. Atkins' was for \$7. Now, each man paid the other man's check with a \$10 bill, and both of them told me to keep the change. Which one do you think lost by it, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I laughingly replied, handing him a ten myself. "But go thou and do likewise."

"Thank you, sir," said the waiter. And he did.—ELIZABETH HUMPHREY.

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON
Retired, Vt.

KING AND HIS CABINET.

International Bible Lesson for Jan. 14, 1910.—(Matt. 4:12-25).



The selection of a cabinet for presidents and kings is a most important and serious undertaking. Peculiar fitness is necessary for executive officers and royal counsellors. You cannot imagine King Edward going down to the Liverpool docks to find a prime minister, or President Taft searching among the fishermen of Marblehead for a Secretary of State.

Yet that is precisely what the King of this kingdom did. He deliberately passed by the wise and influential and mighty and took the majority of his earthly cabinet from the fishing boats of Galilee. Imagine the scene. In the background the lake in the grey morning, the mist slowly rising, the deserted boats drawn up on the shore. An old man, Zebedee, standing with a bewildered look upon his face, trying to imagine what he would do without his sons, and what they would do without him; and in the foreground five men walking alone, four of them without the least idea of where they were going or of what they were going to do. That is the beginning of the king's cabinet. Could anything be more ridiculous? Doubtless other fishermen talked it over among themselves that day and said, "Simon Peter and Andrew, James and John have left their nets and gone off after that man, Jesus of Nazareth, who imagines himself a king. He has made them believe that he is the Jewish Messiah and that he is to set up the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and they have forsaken everything and gone off on a fool's errand after him. Well, they will soon realize their mistake, they will be back again. Fortunate for them Zebedee will keep the fishing boats and the tackle, that they may have something to fall back upon when they discover how they have been deluded."

It is almost impossible for us to realize what it meant in those days, to those people, when Christ made up his cabinet. Where was there ever such a beginning? How could anything be more ridiculous in worldly eyes—weakness in the Leader who had such dreams of universal dominion, weakness in the followers to leave a paying business of which they knew so much to take up a stupendous task of which they knew absolutely nothing.

And yet, as we look back upon that scene, we recognize it now as one of the grandest and most logical beginnings the world has ever seen. No wonder Paul says of it, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, that no flesh should glory in His presence."

The trouble with almost all men who enter the service of Christ is that they have so much to unlearn before they can qualify as witnesses, they know so many things that are not so, they are so much in love with their own ideas and opinions, they have such an overwhelming conviction of their own importance, that they consciously taint the water of life with their own personalities, and hide their Master behind themselves. They are not satisfied to deliver His message until they have rewritten it and taken the heart out of it with their explanations, which do not explain. The king's cabinet was not troubled with any of these things. They were to be witnesses unto Him and they knew no more than to intelligently repeat just what they had seen and heard. They never attempted to argue a case, they took the witness box and unflinchingly told just exactly what they knew of Christ. They had nothing to unlearn, they were not troubled with the intellectual, social, spiritual, moral, political, sectarian difficulties of the high-browed professors and worldlings of their day. Their minds were like unsold paper on which the King could write his messages to suit Himself. They carried the seed of the kingdom in untainted vessels, and all they had to do was to sow it far and wide. They were to be merely the echo of His voice without any attempt to originate ideas or to speak their own message. As itinerant preachers whose work would demand physical stamina and obliviousness of weather conditions, those brawny, sun-burned, rugged Galilee fishermen were ideal timber for the sills of the spiritual temple Christ was about to erect. The more one thinks of it, the more one comes to realize that when the King formed His cabinet He showed His infinite wisdom in the selection of the men who were to carry on His work in the development of His kingdom. No wonder the apostle in describing the church long afterward said, "We are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ, Himself, being the chief corner stone."

TAUGHT TO BE HONEST.

Ransome Revealed the Method Used to Reform Him.

A few years ago there was a shiftless colored boy named Ransome Blake, who, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked:

"Well, what did they put you in at prison, Ransome?"

"They started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah."

"That's good, Ransome, and I hope they succeeded."

"They did, sah."

"And how did they teach you to be honest?"

"They done put me in the shoe shop, sah, nallin' pasteboard outer shoes for leather soles, sah."

"LADIES AND GENTS."



"Have you many married salesladies in this store?"

"Yes, quite a few."

"What do their husbands do for a living?"

"Er—their wives are still salesladies."

Blind Justice.

We meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong, now?" we ask.

"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggins owed Hennett ten thousand dollars, and put his property in his wife's name so that Hennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual." "And last night Mrs. Spriggins eloped with Hennett!"

