

LIVE STOCK

FEED FOR WORK HORSES.

In Results Produced Corn is Declared to Stand Ahead of Oats.

There is a widespread belief among horse owners that no grain is equal to oats as an efficient feed for horses and that no matter how high the price of oats no other grain can be used as a substitute for them.

In order to test the accuracy of this belief B. E. Carmichael of the Ohio experiment station began in the spring of 1907 an extensive series of experiments to test the relative value and efficiency of oats and corn as a grain ration for work horses.

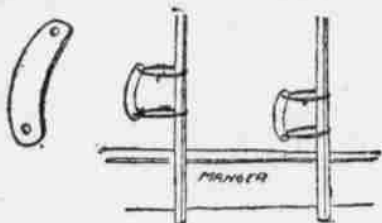
With this in view three teams of grade Percheron geldings were taken; these horses were used for general farm and team work on the station farm. The horses in each team were about the same age; one was fed on oats and the other on corn. The plan was to feed as much ear corn by weight as oats.

All the horses received as much mixed clover and timothy hay as they would eat. The experiment reported was continued forty-eight weeks. The variations in weight of the corned horses were practically the same as those of the horses receiving oats; nor was there noticed any difference in spirit or endurance between the mates of each team.

In regard to the comparative cost of the feeds it is stated in a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture that "under the market conditions that prevailed during the experiment the saving from the use of corn was very marked—approximately 10 cents a day for each horse for the entire forty-eight weeks. Market conditions should always be borne in mind, as there may be times during which oats would be cheaper than corn, and they should of course be used whenever cheaper."

A Clever Device.

I have been raising cattle for 20 years (in a small way) and this is the best way I find to tie my cattle in the barn. It keeps them out of the manger and they cannot twist themselves up in the tie or get their legs over it. Make a manger and set of stanchions, the latter set as close as you wish your stock to stand; then take a piece of hard wood about 14 or 16 inches long, 1 1/2 inches thick and 2 1/2 inches wide, round off the corners and make it slightly curved, as shown in cut. Now bore a 5/8 inch hole in each end, take a piece of rope



and put through hole in one end of stick and pass around the stanchions and tie leaving enough space between yoke and stanchion for the cow's neck; then take another piece of rope and put through hole in other end of stick (or yoke) make a short loop in one end of rope and it is ready for business. The bottom end of yoke is to be the end fastened to stanchion. In tying in the stock get head between yoke and stanchion, pass rope over neck around stanchion and tie through loop with weavers knot.—U. G. Young, Ossipee, Minnesota.

Live Stock Notes.

If your ewes are poor at breeding time they will be greatly handicapped.

Plenty of good feed to push the youngsters to market.

Oil meal will often prevent indigestion and keep the young sheep on edge.

Keep the ram by himself in the day time and turn him with a few ewes at night.

Dirty water troughs breed filth and disease very quickly. Keep them clean by a pinch of copperas now and then.

We won't be so free in feeding old corn to the young pigs now. In view of the high price of that old stand-by. All the better for the pigs.

Not too early to begin getting the animals ready for the fair. Study the breed question.

Highly Finished Animals Best.

The best money is in the highly finished animal. Animals intended for market that have been running on pasture should be fed grain a few weeks previous to marketing, even if the grain must be purchased. The difference in weight and the price received will more than pay for the trouble and expense.

Feed for Colts.

The colt should have a variety of feeds, so that it may build up the various tissues of its body. Clover hay and wheat bran contain necessary mineral matter for the building of bone. Flaxseed meal in small quantities is good for keeping the colt's bowels in good condition, and for making the coat sleek.

A good rule in feeding all stock is to feed only what they will eat up clean.

Skim milk and clover pasturage will make profitable pork out of your pigs.

Bachelor Queen

"Old maids are a nuisance and old bachelors are an abomination," exclaimed sprightly Marie Courtleigh. The girls at the summer institute of Forest Lake were busy at work at their benches preparing lettuce slips for transplanting. They were enjoying camp life with its attendant discipline and studying school gardening at the same time. At the bugle call of "reveille" they arose each morning and worked, studied and recreated at stated periods. Every night when the sad echoes of "taps" reverberated from the surrounding hillsides, all lights were out, the camp was still, and Morpheus reigned supreme.

"Oh, the odium attached to spinsterhood," laughingly interposed Miss Gordon, one of the summer school instructors and matrons of the dormitory, suddenly appearing in the doorway. "What horrible creatures old maids are. Why does not Osler administer some of his soothing chloroform to these useless creatures and consign them to sweet oblivion? Girls, I beg of you, escape if possible this sad state of single blessedness; but if Fate should unkindly relegate you to sip your cup of tea in a lonely corner when you are old and gray, reject the odious title of 'old maid' and adopt the modern term of 'bachelor girl.'"

The girls stood aghast at this unexpected speech from their beloved teacher. She was a woman in middle life, intellectual, refined and sympathetic, the idol of her girls because of her scholarly attainments and her sterling qualities. In youth she had been fair as a goddess. Her Grecian head, crowned with a glory of silver gray hair waved over a smooth, broad forehead; grayish blue eyes, patrician nose and firm mouth bespoke honorable ancestry and gentle breeding. The years had dealt kindly with her; nature had not robbed her of many of her youthful charms, for she proved a kind mother to her ardent devotees.

