### TALK ABOUT CLOVER.

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

Western farmers have learned that elover 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. In an article under the title "Best Pasture Grasses," S. H. Tolley, of Iowa, begins with clover, which is not a grass, and says of it: "Clover is all right for pasture, but if stock is allowed to feed on it at all seasons, there must be a large surplus left on the ground, or the pasture will soon be exhausted. Stock of all kinds like the bloom and will eat it so closely that no seeds can form, and hence it will soon run out, because no seed is left on the ground to propagate." Part of this is true. Stock are fond of clover blooms, but it is only the second growth of the ordinary red clover that produces seed. It is nonsense to suppose that clover seed falling on the ground in fall can grow, unless the clover sod is plowed in the spring. Then the seeds will be mixed through the soil, and will germinate for many years after, as we have often seen to be the fact on land where crops of clover seed have been grown.

It is not so generally known as it should be that allowing clover to seed is the surest means to destroy all the elover on that field for another year. Alsike clover and the mammoth or pea vine clover, which bear seed in the first full crop, die as soon as the seed matures. What seed is dropped on the ground does no good for a clover growth the next year, as the clover stubble leaves the land too hard for such a tender plant to get a foothold. The clover seed is very small, and when it germinates it has only two very tiny leaves and a very small root in proportion. This is best for the young plant, for until the roots get firm hold of the soil the fewer leaves there are to evaporate moisture the less likely the young plant is to perish. Young clover is very tender. A drought or a slight freeze will blast the leaves, thus entirely killing the plant. After the clover plant develops more leaves its root has taken firm hold of the soil, and it is then not likely to be killed by drought. In grain fields during a very dry time the clover leaves drop off, and to look at the plant it would seem that no clover was there. But keep stock from trampling over it and let a good rainfall come, we shall find this clover reviving and making a good stand where at the grain harvest there seemed to be none .- American Culti-

# NEW FODDER CROP.

The Soy Bear, 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, but it is now becoming quite common. The crop is cultivated like corn, the seed being planted in drills at the rate of half a bushel per acre. The stems alone are too coarse to. make good hay, but are covered with



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 yield of green forage is very heavy when grown on good seil, and the yield of beans is usually from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. Those who have had most experience with this crop find that the best way to handle it is to cut or pull the plants when the first pods begin to open, and thrash as soon as dry enough. In this way the coarse stalks are so broken in pieces and mixed with the leaves and immature fruit that nearly all will be eaten. It is doubtless the best of the legumes for the silo, as it can be more easily handled for the cutter than plants like clover or cow peas. There are a number of varieties, differing mainly in the time of ripening and the color of the seeds.

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. Perhaps it is better to say that, in growing the farmer's food, the garden may be made to produce food that shall make medicine an unnecessary thing in his family. This may be done by growing vegetables and fruits that are distinctly health-preserving as well as nourishing. It is hardly possible to find a garden vegetable that is inimical to the consumer, although one person may not like or be benefited by one or another vegetable that is pleasant and beneficial to another .- Farmers' Review.

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." You

### THE VICE OF SHYING.

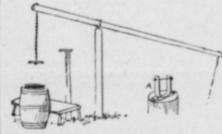
Why It Is So Difficult to Break Many Horses of This Evil and Dangerous Habit.

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 Cangerous habit, says Wallace's Farmer. They do not stop to reflect that shying is simply a revival of an old habit essential to the very existence of the horse when it ran wild on desert or plain. Every horse from colthood up was obliged to be on the lookout for an enemy. Were it not for its speed the horse would be almost as defenseless as a sheep. It must depend on its legs for safety, and its eye and ear to warn it of danger. Its eyes are so placed that it can see on each side and can turn its ears in all directions, so as to catch the slightest sound. When a wolf is seen or the sound of a wolf heard, or a snake trailing through the long grass, it was ready for flight, and that habit through all the generations still continues and is strongest in the horse nearest to the original wild type and weakest in horses of the draft type, out of which it has been almost entirely bred. The horse seldom fears any object unless it appears suddenly; therefore, the way to break a horse of shying is not to whip it when it obeys the instinct of its ancestors. This only makes it worse, for it is sure to remember that if there had even been no reason for this involuntary motion, it is liable to get a whipping for it anyway. The only reasonable way to break a horse of this habit is to require it to stop, whenever it shies, and let it see that there is nothing to be afraid of. Man himself is not much afraid of anything he clearly sees and understands. It is the unknown, the mysterious, that which comes suddenly and takes us unawares, of which we stand in | not brother and sister. Rose appears

# HANDY HOG HANGER.

The Advantages of This Contrivance 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. Set this post four feet in the ground, and have made a clevisshaped iron (A) to support the lever on the post. This clevis is about one foot long and wide as the post after squaring, with a cross-piece welded on near the middle of the bottom or round part. three-quarter-inch hole is made through the bottom of the clevis and



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. Make a fiveeight-inch hole in the long pole or lever about 12 feet from the large end. Raise lever up, and hang in clevis. Attach a strong chain to the large end to hang hog on, and have the scalding vat directly beneath this chain. Set a bench or platform beside the vat about onehalf height of vat, to scrape hog on. and next to this platform erect a post with four cross-pieces on top to hang hogs on. Fasten asmall rope to small end of lever to pull it down with when lifting the hog in and out of scalding receptacle, on bench, and to hanging post. The advantages of this arrangement are apparent by the illustration. -J. G. Allshouse, in Ohio Farmer.

