

# LIVE STOCK

## HORSE THAT PAYS.

The Drafter a Money Coiner for the Farmer Breeder.

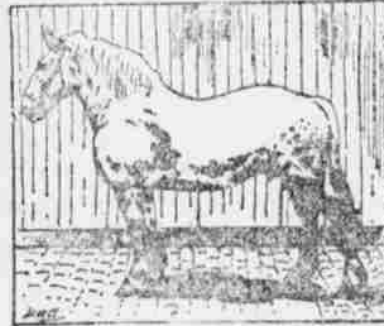
Draft horses whose principal work is to haul heavy loads at the walk are divided into three subclasses, heavy draft, light draft and loggers, all of which are much of the same type. The ideal drafter is a rugged, heavy set compactly built horse with great weight and strength. Strength and endurance are the principal qualities sought and are best secured



## OF SHOW RING TYPE.

by the horse throwing weight into the collar rather than by muscular exertions of the limbs. The drafter should be a broad, massive individual with symmetry of bone and muscle, standing from 15.3 to 17.2 hands high and in good flesh weighing not less than 1,600 pounds for the lighter sorts. Since he does his work by throwing weight into the collar, the heavier the horse, other things being equal, the more efficient he will be. Along with weight he should possess moderately heavy bone with quality, indicating sufficient strength and substance to carry his body and not giving the appearance of being top heavy. His height should result from depth of body rather than from length of leg. In fact, as a rule, the medium short-legged horse possesses more endurance than those with long legs. He should be broad of chest with a large girth and not cut up in the flank.

His legs should set well under his body, for if they are otherwise and he is very broad he will likely be inclined to roll, causing laborious action. The back and coupling should



## BUILT FOR WEAR.

be short and the loin broad and well muscled, this region being the connecting link joining the propellers to the weight carriers. The hips should be rounding and smooth, the croup long and muscular, the quarters deep, the thighs broad, the gaskins and cannons relatively short. The head should be medium in size and neatly set on a neck of good length, with crest moderately heavy and well developed. The ideal conformation of the draft horse will vary somewhat according to the market under consideration. European markets, especially British markets, want a more upstanding draft horse with a longer neck than is demanded by American markets. New York being a great shipping port, demands larger and more upstanding horses than any other city in the United States. This is because of the large wagons used and heavy loading for the docks.

Draft horses are used by wholesale mercantile houses, packers, brewers, coal dealers, contractors, lumbermen and firms having heavy teaming work. They are in demand in all large cities, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and Buffalo being especially active in the trade. They are wanted for export, but during the past few years prices have been too high in the United States.—By Rufus C. Obrata, University of Illinois experimenting station.

## Defective Culverts.

The sands of little culverts may be found covered with loose or broken planks. They are a fearful nuisance and a source of danger all the time. The driver must bring his horses to a practical standstill before attempting to cross with a load, and if the old family horse is trotting along in a comfortable mood, he must be "jerked up" to a slow walk until safely over the danger trap.

## Study Your Cows.

Study your cows. They will teach you more than lots of books. Read dairy and stock papers and books. Talk to scientific men and your mind will broaden.

Sugar and salt will both preserve meat, because they absorb the moisture in it, and so prevent decomposition.

Turkeys should have ample range and fresh water always at hand, and should not be allowed to get too fat during breeding season.

# Of Interest to Women

Miss Winem—The Society Belle of Her Set—Why Was She So Popular?—Her Encouraging Words and Sweet Temperament Won The Admiration of all Who Knew Her.

Miss Belle Winem has the reputation of being the most popular girl in her set. The old ladies find her "a most sensible young woman without any nonsense about her," the girls think she "is perfectly dear," and the young men cry for her.

The following conversations were overheard. Can it be that they explain her popularity?

(Scene, Ballroom. Time, 12 p. m.) (Principal characters, Miss Winem and Cholly Chaff dancing.)

He—I say that's a jolly little rag you have on.

She—So glad you like it. Bully two step, isn't it?

He—Yes, but the floor's rotten. The music is great though.

She—Perfectly dandy.

He—Well that was a winner. Best I've had this evening.

