

THE BOY FARMER

Or a Member of the Corn Club

By ASA PATRICK

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SYNOPSIS.

Sam Powell, inspired by a government agent, plans to make a scientific farmer of himself and to compete for prizes awarded to the Boys' Corn Club.

Sam works hard cleaning up and fertilizing the worn-out farm. Miles Fagan ridicules scientific farming, but lets his boy join the corn club.

"No," the two replied in unison, "of course we haven't deserted it. We finished it, that's all, and now we're down after some poles."

"Aw, get out!" the two choppers scoffed. "Don't tell us you've cleared out that streak of briars. Why, a rabbit couldn't get through it."

"No," admitted Sam, "we didn't clear quite all of it ourselves, but what we didn't the fire did."

"Oh, you burned it out, did you?" "Sure, we put the fire to it, and the rats and rabbits had to hunt a new country."

"Well," Joe Watson remarked, "we have got the poles for you—about forty of them."

"Forty? My, but you must have been working!" Sam congratulated. "Forty will be enough to mend the fence, I think."

When it came to mending the fence Sam had real reason to be glad that his comrades had come with him. By himself he would have been forced to tear down a panel of fence, wherever a rotten rail was to be replaced. With help, though, it was the work of only a minute to pry up the corners and put in a new pole.

By noon the fence had been mended all round and the boys retired to a grove of walnut trees near the branch to eat their lunches. "That's job No. 2 done," said Sam when they were seated, "and goodness knows how long it would have taken me to do it if you boys hadn't come along."

"Well, it wasn't very hard work," replied Fred Martin. "Just enough exercise in it to give us a good appetite. If you don't believe it just watch what we do to this bacon and corn bread and these onions."

"My, but they taste good," said Andrew, with his mouth full. "It's strange, but I couldn't eat these at home, and now there's not going to be enough of it for me."

The boys all laughed and said that they were thinking the same thing.

Sam wouldn't hear of his chums working in the afternoon. He thought that they had already done enough, so they stayed to gather walnuts and explore the creek, while Sam went off to haul ashes and scatter them on the acre that was to be his prize patch of corn.

Miles Fagan happened to pass along while Sam was at work and leaned over the fence to watch him for a minute.

"What's that you're puttin' on the land, Sam?" he asked, after he had watched the boy for some time.

"Ashes," Sam replied, and went on shoveling.

"Ashes?" Mr. Fagan questioned. "Do you think it'll do any good?"

"Of course I do," Sam answered.

"Most anything would do this land good. But didn't you know, Mr. Fagan, that ashes are a fine fertilizer?"

"No, I didn't," he said, "and I don't yet."

"Well, they are, anyhow," Sam assured him. "Two things that crops have to have are potash and phosphoric acid. You know that ashes contain potash, and they also contain some phosphoric acid. A government bulletin that I borrowed says there are about eight pounds of potash and one-third as much phosphoric acid in every hundred pounds of good ashes."

"Well, I didn't know they were good for anything," said Fagan, "except to get the fire from to make soap."

Sam wasn't proud and didn't think that he knew so much more than others, but he liked to be of help whenever he could.

"Why don't you send to the department of agriculture, Mr. Fagan," he asked, "and get some of the bulletins it publishes? We pay for that work, and why not make use of it? They experiment and learn a whole lot of things that we ought to know. I've written for several of the bulletins."

"I don't want anything to do with such foolishness," said Fagan. "What do they know about farming?"

"They know a lot," Sam replied, "and they're learning more every day. It's their business to experiment and find out things. You might waste two or three years experimenting to find out something that you could learn in five minutes by reading a government bulletin."

Miles Fagan merely grinned in reply. "I wish you'd let Bob join the Boys' Corn Club," Sam continued. "There's a chance for him to win a big prize, and, besides, it'll teach him how to grow corn."

"Guess I can learn my boy how to grow corn about as well as anybody," said Miles. "But Bob and that agent have been a-pesterin' me to death 'bout it, and I told Bob yesterday that he could fine if he'd use some of that stumpy land over there."

"I'm glad of that," said Sam, and

stopped suddenly. From the lower edge of the field came a boom that was like the report of a small cannon.

"Well, there goes some of my stumps," remarked the young farmer. "Guess I'll go down and watch a few of 'em jump out of the ground. I want to see how it's done."

CHAPTER III.

SAM'S mother would not agree to let him do the blasting of the stumps. She feared, and with much reason, that because of his inexperience in handling dynamite he might blow up himself. So Sam had agreed, though he didn't like the idea of paying \$3 for work that he could do himself.

A man named Nolan had been hired to do the work, and he had come out Saturday afternoon to make a beginning. Sam was anxious to learn about the work so that in future there'd be no need to hire some one else to do it. He drove across the field, hitched his horse at a safe distance and went over to watch the proceedings.