# 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. Make all his loads proportionate to

the colt's age and strength, and let them be in position easy to start. Train a colt to know that you are his friend, as well as master, and you will

never need to whip, except in rare instances of fright or backing. 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 Be sure that every part of the horse's harness is safe to use, for one runaway may be more expensive than sets of harness; make the latter to fit him, that is, not a buckle or a part too tight or too loose, and see that no part galls him.

-Farm Journal. 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. The horse has been relegated to the shades so often by the railroads, the bicycle and electricity-and has so steadily refused to disappear and become a memory that people are not moved by prophecies of the animal's disappearance. The horse will be with us long after the man who is riding across the continent in a horseless carriage, except when he is walking while his will have no trouble to catch them at | carriage is being repaired, has been forgotten .-- Agricultural Epitomist.

## 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-serf to do my will.

Though he was frail and prone to rest, I snatched him from his mother's breast And bade him serve me. What would you? I had a great King's work to do: Wrong to make right; comfort to bring To those in trouble sorrowing.

I needed one both swift and strong; Great was the load, the journey long. Yet this my slave was weak and lame; Faltering at my behest he came; So, when his strength was almost gone, I took the scourge and urged him on.

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. (I could not leave him, for we must Have hands of dust to work with dust.) At last he fell and would not rise. He called me with imperious eyes, And bade me pause.

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, My work neglected and undone. If he but beckon, swift I run This worthless serf of mine to save. How hard they toll who serve a slave! -L. B. Bridgman, in Century

### YOUTHFUL BOUNTY CLAIMANTS.

MONG 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

Rose, the elder, is but 11 years of age, looked even younger. The children are to be wholy, or in part, of Indian descent, and is a waif adopted in the Foulkrod family severall years ago. Custer, on the other hand, is a bright, sandy-haired little fellow, who gave direct answers to all questions put to him. His father, he said, had "gone for a soldier," and his mother was at her early home in Indiana; but "Grandpa and Grandma Hogan" were at their sod house on the North Fork, 11 miles distant. The children had come from there that morning.

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. They had wrapped themselves in three worn old blankets, and had a large, rickety goods box at their backs. Rose was sitting straight as a stick, her black eyes fixed on the house windows; she scarcely spoke at all, and declined to go into the a after the treasurer had invited them to enter, but watched his face closely. It was the boy who did the talking. He said that they had come to "get the bounty," so that they could "go to the store and buy grub stuff."

"Bounty on what?" the treasurer

and a lion and a kiyote." "But have you the proofs-the hides, or scalps with the tails?" the treasurer rest.

"Yep," replied the boy, in a business tone. Jumping nimbly over the goods had failed to find the wolf dead. They box, he hauled out from it five wolf pelts, a coyote hide and a small, mountain lion skin-all fresh.

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 amused smile watched them drive to 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 sell the skins for as much more, howcoyote.

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 years on the supreme bench he acquired into the state from Nebraska or Wyoming.

"Where did you get these hides?" he asked.

"Off'n wolfses," replied the lad. "Yes, but who killed them?"

The boy's eyes searched the treasurer's. "Grandpa Hogan made pills fer 'em," he replied, as if conceding something unwillingly, "but her and me ketched 'em," he added, stoutly, indicating his companion with a nod.

"How old a man is your grandfather?" the treasurer asked, incredu-

"He's most 80, grandpa is, and it took him most all the forenoon every time to get to skin 'em." "Look here, you must tell me the truth about this!" said the treasurer,

"I'm telling you the truth!" replied the boy, with clear-eyed honesty. that repairs go on before the dear tene-"Her and me ketched 'em and grandpa

made pills fer 'em fer us." "But tell me how you caught these wolves!" exclaimed the treasurer, still unconvinced.

"We ketched 'em in the shack." "What shack? Where?"

"Grandpa's old shack, where he used to live, on t'other side of the crick." "Yes, but how did you catch wolves in this shack?" questioned the treasurer. "How came the wolves in the

"They went in to get the hoss head and the steer bones.'

"Bones that you put there for bait? But what kept the wolves from coming

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. The door of the shack, or small log shanty, was left ajar about ten inches, so that a wolf, "lion," or any other creature, approaching the empty structure, could put its head in and look about the interior.

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 ashen spring at the top, bending slightly, released the weight attached to the spring. Then-as the creature's body passed in -the door was pulled to with just sufficient force to latch it. The animal was thus entrapped, and all so quietly that it scarcely felt any alarm at first.

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 and Custer only nine or ten, and they traps such as white hunters sometimes

Yet to this primitive device, contrived by the hand of an 11-year-old child, five large gray wolves had, one after another, fallen victims. Two, indeed, had been entrapped at once, the second having apparently pushed into the shack with the first.

The shack itself was simply a little low log house without windows, and having a sod roof. When once the door had swung to and latched behind the wolf, it was a prisoner.

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 eying his every movement with attention to details.

"How dld 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 "Wolfses," said the boy. "Five wolfses the shack and poked in through a chink between the logs, and after they had gone the wolf's hunger soon did the

Toward evening the two small hunters were wont to return, and in no case 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 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 ever, 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 trial. Send for descripstory is told of the late Mr. Justice Mil- tive booklet. \* \* \* ler, of the United States supreme court, which illustrates the demand of the courts nowadays. Mr. Justice Miller was always courteous, but in his last 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 ment 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

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

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 unen-durable. 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. The disease itself, the real cause of the trouble, is in the blood, although all suffering is produced through the skin; the only way to reach the disease, therefore, is through

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., 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 potash, 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

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