She—I just love to dance with you. You have the dancing of all the other men beaten to a finish.

(Scene, Mrs. Uppitt's Drawing-room. Time 11 p. m.)

A thin young man in a badly fitting coat and a large head of hair has worked himself into a violent rage at something and is taking it out on the piano. The guests are concealing their annoyance under a thick conversational pitch.

(Principal characters, Miss Winem and Howard Hybrow, a serious young man with an ingrowing affection for music.)

He—I am so glad I am to enjoy this with you instead of some brainless little chatterer who would spoil my whole evening for me.

She—Isn't it odd, but I was thinking the same thing? I mean I was congratulating myself I was with a man who really loved music, and not one of those foolish boys who neither cared for it nor understood it.

He—How my soul leaps to hear these glorious truths of Wagner thundered on the silence! He makes us see the beauty of the impossible.

She—And the possibilities of the beautiful.

He—Through him we may worship the simplicity of the simple.

She—And the soulfulness of the soul.

He—Those grand chords make plain the oneness of the one.

She—Their majesty strikes us dumb with the awfulness of the awful.

He—How delightful it is to be so comprehended.

She—I have enjoyed the evening so much. It is so rare one meets a really congenial person.

(Scene, Tea Room of the Plaza. Time, 5 p. m.)

(Principal characters, Miss Winem and Dearest Friend. The waiter had just placed their chocolate and two large ornamental bows of red ribbon, under which parsimonious search has sometimes been rewarded by finding a sandwich.)

Miss Winem—What a perfectly darling hat!

Dearest Friend—Do you really like it?

Miss Winem—Immensely. It is so becoming. You are simply adorable in it.

Dearest Friend—You are so comforting, dear.

Miss Winem—Do you know that Tom Rox is simply crazy about you?

Dearest Friend—Nonsense, dear.

Miss Winem (with great earnestness)—Oh, but he is. He was up to see me last night and he could talk of nothing else. He thinks you are perfectly fascinating. He is simply wild about you.

Dearest Friend—Dear, I have been intending to tell you that whenever you wanted my machine, it is quite at your disposal. I seldom go out in the morning.

(Scene, Hotel Plaza. Time, 10 a. m.)

(Miss Winem is holding Mrs. Kranky's yarn.)

Miss Winem—Oh, dear Mrs. Kranky, I don't mind in the least. No, really I don't care to join the others. I would much rather stay and talk with you. I know I seem very frivolous, dear Mrs. Kranky, but you know unless a girl does the things other girls do, people consider her odd and peculiar, and mamma doesn't wish me to be considered odd. And I always try to please dear mamma. But I don't care for society in the least. It is so much more interesting to talk to you, dear Mrs. Kranky.

Mrs. Kranky—I have always thought you a most sensible young woman, my dear. You are more like girls used to be in my day when they didn't carry everything on the outside of their heads, and appear in the ballroom in a shoulder strap and with a silk scarf wrapped around their legs.

Miss Winem—Oh, dear Mrs. Kranky, believe me, I appreciate such praise from you.

Broken Veins on Body.

Mary McM.—The only way to prevent this trouble is to relieve the pressure and restore normal circulation. Nothing that you could take or apply would do you any good.

Gold and Silver Buckles.

Nothing is more exquisite than the beaten gold and silver buckles and pins of the silver days.

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## SWEET SISTER

Peter stood speechless before a panorama of brilliantly vivid circus posters which decorated the broad fence for nearly a block.

Peter's artistic instincts were aroused and vibrant from the strain upon them. He thought he had never beheld anything so beautiful as the pictured lady careering through the air like a cannon ball of lace and tinsel. As for the man strapped on the backs of two mad horses, who were apparently trying to tear him limb from limb, Peter felt thrills of admiration trickle down his spine at the sight.

He sighed blissfully.

"Hello, Bubby," said a man who had been watching him with a speculative eye, "going to the circus tomorrow?"

Peter shook his head and straightened the milk pitcher he held, so that the stream that had been issuing from it no longer meandered down the leg of his abbreviated pants.

"Would you like to?" continued the man insinuatingly.

