

AGRICULTURE

- OF LOCAL INTEREST TO -

WAYNE COUNTY FARMERS

The Poultry Yard.

Keep a little gas-tar on hand and apply it for scaly legs.

You can tell a laying hen as far as you can see her. Her comb is always bright and healthy looking. February hatched chicks are apt to molt in the fall, and will not be worth anything for egg production in winter.

Turkeys more than any other poultry seem to require fresh air. They will roost in trees during a snow-storm and not seem to mind it a bit.

Forcing laying hens with stimulants of any kind, except those nature supplies in good food, is a dangerous and costly process in the long run.

Soak stale bread in sweet skim-milk, press out the milk as completely as possible, and feed the chicks. Also keep coarse sand before them; without it the chicks can not grind their food.

Put some oats in a box that will not leak; wet them thoroughly with warm water, cover them well, let them stand one whole day, then turn them into a box that does leak. Keep putting warm water on them morning and night till sprouts are well started. Spread them out thinly, moisten more, and keep this up till the sprouts are of the required length. Some folks let them grow a foot long. No finer feast for the birds than oat sprouts.

Hens will soon be bringing good prices, and the high price will tempt many farmers to sell their hens off too closely. It will pay the average farmer to keep a goodly number of hens the year around. When hatching time comes, if incubators and brooders are not used, it takes several hens to do the work of hatching and rearing the chicks, and we like to have enough others to keep the egg-basket filled. Eggs to sell every week means a small bill at the grocery. Can't have the eggs unless we hold on to enough hens.

—From February Farm Journal.

Floral Notes.

Only young and healthy plants should be grown by beginners. Be sure that your plants need watering before you shower them.

Good dirt is an essential thing for the successful growth of any indoor plants.

The rich, glossy leaves of the rhododendron rank it in first place among winter shrubs.

Fifty degrees is the lowest temperature at which most indoor plants can be successfully grown.

The reason begonias always make suitable plants for the window is because they can adapt themselves to almost any conditions.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Roast Mutton.

The shoulder is the best piece to roast. Have the butcher remove the bones, leaving a pocket for bread dressing. Remove all the pink skin from the outside, then season with salt and pepper. Season the bread crumbs with sage, salt, pepper and melted butter and milk. Place in the baking pan and bake in a moderately hot oven. The meat should frequently be basted with the meat liquor in the pan.

French Cabbage.

Slice the quantity of cabbage needed and steam in a saucepan for a few moments with a little water and two tablespoons of butter. As soon as the cabbage can be pierced with a steel fork, cover with a dressing made from one egg, one-fourth spoon salt, pepper and one-half cup cream and two tablespoons of vinegar. Steam for a few seconds and serve. Some add a little flour and quite often olive oil is used in place of butter.

Cooking Winter Beets.

The winter beet is tough and not easily cooked. They should be thoroughly scrubbed and the first boiling water drained off to remove the earthy flavor. When tender throw into cold water to slip off the skins, cut them in even slices and serve with vinegar, lemon juice, pepper and salt.

French Fried Potatoes.

Cut in any shape preferred; they should be laid in cold water an hour or more, then dried on a towel before cooking. Slice the potatoes in eights the length of the vegetable and drop them into boiling fat. The pieces will float when done, yet should remain until they are a golden brown. Place in a dish and give them a dash of salt and pepper.

Cream of Tomato Soup.

One quart stewed tomatoes or one quart of canned ones, one small onion, one bay leaf, one stalk celery, one sprig of parsley, one teaspoonful sugar, two level tablespoons butter, four level tablespoons browned flour, one-half cup of milk. Put the tomatoes in a saucepan with the onion, bay leaf, parsley and celery; let it stew about ten minutes. Press through a sieve fine enough to remove the seeds. Put it into a clean saucepan, return to the fire and bring to the boiling point. Rub the butter and flour together until smooth and stir into the boiling soup. Stir constantly until smooth, then add the milk, salt, pepper and sugar, and serve.

