

## GRANGE.

## DETECTING IMPURITIES IN SULPHUR.

A Justice of the Peace, who is also a fruit grower and a believer in up-to-date methods in dealing with insect pests, so as to insure perfect fruit, wrote to Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, in regard to a brand of sulphur which he bought, and which he believes was impure, as it did not have the effect desired.

In replying to the request for information as to where to get a good article of sulphur, State Zoologist Surface said:

"I cannot take the responsibility of stating what dealers are selling pure articles and who are not. I wish to state it as my opinion, however, that some impurity in the sulphur would make no difference in the killing effects upon Scale. Perhaps it was not boiled until it united with the lime, or was not thoroughly applied, or rain fell soon afterward, or some twigs were not entirely covered, or something else might have occurred to lead to poor results.

"You can tell the difference between pure and impure sulphur by putting it upon a piece of sheet iron and burning it. The pure sulphur will be consumed without any ash being left. If the impure sulphur contains volcanic ash, this will be left behind, and, of course, can be weighed to determine the amount of mineral impurity."

## ROACHES IN THE HOUSE.

The roach nuisance has been brought to the attention of State Zoologist Surface, by persons in different parts of the State. The cold winter, which resulted in brisk fires being maintained to keep up the temperatures inside of dwellings, may have resulted in these pests becoming more numerous than usual.

A lawyer of Indiana, Pa., wrote to Prof. Surface, saying: "For some time past I have been troubled with roaches. They keep hid in cracks during the day, but at night come out in large numbers. I think they must have been brought to the house with groceries. Everything is kept clean and in as good condition as is usually found about a well-regulated house, and still they stay. We have tried various things in trying to get rid of them. I suppose that fumigating the entire house with formaldehyde would be effective. If you can give me any simple method of getting rid of them, I will be grateful for the advice."

Professor Surface replied as follows:

"These pests are quite persistent invaders, and generally cannot be exterminated by a single application. For this reason a combination of methods is desirable. Powdered borax blown around cracks they inhabit, especially around damp places in the kitchen floors will help to drive them away. Powdered sugar, one part, and plaster of Paris, two parts, mixed together, will prove to be a good remedy. One of the best remedies is a proprietary substance sold on the market under the name of "Roach Paste" or "Roach Food." I should avoid the phosphorus poisons, as they are dangerous to use in the house. If the annoyance caused by roaches should reach the extreme limit and it be necessary for you to fumigate, you can do this safely with hydrocyanic acid gas, although you will have to vacate the rooms during the time of the fumigation. I should not attempt to fumigate for them with formaldehyde, as I do not think this would be efficient in destroying roaches."

## KEEPING BORDEAUX MIXTURE.

In reply to an inquiry from Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, received at his office in Harrisburg, as to whether Bordeaux mixture can be kept from one spraying time to another without spoiling, or weakening the solution, he wrote as follows:

"Replying to the inquiry about keeping Bordeaux mixture, I beg to say that after it is once mixed, or in other words, after the bluestone and the milk of lime are put together, they commence to deteriorate or run down by exposure to the air. The longer this exposure continues the greater is the amount of loss of efficiency. It can be mixed and kept a few hours, or, if closely covered, a few days, but if kept very long, it is not nearly as efficient as when freshly made. Therefore, it would be better never to keep it in this manner, but keep your concentrated bluestone solution in one vessel (wooden), and your slaked lime under water, in another vessel, and mix them together in water at the time they are wanted, mixing only what can be used at one time.

"The cost of Bordeaux mixture when properly made is only about one-half of a cent per gallon, and this means that a person cannot afford to keep it and use it again, after it has been so weakened, for doing such work as is necessary to prevent plant diseases. In other words, it is much cheaper to throw away a part of a barrel of Bordeaux Mixture than to keep it and apply the weakened material that will not have the desired effect, as for example, in preventing potato blight and rot. If you have added the poison to the Bordeaux, for the sake of killing the chewing insects, this

poison will not become weakened by standing, and the poisoned mixture can be stirred up and applied at any time afterward, as far as efficiency for killing chewing insects is concerned. Yet its efficiency for preventing plant diseases is lessened by the standing. Of course, you understand that Bordeaux mixture alone is copper sulphate and lime,—three pounds of the former to four pounds of the latter, with water to make up fifty gallons. This is for plant diseases only, and this formula is for such hardy plants as apple, pear, quince, grapes and potatoes.

## ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

A saw, a long-handled pair of pruning shears, a short-handled pair, and the necessary ladders, will fill average needs in the pruning line.

Simply pull up any weeds which succeed in pushing through the strawberry mulch. Generally speaking, it is best not to hoe or cultivate the fruiting bed in the spring.