Sam's companions, who had also heard the first report, came up to look on. It was interesting to watch Nolan deftly place his blasts so that they always brought up the stumps. Sometimes they popped up in the air like a cork out of a bottle; at other times they split into pieces and went hurtling through the air. Under the largest stump in the field Nolan put a double charge of dynamite.

"Better get clear," he said to the boys when he was about ready to touch it off. They all backed away to a distance of thirty or forty yards and waited. He lighted the fuse and ran over to where they were standing.

"Get down," he said, "behind something or on the ground."

All except Joe Watson promptly dropped down behind a little ridge.

"There isn't any danger this far off," he said and remained standing.

"Get down, you dummy; it's going off," said Sam sharply, and as Joe made no move he grabbed him around the ankles and gave a jerk. The boy came down with a thud, and at the same instant there was a roar. Something sang over them like a bullet and exactly in the path where Joe had stood a moment before.

"Well, you may thank your lucky stars," Nolan remarked to Joe as he got up. "That Sam pulled you down. You see that big piece of stump layin' away out yonder? That's what hit you over here, and if you'd a been standin' it would a' broke you in two."

Joe was pale from fright at his narrow escape. "My," he exclaimed, "but I owe you a big debt, Sam! You saved me then, and I don't think I'll ever act the fool like that again."

It was now the middle of the afternoon, and as the boys wanted to return home early for one reason or another, Sam stopped work for the day, and they all drove home at a brisk trot.

On the next Monday Sam was present at the meeting of the Boys' Corn Club and became a member. Bob Fagan was also there and joined, though he was doubtful about getting his acre cleared of stumps by planting time. In addition to the cash prizes already offered, several firms and corporations announced at the meeting that they would give premiums to the successful contestants. These prizes were of various kinds. Among them were a registered Jersey cow, a pair of registered pigs, a corn planter, a trip to Washington, a trio of prize poultry, a gold watch and an automobile.

Sam went home happy that day and more firmly resolved than ever to win some of the prizes. All the week he worked after school hours loading and hauling manure from the stable to the farm. He was so busy that he had no time to talk even to his mother and sister about his work. But at the supper table on Saturday Mrs. Powell inquired how he was getting along with the work.

"Doing fine," said Sam. "I've got the field and the fence rows cleaned up and the fences made pig tight and two acres fertilized and ready to be plowed. The next thing I'm going to do is to have the land broke, cross broke and harrowed."

"Going to do all the field that way?" asked Florence Powell.

"Oh, no," Sam replied. "I can't prepare all the land as I did the two acres. I haven't time this year, but I'll put some fertilizer on all of it and have it broke once."

"What are you going to raise on the two acres?" his sister inquired, becoming interested.

"One acre is going to be in corn. It's going to be my contest acre, and I'm going to try to win some of the prizes of the Boys' Corn Club. On the other acre I'm going to plant Irish potatoes at first, then maybe June corn and black-eyed peas."

"My, but that'll be three crops on the same ground in one year!" exclaimed Florence. "Can you do that, Sam?"

"Yes, and that's not all," said Sam. "After I gather the corn and peas I'll put in a crop of turnips or rye."

"Is one acre all you're going to have in corn?" asked Mrs. Powell.

"No, mother," Sam explained. "In all I'm going to plant five acres in corn. Then I'm going to plant five acres in cotton, one in Kaffir corn, one in Irish potatoes and one in cane. That takes up all the land except the orchard and the acre that we're going to use for a garden and watermelon patch."

(To Be Continued.)

Golden Loaf or Gold Medal Flour at \$2.00 per large bag is cheap on today's market at Habel & Phillips.

Country Cured Ham and Shoulders and Sides, Donges Market.

A LILY FAIR FOR EASTER DAY



DANCING IN CHURCH.

Forms a Part of the Easter Services in the Cathedral of Seville.

This cathedral at Seville has the distinction of being the only church in Christendom where dancing forms any part of any ceremony or service. Here a dance called the "Dance of the Seises," is performed before the high altar during holy week. It is in imitation of the dance of the Israelites before the Ark of the Covenant, and even in Spain is of very ancient origin. The cathedral on such an occasion crowded with people, seated and standing. In front of all the others are several rows of priests and church dignitaries, all in gorgeous vestments, who inclose a fair sized open piazza before the high altar. A piece of carpet covers the marble floor, on either side of which stands a row of boys from eight to twelve years of age, dressed like Spanish gentlemen of the middle ages, with white stockings and a large plume in the hat. At a signal from a priest the soft music of violins breaks the profound silence of the church and the boys proceed to execute several pretty and graceful figures. Later they join in a gentle and harmonious song, which in the obscurity of the vast cathedral sounds like a choir of angels, and finally they accompany dance and song with their acrobatics.