Scotch Shortbread.

Rub together, into a stiff short paste, two pounds of flour, one pound of butter and six ounces of loaf sugar. Make it into square cakes about one-half an inch thick, pinch them all along the edge at the top, and sprinkle with candid cara-

way seeds. Place the cakes closely together on tins and bake in a slow oven.

Apple Salad.

Equal parts of sliced apples, celery, blanched almonds or English walnuts. Mix with enough mayonnaise to moisten well. Serve in the apple shells or scooped out winter pears. Boiled dressing is often used instead of the mayonnaise. This is a splendid dish for dinner.

Angel Food.

Ingredients: The whites of thirty-six eggs, four and a half cupfuls of powdered sugar, three cupfuls of flour, three tablespoons of cream of tartar, and sufficient rose extract to flavor. Sift the sugar seven times and the flour four times. Whip the eggs and add the cream of tartar, then the sugar and flour, sifting them lightly. Add the flavoring and bake in three pans of graduated size, from thirty to forty minutes, taking out the smallest first. The oven door should not be opened until the cakes have been in fifteen minutes. When done pile into pyramid form, ice with sugar and white of egg icing, and elaborate decorations may be made with the aid of a glass tube.

Sweet Potatoes.

Cut cold cooked sweet potatoes in thick slices. Lay in deep baking dish, season with salt, pepper, sugar and butter; pour over milk to nearly cover and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Pudding Recipe.

Beat to a cream three-quarters of a cupful of butter and add to it a cupful of molasses, the strained yolks of four eggs and two cupfuls of scalded milk, in which two teaspoonfuls of soda have been dissolved; then add four cupfuls of pastry flour or sufficient bread flour to make it the consistency of nougat cake, an even teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of cloves, a quarter of a pound of citron, shredded, two pounds of raisins and the whites of four eggs. Beat well and then pour the mixture into a greased pudding mold. Put in a pot of boiling water or in a steamer over boiling water and cook steadily for six hours. Serve with sauce.

Welsh Rarebit.

Mix two tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, a little cayenne in one-half pint of milk. At the boiling point add one pound of grated cheese. When a smooth paste is formed, cover toasted bread with the cheese and serve hot.

Stewed Terrapin.

Plunge the terrapin head first into a kettle of boiling water, throw in some salt, cover and boil for fifteen minutes. Take out, remove the black skin from the shell and the nails from the claws. Wash thoroughly in warm water and remove the shells. Take out the gall bladder, sand bag and entrails, and remove the head. Keep the meat, fat and legs in water until wanted. Fifteen minutes before time to serve, cut up the meat, put it in a saucepan with a glass of Madeira, a little salt and pepper and one ounce of butter. Beat a teacupful of cream with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and put it in with the terrapin, moving it around but not letting it boil. Serve in a soup tureen.

Baked Goose.

Draw and cleanse an eight-month-old goose, and stuff with the following dressing: Three pints of bread-crumbs, six ounces of butter, a teaspoonful each of sage, black pepper and salt, and an onion chopped fine. Do not stuff very full but stuff closely, place in a baking pan with a little water, baste often with salt, water and vinegar, mixed. Bake two and a half hours. Take from the pan, remove the fat, and the clipped giblets, previously boiled tender, together with the water in which they were boiled, thicken with flour and butter rubbed together, let boil up and serve. Garnish the goose with celery leaves or parsley and apple sauce in red apple shells.

The Wander Bug.

The wander bug when spring is near declares he'll "get away from here." When summer comes he will not fail to talk about the wander trail. And when the autumn slips along His last to move is just as strong. He says and doubtless really thinks He'll go to see the ancient sphinx Or don a noble hunter's belt Or tramp the wilds like Roosevelt Or maybe seeks the arctic dreary, Like Shackleton or Cook or Peary. He buys a lot of travel literature. He talks of "some far foreign shore," He says he feels the "wander thrill," He hears the winds that "cry and call," He plans to go by foot or ship Upon a most extended trip. At other shores to take a glance, To seek adventure and romance; He babbles of his "heart's unrest," The "purple east, the golden west," And then from home, so warm and snug, He never strays—the wander bug! —New York American.

