

WORK FOR THE SUNSHINE.

There's work for the sunshine—the rose from the dead Must be kissed to the beauty of white and red; The trees, shorn of fruitage—gray spectres of grief— Must feel the sap's thrill in the veins of the leaf. The daisies must blossom—the lilies must lean O'er rivers sweet-singing through meadows of green. There's work for the sunshine on hillside and deep Till in ultimate harvests earth's riches we reap.

—Washington Star.

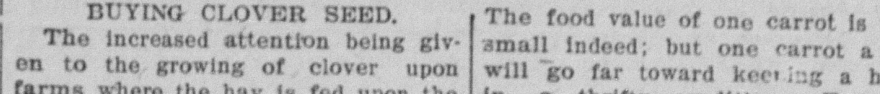
A BASKET OF MUSHROOMS

By FANNIE WHITE.

George exclaimed of a sudden as he caught sight of an industrious figure in his mushroom preserve, not a hundred yards from his farmyard. He took up an old whipstock that was lying handy, flourished it grimly and strode circuitously upon the impudent thief. It was a big field, and George was considering how best to trap his enemy when something brought him to a standstill. Proximity proved the enemy a woman—a young woman—attired after the fashion of town. The irate farmer shifted his pipe and pulled doubtfully at his beard. George was a bachelor and wonderfully shy of women. He was half minded to beat a cautious retreat. "Pooh! a chit of a lass. Now, George," and throwing his weapon aside, he urged himself forward. He climbed the fence and walked briskly up to the trespasser unperceived. "Hello!" The woman raised her head, and with a startled cry, recoiled. She had a small, pale face, that was powerfully suggestive of angels to rustic George. "I beg—" George hastily recovered the dignity of his position. His heart beat quick, and he felt a bit of an uncouth fool; but surely it was not for him to ask pardon. "You are trespassing, miss," he informed her, brusquely. "Oh!" The woman breathed a sigh of relief, and smiled. George was feeling bewildered. "You are only the farmer?" thankfully. "Only the farmer," he replied, sturdily. "I thought—I was so frightened," and the woman smiled a winsome apology. "You are so big, and strong!"—she looked him over with sincere, almost childish admiration—at his brown, muscular arms, his mighty chest, and resting her glance at last on his bearded face. "But you have kind eyes," she added. George blushed like any schoolboy. Then all the stories he had ever heard of woman's bluishments burst wondrously over him, and he grew half ignorant. "The mix!" he muttered, under his breath. And, determined not to be outwitted, he stretched an arm toward the woman's basket, which was full of mushrooms. "I must take charge of this, miss!"—sternly. "No, you wouldn't take them from me?" she pleaded, irresolutely. "I've been hunting them since 6 o'clock. I only reached the treasure house after tramping weary miles. Now I'm lost!"—ruefully—"and look at my poor feet—wet through!" She held her skirts aside. "What a brute I am!" muttered the man. "I will pay you for them?" eagerly. "No, no," he blurted. "It was—lately a bit of my fun, miss," he said, lamely. "There's plenty for both of us, only—deliberately—I don't like poachers, miss, that's it. I don't mind you—you won't hurt, miss; but I'm pretty smart on poachers, as I call 'em." This was a vast piece of oratory for George. "And I have never looked at it in that light!" the woman frankly confessed. "Of course it's stealing! I'm a thief—oh!" and she put down her basket and held forth her slim arms, with the wrists together, in a manner which George could not mistake. He laughed and manacled the pretty thief with his thumb and first finger. "Now, what have you to say for yourself?" judicially. "Oh, I won't do it again, sir!" Her eyelashes fell roguishly. George discreetly let go and picked up the basket. She was a little wick. "Are you staying in Fensbro' the village, miss?" "Yes; but I'm lost!" hopelessly. "Your best plan would be to cut through my farmyard." George led the way at a good pace. "How far is it to Fensbro'?" she inquired. "Two miles, miss." "And what time is it, please?" "Half-past 8." "Half-past 8!"—surprised. "I may well feel hungry." "You might have a bit of breakfast with me—that is, if you don't mind," dubiously. They stood by the farmhouse door. "You might dry your feet as well," he pursued, slowly, "and then I could put you on the lane myself. Polly's out for the day—that's the worst of it. But come in, miss." And George crossed the threshold. It was quite a charming little adven-

