

TALK ABOUT CLOVER.

Many Otherwise Well-Informed Farmers Entertain Erroneous Ideas Relative to This Plant.

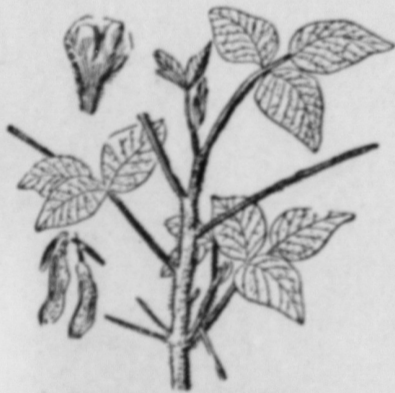
Western farmers have learned that clover is a necessity for them, but it has been only a few years that this fact has become apparent and many of them cannot write on this subject without exposing their ignorance.

It is not so generally known as it should be that allowing clover to seed is the surest means to destroy all the clover on that field for another year.

NEW FODDER CROP.

The Soy Bean, a Native of Japan, is Now Attracting the Attention of American Farmers.

Glycine hispida is the scientific name. A government bulletin says of it: This is one of the staple crops of Japan, which attracted little attention in this country till about ten years ago.



SOY BEAN AND PLANT.

such a dense growth of leaves and are so prolific in fruit that the hay is prized highly, especially for milch cows and for fattening animals.

The Garden Pharmacy.

The farmer's garden should be not only his larder, but his pharmacy as well. It can be made to grow his food. It may be made to grow his medicines also.

When you go into the horse pasture, take something in your pocket for young and old, for they seem to say "thank you," and "we love you."

THE VICE OF SHYING.

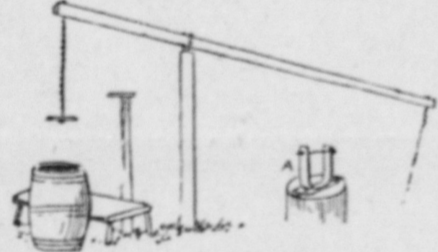
Why It Is So Difficult to Break Many Horses of This Evil and Dangerous Habit.

The vice of shying is one of the most annoying and dangerous, and many farmers cannot understand why horses shy in the first place, and why it is so difficult to break them of this evil and dangerous habit.

HANDY HOG HANGER.

The Advantages of This Convenience Are Made Plainly Apparent by the Illustration.

The illustration shows a very complete arrangement for hanging hogs when scalding, etc. It is made by taking a large pole about 50 feet long for a lever and another about 16 feet long for a post.



HOG HANGING DEVICE.

center of the cross-piece, through which an iron pin is run, and driven into the top of the post, so as to permit the clevis to revolve on the post.

HORSES AND FARMERS.

No matter what your horse and team may do, never get angry. To abuse a horse is inexcusable and expensive, and must be paid for in dollars and cents.

Remember the horse is the dumb beast, you the intelligent being ordained to own and control him; but not as a tyrannical master without feeling or appreciation.

Smooth and pet your colt with the hand, speak to him, pick up his feet often as the smith does; halter him young, and never throw a harness on colt or horse, but lay it on gently, that he may know you do not intend to hurt him.

Horses Will Not Disappear. The automobile still continues to forge ahead, to the displacement of the horse—on paper—but nobody who is interested in the horse seems to be at all disturbed.

When you go into the horse pasture, take something in your pocket for young and old, for they seem to say "thank you," and "we love you."

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

Into this glorious world I came, The free-born of the wind and flame. I bound to me for good or ill A body-seerf to do my will.

I needed one both swift and strong; Great was the load, the journey long. Yet this my slave was weak and lame; Flattering at my behest he came;

Yet hurry as I might to keep The minutes' pace, both food and sleep My slave must have. Impatiently I saw the glorious hours pass by.

This small white room, this cot of snow, Ministering forms that come and go—I crouch here listening for his breath, And with my hands I hold back Death.

YOUTHFUL BOUNTY CLAIMANTS.

AMONG the first applicants for wolf bounties in South Dakota, under the new bounty act which became a law in that state in the winter of 1898-99, were two mere tots of children, Rose and Custer Foulkrod, who made their appearance at the house of the county treasurer one morning only three weeks after the law went into effect.

Rose, the elder, is but 11 years of age, and Custer only nine or ten, and they looked even younger. The children are not brother and sister. Rose appears to be wholly, or in part, of Indian descent, and is a waif adopted in the Foulkrod family several years ago.

