



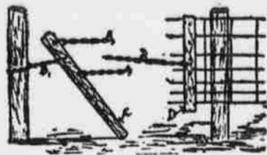
HOME-MADE WIRE STRETCHER.

Cheaper and More Powerful Than Factory-Made Device.

The writer some time ago was compelled to fence a 440-acre farm. He was in McDonald county, Missouri, and as this county has no stock laws a factory stretcher could not be secured without driving to Neosho, Mo., a distance of 20 miles.

A home-made device was finally constructed as shown in the sketch. A clamp was made as shown at D with two pieces of 2 by 4 inch studding, 43 inches long. The six-foot lever, C, was also made of 2 by 4-inch lumber.

The trace chains were fastened to the level and clamp with clevises; the two stay chains were also fastened to the lever with clevises, as shown at A A. When using the device the clamp was fastened close up to a post by bolting same over to the wire, the lever was then made fast to the next post with the trace chain, as shown on left-hand side of cut, by working the lever back and forward,



A Wire Stretcher.

and placing the hooks of the stay chains in the links of the trace chain, B, the wire was soon made tight.

The device was found to be more powerful than the factory stretcher, and if anything quicker, and when we finally secured a stretcher from Neosho it was set to one side and our home-made device used instead.

As the entire outfit was secured on the farm the cost of the same was the time it took to make it, about two hours, the six half-inch bolts for the clamp were taken out of the hay rack.—J. E. Bridgeman, Lamar, Mo.

Spraying Experiments.

Experiments with fungicides upon potatoes have been carried on at the Vermont Experiment Station for eighteen years. Experiments made recently were designed particularly to determine the relative gain from spraying potatoes with bordeaux mixture and paris green, comparing the results from two, three and four applications. Two applications of bordeaux mixture made in August proved less efficient in checking the flea beetle and early blight than where other applications were made, particularly the spraying made in early July. The increase in marketable tubers for the sprayed over the unsprayed lots varies from 52 to 172 per cent.

Pump for the Garden.

A good pump should be part of the equipment of every garden. For the small garden a good bucket, compressed air or knapsack pump will be most satisfactory, while for larger gardens a barrel pump, with an attachment for spraying several rows when occasion demands, or an automatic pump geared to the wheels of the truck, will be found more economical of time an labor. The small compressed air sprayer is handy, as it leaves both hands free for use, and is, therefore, useful if it is desired to spray two or three small trees, possibly with the use of a stepladder to reach their tops.

Fertilizers.

Fertilizers may be divided into two general classes—direct and indirect, or nutritive and stimulant. A direct or nutritive fertilizer is one which furnishes nourishment to the growing crop. Nourishment means simply nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. These are the three ingredients which must be renewed through the medium of manures and fertilizers. A stimulant or indirect fertilizer is one which does not furnish an actual plant food to the soil, but by its stimulating action renders available some plant food which previously existed in the soil in an insoluble or unavailable condition.

Kerosene Emulsion.

Here is a recipe for kerosene emulsion: Hard soap, half pound; boiling water, 1 gallon; coal oil, 2 gallons. Dissolve the soap in the water, pour in the coal oil and churn or beat together briskly with a paddle for at least ten minutes. Dilute from ten to twenty-five times before applying. Use it strong for scale insects. Kerosene emulsion destroys insects which suck, such as plant lice, red spiders, etc. It will also kill cabbage worms, caterpillars, and all insects with soft bodies.

Not a single apple should go to waste. What cannot be marketed, or used by the family should be gathered and fed to the stock. Rotting fruit left on the ground not only is a dead loss, but it insures a good insect pest crop for next season.

Picking Apples.

A packer declared that the cost of picking a barrel of apples on very large, high trees is 20 cents a barrel, while on low-headed trees the cost does not exceed seven cents.

You cannot do without a good smoker for the small cost of one dollar.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

AERO CLUB FOR WOMEN.

It Exists in France, Where Women are Ardent Balloonists.

French women are not particularly keen in the matter of athletics, but if a sport presents a real element of danger their delight knows no bounds. Thus ballooning threatens to become a fad with the members of the weather-lier classes, and the number of women holding certificates showing that they are able to navigate a balloon is very large.

There is already an Aero Club for ladies, some of whom have achieved record ascents. Mme. Surcouf was the first woman who received a certificate, and she celebrated the event by starting on an aerial trip with Mile. Gache. The two ladies were the only occupants of the car and landed safely.

Another famous member of the Aero Club, says the Gentlewoman, is Mme. Burette. Accompanied by M. and Mme. Bachelard, she went from Havre to Cabourg, across the Channel. Some French sportswomen in their craze after excitement blossom into modern Atalantas. Mme. du Gast is one of them, and her perilous performance in the Paris-Toulon motor boat race is still in everybody's memory.

Then there is Mme. Lavestere a splendid shot, who is seeking a companion to go tiger shooting. Unfortunately, the companion is not easy to find. Her husband died long ago, and her relatives and friends are all men of peace, and therefore not anxious to travel a few thousand miles to risk their lives in the jungle.

