

FARM NOTES.

A farmer friend says that using his Jersey bull on a small tract of land for running his cream separator is not only a cheap and easy way to secure all the cream, but results in more vigorous calves.

Experiments at the Minnesota station show that the early castration of lambs has the following advantages: They reach a greater weight, are less trouble, they have less offal when killed and their meat is better in flavor.

Jumping from shall on to deep plowing all at once usually results in a decreased crop yield at the succeeding harvest. The soil should be gradually deepened by letting the plow bring up a little of the subsoil each year till the desired depth is reached.

To destroy lice on cattle add one quart of strong soft soap and a tablespoonful of carbolic acid to twelve quarts of rain water. Apply this thoroughly to the back and all places where lice congregate. After six days repeat to destroy the young that hatch after the first application.

Remember that the large head lice begin their destructive work on chicks as soon as hatched. Soak an ounce of fish-bones (Cochineal) in a half pint of alcohol, for two or three days, then dilute one-half with water. At night moisten the down of the head, throat, under wing and vent with the poison. It is old fashioned but effective, and no danger of giving the bird a cold, as is the case when oil is used.

You will find that the best preventive of the plague of lice, is to keep everlastingly fighting them. Saturate perches frequently with kerosene, use hot lime wash with plenty of salt in it on all the interior walls and woodwork, burn old nesting material and nests, and occasionally dust nests with air slaked lime or kerosene. To free the fowls from the pest, hold them up by the shanks and dust insect powder through their feathers.

Who's your blacksmith? Don't send just anybody with the horses when they are to be shod. Go yourself, or have some competent person who will see that it is properly done.

The shoe should cover the crust or wall all around the foot, and should not extend straight back from the quarters. It should be of uniform thickness all around. Light shoes are preferable to heavy ones and wear just as long, even if not so thick. They endure equally well because the horse is not forced to hammer his feet so seriously at every step.

A light shoe may also be held in place with less nails, thus damaging the wall of the hoof less. If possible, use but three nails to a shoe, and have them as far forward as possible.

The foot needs the knife only enough to reduce the horn as much as it would have worn away without shoes. Ordinarily the rasp will reduce the sole sufficiently without the knife.

Never allow the rasp to be used on the outer portion of the foot. If the horse forges or clicks from over-reaching, instead of setting the hind shoes back so they will not protect the wall of the foot, use lighter shoes behind and heavier ones forward. This encourages the throwing forward further of the front feet and keeps them out of the way of the feet which strikes them.

Let your horse go barefooted until he is five years old if you wish him to have tough feet, then let him go barefooted awhile between each pair of shoes. Two sets of shoes a year are enough for any farm horse. Don't let the blacksmith put a hot shoe on your horse's hoof, but fit the shoe with a rasp. Insist on his making the shoe to fit the foot, not the foot to fit the shoe.

The front foot is naturally round, the hind one oblong. Keep them so. Make him keep his rasp off the outside of the hoof.

If you must have calks to your shoes on account of ice make them very short; long calks give an immense lever to break, sprain and injure the horse's foot. The calks should not be so high that the frog cannot rest on the ground.

It is a great mistake to allow shoes to go two and three months without being reset. This is one cause of corns and other troubles. The frog of the foot ought not to be pared except to merely out away ragged portions. A horse's foot should be carefully cleaned every time his body is groomed for this purpose a foot hook should be used.

When you once find a good blacksmith, stick to him. Pasture is nature's remedy for all ailments of the horse's foot. The practice of clipping the fetlock is undoubtedly bad, as the heel of the horse is tender and when exposed is subject to many diseases. Nature has provided the fetlock as a protection, and such let it remain.

When the horse comes into the stable after being unharnessed the heels should be well brushed out. Hand rubbing is preferred to washing, as the long hair can scarcely be dried again. If dirt is allowed to accumulate in that long hair the heels will become sore, and if the heels are washed, particularly in cold weather, grease will result from the slow evaporation of the moisture. You should have a picker and clean out between the shoe and sole and see that no stone has gotten between. Examine the shoes carefully, for they may be loose or the clinches may be raised and wound his legs, or the shoe may begin to press the sole or heel and bruise or corns may result.

Any disease of the foot leads to others. This shows the necessity of instant attention, even to the slightest lameness. The owner should always go with the horse to be shod and see that the clinches are each one raised, and not allow the smith to raise one or two and then pull and wear the shoe off and thereby enlarge every other nail hole and weaken the future hold of the shoe.