Marie felt that she must redeem herself in her favorite's estimation, and apologetically added, "Miss Gordon, when girls get together, 'the eternal he' is generally the subject of consideration. I wonder if 'the eternal she' is the topic when the lords of creation assemble."

"Undoubtedly it is," said Miss Gordon, "although I say so tentatively, as I have not had the opportunities afforded me to settle that question beyond the shadow of a doubt. But, jesting aside, girls, I have come to ask you to honor me with your presence at a farewell chafing dish and marshmallow party to-morrow evening at the 'Bungalow.' The board of administration has allowed us the use of the building until the first call of 'taps.' Will you come, my friends?"

"Of course we will," chimed all the girls, surrounding their "summer mother," dancing and singing a song composed in her honor by one of their number.

The next evening the "Bungalow" presented a scene from fairyland. A log fire was burning in the open fireplace. Lighted Japanese lanterns swung gaily to and fro, and the girls in their airy muslin gowns gave the final touch of fresh, vivacious, bubbling, mirthful life. Miss Gordon presided at the chafing dish, assisted by her dancing butterflies. Marshmallows galore were toasted on hatspins before the open fire. Finally, the repast of fudge, sandwiches and fancy cakes was spread upon the floor, and all sat in a circle around the fireplace.

"A story, a story from Miss Gordon," shouted athletic Alice Burkhardt when interest in eating began to wane. Miss Gordon bowed graciously, saying, "I will tell you a true story of 'A Girl That I Have Known.'"

"Some years ago in New York I knew a young woman of 19 who was preparing to be a teacher. She was of an intense nature, strong in her likes and dislikes. The mediocre never satisfied her; she was seeking the ideal in life. Her friends said she would never marry because the paragon she sought did not exist in human form. Yet they were wrong in their conclusion.

"When her training was over she elected to work in the East Side, in that congested district where the stunted flowers in the Lord's garden do not enjoy their rightful heritage of fresh air, sunshine and cleanliness. Here she met a young physician, another enthusiast, aiming to be a leader in his profession. His specialty was the study of the 'Great White Plague,' its cause, treatment and eradication. These two idealists became engaged, but their hopes of marriage were never realized, as he died a victim of typhoid. She still labors in her chosen sphere, teaching the beauties of God's creation to the children of the Ghetto. Her labor may not bear fruit in this generation, but it cannot fail to reap results in the next."

Just then Miss Gordon arose to sound the first call of "taps." The girls remained motionless, awed by the subdued voice of the narrator and the dull flashes of light reflected on the rafters from the dying embers.

"It is the story of her own life," whispered Alice to the wondering group.

"A toast, a toast to Miss Gordon," cried the irrepressible Marie Courtleigh. "All stand and lift your glasses high in her honor." As each girl was about to drain the cup of sparkling beverage, Marie proclaimed, "To Miss Gordon, Queen of Bachelor Girls," and with a wonderfully sweet but sad smile Miss Gordon silently accepted the homage.—ELIZABETH E. HAGGERTY.

CONCERNING ADDITION.

Quaint Way in Which Charles Battell Loomis Tells All About It.

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

I wish I could print the music to that popular refrain as its felicitous rag-time adds to the catchiness of the dictum.

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

It's an amusing song and the suggested advice is good. Strange how many people there are who do not act on it.

Let my sermonette this month be the record of the experiences of two men, one of whom lived up to the advice, while the other did not heed it.

There were two brothers born within a year or two of each other, and of the same parents—that's why they were brothers—but they were as different as Roosevelt and Harriman.

One of them was always bent on accumulating experiences of one kind or another; he was fond of music, fond of books, fond of pictures. He possessed a good deal of curiosity regarding the habits of men, and neglected his business—so they say—in order to increase his stock of knowledge concerning mankind.



"TWO BROTHERS BORN A YEAR APART."

But, after all, that was his own business. He was fond of going to the theatre, and while he always picked out good plays, still, in the opinion of his brother, he might have been employed staying late at his office, heaping up dollars.

The brother was heaping them up all right. Why, that man was the first one to reach his office and the last one to leave it. The office-boy always got tired of waiting for him and went home before him. You may be sure that his business prospered and at thirty he was worth a hundred times as much as his unbusinesslike brother. He may have had an ear for music when he was a boy, but at thirty he had lost it, and regarded time spent at concerts as money thrown away.

Time and money were convertible terms with him, and he sought by every means in his power to build up a huge fortune.

Reading was not for him. Books were apt to be idle thoughts, only fit for idle fellows, and he had no time to waste on nonsense. Pictures might make good investments if a man happened to buy the right kind, but he didn't pretend to know a good one from a bad one, so he never bought any. The companionship of his fellows was not congenial to him and he belonged to no clubs. A club, in his opinion, was a place where a man wasted time that might have been employed in making money and where idle fellows swapped idler stories. No, the office for him and his whole mind to the making of money.