When first seen, at about seven o'clock, they were sitting in front of the treasurer's home on a rude sled, harnessed to a very subdued, piebald cayuse or Indian pony. How long they had been there was not clear; they appeared to be waiting to be seen, not heard. It was a cold morning, while yet six inches of frozen snow lay on the ground, and their clothing was far from warm or abundant.

"Wolf-skins," said the boy. "Five wolves and a lion and a kiyote." "But have you the proofs—the hides, or scalps with the tails?" the treasurer asked.

The wolf-skins were those of the large, gray timber wolf, a formidable and destructive brute which inflicts deplorable losses on the stockmen of the counties west of the Missouri, bordering the Black hills. The new bounty law provides that three dollars shall be paid by county treasurers for each gray wolf scalp or hide, a like sum for a mountain lion, and one dollar for a coyote.

But satisfactory evidence must be presented that the animals were killed within the county or state, and it is the treasurer's duty, on payment, to punch a hole not less than half an inch in diameter in each ear of every skin, to prevent "repeating." The skin, thus marked, is returned to the person presenting it, who can sell it if he wishes. It is expected also that the owners of cattle and sheep ranches will pay a bounty to those who destroy wolves and panthers, in addition to that paid by the state.

To prevent fraud, the county officers are obliged to use vigilance, and in this instance the treasurer's suspicion was that the children had been sent to him by some one who had brought the skins into the state from Nebraska or Wyoming.

"Where did you get these hides?" he asked. "Off'n wolves," replied the lad. "Yes, but who killed them?"

"Grandpa Hogan made pills fer 'em," he replied, as if conceding something unwillingly, "but her and me ketcht 'em," he added, stoutly, indicating his companion with a nod.

"How old a man is your grand-father?" the treasurer asked, incredulously. "He's most 80, grandpa is, and it took him most all the forenoon every time to get to skin 'em."

"I'm telling you the truth!" replied the boy, with clear-eyed honesty. "Her and me ketcht 'em and grandpa made pills fer 'em fur us."

"We ketcht 'em in the shack." "What shack? Where?" "Grandpa's old shack, where he used to live, on t'other side of the creek."

The boy explained that "her"—meaning Rose, whose black eyes blinked rapidly when the treasurer looked at her—had made a kind of spring catch from dry ash wood and a leather string, attached to which was a stone for a weight.

To all appearance the door was unfastened, swinging free, and the wolf or other wild beast was not alarmed by anything that it saw either within or without. To get the bones it had but to walk in; yet when it did so, the larger part of its body pushed the door back a little farther, and the ash spring at the top, bending slightly, released the weight attached to the spring.

How the girl had learned so cunning a stratagem was not explained; perhaps from her Indian mother. There was very little to it of gear or mechanism, and nothing whatever in the way of metal; otherwise it would have failed, since it is now almost impossible to take these wolves in steel traps, or in log traps such as a hunter sometimes constructs.

By the time the boy had explained it, and told how the spring and weight were adjusted, the treasurer became convinced of his truthfulness. He brought out his punch and hammer, and proceeded to make holes in the ears of the skins, as by law directed, wild little Rose eyeing his every movement with attention to details.

"How did you know when you had caught a wolf?" the treasurer asked. "Her went up to look every morning," said the boy.

"What did you do when you found you had a wolf?" the treasurer asked the girl; but she only blinked half a dozen times in a second, and it was still the boy who replied for her that she ran home to get Grandpa Hogan to "make a pill" for it.

The old man had been a wolf-hunter in his day, and knew that to shoot a wolf inside the shack would spoil all chance of trapping another there. He inclosed enough strychnine to kill a wolf in a bit of tallow, the size of a hen's egg. This the children carried to the shack and poked in through a chink between the logs, and after they had gone the wolf's hunger soon did the rest.

Toward evening the two small hunters were wont to return, and in no case had failed to find the wolf dead. They then opened the door, and attaching a bit of rope to the animal's hind legs, hauled it home in triumph.

Although too infirm to go abroad in the snow, the old man was able to skin the wolves when brought to him. The treasurer paid the children the bounty money—\$19 in all—and with an amused smile watched them drive to the store to buy "grub stuff," of which the forlorn family was no doubt in need. It was likely that they would be able to sell the skins for as much more, however, and the treasurer concluded that there was no immediate cause for alarm concerning the Foulkrods as long as they had little Rose to trap for them and Custer to do the talking.—Youth's Companion.