The best way to have good feet on your horses is to breed for feet. Take care of the colt's feet; to stand on heading manure is bad; in winter let them out on the ground in fair weather; keep them trimmed if they grow too long or out of shape, for this purpose a rasp is best. When you start to plow in the spring pull off the shoes and work without, it renews and strengthens the feet.

It is a great help in warm weather to turn horses out at night, the wet grass seems to be just what the feet need to keep them from getting too dry and hard. Horses with good feet will do farm work without shoes.

It took over a year, 112 ballots and the expenditure of \$100,000 to elect Hon. W. J. Deboe Republican senator from Kentucky. It is a bad thing for a State to have too many great men.

MY LADY'S PLUMES.

You observed the hat of the lady who walked in front of you down the fashionable part of the main street the other day. . . . You have not noticed, perhaps, that on my lady's hat are some tall, pliant plumes, long as those of the ostrich, but far more beautiful, with delicate filaments as light as frost work on a winter window.

These long, filmy plumes on my lady's hat are the plumes of the white egret. Naturally, they are pure white, but pure white not being barbaric enough for the use of civilization—though it used to serve Southern Indians who wore these plumes—they are dyed any color of the rainbow, losing thereby none of their gracefulness and only some of their beauty.

My lady's hat, if worn too long, will lose its purpose and cease to attract. She must therefore change it. The plumes in the new hat must be of different color. For these new plumes she looks to her milliner. The milliner looks to the great wholesale supply house of the metropolis. The wholesale supply house looks—and with much anxiety, these days—to Thomas Jones, market shooter, or technically speaking, plumage hunter.

Thomas Jones knows where there is an egret roost, or as he will call it, a "white crane roost." Really, he does not mean a roost so much as a nesting-ground, where thousands of birds nest in a small tract of the isolated wet forest or "dead-tree swamp." Such rookeries were once common in Florida, but are no longer. Thomas Jones may know of one in Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas, and holds himself fortunate if he does, for they are scarce enough to-day.

Mind you, the plumage hunter does not go into the roost until spring has well advanced. When he reaches the roost he looks for the trees, bushes and grassy brush clumps are full of nests, and the nests are or soon will be full of young birds. The busy life of the colony goes on. The parents come and go, traveling no one knows how far to find food for the gaping young birds in the nest. Thomas Jones notes the high, projecting snag of the tallest tree near the edge of the colony. There is a white crane on that limb. It seems to him there always is one there. In short, it is a habit of the bird to alight on the highest branch offering itself.

Out of the thousands of nests in the vast colony, how can the parent egret pick its own nest, since all look so much alike? Thomas Jones often wonders about that, and sometimes laughs a little to himself. The parent egret has been out after food, and returns to the colony. Without a second's hesitation he picks out his own nest, and pauses for an instant directly above it, high up in the air. Then he lets his long legs drop straight down and throwing his wings up, just falls down through the air, feet first, in the most comical and awkward-looking way in the world, though he never misses his nest by an inch, but lands just where he wanted to. As he thus backs down stairs out of the air, his long plumes, attached in a little clump at his shoulders and spreading out over his back as far down as the longest tail feathers, flare up in the air, reversed, and standing up over his head as he drops, as a white garment would in the resistance of the air.

On these plumes Thomas Jones fixes his eye. He shoots an egret and satisfies himself that the plumes are "ripe," i. e., in their prime condition. Then he builds his camp on the best ground he can find near by, and the next day is ready to go to work.

Surely Thomas Jones is not going to kill these birds right in the nesting season, when the helpless young are in the nest and must die also if their parents die! That cannot be possible! you say. Yet that is precisely what he is going to do. It is not his fault, he will tell you, that the plumes are not good in the fall, winter, or early spring, and are not prime until the height of the breeding season. Here are the plumes, found at much labor, reached at much danger, says Thomas Jones, blind and deaf—further than that, and there is the price offered me for them, so much an ounce, perhaps \$10 and once, or perhaps as low as \$140 a pound. Is this right to kill these birds at this time? I am not clear that we should ask this question any more of Thomas Jones than of the wholesale milliners' supply house, or of the retail milliner, or of every lady on the street. Only the fact remains, pitiless, horrible, unspeakable, that the gathering of the plumes is a harvest of death, a harvest timely, disastrous, because it is reaped at the setting time of life. Every egret killed for its plumes is killed when it is helpless through its blind, natural love for its offspring, and when its death means the death of all its helpless young. Does the wholesale man know this? Does he care? Does anybody know or care? It is not one thing to be remembered, that my lady must have her plumes. It is another thing that they are white, these plumes. It is mockery. They should be the blackest white, and they should stain black the white fingers that caress them.