Two centuries and over ago an archbishop of Seville desired to put an end to this ceremony, thinking it unbecoming to the church and the Master in heaven. But the people of Seville thought otherwise and were determined not to give it up without a struggle. The case was finally appealed to Rome. The pope of that day, thinking to appease the people of Seville and at the same time put an end to the dancing, gave his permission for the ceremony to be continued on condition that the dance should be given up as soon as the suits, which the boys then had, were worn out. What resulted, were worn out. What resulted, were worn out. What resulted, were worn out.

From time to time they have been skillfully repaired with a piece here and a piece there, and now, after two centuries, the suits are still as good as new, and the dance is still given.

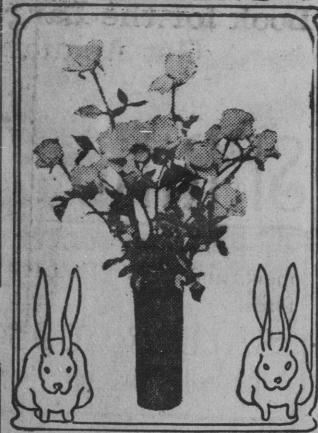
NATURE herself gives to humanity her choicest treasures when she clothes the world with grass and flowers at Easter-tide. This awakening brings a promise of beauty to last for many months. All mankind hail with joy the dawning of the Easter morn. New hopes arise in the deep, hidden springs of the heart, new joy lend brightness to the eye and color to the cheek, and new love radiates the entire being, working its wondrous miracles upon whomsoever it descends. The highest type of love is the unselfish, sacrificing variety, and to attain this unalloyed quality we must give.

Easter Influence in Greece. The influence of the church is strongly felt by the common people of Greece. They keep its long fasts religiously and for fifty days before Easter eat neither meat, fish, butter nor eggs, but live on figs, olives, bread and wine. On the Friday before Easter funeral services are held for Christ in all the churches, and at the close of the services the congregations go out to bury him. Brass bands play slow music as at military funerals, and the procession carries black banners, crosses and other emblems of mourning, while great multitudes follow bearing candles.

Why the Lily Means Easter. The lily is typical of Easter because of its whiteness and personification of purity. In its natural state it blooms about Easter time in France, its native home.

Easter Day. The brook has found its voice again. The lark has found the blue. The crocus bud has found the sun. The sun has found the dew. The butterfly has found the light. The grass the green of May. And Christians all find joyous life On holy Easter day.

FOR EASTER DAY



Easter.

Ring loud and clear your bells for Easter time, Now quick, now slow; From soon to see catch up the happy chime;

Bring all the flowers that blow For wreath and crown an offering pure and sweet, Christ's rising meant to greet.

Ring long and deep your bells for suffering born, With patient grace; Bring purple pansies, colors that are worn

Best with a sorrowing face, And weave with pine and cypress and young moss The emblematic cross.

Ring soft and slow your bells a tender knell, And softly weep; Bring amaranth and stainless asphodel In memory of that sleep Which wrapped the world in three

While he was in the tomb. Ring, ring your bells across the happy land This Easter morn! Christ sits in heaven at the Father's hand.

Bring blossoms to adorn A conquered death, whose victim has arisen, A grave which is no prison. —Juliet Marsh Isham in New York Times.

THE EMPTY TOMB.

Its Story and Significance Told in Easter Sermon.

It is Friday afternoon. With "It is finished" his head drops upon his breast, and the hopes of his disciples are shattered. Pilate is glad to find some balm for his uneasy conscience by granting the request of the rich friend, Joseph of Arimathea, for the body. Nicodemus, scholarly, timid and shrinking, comes into the light again, joining in the embalming, because he cannot forget the evening's talk with the great Teacher. The tomb is sealed. He is alone, save for his watching enemies. The world's hopes are dead. In him they had placed high; now they are ashes. They who loved him cherish the past, but have no future. The long sorrowful Sabbath day at last is waning; the first day is dawning.

Through the mists of the morning, hands laden with the treasures of the heart, while silver light of star and golden gleam of sun mingle, the Marys sadly seek the tomb, hoping to perform the last service of loving devotion. They approach with timidity, fear, awe, wonder.

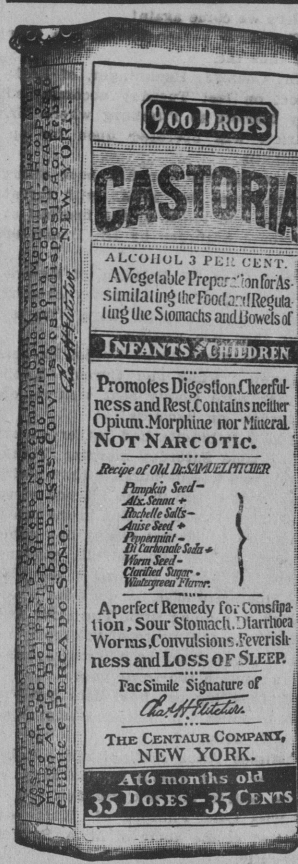
Lo, the stone is rolled back! One sits upon it clothed in light. He has hastened from heaven to anticipate their coming and to change their sorrow into song by the announcement, "He is not here; he is risen." The women hasten to tell his disciples. Hope, the last spark of which had gone out, is kindled again in human hearts. Forty day he lingers on the earth until the most skeptical cries, "My Lord and my God!" Every disciple becomes a herald of his resurrection. They seal their testimony with their blood.