Pruning raspberries and blackberries: Cut out all canes that fruited last season (should have been done last fall); also all winter-killed canes. Shorten remaining canes to three or four feet, and cut off at least a third of the long side shoots. Rake up and burn all brush.

Don't think the old orchard is past hope. If too thick, thin out the trees. Clean out all bad limbs. Spray and cultivate. Feed plenty of stable manure and, my word for it, in nine cases out of ten, the old orchard will pay for itself times over. Take care of it, be good to it; it pays.

Albert Repp, New Jersey, speaking about apples, says: Taking the total population of the United States and dividing it by the number of apples produced, it leaves but twenty-four apples for each person from now till July 1st. It is wrong, when we can grow such good apples, not to grow more; 80,000,000 barrels would be but one barrel each, yet we now have but 4,000,000 barrels on hand in this entire country.

—March Farm Journal.

## DEATH IS PAINLESS.

It Comes as Naturally and as Welcome as Sleep.

The fear of death, which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is said to be almost without existence in sickness. Most patients have lost it completely by the time they become seriously ill.

Death and sleep are both painless, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson in "The American Magazine," and cause neither fear nor anxiety by their approach. It is one of the most merciful things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the poisons which destroy life, whether they are those of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own waste products, act as narcotics and abolish consciousness long before the end comes.

While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only painless but welcome. Pain racked and fever scorched patients long for death as the wearied tailor longs for sleep.

While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When death comes close enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his "twin brother," sleep.

## Bought His Own Work.

To come across a bit of one's own work in print is an experience not ordinarily exasperating to an author; but a Washington writer on scientific matters was recently not very agreeably surprised by such a development. It appears that the writer was collecting material for a monograph on electro-magnetism, when word came to him of a valuable paper on the subject not long before published in a Berlin Journal devoted to science. Thinking that the paper would be of use to him in the work in hand, he had it translated. When the English version was laid before him, together with quite a bill for the translator's labor, what was the disgust of the writer to find that the article was nothing more or less than a German reproduction of an article of his own published the year before in an English journal. And he had paid twice as much for the translation as he had received for the original article!

## He Lost.

The other day a Londoner said to a countryman: "I'll bet you anything you like you cannot spell three simple words that I shall give you within forty seconds." "I'll take that on. Now, then, what are they?" said the countryman. "Well, here goes," said the Londoner, as he pulled out his watch; "London." "L-o-n-d-o-n," "Watching," "W-a-t-c-h-i-n-g," "Wrong," said the Londoner. "What?" exclaimed the countryman, in surprised tones: "I've spelled the words you gave me correctly. I'm certain I'm not—"

"Time's up!" the Londoner said triumphantly; "why didn't you spell the third word—w-r-o-n-g?"

## ASKS HEART BALM

## Dashing Widow Sues Broker For Breach of Promise.

## PUTS DAMAGES AT \$50,000.

## In Love Letters to "My Own Little Sweetheart" Defendant Says They Were Extravagant With Kisses.

New York, March 8.—Theodore A. Ryerson, son of the well known and wealthy family and a prominent broker and member of the Stock Exchange, is defendant in a suit for breach of promise brought by Helen M. Walters, a dashing widow, of Chicago. The case was called for trial before Justice Dugro in the supreme court. The plaintiff asks \$50,000 damages.

Mrs. Walters, who is twenty-seven years old, is a decided brunette and extremely pretty. She appeared in the court wearing a blue suit, with furs, and a black picture hat with large white plume.

Many love letters figure in the suit. They are all of the most endearing character. The following is a sample of them, which the fair plaintiff received from Ryerson May 31, 1908:

My Own Little Sweetheart—I love you with all my heart, and I want you to marry me at once. Please do not spoil my bubble, will you, dear? I'll do my best to make you happy. Try me.

Ryerson's letters all began with "My Dear Little Sweetheart," "My Dear Helen" and "My Dear Little Girl." Here is one of the "My Dear Sweetheart" variety, dated June 6, 1908, and written aboard the steamship Campana when Ryerson was about to sail for Europe:

Ever since I left you my heart has been like lead, and all the time I have tried to reason with myself, hoping that your love would prove a reality. There is nothing that I can tell you, my dear, that you do not already know, only how recklessly and wickedly extravagant we were of our love and kisses, and yet, sweetheart, it was a good and simple kind of happiness, too, with no wrong in it to inhibit its memory; nothing for which I can ever reproach myself.

I missed you dreadfully. There were pretty girls galore, but you would have been a queen among them. Goodbye, dear.