His brother went to Europe, to South America, to Asia, to Africa;



"THE OFFICE FOR HIM AND HIS WHOLE MIND TO THE MAKING OF MONEY."

how he did it was a mystery, for he made very little money. He seemed to know how to get a good deal of service for a small expenditure of silver and he acted as if life were an enjoyable thing.

Neither brother married and after a while old age came upon each of them.

Then the moneyed man retired from business, broken in health and with nothing to do but regret that he had not made more money while he was at it.

But the busy brother who had worked his mind and his sensibilities

for all they were worth his whole life long, was able to sit by himself, if need be, and have the full companionship of the many bright minds that he had known in life, and in books, and on the stage; to bring before his mind's eye the many lovely pictures he had seen on canvas and in the landscape, to call up to recollection's ear the delightful harmonies that he had heard from the world's great orchestras, the beautiful melodies that came from sweet-throated singers; and if he had had none of these solaces, great reward would have been his in his ability to reach up to his bookshelves and pick therefrom the fruit of a lifetime's gathering.

The one, rich, old, and unhappy; the other rich in associations, friends, and all those things that go to the making of a cultivated man—and the heart of a boy in him still.

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more," and the wise brother has added a little bit of information to a little bit of amusement and a little bit of good will and a little bit of helpfulness, and so when he was seventy he had an accumulation that sufficed him for the long twilight of a healthy old age, while his brother the money getter—

It has just occurred to me that he, too, followed the advice, but it does not seem to have done him much good. Every little bit (of money) added to what (money) you've got makes just a little bit more (money), but all the money in the world won't buy good fellowship, real, sincere good-fellowship—I mean, if you haven't planted the seeds of friendliness in your youth; and when you are seventy and have neglected books all your life you are not going to sit down and suddenly enjoy them. Nor will a rich man find that his bulging pocketbooks can buy him appreciation of the beautiful in pictures or of the gorgeous tone-coloring in symphonies, if he has neglected to begin his addition of one kind of cultivation to another kind in his boyhood and young manhood.

Don't regard the money spent on a good play or a good concert as money thrown away. Don't regard the hour spent on a captivating romance or a well-developed novel or a cleverly written essay as time mispent. Don't regard the time spent in outdoor sports as wasted.

I'm not advocating the idleness or the neglect of duty. If a man is in business let him give his mind to his business. If I had given my mind to the business I was in when I was a young man I might to-day control



ONE RICH AND UNHAPPY BUT THE OTHER POOR BUT CONTENTED.

the dry goods market; but the trouble was I wouldn't read the good advice like this I am handing out, and I hadn't horse sense enough to know that I could never hope to advance without industry; and every little bit of idleness added to what I had, made just a little bit more; and when the pile was big enough my employer noticed it and asked me if I would kindly make place for a friend of his, and I obligingly stepped down and out and lost my chance of being a dry goods king that very day.

Don't do as I did, but do as I advise. If I spent my time in picture galleries that should have been given to separating the moreens from the mohairs, or attended afternoon concerts when I should have been extricating the buntlings from among the worsteds, I was adding a little bit of time that I didn't own to some more that I had already got (dishonestly), and while it made a little bit more it didn't better my character at all, and if I stayed in the dry goods business I fear to say what I might have become.

Be sure that your time is your own and then spend it so as to accumulate treasure for your old age; and if you die before you are old you will have already realized a good deal on your investment.

Now let us sing together: "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

Fagin's Kitchen.

Another piece of Dickens' London is being demolished in Fulwood's Rens, Holborn, the shallow basement of which is said to have been the original of Fagin's thieves' kitchen. It was also a resort of Jack Sheppard, and at an earlier date Francis Bacon lived in the building.

According to a Berlin paper a Hungarian has invented an electrical device by means of which one man can operate accurately all the guns of a warship.

An Air with Real Air.

During one of the political tours of Mr. Cleveland, in which he was accompanied by Secretary Olney, he arrived during a severe storm at a town in which he was to speak. As he entered the carriage with his friends and was driven from the station the rain changed to hail, and immense stones battered and rattled against the vehicle. A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, stuck bravely to its post and played.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked the President.

"What are they playing?" asked the Secretary of State.

"Hail to the Chief—with real hail!" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.

White Skill.

In Hawaii the Japanese children outnumber the whites and natives combined; the Chinese children are as numerous, and the Portuguese, who are in a class by themselves, more than equal the number of American-born children in Hawaii; yet it is the white children only who have successfully mastered the Hawaiian sports. I was more than amused when learning to ride the surf-board to notice that the Japanese seemed never able to acquire the difficult knack, while the small white boy very quickly became more adept than the native himself.

Garantized Oils.

The following advertisement of olive oil is the work of a Rio Janeiro firm:

"Our olives have garantized of fits quality. Diligently fabricated and filtrated, the consumer will find with them, the good taste and perfect preservation. For to escape to any conterfeit, is necessary to require on any bottles this contramarc deposed conformably to the law. The corks and the boxes bare all marked with the fire."—Case and Comment.

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

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Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.

Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00

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Honesdale, Pa., May 29, 1908.

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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