One at Hand.

"Blamed 'f I don't feel like huntin' a 'reglar job," muttered Wareham Long, shivering in his well ventilated suit of summer clothing. "The'r' hain't no need o' huntin' fur that," said Taffold Knutt. "You kin be my social secretary. Go an' git somebody on th' av'noo 't give you a couple o' overcoats, an' I'll let you have one o' 'em fur carryin' out my orders." —Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, Reginald, I am yours."
"But will your mother give her consent?"
"Oh, mother is too sensible to waste time opposing a summer engagement."
—Washington Herald.

"I see that the People's Popular restaurant has bought the wornout machinery of the Knuffs & Kollers laundry."
"For goodness' sake! What are they going to do with it?"
"Probably they'll take the rubber off the wringers, run it through the mangle and it will come out chicken salad."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How do you like my doughnuts, dear?"
She asked. "Ain't they divine?"
"They surely are," her husband gaped.
"The holes are simply fine."
—Dallas News.

"Figg—Well, you know the old saying: 'Contentment is better than wealth.'"
"Fogg—That's so; people don't try to borrow it from you."—Boston Transcript.

"Let's drop into this restaurant."
"Oh, I don't believe I care to eat anything."
"Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one anyway."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Just a little millionaire,
Just a little wife,
Mighty little happiness,
Awful lot of strife,
Just some little lawyers,
Just a little foe,
Then a little evidence
To a referee,
Just a little courtroom,
Just a whispered line,
Scratching of the judge's pen,
And everything is fine.
—New York Telegram.

"In our country, where can one really find the cream of society?" asked Miss Blase.
"In Reno, of course, where society goes through the separator," replied the cynic acidly.—Judge.

"How did you get the black eye?"
"It happened in a billiard parlor. I forgot I wasn't on the bleachers and criticised a man's poor play."—Kansas City Journal.

There lived a man in our town,
And he was wondrous game.
His wife brought home some bargain ties;
He up and wore the same.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Oh, Bobby! You've been fighting that Wilfong boy again!"
"Nope. Same old fight, mamma. This was the ninety-seventh round."—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you believe in premonition?"
"No, but I once had an uncle who was able to foretell exactly the hour of his death."
"What was he hanged for?"—Houston Post.

"Love," says the poet, "by and by
Will find its own, I ween,"
But not so surely as the fly
Will find the basted screen.
—Denver Republican.

The stream is sure to find the sea,
We know it will not fail,
But surer is the tire to fail,
The fender of the nail.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The dust is sure to meet the wind
And then be whirled at will,
But surer is the man to find
The usual monthly bill.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Dancing is one of the oldest arts."
"Paying the fiddler is quite as ancient."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Fond Mother—And has mamma's angel been a peacemaker today?
Mamma's Angel—Yes, ma. Tommy Tuff was a-lickin' Willie Whimpers, an' when I told 'im to stop he wouldn't, an' I jumped in an' licked the stuffin' out o' both o' 'em.—Tit-Bits.

The man who cannot change his mind,
In some dark corner, lost to fame,
Engaged at solitaire you'll find,
While others play the real game.
—Washington Star.

Wife—Did you put the cat out before we left home?
Husband—Darned if I know; I can't remember whether it was the cat I put out or the gas.—Philadelphia Telegraph

"How old methods are dropped!
Doctors never bleed people now as they used to."
"Oh, yes, they do, in their bills."—Baltimore American.

I used to get my dinners
At restaurants and such;
The check the waiter brought me
Was usually this much—
\$2.80.

But now since I've discovered
The joys of wedded bliss,
My Mary gets the dinners;
The cost for two is this—
\$0.63.

However, there's a gas range
That ornaments our flat;
The way my Mary runs it
Brings monthly bills like that—
\$43.20.
—Milwaukee Daily News.