ture to Rose Carol, and, desirous of seeing it through, she followed the big farmer without demur. He drew a snug chair to his hearth, and threw a bashful glance at her feet; then he brought forth a pair of capacious slippers. "You might get four feet into them, at a pinch!" he said, humorously; and plunged into the business of breakfast. With a restrained ripple of girlish laughter, Rose changed her sodden boots and placed them to dry. This done, she sat and watched the man filling the breakfast table. She was quick to guess his single blessedness (Polly must be his servant. It was very amusing to see this big man "doing for himself"—and a guest. But when he started to slice a new loaf of bread she could contain herself no longer. It was awkward, moving in those ridiculous slippers, but she got to the table without mishap. "Allow me to help you," she said, with a smile. He surrendered the knife with alacrity. "I'm no hand at that sort o' thing!" in disgust. George had never felt the want of a wife until that moment, until he saw Rose preside at his table; then his heart was filled with passionate longing. They sat down to breakfast for all the world like man and wife. Suddenly the woman burst out irrepressibly. George, with a full mouth, looked up guiltily. "It is so exquisitely funny!" laughing tears in her eyes. "What is?" self-consciously. "All of it. Poaching! Capture! Prosecution—almost! Oh, dear! oh, dear! I say, Mr.—look you, I am ignorant even of your name!" "Meadowson—George Meadowson." "Mr. —" gravely. "George!—everybody calls me George, young and old." "George,"—shyly—"do you consider this at all proper—quite the thing, you know—being here, alone? Don't you think I ought to go?" "No." There was something embarrassing in the farmer's decisive negative. Her lashes drooped, and she fidgeted nervously with her teaspoon. "You might tell me your name, miss," said George, after a space, with a boldness that surprised himself. She murmured it very softly. "And Rose was my mother's name," he cried. There seemed destiny in this romantic meeting. He stood up in a sort of triumph; his heart was drumming, and his blue eyes beamed. "Rose!" he said, impetuously. Then he sat down, looking ridiculous, and lashing his presumptuous heart with scorn. What a mad fool he was! They stood in the lane. Rose put out her hand, and it was buried in a big, warm grasp. "What sort of a bear do you take me for, Miss Carol?" "Well, rather a nice sort of bear!" "Do you know,"—abruptly—"I've come to think, all at once, that I ought to get married!" The imprisoned hand made an effort towards freedom. "You want a woman in the house," Rose granted. "Polly's neither one thing nor the other!" hopelessly. "How old are you?" curiously. "Old enough to be your father, I reckon—thirty." "You're not too old to marry!" provokingly. "Nil desperandum! You may get married some day, there's no telling. I'm—carelessly—"six-and-twenty." "Not much difference," meditatively. "I must go"—hastily. "But you've not told me how wicked you think me?" "Rose," tenderly, "I'm just thinking you're about wicked enough to make me a good wife!" "Oh!" and the little woman drew close. "You're so big!" she murmured. "But I've kind eyes." "Let me look," and she held up her sweet, blushing face. No wonder he kissed her. She broke loose, with a sudden cry: "My mushrooms!" The basket which had brought them together had been left behind.—New York News.

FARM AND GARDEN



BUYING CLOVER SEED.

The increased attention being given to the growing of clover upon farms where the hay is fed upon the farm renders the purchase of clover seed an important matter. This is one of the earliest seeds to be sown in the spring and therefore the purchase of the seed is one of the things needing early attention. It is well to take time by the forelock, says Practical Farmer, and get your clover seed on hand ready for sowing. And right here we would like to warn those who have to buy clover seed that low priced seed is always the most costly. Not only most costly in the actual amount paid for the clover seed that is gotten, but costly in the seeding of your fields with all manner of four weeds, for a very low price for clover seed means poorly cleaned seed. If one gets, for instance, clover seed for \$5 a bushel, when re-cleaned seed is selling for \$7 or more, the re-cleaned seed is always the lowest in price of the pure seeds that are in the bushel, and, being clean, do not provide for filling your land with weeds. The best way to buy clover seed is to start early and get samples from the dealers. Examine these samples closely and sort out all impurities in the shape of weed seeds and trash, and then compare the samples. Get seeds that are clear of weed seeds, if you have to pay double price for them. We are frequently called upon to advise how to get rid of broad-leaf plantain and narrow-leaf plantain, two weeds that have gotten spread more through clover seed than in any other way. We know farms so infested with the narrow-leaf plantain that it is almost impossible to grow clover on them now, the weed having gotten complete possession of the ground. When you find a real clean sample of seed buy it at whatever the price may be as compared with badly cleaned seed, and get a guarantee from the dealer that the seed shall come up to the sample. We will never get rid of oxeye daisy, plantain and wild carrot until we quit sowing the seed in clover. Then, too, of recent years the creeping yellow clover has spread over the country through unscrupulous dealers who have imported the seed in immense quantities for the purpose of adulterating red clover seed. You will need a magnifying glass to distinguish the various weed seeds and adulterations, and it will pay to learn the various seeds and their appearance. Then buy your clover seed from first class men who have made a reputation for good seed, and who are not going to sacrifice it, and do not expect to get the best seed except at the best price, for it is the worst sort of extravagance to buy low priced seed, especially of clover and grass.