Fulfilling Instructions.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered.

"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out."

And the office-boy, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.

Her Interest at Stake.

She never imagined how stingy he was until after the honeymoon was over and he said:

"I'm going to do the best I can to make you happy. I'll give you half-a-dozen kisses every day and a dollar every week for pin-money."

"I think, dear," she replied, "I'd be happier if you reversed that."

'Twas Ever Thus.

The nights were growing colder.

"Well, an revolver, old chap," said the Front Gate. "I'm off for my vacation."

"Mine is just over," rejoined the Parlor Sofa with a sigh; "and now I'll have to get busy again."—Chicago News.

Unusual.

Woggs—Anything unusual about the bank failure?

Boggs.—Yes. The absconding cashier wasn't a member of any church, was far from being a respected man in the community, and the directors had been suspicious of him for a long time.

Taken at His Word.

Duke Needsome—Dear Miss Gould-erbitz—Geraldine—for some time I have realized that I could not exist without you!

Miss G.—Dear me, Duke! I had no idea you were as hard up as that!

Unofficial Orders.

Cook—And wasn't you told never to come begging around here again? Weary William.—Yes, but it was only the missus that told me. I have never been officially notified before.

Teacher (to dull boy in mathematics). You should be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor.

Pupil.—Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States.

Same Dope.

She—Do you believe in love in a cottage?

He—Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Imperfect Philanthropy.

Knicker—Did your father give you an auto?

Bocker—Yes, but he didn't endow it.

At a negro ball, instead of "not transferable" on the tickets, notice was posted over the door: "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

AROUSING FALSE HOPES.

The recent newspaper announcement of the discovery by two homeopathic physicians of "Tho-rad-x," the most powerful therapeutic agent in the world, which like all other cure-alls "will revolutionize the practice of surgery," has been made the butt of ridicule in serious medical papers. It is asserted that radium has hardly lived up to the promises which were originally held out. After all, it must be confessed that we are still much in the lark as to the therapeutical value of radioactive substances. The indiscriminate publication of such "discoveries" cannot but have an evil effect in so far as they arouse false hopes.

FRANKLIN'S CONVERSION.

Benjamin Franklin, premier printer and philosopher, when sixteen read Tom Tryon's vegetable vagary, became a convert and thought fishing murder, but a nosy curiosity showed him little fish in the stomach of big fish. Benny said if big fish eat little ones, it seems not wrong to eat big fish; also philosophized how convenient was reason, for it provides a good excuse and a reason for anything you want to do.

NOTE FOR WIVES.

It is said that no man can tell a fib and keep his big toe still. If the women will induce their husbands to take off their shoes before they begin to question them they can catch them in a falsehood every time.

Europeans may soon develop into a race with eyes in the tops of their heads if Zeppelin keeps on flying around.

Holland conducts its famous herring fishery with a fleet of about 750 ships—perhaps 45 of them steam-boats—and only 10,000 men.

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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which will greatly improve the service and enlarge the system

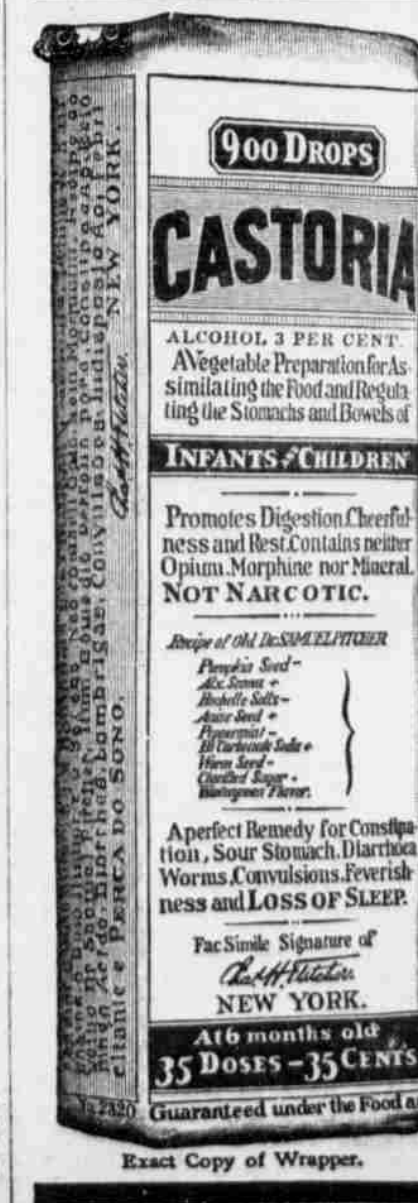
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