Only the fact of Christ's resurrection can explain the revived hopes of his despondent followers. Only a personality that lives can rule the world as Christ rules it today. Every believer may share this Easter morning; the resurrection hope as it sends the sunlight of heaven into every darkened heart and into every open grave, revealing anew, "He is not here; he is risen."

Every tomb is now empty. May you who stand in fact or in imagination, by the grave of loved ones today catch the vision and hear the voice, "He is not here; he is risen."

Death is not a wall, but a door into life. As evening promises mourning, so winter spring, as the seed flowers, so death promises life.—Rev. Dr. George W. Shelton, Pittsburgh.

The Word Easter. Easter to the French is known as Paques; to the Scotch, Pasch; the Danes, Panske, and the Dutch, Paschen. St. Paul calls Christ "our Pasch." The English name is derived from that of the old German or Saxon goddess of spring, Ostera or Eostre, whose festival occurred about the same time of the year as the celebration of Easter. When the early missionaries went to Britain they found the people worshipping this goddess, to whom the month of April, which they called Easturmonath, was dedicated. The missionaries substituted the Christian feast for the old heathen one, but they allowed the people to give it the name of their goddess, and so the word Easter came to be used.



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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Wm. Engle was called to attend the funeral of his brother, George, at Frostburg on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gisbert, of Keystone Mines, spent last Sunday at the home of their son, Lawrence.

George Bangard attended the contest meeting of the I. O. O. F. in Rockwood last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Burkholder and daughter, May, of near Center Church and Mrs. John Burkholder and infant of Garrett spent last Sunday at the home of W. W. Nicholson.

Mrs. C. W. Tressler spent Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Miller at Woodlawn.

Mrs. Henry Meyer is reported on the sick list.

Adam Seigner a former resident of Vm, but now living at Hyndman, spent Monday and Tuesday with his brother, John.

Thos. Swindell is on the sick list.

Ezra S. Nicholson spent Sunday with his cousin, Ralph at Pleasant Hill and attended Sunday School at St. Paul.

PARCELS POST INFORMATION Don't try to send butter, spots, fresh meat, or perishables through the mails without an inside wrapping of cloth or paper or both and an outside cover of wood, corrugated card board or other strong material. They are unmarketable if flimsily packed, because of liability of the covers becoming burst and the contents exposed and spoiled en route. Pack as a safety against hard knocks received from throwing the sacks from the train.

Suit has been entered by Mrs. Alice Adams, of Kantner, against the United Light, Heat and Power Co. for \$20,000 damages for the loss of her husband, who was electrocuted in the basement of the Specht store in November, 1914.

Are you well stocked on flour?

We are selling flour for less than we can buy it.

Now is the time to use Dr.

Hess! Stock Tonic, Poultry Pan-a-ce-a, Louse-killer, etc., and you will get results.

Our Lake Herring are very nice, price right.

Please let us have your Grocery orders.

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FIVE CENTS PROVES IT. A generous offer. Cut this ad out, enclose with it 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., and receive a free trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and lagrippe coughs; Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price \$1.00

LIFE INSURANCE REFUSED. Ever notice how closely life insurance examiners look for symptoms of kidney diseases? They do so because weakened kidneys lead to many forms of dreadful life-shortening afflictions. If you have any symptoms like pain in your back, frequent scanty or painful action, tired feeling, aches and pains, get Foley's Kidney Pills to-day. Sold everywhere.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching 50c a box.

How to Cure a La Grippe Cough. Lagrippe coughs demand instant treatment. They show a serious condition of the system and are weakening. Postmaster Collins, Barnegat, N. J. says: "I took Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for a violent lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me and less than a half bottle stopped the cough." Try it. Sold everywhere.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo Lucas County, ss

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

Send for testimonials. F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O Sold by all Druggists, 75 cents per bottle.

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Demand for the Efficient. Alert, keen, clear-headed healthy men and women are in demand. Modern business cannot use in office, factory or on the road, persons who are dull, lifeless, inert, half sick or tired. Keep in trim. Be in a condition that wards off disease. Foley Cathartic Tablets clean the system, keep the stomach sweet, liver active and bowels regular. Sold everywhere.

Come in and ask us how many votes in the Hartley-Clutton Piano contest you can now get for one year to The Commercial.