But Thomas Jones cannot stop to argue. The next day he pushes quietly into the edge of the nesting-ground. He ties his boat firmly within easy range of the tall snag he saw the day before. He takes out his rifle—the 22 shot—will make no noise, and it will serve his purpose perfectly. There is an egret on the tall snag. Taking a steady aim, Thomas Jones fires, and the bird whirls down dead. One or two other birds start on their perches in the same tree, but settle back. One by one they, too, whirl out and lie in a white tangled mass at the foot of the tree. An egret raises herself up above the rim of the nest on which she sits, and the tiny bullet pierces her. She whirls down, lying white and motionless. The little ones gape and cry, but no food comes. The father was killed on the tree near by. One by one, out of the nests, off from the limbs of the trees, here, there, anywhere—for the birds are all about, and so stupid with the breeding fever that they will not leave—the slender white birds meet their doom. That tall snag has yielded twenty victims. Thomas Jones has not moved from his boat. He has over 200 birds down. He can tell by his cartridge boxes, for he rarely misses a shot. It is easy shooting.

After noon Thomas Jones goes out and gathers up his spoils. A out of the knife and the clump of plumes is off. The carcass of the egret is left lying. Two hundred carcasses of egrets are left lying. That many more to-morrow. Many more than that the next day, for by that time the walling of the dying young of the first day's victims will have ceased. From then on, day by day, increasing in three-fold ratio, the harvest of death goes on, steadily, pitilessly, on the sewing grounds of life, out in the silent wilderness where the birds have tried to hide their homes.

In less than a month it is over. The long white lines no longer cross the country going to and from the feeding grounds. The white forms no longer appear on the naked trees. Doubly naked the forest stands in silent desolation. Sudden and

disclosed the once white forms below the trees are sinking into the slime. From beneath the trees and from the nests up in the trees a great stench goes up. Not a bird, young or old, is left alive. The old ones stayed till death came, bound by the great instinct of nature to remain with their young.

Jones, a little yellowed, but not sick, for he is a healthy man, packs up his feathers carefully and hies him to the railway for a swift and secret journey out of the country. He wonders where he can find another roost next year. Behind him is desolation. E. HOUGH.

The Upas Tree.

Interesting Details of the Famous Myth of the Vegetable World.

Everybody has heard of the "deadly Upas tree" yet few, probably, even of those who use the phrase "with fine rhetorical effect," have any very definite conception of its meaning. Of course, the whole thing is a myth; but the following version, extracted from a quaint old book, may serve to render our imaginations less hazy about it.

"The Bohon Upas situated in the Island of Java, between eighteen and twenty leagues from Tinkjoe which is the residence of the king of that country, is surrounded on all sides by a circle of high hills and mountains, and the region around it, to the distance of ten or twelve miles from the tree, is entirely barren. Not another tree, nor a shrub, nor even the least blade of grass is to be seen. I have made the tour all around this dangerous spot, and I found the aspect of the country on all sides equally dreary. The easiest ascent of the hills is from that part where dwells an ancient hermit.

"From his house the criminals are sent for the poison, into which the points of all warlike instruments are dipped; it is of high value, and brings a considerable revenue to the king. The poison which is procured from this tree is a gum that issues out between the bark and the tree itself, like camphor. Malefactors, who for their crimes are sentenced to die, are the first persons who fetch the poisons; and this is the only chance they have of saving their lives. After sentence is pronounced upon them by the Judge they are asked in court whether they will go to the Upas tree for a box of the poison.

"They commonly prefer the latter proposal, as there is only some chance of preserving their lives, but also a certainty, in case of their safe return, that a provision will be made for them in future by the king. They are also, permitted to ask a favor of him, which is generally of a trifling nature, and is commonly granted. They are then provided with a silver or tortoise shell box, in which they are to put the poisonous gum, and are properly instructed how they are to proceed while they are upon their dangerous expedition.

"They are always told to attend to the direction of the wind; they are to go toward the tree before the wind, so that the effluvia from it may be blown from them. They go first to the house of the old ecclesiastic, who prepares them by prayers and admonitions for their future fate; he also puts on them a long leather cap with two glasses before their eyes, which comes down as far as the breast, and provides them with a pair of leathern gloves. Thereupon they are conducted by the priest and their friends and relations about two miles on their journey.

