

Dobbin's Humane Society

By Mantio L. Hunter

OLD DOBBIN pricked up his dejected ears and listened. Surely he could hear young voices on the other side of the partition.

He was lying down, but his curiosity, which increases with age in horses as well as in men, plied him to arise, although he knew the effort would well-nigh break his spavined old joints. He lumbered stiffly over to the other side of his stall, where, pretending to rub himself against the boards, he managed to get one ear over a crack.

"This will make a jolly playhouse," said a voice. "We'll spread some of that old carpet over the floor, hang up our guns and fishing rods, bring out our tool chest and bracket saw, and my, oh, my! what a good time we'll have for the next two weeks! I think the country's jolly, anyway."

"Ye-s," replied a voice, with a note of deprecation in it; "but you know this is a city of the third class now, and we have three paved streets."

"It is!" with surprise. "Wait until you come to Chicago next summer, then you will think this is the country." Thus the planning for the two weeks went on between the city and the country cousins, and so intent was Dobbin in trying to catch every word they said that he did not hear his stall door open nor the footsteps of his master approaching over the strawless boards. Just then a persistent big horsefly bit deep into his bowed tendon, and in pure self-defense he gave a kick, which, heaven help him! grazed old man Snaffles' leg.

When Dobbin realized what he had done he sickened at the thought of what would come. For a moment Jerry Snaffles was dumb and motionless with amazement. Never before in the ten years since he had owned Dobbin had the old horse as much as hinted that his master's presence was not desirable. At last his wrath, all the greater for being pent up for a moment, burst forth.

"Kick at me, will you, you old beast?" he yelled, and wrenching off a board that hung by one nail, he rained blows, interspersed with oaths, upon the horse, until, with a last blow and kick, Snaffles left the stable, saying:

"Kick at me, will you? You'll go without your supper to pay for it."

Dobbin happened to fall with his head close to the crack, and as he lay quivering and half dead he was recalled to his surroundings by the horror-stricken tones of a voice asking: "Bertie, what—what was that noise? What was it?"

"That was old man Snaffles whipping his horse. That's nothing; we're used to hear his thumpings."

"Why, Bertie Andrews, it's a dreadful thing to whip a horse like that. Why don't you stop him? Let's go straight this minute to the humane agent and report the case."

"I don't know what you mean by humane agent, and I don't know how we can stop him. He owns the horse, so I suppose he can do what he pleases with him."

"Indeed, he can't. If you were a member of a humane society you could walk in yourself and order him to stop, and if he didn't obey the law would take hold of him. Is the horse vicious?"

"No, but the old man is."

"There was a pause of a few minutes, when the city boy, who had evidently been thinking, said:

"Suppose you and I organize a humane society? Every town ought to have one."

"How could we? What would we have to do?"

"I don't exactly know myself, but let us think about it."

Just then there came a call of "Come, boys; supper is ready!" and Dobbin was left alone in the double barn.

That evening, upon hearing voices, Dobbin left the whole half-pint of oats in his feed box, such haste was he in to glue his deaf old ear over the crack in the partition.

"I've been thinking," said the visiting boy, "about the humane society and I'll tell you how I believe we can manage it."

"How? Father says it would be a splendid thing for the town."

"We will write a letter telling what we hope to do, ask for the constitution and by-laws of their society, inclose a stamp, and address it to the president of the humane society of Cleveland, which, I believe, is your nearest large city. Printed with the constitution nearly always are the state laws governing such societies. We will show it to several business men and charitable women, ask them to think about it and talk the matter up; then, through the newspapers, we will call a meeting of all who are interested in humane work. We must ask some one who is accustomed to public meetings to preside, and some one else who is a good talker to make a speech, and I believe before the evening is over we shall have a society hatched and more than half-fledged."

"I know just the men who will do those things for us if we ask them," said Bertie. "Ed-or Jones, of the Era, usually presides at our political meetings, and some of the ministers or lawyers will make a speech for us, I am sure. Come on; let us go in and write the letter."

After that for Dobbin the days seemed weeks until the society was formed.

The night the meeting was in progress he never slept a wink and he moved about so restlessly that Mr. Snaffles came out with a lantern and a whip to investigate. Dobbin, knowing what his rights were, dodged the blows pretty successfully, but was

wise enough to keep tolerably quiet the remainder of the night.

The next evening he walked past his feed box without looking in its direction, so anxious was he to get his ear over the crack and hear what the boys were saying. He could distinguish the rustle of paper and surmised that they were looking over the evening newspaper.