He—Do you think that your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?
She—No, but I think he will if you don't pretty soon.—Watchman.

"Mother, what is Alaska sable?"
"Well, it's the polite name for a dead skunk, Bobbie."
"And mother—is there any polite name for a live skunk?"—Brooklyn Life.

"Some one's been fishing here," she said.
"Of that there is no doubt.
It's plain, for in the woods there are so many corks about."
—Dallas News

For the Children

The Wonderful Flight of the Golden Plover.



Everybody knows that most of our birds come north to their nesting grounds in the spring and go south in the fall. Some of the longest journeys are made by the smallest birds.

A few species leave the far north in August and September, making enormous flights over the ocean to winter homes in the southern hemisphere. Thus the golden plover leaves Nova Scotia and flies without a stop straight to South America, wintering on the pampas of Argentina, a journey of some 5,000 miles, 2,500 being over the ocean, without a stop even for food. On the Pacific side the golden plover leaves the Aleutian islands and goes 2,500 miles to Hawaii without a rest and winters in the southern hemisphere from the Society Islands to Australia. With this bird the northward trip is slow, and the eastern group crosses the continent of South America, Mexico, the great plains and across Canada to its arctic nesting grounds, while the western birds go up the Malay peninsula and along the Chinese and Siberian seaboard. Thus these birds make the enormous journey of 12,000 to 15,000 miles each year.—St. Nicholas.

Japanese Houses.

Japanese houses are built rather to resist earthquake than to withstand fire. They are exceedingly light bamboo or frame affairs. Instead of strong foundations firmly imbedded into the earth there are flat stones, on which the frame lightly rests at the corners. Such structures will survive earthquake shocks that would crumble to heaps houses more solidly built.

Within the house is simplicity itself. The cottage may contain one or a dozen rooms, at the owner's whim, at any moment when he chooses to let the curtains down. If he wishes to retire he can make his bedroom by drawing down around him, at any spot on the floor that suits his fancy, curtains made of paper. This material is translucent enough to admit light into the impromptu room without destroying its privacy. For a bed all the Japanese needs is a heavy quilt or two. With the house everything is immaculately clean. A Japanese will not tolerate a dust collecting carpet tacked upon his floor. He prefers grass woven mats, which he can take up and clean every day. Cushions on the floor do duty as chairs, and about the only article of wood furniture in the house is the tiny table where the family drink their tea.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Game of Noted Men.

The hostess begins by saying: "I know a celebrated poet. The first part of his name is black, and the last is an elevation."
The player responding "Coleridge" in turn describes the name of some other noted person—for instance, Shakespeare—saying: "I know a noted author and poet. The first part of his name people do when they are cold, and the last part is a weapon of warfare." Give only the profession, nothing else. The following names readily lend themselves to this simple but instructive little game:
Wordsworth, Shell-ey (Shell-ten), Church-ill, Wal-pole, Web-ster, Washington, Long-fellow, Black-stone, Izank Walton (Eye-sack-wall-ton).

About Children.

One of the happiest holidays in the whole year in Switzerland is when the farmers bring their flocks down from the mountains where they have been all summer. School is closed, and the children go to meet them in processions, singing songs, ringing bells and waving flags. As a reward for their enthusiasm the farmers treat them to a dainty supper of sweets and cakes, which they are allowed only on holidays.
The children of Russia play marbles with the knuckle bones of sheep.

The King and the Cat.

An ancient courier owned a cat.
Handsome and sleek and tame,
The king, his master, gazed thereat
And coveted the same.
"Sir Beldon,"—'twas the king who spoke—
"Thy cat delights my eyes."
Give her to me and thou shalt have
Whatever thou dost prize."
Sir Beldon then was sore of heart,
He gave his cat unto the king.
"Now," said the monarch, "choose."
The knights they wondered what 'twould be.
The ladies wondered too.
Were theirs this chance they'd ask for
Lands And castles not a few.