In another letter Ryerson wrote: Helen, dear, you are to me my ideal of an honorable and beautiful woman, and I respect you as I love you. What more can I say to you, my dearest sweetheart? My whole heartful of love is yours.

On Sept. 27, 1908, he wrote: I hardly know what to say to you, dear little girl, except that I am very sure that you do love me, and, while that in itself should make me a very happy boy, I love you, Helen, quite blindly and with all my heart, more than I want to let you know. How long it will take to right the wrong I have done you I do not know, and you must not ask me. What I have done that was really wicked was teaching you to love me.

I have your dear picture and your memory, and I can love them always.

Ryerson on another occasion wrote "I am thinking of you all the time and your dear features help to make me happy."

Mrs. Walters says that, relying upon Ryerson's promise to marry her in September, 1908, she "made extensive preparations" for her wedding and "expended large sums of money in the purchase of a trousseau."

She adds that Ryerson's failure to marry her has resulted in great damage to her feelings and reputation and that she has been "greatly humiliated and injured in the esteem of the community in which she lives and with her friends and acquaintances."

Mrs. Walters testified that the only reason Ryerson ever gave for not marrying her was that he had changed his mind. She said he did everything in his power to make her love him.

"You do love him?" asked her counsel.

"Yes."

"You love him now?"

"I do," said the lady emphatically.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Our neighbor to the northward—"The Lady of the Snows,"—about a decade ago found herself with a most perplexing and peculiar problem on her hands. John Arbuthnot tells all about it in Human Life for March, in an able article on "The Strange Case of the Dukhobor in Canada."

The religious beliefs of this strange sect are profoundly interesting and worthy of respect in many ways. The founder, a mysterious being, wise and gentle it is said, appeared among them about two hundred years ago, and taught them spiritual ideals that are among the purest and loftiest found in any religion in the world. Whence he came none knew, and already his history is shrouded in legendary myth. Having no written documents, however, and being densely ignorant and stolid, many strange and wholly inconsistent beliefs have crept in.

Like the Quakers one of their chief doctrines is peace, and the crisis of their persecution by the Russian government came with the Crimean War. Whole companies of Dukhobors laid down their arms when they found themselves in battle, and instead of firing sang psalms.

The story of their migration in a great body to Canada, the changes that their location on the fat soil of the Northern prairies is working in them, and the manner in which Canada is working out this problem of assimilating an alien people is a most interesting study.

## Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

## WOMEN WORK TEETER BOARD.

Savarian Women Use Primitive Methods to Irrigate Gardens.

Strawberries and radishes are two of the chief hobbies of the truck gardener of Bavaria, and he knows how to bring them to a satisfactory state of growth. But the champion truck gardeners of that fascinating province of Germany, where they fully understand the raising of hops as well as garden products, are not the men. Many women undertake entire charge of the fields and they toil as ardently as the men. In times of drought they water every garden patch. On many farms there are wells, but no windmills.

The women mount a sort of teeter-board and rock it until a large tub is filled, after which they carry the water over the garden, drenching the



Water Power in a Bavarian Field. Radish and other beds from time to time demands. The pumping of water by means of the teeter-board is one of the primitive methods handed down through the ages.

## MAN THE SERVANT.

Australians in New York have been interested or amused, according to individual bent, at news and stories that have been circulated lately among them from the great island continent in the Pacific. These have to do with the movement among women of the bustling commonwealth to take themselves apart from the rule of Man.

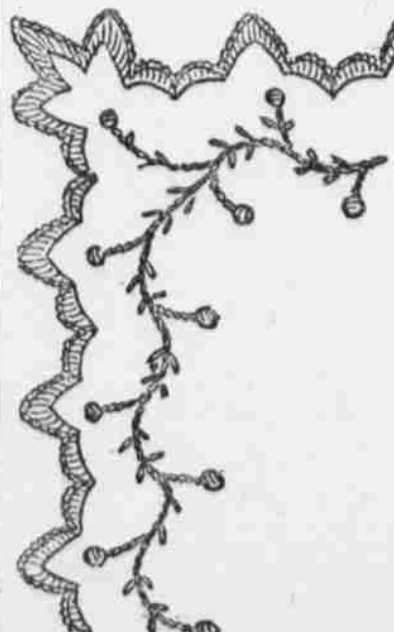
The edict against man has been spoken, and spoken out loud, in the voice of the English Woman's Householders League, a league that bristles with independence. The English Woman's Householders League has secured from the Western State Government of Australia a tract of land that is to be all its own, all and solely Woman's own. The land is an immense tract at Wilson's Inlet, and is to be used for the establishment of a farm colony on a large scale. The leaders and founders of the movement, which it is declared is now in active working order, are Mrs. Crooks, principal of the Woman's Agricultural College in Worcester, England; Mrs. Emily Crawford and Miss Hetty Sawyer, M. D.