Judge and Lawyer. The resounding and effusive court oratory of the past is not much in fashion nowadays, especially in cases which are not tried by juries, and in which the judges are so well conversant with the law that they seek little more than a concrete presentation of the facts. A story is told of the late Mr. Justice Miller, of the United States supreme court, which illustrates the demand of the courts nowadays. Mr. Justice Miller was always courteous, but in his last years on the supreme bench he acquired an aversion to what some of the lawyers at the bar of the court took to be oratory. A lawyer, who may be called Brown, was addressing the court one day in a long, rambling speech. Justice Miller listened, uneasily fanning himself, for some time. Then he leaned over the desk and said, in an audible whisper: "O Brown, come to the point!" "Wh-hat point, your honor?" said the visibly astonished lawyer. "Any point!" answered the judge. The rest of the address was a rapid condensation of the whole matter.—Youth's Companion.

Keep Mother in Repair. A nap after dinner is worth two hours of sleep in the morning to mother, and she declares she could not be happy without. Mothers, more than most people, wear out if they are not repaired, and it is the duty of the family to see that repairs go on before the dear temperament falters. So many people paint the house and have the homes cleaned and repapered, and the furniture retouched, who never think of repairing the mother.—Boston Globe.

RAW AS BEEF FROM ECZEMA!

No Torture Equal to the Itching and Burning of This Fearful Disease.

Not much attention is often paid to the first symptoms of Eczema, but it is not long before the little redness begins to itch and burn. This is but the beginning, and will lead to suffering and torture almost unendurable. It is a common mistake to regard a roughness and redness of the skin as merely a local irritation; it is but an indication of a humor in the blood—of terrible Eczema—which is more than skin-deep, and can not be reached by local applications of ointments, salves, etc., applied to the surface.



Mr. Phil T. Jones, of Mixersville, Ind., writes: "I had Eczema thirty years, and after a great deal of treatment my leg was so raw and sore that it gave me constant pain. It finally broke into a running sore, and began to spread and grow worse. For the past five or six years I have suffered untold agony and had given up all hope of ever being free from the disease, as I have been treated by some of the best physicians and have taken many blood medicines, all in vain. With little faith left I began to take S. S. S., and it apparently made the Eczema worse, but I knew that this was the way the remedy got rid of the poison. Continuing S. S. S., the sore healed up entirely, the skin became clear and smooth, and I was cured perfectly."

Eczema is an obstinate disease and can not be cured by a remedy which is only a tonic. Swift's Specific—S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD—is superior to other blood remedies because it cures diseases which they can not reach. It goes to the bottom—to the cause of the disease—and will cure the worst case of Eczema, no matter what other treatment has failed. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed to be free from poisons, mercury or any other mineral, and never fails to cure Eczema, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Tetter, Rheumatism, Open Sores, Ulcers, Boils, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. Books on these diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

Advertisement for Sechler & Co's groceries. Text: "If you want Good Groceries go to SECHLER & CO'S. When you begin to select what you eat you want the best in the land, and we have it. Pure, fresh goods all fresh quality and we are satisfied if you will allow us to furnish the same you will never be disappointed in your meals." Lists products like Canned Goods, Dried Fruits, Smoked Meats, Butter, Cheese and Lard, Coffees, Teas.

Advertisement for Wellington No. 2 typewriter. Text: "Wellington No. 2 TYPEWRITER, PRICE \$60.00 CASH. Cheap in Price but not in Quality. VISIBLE WRITING, STRONG and DURABLE, ALIGNMENT ALWAYS PERFECT. We refund money if not satisfactory after ten days' trial. Send for descriptive booklet." Includes image of the typewriter.

Advertisement for Money to Loan. Text: "MONEY TO LOAN. On first-class real estate security. A limited amount in sums of from \$500 to \$1000 and any number of loans desired in larger sums. Bring deeds and apply in person to W. GALER MORRISON, 214 E. Bush St. Bellefonte, Pa."

Advertisement for Cornish & Co's pianos. Text: "1 YEARS FREE TRIAL THE UNIQUE CORNISH PLAN. OF SELLING PIANOS and ORGANS. Over a Quarter of a Million Satisfied Customers. PIANOS \$155. All latest Musical Attachments. The Cornish Patent Musical Attachment. CORNISH & CO., WASHINGTON, N. J. ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS."

Advertisement for Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills. Text: "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes. GARMAN HOUSE, High Street, opposite the Court House, Entirely new New Furniture, Steam Heat, Electric Light, and all the modern improvements. C. M. & C. B. GARMAN, Proprietors."