"Here it is," exclaimed Bertie. "Just see the headlines, will you?" Then he read a detailed account of the previous evening's proceedings. It told how the best people in the place had taken hold of the work, of how a president had been elected who would act as humane agent.

"Now I hope old thumper Snaffles will be brought to time," said the cousin when the reading was finished.

"He won't, though," replied Bertie. "He is sharper than needles; after he hears about the humane society he will take care to practice his cruelty where there are no witnesses. The only chance to catch him will be in the next few days. He never reads the newspapers, so he will not know anything about what was done last night until some one tells him."

"If that is the case let us watch him all day to-morrow—sort of shadow him. What do you say?"

"I'm willing. We'll have to give up our fishing trip, but I would rather catch Jerry Snaffles on a humane society hook than all the fish in White-water creek."

The next morning when Dobbin was driven out to his work he saw two boys lounging on a near-by corner. Every 15 or 20 minutes during the whole day somewhere he would catch a glimpse of the two figures, and once, when the dray was empty, they paid Mr. Snaffles five cents apiece for a ride the length of the street.

But time went fast and it began to look as if Jerry Snaffles would not be hooked. Dobbin stamped at the flies, got his tail over the lines and was stupid about backing and turning, all to no purpose. Jerry's whip rested in its socket and Dobbin's rusty coat received no welts. The truth was that Mr. Snaffles had got double pay out of a woman for moving a stove and, consequently, was in an unusually good humor.

Dobbin could see how weary the boys were becoming and what a disappointed look was creeping into their alert brown eyes, and he began to do some thinking. There was one thing that always brought down his master's wrath upon him; if he should chance to slip and fall the air would be full of whip lashes and his old hide would be criss-crossed with marks. But somehow he hadn't seemed to slip that day, and—but why couldn't he make himself slip? Of course he could. Then his ears went down dejectedly as he thought of how it would hurt. He would have to go down, because he always had, some place on the stretch of smooth pavement on Main street, and it did hurt so to strike on the hard bricks; but do it he would. He was nearing the slippery stretch now, and trying to put his sore shoulder and rheumatic hip, upon which he must fall, out of his mind, he trotted resolutely along. Turning his head to see if the boys were near, he gradually worked his way to the edge of the street where the asphalt filling had not worn off, and just as Jerry called: "Har, thar! Whar ye goin'?" there was a ser-r-r-r, ser-r-r-r, crash! and Dobbin was down. In a moment Jerry was off the dray and his whip was singing through the air.

"Hold on, there! don't you strike that horse again!" cried the shrill voice of Bertie Andrews.

But the whipping went on, and the boys, white with excitement, seized the man's right arm, exclaiming in chorus: "We are members of the Humane society! Don't you dare strike him again!"

"Members of nothing!" said Jerry, sneeringly, shaking off their hold. "We hain't got no sich society here. I guess I can whip my own horse if I want, an' you'll git it too ef ye don't git out," and the whip was raised for action.

"There comes the president now," cried Bertie. "Hello, Mr. Humane Agent, come here and arrest this man; he is abusing his horse shamefully."

Then for the first time Snaffles began to realize that there was some truth in the boys' statement, and he covered back and lowered his whip.

"Keep an eye on him, boys," said the president, hurrying up, "until I can see how badly the horse is hurt."

He called some men who were passing and together they unbuckled the harness, drew the dray back, and with great difficulty got the old horse on his feet.

Coming over where Jerry was standing, looking frightened, the agent said: "My man, this will probably cost you a heavy fine, and perhaps the work-house."

"And what about the horse?" asked Bertie's cousin, "is he much hurt?"

"He was in a terrible condition before this occurred," was the answer. "He is old and has been starved and abused until he was not fit to be driven; now he has a badly brained shoulder and I think the most merciful thing I can do will be to order him shot."

At that moment, a farmer who had been looking the horse over spoke up: "Kill him, are you going to? Perhaps he would rather sell him to me. I will give five dollars and take him right off your hands."

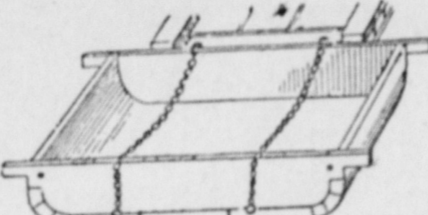
It did not take long to convince Mr. Snaffles of the wisdom of accepting the proposition. The next day old Dobbin was taken out to the farm where he cooled his fevered feet in fragrant dewy pastures, and grew round eating green clover and sweet timothy hay; and the heaviest load he draws is the rake in harvest time, and the greatest burden his crooked old back bears is the barefoot boy who rides him after the cows.—Chicago Daily Record.

LIVE STOCK

SAFE SCALDING VAT.