"The old ecclesiastic assured me that in upward of thirty years he had dismissed about seven hundred criminals in the manner described, and that scarcely two out of twenty had returned. All the Malaysians consider this tree as a holy instrument of the great prophet to punish the sins of mankind; therefore, to die by the poison of the Upas is regarded among them as an honorable death. This, however, is certain, that if a man goes to such a distance around this tree, not only no human creature can exist, but no animal of any kind has ever been discovered. There are no fish in the waters, and when any birds fly so near this tree that the effluvia can reach them they drop down dead."

In speaking of the Stephen Girard monument dedicated in Philadelphia last week. The Philadelphia "Press" says the nearly \$8,000,000 which he bequeathed to found the college has grown to at least \$25,000,000. For many years the annual income from the Girard estate has exceeded \$1,000,000, and only about half of that sum is required for the maintenance of Girard college. This vast estate grows larger with the years, so that the institution which bears the founder's name is not only the greatest of its kind in the whole world, but by far the richest college in America. An army of 1,600 students dwells within the college walls.

The countries relatively richest in horses and horned cattle are Argentina and Uruguay. Australia has the most sheep; Serbia the greatest number of pigs to the population. The poorest in horses is Italy; in cattle, Portugal; in sheep, Belgium; in hogs, Greece.

Vivid.

"Miss Pigdie has a new spring outfit—red hat, red gown, red gloves, red shoes and red parasol; did you see her?" "See her? I saw her with my eyes shut."

"—I feel like the Venus de Milo." "Oh, I don't know; you're not so much." "No; but I am stone broke."

"Our minister preached a sermon last Sunday against women wearing décolleté gowns."

"What was his text?" "Low and behold!"

"Maude—Wonder how it happened that Mr. Smarte proposed to Carrie?" "Edith—Under and she told him that another man was trying to marry her for her money."

Blessed is the man who knows how little he knows of other people's business.

Business Notice.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria. Fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on the wrapper of every bottle of Castoria.

When baby was sick, I gave her Castoria, When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Medical. FAINTING, SPELLS AND DIZZINESS FOLLOW LA GRIPPE.

We Hear Less About This Disease Than Formerly, But it is Still Very Prevalent.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

A noteworthy instance of the fallibility of even the most skillful physicians is furnished in the case of Mrs. J. E. Smith, of Greensburg, Ind. For four years Mrs. Smith was afflicted with a nervous affection that finally left her almost completely helpless and which the physician who first attended her said positively could not be cured. Subsequently, a number of physicians in this and other cities, declared her case to be hopeless.

To-day in spite of the verdict of the doctors, and without their aid, Mrs. Smith is perfectly well. To a New Era reporter she told the story of her extraordinary recovery.

"Five years ago I had a severe attack of la grippe, followed later by another. During the four years following, my health continued to decline, until finally I was hardly able to move.

"After having the grippe," said Mrs. Smith, "I was able to be about for awhile, and to do some work. But in a short time after the second attack I began to experience nervousness, and often had fainting spells, my trouble being similar to hysterics. I gradually grew worse, and in a short while I became subject to such spells of nervousness that I could do no work, being scarcely able to move about the house. I would never be able to sleep and could not eat. I would awake nights, my muscles twitching and the restlessness would be continuous. My physician called it nervousness of the throat and breast, and after treating me for several months said

Japan and Hawaii.

The Sandwich islands, which aided in making Cleveland's life miserable, are bound to perplex this government again in the future. Situated midway between the east and the west, they afford the most convenient half way station and stopping point for the bulk of Pacific ocean intercontinental travel. The population of the islands is an unhomogenous gathering of various nations, our country being in a marked ascendancy. The Kanaka natives are outnumbered by foreigners, and are at any rate the least intelligent and progressive inhabitants. The overthrown monarchy will never be tolerated again by the foreign residents. Could the republic be permanent, it would probably be as acceptable to everybody interested as any plant that can be suggested. But with the threat of Japan to establish a protectorate a serious question is raised.

The islands would entertain the project of annexation to the United States. But the United States have not yet entertained the idea of annexation to the islands, where our chief interests are centered in the production of sugar, and the prevention of foreign lodgment. The American population is very small, several other nationalities predominating. If Japan is serious, an issue may be forced, which, in this country, will be the question whether we want the islands or not. The principal object in taking them would be to keep other powers from finding them an easy base of operations on the Pacific in time of attack upon this country. Whether that is a danger real or imaginary is the point to be argued. Mr. Cleveland's Nemesis is left to his successor.—Times.