The "Bang" is Here.

Although much protest was made last winter about the reappearance of the "bang" cross the forehead, it seems to be rather firmly entrenched now.

The majority of women will wear it this winter. In large measure it will be becoming. It will compel women to lift from their foreheads that low-hanging mass of hair, now the fashion, and substitute it with a tiny, wavy fringe.

It is absurd to cut the hair to make this bang. One can buy it by the piece in any hair shop and attach it under one's own hair by an invisible hair-pin.

One should be extra careful not to get it thick or straight. The poodle bang, once so fashionable in the eighties of the nineteenth century, also promises to return. It has already done so in Paris, but there it, like the wavy fringe, only accompanies the flattened pompadour.

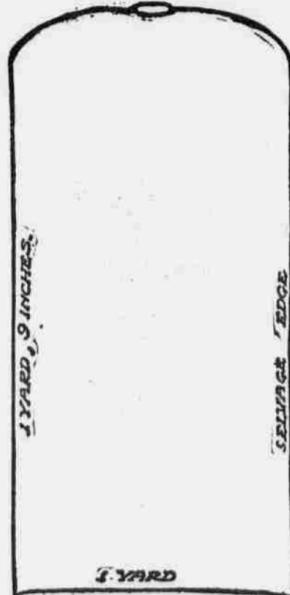
Both of these have been introduced to give softness to a forehead from which the hair has been lifted, and also to give a showing of hair under the hat.

They should never be worn with the hair severely parted in front.

DUST COVER THAT IS USEFUL.

Affords Protection for Nice Garments Hung in Cupboard.

Dust cover for the nice silk dress, best coat or other nice garment—Material required, 2 1-2 yards or more if desired longer, of silkline, or other prettily figured thin material, and ribbon to bind or silk to featherstitch. Double the goods and bind with ribbon or lap the selvages and featherstitch. Round off the top and seam up, leaving small hole for coat hanger handle to go through. Leave the bottom open and hem. The garment



which is on a hanger, slips up through the open end and the hook of the hanger goes through the small hole and hangs the whole up complete and protected from all dirt.

Butterfly Bow on Hat.

One of the artistic oddities in millinery—and an oddity that is pretty should be chronicled—is the butterfly bow perched in front, at top of crown.

These are made of ribbon, of rainbow gauze and of jet. They are used on a hat that is plainly trimmed with a wrapped scarfband.

A WAITER'S REVENGE.

His Way of Getting Even for an Insult from His Employer.

Summary and effective was the revenge of a Spalato (Austria) waiter who had been insulted by his employer. Going to the Socialist club he enlisted the sympathies of his comrades and a hundred of them went to the restaurant where he had been employed and occupied every seat in the place. It was just before the usual supper hour, and the place, the principal restaurant in Spalato, was frequented every night by the leading officials and townspeople. When these regular guests came there was not room for one of them and they had to find another restaurant.

The evening's fare was entirely wasted, as the Socialist visitors took only a quarter of a pint of wine, costing twelve hellers (about a penny farthing), and one roll at four hellers (or less than a half penny). As each man's refreshment cost him only just over three halfpence it was not a dear evening's amusement.

The restaurant proprietor promptly apologized to the aggrieved waiter and the regular customers found their tables ready for them the next evening.

The Art of Eating.

An enterprising woman named Holker has started a school at Budapest, where pupils of all ages are given a full course of instruction in the art of eating. Practical demonstrations are given in ordinary table manners, but the chief aim of the establishment is to teach the ignorant how to deal successfully with such dishes as they have never even heard of. "Who does not recollect in his experience moments of unspeakable anguish," asks Frau Hooker, "when at a dinner party he finds that he is using his knife and fork for a dish that only requires a spoon, or vice versa? It is to save men and women from these little tragedies that I have opened my school." Examinations are to be held at the end of each term, when the students will be requested to attack an array of unknown delicacies set before them. Those who undergo the ordeal successfully will obtain a certificate from Frau Holker which will enable them to face any banquet without flinching.—Chicago News.

HOOKING ALLIGATORS.

A Florida Sport With an Element of Uncertainty in It.

"Hunting alligators at night with a bullseye lantern and shotgun is tame sport compared with what is called a 'gator hunt down in Florida,'" said an old Floridan. "I mean the feat of capturing an alligator alive and then towing the fellow to high ground through mud and water from what is called in Florida a 'gator hole.'"

"The 'gator fishermen first find the hole which is indicated by an opening in the surrounding grass in the midst of a dense growth of vegetation, where the ground is worn smooth by the alligator in his pulls in and out. Sometimes these 'gator holes are in the nature of a cave in the bank of a stream and may be fifteen or twenty feet deep, and if so it is not an easy matter to get the animal out."