"You bet!" said Peter emphatically.

"Well, I want a boy your size to ride one of the elephants in the parade. If you'd like the job I'll give you a ticket to the afternoon performance and 25 cents to boot."

"What yer givin' us?" he scoffed.

"Sure thing," declared the man. "Do you want to do it? If not I can easily find a boy who does."

Peter promptly laid his pitcher on the sidewalk, and standing on his head knocked his heels ecstatically together in space.

"I guess you want to all right. Come around to the side door of the tent to-morrow morning at 9.30. You will be as safe on the elephant as in your mammy's rocking chair; so don't get scared and back out."

Back out! Peter's eyes sparkled with indignation. He dashed home in a whirlwind of excitement, thoroughly convinced he would never wait for morning to come.

"Where have you been all this time, Peter Andrew?" demanded his mother sharply. "Sweet Sister has been yelling for her milk at least an hour."

But Peter was breathing hard, deaf to his mother's complaints, and the enticing coos of Sweet Sister, who held out short, fat arms, to be taken up for her usual evening romp. Peter scorned the blandishments of Sweet Sister. What was a romp with a baby to a fellow who was going to ride an elephant?

"Peter," said his mother the next morning as he was hurriedly gulping down his breakfast, "I have got to go up town this morning, and you must take care of Sweet Sister. Don't for the life of you take your eyes off her; she's as full of mischief as a monkey!"

Peter sat in stricken silence, knowing from experience, the uselessness of protest. It was after his mother had bustled off with a parting warning that he broke into open mutiny.

"I say," he burst forth violently, "darn Sweet Sister!"

Peter eyed her disgustedly as he backed stealthily to the door. Seizing an opportune moment when Sweet Sister's attention was engaged in a cannibalistic attack on her doll, he sneaked quietly from the room and flew on wings of expedition to the circus grounds.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon before Peter gave Sweet Sister another thought. The intoxicating experience of his ride on the elephant's back and the enchantment of the afternoon performance completely wiped her from his mind.

Even when he turned his face homeward Peter was so far exalted above the ordinary grooves of his life that the memory of his base desertion gave him no twinges of regret. He would, without fail, get a thrashing for it; but he had learned even at that early age to philosophically take the bitter with the sweet.

Poor Peter came to earth again with a sudden crash when, reaching what had been his home, he found in its place nothing but a smoking heap of ashes!

He leaned, white and faint from the shock against a telegraph pole, and gazed around him with terrified eyes.

The street was strewn with familiar articles of household furnishings, and Peter, fearful of what he might see, turned his head from the sight.

"Where was Sweet Sister? Oh, what had become of Sweet Sister?" he questioned himself in an agony of remorse and fright. He dare not ask. At his feet lay a singed and blackened rubber doll. Peter recoiled from it in horror. He remembered Sweet Sister's laughing little face as she flourished it at him that very morning. Beads of icy dampness sprang around his trembling mouth, and he rushed frantically from the scene.

Dawn was just breaking when Peter, a disconsolate, wretched little atom of humanity, sat down on a deserted doorstep and fell into the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion. He

slept on, unconscious of being lifted in the kindly gentle embrace of a policeman, and laid on a cot and left to finish his sleep in peace.

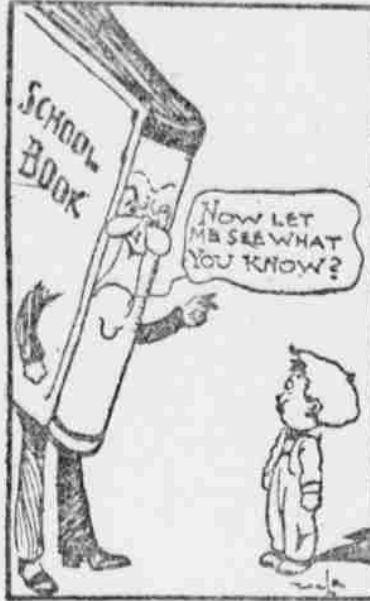
When Peter opened his eyes his mother was bending over him, and in her arms regarding him with round solemn eyes, was—Sweet Sister!