Retrenchment with a Vengeance.

During the past two days more than 300 men, in all departments, of the Pennsylvania lines, have been suspended and many of them discharged. Such sweeping reductions in the forces have never taken place before in the history of the system. Business has declined so rapidly in the freight department that there has been nothing for the men to do. The only department that has shown an increase is the passenger department, and the Pittsburg passenger office has led all the other offices in this respect.

Salt for Cows.

An authority says it is important that cows are regularly salted, at least twice a week. If they have salt before them all the time they will not eat more than is good for them. This regular salting not only increases milk yield, but also makes it of better quality. Where cows are salted regularly their milk will keep sweet 24 hours longer than will milk from cows that have suffered from lack of salt.

It is a mighty sight harder to save one dollar than to earn two.

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EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT TROUBLE.

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UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

Liver and Blood Milk for Years, 9 Hours Done Failed to Cure me, Dr. Salm Succeeded in Curing.

For more than four years I have had a bad case of catarrh, stomach and general trouble. Took cold continually. For one and a half years I could eat only bread and milk. Tried nine different doctors, to get rid of my misery, but got worse and worse. So I went to Dr. Salm for treatment, and to-day I am as strong as ever, can eat anything, and don't take any more cold, and consider myself cured of this terrible disease.

JOHN H. KAUFMAN, Mattawanna Millin Co., Pa.

Cataract and Eye Trouble Cured by Dr. Salm.

For more than five years I have had a very bad case of eye trouble and catarrh. The eyes continually got sore and grew weaker and weaker. I always took cold. Dr. Salm cured me.

CLEVELAND KIMBERLY, McVeytown, Millin Co., Pa.

People Think Dr. Salm Has Done Another Wonderful Piece of Work.

I have had a very bad case of catarrh and sore eyes for more than eight years, and consequently it gave me a world of trouble. I was obliged to see Dr. Salm, under his treatment the change is wonderfully rapid. My friends are astonished, as well, and think with me that Dr. Salm has done another wonderful piece of work.

LOUIS C. SHANNON, Whitesboro, Butler Co., Pa.

A Case of Catarrh and Throat Trouble Cured by Dr. Salm.

For more than three years our two children have been suffering from catarrh and throat trouble, also enlarged tonsils. They were continually taking cold. Could hardly breathe at night. Their constitutions became undermined. After a short course of treatment with Dr. Salm, they have almost entirely recovered from their miserable disease.

Mrs. SAMUE DOMES, Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.

Couldn't Walk 15 Yards at a Time, Was no Earthly Use to Any One, Thought I Was Going to Die, but Dr. Salm Cured Me.

For 2 years or more, I have had a fearful trouble, began to get very weak, my limbs would not carry me any more, couldn't walk a stretch of 15 yards, and my heart would beat a fearful rate, at the least exertion. It seemed my blood was turned to water, & gradually became pale as one dead. I was no earthly use to any one, and all my neighbors and relatives thought I was going to die. Home doctors couldn't help me, so I went to Dr. Salm, and to-day, I am happy to state, that I am stronger than ever, can eat anything, do a full day's work, and enjoy life as much as any one, and my color, any one may be proud of.

Mrs. SAMUE DOMES, Dunio, Cambria Co., Pa.

Suffered for 15 Years With Nervous, Inward and Ear Trouble, Tried a Half Dozen Doctors, and a Pile of Patent Medicines, but Had to go to Dr. Salm to be Cured.

For 15 years I have suffered very much with nervous, inward and ear trouble, and my condition grew worse and worse. I tried a half dozen doctors, and piles of patent medicines, to no avail. I went to Dr. Salm, and thanks to his knowledge as a physician, I consider myself entirely cured. Those pains, which came every month, and the fearful nervous prostration resulting therefrom, has entirely left me and I feel happy once more.

Mrs. W. M. JOH, New Florence, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

A Case of Ear Trouble Being Cured by Dr. Salm, Complimented also With Ringing Noises and Deafness.

My treatment is for the ear and throat, I am rapidly improving, and I know I shall be cured, which I think will be soon.

Mrs. MARY E. DALZIELL, Lewisburg, Cameron Co., Pa.

Address all communications to box 709, Columbus, O.

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