Sir Beldon knelt. "Oh, sire," said he,
"My dearest wish is that—
You've pledged your word to grant it,
Sire—
You give me back my cat."
—Boston Transcript.

One Man Power.

In a speech at Denver N. C. Goodwin once remarked on the small means wherewith Washington had achieved such great ends.
"When I think," said Goodwin, "of Washington's terrible handicap my mind goes back to the town of Nola Chucky."
"An actor-manager was to appear for one night in Nola Chucky, and accordingly he wired the proprietor of the Nola Chucky Opera House:
"Will hold rehearsal tomorrow noon. Have stage manager, stage carpenter, property man and assistant chief electrician and all the stage hands at theater prompt to hour."
"He received this telegram in reply:
"He will be there."—Washington Star.

Mere Guesses.

A suffragette
May fight and fight
And still look under
The bed at night.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

But if she found
A burglar there
She'd yank him out
And pull his hair.
—Boston Transcript.

And while she had
The robber's goat
She'd make the lad
Pledge his vote.
—Youngtown Telegram.

Or maybe she,
With courage grim,
Would pause to make
A speech to him.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rewarding Honesty.

"What did that beautiful umbrella cost you?"
"Ten cents."
"Don't be silly."
"That's all. I was walking out of a store when a cash boy came running after me, shouting: 'Hey, mister! You forgot your umbrella.' So I brought it along."
"And it wasn't yours at all, yet you say you paid 10 cents for it."
"I did. I gave the boy a dime for being honest."—Detroit Free Press.

The Best Medium.

An ad. upon some lonely rock
May business boost,
Set forth where crows delight to flock
Or herons roost.
Such enterprise is well for those
Who would supply
A line of merchandise that crows
Or weasels buy.
But if you're catering to man,
We must confess,
No medium is better than
The daily press.
—Kansas City Journal.

Not Forgetful.

"I suppose," said the facetious householder to the plumber's assistant who has been sent to repair the leak, "that you are one of those plumbers who always forget to bring the right tool and then have to spend an hour or so going after it."
"No, sir," replied the honest workman, "I always remember not to bring it."—Life.

Where He Got a Show.

He went to moving pictures;
We went to see the play;
He'd go to hear the opera
If it was grave or gay.
You'd find him at the circus—
He couldn't get his fill;
He went to see the drama
And also vaudeville.
Now, why he sought the playhouse
You'd really like to know?
Because at home, poor fellow,
He never got a show.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Real Trouble.

"You say she worries herself unnecessarily over trifling things?" said one of two women who were speaking about the ways of another.
"Worries?" was the answer. "Why, she's more trouble to herself than a family of children!"—New York Sun.

Learn to Live.

It is well to live and learn.
To gain new knowledge day by day,
To find some good at every turn,
To cling to courage on the way.
It is well to justly earn.
Towards the world may care to give,
It is well to live and learn.
But don't neglect to learn to live.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quite Another Thing.

Pendennis—Did you see Hooker when he came in from fishing?
Warrington—Yes; I was on the pier.
"Were there any fish lying about him?"
"No; he was lying about the fish."—Philadelphia Times.

Finally, Brethren.

Our pleasures would be manifold,
We'd count 'em by the score,
If autumn's silver and her gold
Passed at the grocery store.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Poetical.

Since little Paul wrote his composition on snow his mother hopes that he may be a poet.
"I don't really know what snow is," he began, "but I think it may be air with clothes on."—Youth's Companion.

The Accented Syllable.

Another house I purchased,
Another bungalow,
'Twas also made of stucco,
With the accent on the oaw.
—New York Mail.

Could Get It.

"Why don't you buy an automobile, Uncle John?"
"I haven't enough money, my dear."
"You haven't? Why, I thought you worked in a bank!"—Coming Nation.

A Shock.

I really thought that I'd fall dead,
The end of all things seemed so near.
I know I staggered when she said
Her last year's hat would do this year.
—Detroit Free Press

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