Peter stared breathlessly at her and then hid his face in the pillow.

"Don't cry, Peter dear," whispered his mother unsteadily. "I am so happy at having both of you children safe, I ain't never going to scold again. A neighbor heard Sweet Sister's crying and took her out of the house long before the fire started. It was all my fault. I should have taken the wood from under the stove."

But Peter sobbed on helplessly with Sweet Sister's small fist strained convulsively to his conrife, thankful little heart.

## EXAMINATION DAYS.



## That Old Churn.

Was there ever a job on the farm that you tried harder to sidestep than churning? You always persuaded yourself that the job was cut out for a girl, and why you should do it you could never figure out.

Do you remember the day you cut your toe and how glad you were because it was the day they started to cut the hay and you knew that the injured toe would disqualify you. So you went to the wood shed and got out your box of fishing tackle and started to untangle the lines.

You saw the Dawson boys the day before returning from Harding's Creek with a bundle of shiners a yard long, and you intended to get a bigger string. You were just coming out of the shed with a spade to dig angle worms when your mother called you. At first you did not answer, you sneaked around behind the Corn crib, but she saw you and it was up to you to report.

"If your foot hurts you can sit under the apple tree and churn for me," were the cruel words.

You kicked the cigar box of fishing tackle back to the end of the shed and threw the spade in a corner, and advanced to the machine of torture.

Your mother brought out a cushion and placed it on a chair, and after the cream was poured in you started to working the handle as fast as you could. After you had churned and churned for hours you raised the dasher, but the cream was yet cream. Your back ached and blisters were coming on your hands, when it began to work harder and you knew that it was going to butter.

The sun was just creeping over five o'clock spot when your mother came out with a handful of doughnuts and told you that you were the best boy in the world and that the butter was churned better than she could do it herself. But it was too late to go a-fishing.

## Fun With the Hose.



I used to have a lot of fun A-playin' with the hose; In summer time I'd often run And put on my old clothes. Then Jim and Dan would dress the same—

Just pants and shirts would do, And at ourselves the hose we'd aim, And get wet through and through.

It's summer time again, and say—I'm sorry I'm a man; I'd like to do that stunt today, With those kids, Jim and Dan. I'd like to feel that stream once more Come soaking through my clothes; I found real joy in days of yore, A-playin' with the hose.

A Quandary.

"A necklace of diamonds has been stolen from me!" said Mrs. Cumrox. "Aren't you going to notify the police?" "I don't know what to do. It does seem rather cheap to be robbed of jewelry, and yet I hate to have people think I'd ever miss a little thing like a necklace."

The Right Place.

The Tramp—"Ah, Mister, what would you do if you felt like you did not have a friend in the world?" The Rich Man—"What would I do? Why, I'd apply for a job as baseball umpire, of course."—Chicago News.

Women Draw Large Salaries.

Probably the highest paid women in the United States civil service are two young women translators of French and Spanish, employed at the bureau of American republics. They receive \$2,400 a year.

The Retort Courteous.

Spinster—"Aren't you weary of waiting for him to come?" Matron—"And aren't you weary of having no one to wait for?"—Illustrated Bits.

Facts as to Business.

A very large proportion of people think business is a goldmine and conducts itself. An a matter of fact, it is quite otherwise.—Judge Parry.

A Primer of Life.

Only a dreamer asks Time and Tide to wait for him, when he might "head" them off, sell Time for money, and make Tide turn a mill wheel.

The Feminine Nature.

Woman's cares are her greatest joys, and unless she is worried she's miserable.

The Braggart Sized Up.

The man who says he can do anything can usually do nothing.

Have Fellow-Feeling.

Never find your delight in another's misfortune.—Publius Syrus.

# 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.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## 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.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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This company is preparing to do extensive construction work in the Honesdale Exchange District which will greatly improve the service and enlarge the system. Patronize the Independent Telephone Company which reduced telephone rates, and do not contract for any other service without conferring with our Contract Department Tel. No. 300. CONSOLIDATED TELEPHONE CO. of PENNSYLVANIA. Foster Building.