HAIRY VETCH.

Hairy vetch is one of the plants which has responded most energetically and vigorously to the nitro culture treatment. I would advise you in this connection to write to the Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a copy of the bulletin on experiments in "soil inoculation" recently issued by Dr. Moore. Whenever I have tried it the vetch has done well without soil or seed inoculation, but Dr. Moore's experiments have apparently demonstrated that it will grow much more vigorously when so treated. It is one of the best of all leguminous crops to fertilize poor soils. The only objection to it is that seed is very expensive. Now, I cannot tell you whether alfalfa would follow vetch healthfully and normally without additional treatment with micro organisms. I imagine not, but it would be a very simple matter to treat the seed, and this you could do in the case of both vetch and alfalfa by securing a package of the suitable bacteria from the Bureau of Plant Industry. A crop of vetch turned under would be an excellent preparation for a seeding of alfalfa. If you sow spring wheat in your young orchard, then, by all means, leave a strip of at least three feet on each side of your apple tree rows, this strip to be cultivated throughout the forepart of the season. If you can seed it with a leguminous crop in midsummer or a little later then I think you are putting your young trees into excellent shape for winter. Hairy vetch is one of the best orchard cover plant one may use.—Tribune Farmer.

PROFIT FROM FALL PIGS.

Last fall I had about seventy-five pigs come the last of September and the first of October. I let these pigs follow the sows for about eight weeks and while they were with the sows I used slop freely, also fed corn. When I took them from the sows I used oats and shorts and a little corn ground made into a warm slop. They had a good warm place and a good run on about four acres of rye. I took the very best care of them I could, but they did not seem to grow. They were hearty, ate well and were given bedding about twice a week so as to keep them clean and dry and did everything I could, but must say, I made a failure on that lot of fall pigs. I suppose if a man had a few and used milk he could make them pay a little better. But I find that the cost of fall pigs is too great to make me any money and I think the readers of this article will agree with me.

On the other hand, I have had fine luck with spring pigs. I had twenty sows farrow about two hundred pigs, and at the last count I had 175 head of good, thrifty shotes, about one hundred of them weighing about 150 pounds, the balance around 140 pounds. I think if a man tries to raise a great many hogs he better have them come in the spring. He will have enough fall pigs out of his spring litters to keep him busy through the winter, and in the spring they will go out and make a good hog in a little while.

I expect to breed thirty sows for spring farrow commencing to pig about April 20 to May 20. I aim to have all my sows come in as near together as possible. I used two boars and hand breed all my sows, so I always get good litters. I expect some of your older hog raisers can, no doubt, tell me a great deal more than I know about raising hogs, as I am young in the business, but I am doing fairly well at it.—J. P. Fletcher in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

GROWING CARROTS FOR STOCK FEED.

For several years we have been raising carrots on a rather small scale, feeding them to both horses and cattle with good results; and we know that their value when properly used is far in excess of what the analysis would seem to indicate.

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SPIDER THREADS THE BEST. For Use in Telescopes Nothing Has Been Found So Good. The astronomer after the experience of many years has found that the spider furnishes the only thread which can be successfully used in carrying on his work, writes Ambrose Swazey, in the Scientific American.

BUNNY GAVE HER A SURPRISE. Mrs. Edgell Found Cottontail Rabbit Sitting Up Behind Stove. When Mrs. Nellie Edgell stepped into the sitting room of her home, in Thoroughfare Neck, she was astonished to see a cottontail rabbit sitting up behind the stove, says a Leipsic, Del., dispatch.

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