"No prohibition State," say proud Australian women, "was ever so rigidly guarded from its arch enemy as this settlement will be from the machinations of the 'Thing that is known as Man.'"

The Australian newspapers say that each woman buyer is obliged to sign a clause in her title deed of ownership so phrased as to prevent any future selling of the land to any male. No man is to be permitted to own stock or at any time "directly or indirectly to hold office" in this great agricultural enterprise of emancipated women. The leaders, it is said, have shown the possession of a keen practical eye and mind, for the land they have chosen is out of the way, yet rich, and a fine place for grazing and also for breeding cattle.

The stories say that all the capital required for the present expenditures has been subscribed and that fourteen homesteads are already occupied.

New Design in Embroidery. Here is a design that is specially suitable to be worked with silk on infant's flannel head squares, though it is quite suitable also for working on



linen or damask mats, with white or colored cottons.

Although very simple and quickly worked, the pattern is effective, the curving stalk is in cording stitch, the little dots in satin stitch, with long stitches standing out from the cording.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

## ON THE LIMITED.

This Harsh-Looking Man Knew Just How to Handle Babies.

The merciless heat made the passengers gasp as the Limited played its way steadily across the Western plains. Dreary, monotonous, was the vista of sand and scrub which greeted the eyes of the weary travelers. To add to their discomfort, above the muffled roar of the train arose the continuous wailing of a child. More than one man cursed softly and sought refuge in another car—all, as it happened, crowded. Finally a harsh-looking passenger spoke.

"Why don't you keep that brat quiet?" he snapped.

The mother, a forlorn-looking woman clad in rusty black, looked pathetically up at him. "I've been trying to," she faltered. "But, you see, the heat and the long journey—"

A new expression stole over the harsh-looking passenger's face. "Give it to me," he said in a tone of marvellous gentleness; and the poor mother placed the fretful baby in his arms.

Whereupon he threw the child out of the window.

Sold again!

## THE REASON.



Discontented Wife—Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now.

The Husband—That's why.—Illustrated Bits.

## A Useful Garment.

Clothier—Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you?

Customer—Oh, yes; all my boys worn it.

"Well, think of that!" "I do. Every time after a rain the next smaller one has to take it!"—Answers.

## Last Resort.

Mrs. Crawford—You say it is impossible to get any money out of your husband. Have you gone about it the right way?

Mrs. Crabshaw—I've tried everything, my dear, except sending him a Black Hand letter.—Brooklyn Life.

## Quite Enough Room.

"I fancy you've asked too many people. The table won't hold them."

"Oh, no! More people can be placed at a table now than formerly. Why, a fashionable woman in evening dress takes up about as much room as a rolled-up umbrella."—Lippincott's.

## LONG ENOUGH.



Transient—Kindly tell me whether this ticket will allow me a stop-over here?

Station Agent—It depends. What do you want to stop for?

Transient—To visit some rather distant relatives of mine, the Jinkses.

Station Agent—Then you'll have plenty of time. This ticket is good for the next train.

Transient—See here! Do you know how long I intend to stop?

Station Agent—Not exactly; but I know the Jinkses!

## Unfortunate.

"Ah!" said the candidate, "this is Farmer Whiffletree's place, I believe. And you have just celebrated your golden wedding, I understand?"

"Golden wedding nuthin'!" was the response. "I've just been sued for ten thousand dollars' worth of breach of promise. You've got your card index mixed."

## Vigilant Fido.

In the barber shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut.

## No Chance.

"Supposing a child were born upon the high sea, his parents being Americans, would he be eligible for the Presidency?"

"Not if boys were still being born in the grand old State of Ohio."

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

## Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office, Masonic building, second floor, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Reif's store, Honesdale, Pa.

O. L. ROWLAND, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reif's new store, Honesdale, Pa.

F. P. KIMBLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over the post office, Honesdale, Pa.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

HERMAN HARMES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Patents and pensions secured. Office in the Schuetz building, Honesdale, Pa.

PETER H. LOEFF, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Second floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW. Offices immediately occupied by Judge Searle.

## Dentists.

D. R. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST. Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

DR. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, Honesdale, Pa.'s Office Hours—8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Any evening by appointment. Citizens' phone, 33. Residence, No. 86-X.

## Physicians.

D. R. H. B. SEARLES, HONESDALE, PA. Office and residence 1019 Court street telephones. Office Hours—2:30 to 4:30 and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m.

## Livery.

LIVERY.—Fred. G. Rickard has removed his livery establishment from corner Church street to Whitney's Stone Barn.

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