"The fisher is supplied with a long pole with a metal hook on the end. He takes a strong rope and throws it about the entrance of the hole. Then the fisher rams with the hooked pole down the den and waits and listens. If he finds a 'gator in the hole he teases the beast by poking him until the 'gator in a rage finally grabs the hooked pole and is pulled from the den. It is with uncertainty that he is dragged forth, for it is not known whether the catch is large or small; the fisher does not know whether to get into shape to run or to fight. Out the 'gator comes, bellowing and roaring mad."

"After the 'gator is dragged to the surface he in his rage turns and rolls and finally twists himself up in the rope or noose that has been previously prepared. With the assistance of the others in the party the 'gator's legs and mouth are tied and the 'gator is a prisoner."

"The 'gator is for the most part caught in marshes where the ground is soft and slushy and too wet for either horse or wagon to enter. The fishers are compelled to carry their catch to higher ground, there to be loaded into the waiting wagon and the hunt is ended."

Kansas in the Market for Monkeys.

Topeka, Kan.—The State Board of Health decided to buy monkeys to experiment on the cure of infantile paralysis, which is becoming alarming in the State.

Enthusiasm.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus. It moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Bulwer Lytton.

Making Clover Hay.

Farmers differ considerably as to how to make clover hay. Often the crop is cut too soon. If it is heavy and cut green in full blossom it is hard to cure without danger of molding. I have cut clover green on Monday and been obliged to leave it until Thursday or Friday, and even then the heavy stems were not cured, says a writer in Baltimore American. If the ground is wet the plants are hard to dry. Many times I have cut early so as to get a crop of seed, and then cut rather late, and when half or more of the heads were brown, and the late cuttings always made the better hay. Stock ate the hay more readily also. We sometimes salt the hay when we put it in the mow damp, with good results.

POETRY WORTH READING

The Disposed Heart.

Fair Mabel had a dainty waist,
A triumph of the fashion's art,
But, ah, so tightly was it laced
There wasn't room for Mabel's heart

The hapless heart was in despair;
'I must beat somewhere! I believe
I've heard a pretty girl will wear
Her heart sometimes upon her sleeve."

But Mabel's sleeve clung like a skin
To Mabel's softly-rounded arm—
The beating heart could not squeeze in.

It looked about in vague alarm:

"Well, well! I must try other routes.
Of timid maids I've heard it said,
Often their hearts are in their boots!"
And downward then it quickly sped.

"Ah, this place," said the heart, "I choose!"

Alas, it found no room to beat—
The little patent-leather shoes
So snugly fitted Mabel's feet.

Now, though deep fear the poor heart smote,
It thought: "Sometimes a girl can't sing
Because her heart is in her throat;
I do believe that's just the thing!"

To Mabel's lovely throat it stole,
But once again—poor, luckless wight—
It failed to reach its longed-for goal—
Her collar was so high and tight!

The desperate heart, despairing,
Sighed,
"There's no place left but Mabel's hat.

Aha! I'm saved!" with joy it cried—
For there was lots of room on that!
—Carolyn Wells in Saturday Evening Post.

Which?

Smith was working in his yard,
Pushing his lawn mower hard.
Brown, who happened then to pass,
Asked: "Well, out to cut your grass?"
"No," said Smith, "I'm herding whales
In the midst of Arctic gales."

Brown walked on, and shook his head,
Musing over what Smith said.

Smith was in a barber-shop,
Having his hair trimmed on top;
Jones came in with jaunty air,
Asked: "They're clipping off your hair?"
"No," said Smith, "we're making brick
Also weaving candle wick."

Jones walked very softly out,
With his mind quite full of doubt.

Smith was riling on a car,
Fretting at the jolt and jar.
Black got on, and asked beside:
"Out to take a little ride?"
"No," growled Smith, "I'm climbing trees
To enjoy the evening breeze."

Black got off, and tapped his brow,
Thinking Smith was dotty now.

Smith was lurching in a place
Where the busy waiters race.
White came in from off the street.
Asked: "Do you come here to eat?"
"No," said Smith, "I'm here to sing
Joyous lyrics of the spring."

White walked solemnly away,
And was serious all day.

Brown and Jones and Black and White
Met together that same night
And took steps to put poor Smith
Where he need not suffer with
The delusions that he had—
All four of his friends were sad.

But consider it, I pray—
Who was foolish? He or they?
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Evening Post.

The Unknown God.

I built of dreams a temple cool and white—
I shut from human sight its halls untrod,
And kindled me a small, expectant light
Upon an altar to the unknown god.

But in my folly I was not content
To wait his coming by the perfumed flame;
Vainly to seek him in the world I went,
That in my worship I might speak his name.

When to my temple I crept home at last,
Marred was its beauty—soiled and smeared with clay
Where feet profane the unguarded door had passed
And the untended fire in ashes lay.

Now to the Road the door stands open wide
And cuts the darkness with a sword of light,
That weary wayfarers may turn aside
And find within a lodging for the night.
The altar-fire glows generous and warm;
And even now a pilgrim, leaden-shod
With weariness, takes refuge from the storm.

Lo, in his temple stands the unknown god.—Amelia Josephine Burr, in Everybody's.

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