A Great Improvement Over the Old Barrel Method Which Has Been Practiced Too Long.

The accompanying cut illustrates a scalding vat we have used for ten years. It is a great improvement over the old method of scalding in a barrel. I will describe it so that any person can make and use one at a very small cost. The body of the vat is made of 1 1/2-inch lumber, poplar or oak, six feet long, 2 1/2 feet wide and 14 inches deep on the inside. The end boards are mortised one-half inch into the side boards and just inside of these one bolt is put across each end. The bottom is galvanized sheet iron No. 20. It is eight feet long and 42 inches wide. One solid sheet



IMPROVED SCALDING VAT.

should be used, which will cost about \$1.75 or \$2. It should be nailed on with steel roofing nails. The iron extends up the sides six inches. The ends are rounded and the iron extends nearly to the top of the vat at the end. The handles are six inches long, three inches wide, and are just extensions of the sides. Two bands of iron are needed across the bottom. These are fastened on the sides. Old wagon tires are used to good advantage. The vat is used at end of sled the same as the barrel is generally used. Two or three armfuls of wood will be all that is needed to scald six or eight hogs. A trench is dug 18 inches wide and 12 inches deep under the vat the entire length. An elbow and joint of stove-pipe are used at the end of the trench to carry the smoke and produce a draught. There are four hooks, two on each side 24 inches apart. Two chains are used to turn and lift the hogs out of the vat by hooking one end of each chain to the hooks on the side where the sled is placed. Four hooks are needed so you can set the sled on either side of the pan. Two men can handle the largest hogs in this pan, and in one-half hour after you start the fire under the pan you may begin scalding. You need not stop to heat the water, as you can replenish your fire under the pan and keep the water hot as long as wanted. Not having seen anything of this kind in any of the farm journals I submit this so that those who wish to make the work of butchering much shorter may make and use one of these at a very small cost.—E. C. Dray, in National Stockman.

SHEEP VERSUS COWS.

The Contrast Between Them is So Great That the Difference is Simply Immensurable.

The average value of cows on the Brighton (Mass.) market of late has averaged about \$40; a good-sized herd, say 30 head, would be valued at \$1,200 at the above rate. For \$1,200, about 300 good, serviceable ewes for breeding hothouse lambs can be bought. Cow stables are just the thing for sheep, of course with partitions, etc., removed. The food that will keep one cow will keep ten sheep, so the expense of keeping 30 cows and 300 sheep is about equal. At a moderate estimate the lamb and wool of each ewe will bring \$8, or \$80 for 10 ewes. This is far better than the returns from the average New England cow. As to the labor part of sheep rearing, there is no milking, milk peddling or can cleaning. Sheep are put in the fold in December. One man can look after 300 and attend to 15 cows, too, and lie down or rest in an easy chair in the fold half the time and read papers, with lambs skipping all about him, for the fold is always warm, kept so by heat emanating from the sheep, it being more trouble to keep the fold cool enough than warm enough, even in zero weather. In going to and returning from my country seat, and seeing dairymen driving cows to or from pasture, then returning home and looking across one field from my desk window and seeing a peaceful flock of sheep grazing or lying in the shade, which had grown hothouse lambs last winter, their owner at home on general farm business, with no thought of the sheep only to salt them once a week, the contrast is so great the difference is immeasurable, says Dr. Galen Wilson in an exchange.

The Question of Pedigree.

The value of pedigree in an animal depends upon the management given. In the hands of a poor breeder and a poor feeder it is of little value, while with a skillful breeder and feeder it becomes invaluable. There is no economy in a farmer purchasing a well-bred animal, paying the price necessary to secure such an animal, and then neglecting him. Better save the money and invest only a part of it in a scrub, as under neglect a scrub will prove as profitable as a finely pedigreed animal. It is the combination of good feed, good feed and good care that gives the best profit, and a failure in any one essential will affect the results materially. The well-bred animal gives the best returns for good feed and care, but with neglect will prove less profitable than the scrub, because costing more, and because it will not stand neglect as well.—N. J. Shepherd, in Ohio Farmer.

IS A GOOD DRESSER.

Mrs. McKinley's Gowns for This Winter Are Said to Be Beautiful and Becoming.

Mrs. McKinley, our president's wife, is, as everyone knows, a great invalid, and her husband's devotion to her is a beautiful example, which will go down in history. She has excellent taste in the choice of her gowns. She receives, almost always, seated in a large arm-chair, so has her dresses made that the front effect is always good, and her trains are so arranged that there is not too much fullness at the top of the



MRS. MCKINLEY. (The President's Wife Receiving in Her Silver Gray Peau de Soie.)

skirt and yet enough to hang in graceful folds about her. Mrs. McKinley's gowns for this winter are in excellent taste. She has one of silver-gray peau de soie, which is a sort of heavy ribbed silk, with hardly any luster. The skirt has a long train, and all up the front and on both sides are bands of beautiful steel embroidery, with small silver spangles. The bodice is embroidered in the same way and is relieved at the throat by a collar and jabot of real lace. It is made surplice, with long, tight-fitting sleeves, which fall well over the hands.—Demorest's Family Magazine.

HOW TO CLEAN JEWELRY.

To Keep Diamonds Sparkling and Silver Trinkets Shining is Not a Difficult Task.

Diamonds may be cleaned by brushing them with a lather of soap and water, rubbing them afterwards with eau de cologne. If well shaken in a bag of bran they acquire great brilliancy. Cut stones should not be wiped after being washed. Wash in a lather of white soap, rinse and put on their faces in sawdust until quite dry. Opals which have become dim may be polished by rubbing them well with oxide of tin or with damp putty spread on chamois leather; finish with damp powdered chalk, also spread on leather. Then wash the opals with a soft brush in water and then immersed in the following: Salt one pint, alum one pint, saltpeter two pints, water four pints. Leave the silver in this for five minutes, then rinse in cold water and polish with a leather. They should be kept in silver paper. Oxidized silver can be cleaned in a quart of a pint of sulphuric acid, mixed with one quart of water. Ordinary silver articles may be kept bright by cleaning them with a slice of lemon and afterward rinsing in cold water. Then wash in a lather of soap and rinse in hot water, dry with a soft cloth and polish with a leather. Nickel should be rubbed with a flannel dipped in ammonia. Amber may be rubbed with wet powdered chalk; then with a little olive oil applied with a flannel. Ivory can be whitened with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen, or let the articles stand in spirits of wine in the sunshine.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

WASHING THE FACE.

Instead of Using Water After a Walk Ladies Should Bathe with Lait Virginal.

Many skins will not stand constant washing, a practice which indeed tends to coarsen the complexion. Thorough washing once a day is sufficient for most women, and is far preferable to partial and careless ablutions morning, noon and night. Instead of cleansing the face in water when coming in from a walk, or when one feels that a wash would be refreshing, it is a capital thing to bathe it with lait virginal. It is an excellent purifier, easily made and harmless. It is, moreover, delightfully refreshing. I give the recipe: Rose, orange flower, or elder flower water, one pint; simple tincture of benzoin, two ounces; tincture of myrrh, ten drops; glycerine, ten drops. Place the rose water in a bowl, and while stirring it, with a glass or porcelain spoon, add drop by drop the benzoin, then the myrrh and glycerine.

Be sure you get the simple tincture of benzoin, as the compound tincture contains other ingredients quite unsuited to the purpose. Some skins will not stand glycerine. If this is the case with yours, all that need be done is to omit it from the emulsion. Never use pure glycerine to the skin of the face, as it tends to induce hairy growth.

The lait virginal should be applied with a soft rag, and one is often surprised at the amount of dirt, unsuspected because undetected, which is brought away.—Philadelphia Press.

The Queen's Ice Chest. The stores of ice at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral castles are very large. At Windsor there is storage room for about 500 tons. There the supply is obtained from the lake beneath the north terrace, from Frogmore and Virginia water. Ice is not only lavishly used in the royal kitchen, but also for reducing the temperature of her majesty's apartments in hot weather. Then it is packed in pretty wooden buckets and stood in the fireplaces.

HOME CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed with mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. This they do by driving the poison into the system, and endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large spots on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home, after the doctors had failed completely."

It is a valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swifts Specific—

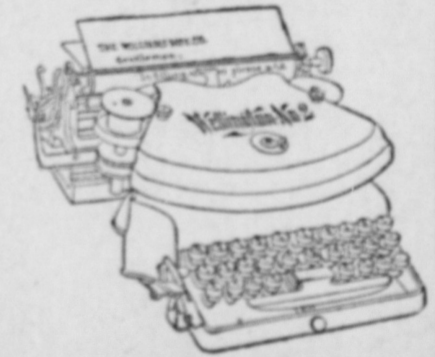
S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

acts in an entirely different way from potash and mercury—it forces the poison out of the system and gets rid of it entirely. Hence it cures the disease, while other remedies only shut the poison in where it lurks forever, constantly undermining the constitution. Our system of private home treatment places a cure within the reach of all. We give all necessary medical advice, free of charge, and save the patient the embarrassment of publicity. Write for full information to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



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