

**NOW.**

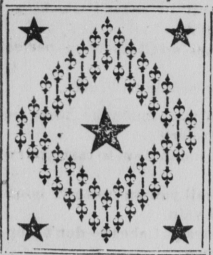
If you have hard work to do,  
Do it now.  
To-day the skies are clear and blue,  
Do it now.  
To-morrow clouds may come in view,  
Do it now.  
Yesterday is not for you;  
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,  
Sing it now.  
Let the notes of gladness ring,  
Sing it now.  
Clear as song of bird and spring,  
Sing it now.  
Let every day some music bring,  
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,  
Say them now.  
To-morrow may not come your way,  
Say them now.  
Do a kindness while you may,  
Say them now.  
Loved ones will not always stay;  
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,  
Show it now.  
Make hearts happy, roses glow,  
Show it now.  
Let the friends around you know,  
Show it now.  
The love you have before they go,  
Show it now.

—Charles R. Skinner, in New York Sun.



## The... Flash-Light ...Hunter

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

EARLY in September Ellis left Toronto for the north Ontario woods partly for a camping and fishing cruise, but chiefly with the hope of obtaining photographs of big game, for he was an enthusiastic camera hunter. In upper Muskoka he picked up a guide, and they went up the Smoke River in two canoes, traveling slowly and making frequent halts, while Ellis fished or still-hunted with his camera.

But in that region the game had been hunted too much to be easily stalked, and they portaged over a height of land to another system of streams that carried them into the Algonquin National Park.

In this great forest preserve, where hunting is strictly prohibited, game of all sorts has multiplied exceedingly, and here Ellis' efforts were more successful. He obtained several good snap shots at deer, but the moose were too wary for him.

Moose were plentiful enough in that district, as the great tracks at every pond-side showed. It was their season of love and battle, and the distant bellowing of the challenging bulls could be heard almost nightly.

Once Ellis came upon a spot in the forest where the ground was torn and trampled, and sprinkled with blood and wisps of coarse hair. He would almost have given a finger to have photographed that duel.

With his guide's assistance, he tried "jacklighting" on the small lakes, with a lantern in the bow of his canoe, a screen behind it, and the camera prepared with a flash-light in the stern. He thus secured several excellent flash-light photographs of deer, but no moose.

He was one afternoon exploring the windings of a small and unusually tranquil stream when he came out upon a beaver pond. It was not the first he had seen, for beaver are growing plentiful once more in the park, but he paddled over it with much curiosity.

He was at once struck by the fact that some one had been meddling with it. The great rough dam, a rick of mud and brush, had been broken, and was not yet completely repaired. In the deepest water stood the lodges, four of them, like stacks of mud-plastered brushwood half above the surface; and as he paddled alongside one of them, he noticed that a great hole had been torn in it, partly under water, which had not been repaired at all. The other lodges showed traces of injury, but had been made serviceable again. Probably the mischief was the work of an Indian trapper, who had broken the dam to lower the water and cut the lodges to get at the beaver, although the fur was of little value at that season.

The beavers, or what was left of them, had not deserted, however, and pieces of gnawed sticks scattered about the shore showed that they had been working hard to repair the damage. They labor chiefly at night, and it occurred to Ellis that he might ambush himself beside the dam till dark, and obtain a flash-light picture of beavers at work.

It was then nearly sunset, and he pushed his canoe deep among the alders that fringed the water and lay down in the stern. The sun went slowly out of sight, but the long northern twilight still lingered. As dusk came on, one or two beavers came out of hiding, showing their black heads beside the lodges; but these glimpses were insufficient. It grew cold, and Ellis shivered in the cramped canoe. There was no moon, and the sky was cloudy. He could no longer make out the beaver-houses or the dam, but significant sounds began to arise—splashes and ripples, and once a swimming animal brushed the stern of the canoe.

Ellis was thinking of setting off a flash-light, and trusting to luck to catch something in focus, when, like a sudden thunderclap, there burst out the deep roar of a bull moose from the other end of the pond, not two hundred yards away. The sound was so terrific that Ellis covered. The very leaves of the forest seemed to vibrate at its tremendous volume.

Almost immediately the challenge was answered by a sonorous bellow in the same direction, but apparently nearly a mile distant, to which the challenger responded with a roar of rage. Ellis heard the great animal thrashing his antlers against the trees and smashing up the underbrush, and he thrilled at the possibility of a duel actually taking place in his presence, even if he could not see it.

For some minutes the distant animal was silent, while the nearer moose continued to tear up the saplings,

hoped, for the water was bitterly cold and he was rapidly growing numb. After a time there was silence. Listening breathlessly, he could not hear the slightest sound. He waited for fully fifteen minutes more, however, to make sure, and then ventured, to thrust out his head and shoulders. It was too dark to see anything, but after listening again, he proceeded to crawl through the opening.

He was half-out when something came rushing through the water. The cunning animal had waited silently for his reappearance, and a blow, fortunately half-deadened by the water, reached his head. He squirmed back into his shelter again, quickly enough to escape further injury. A hoof-stroke that made the whole lodge tremble came crashing upon the roof. A rain of blows followed that seemed as if they must knock the whole structure to pieces, but the tough walls held nobly. Finally, at a particularly heavy blow, a sharp hoof burst in, followed by the whole fore leg.

Ellis dodged, knocking his head violently against the sharp sticks in the wall. Directly over him the bull roared frightfully. Ellis could hear the long leg scraping about close to him; then he realized that the bull was no longer trying to reach him. It was merely trying to withdraw its leg, and was not succeeding. The leg was firmly wedged into the hole, almost to the shoulder.

At this reassuring discovery Ellis recovered from his panic. He might, in fact, have easily killed the animal by placing the imprisoned leg with his knife, but he respected the truce of the park. The bull was now plunging about in the wildest terror, and seemed likely to break its leg if he failed to extricate it; but Ellis was not disposed to assist him to escape.

As soon as he was quite convinced that the animal was hard and fast, he stooped again, carefully avoiding the kicking leg, and once more wriggled out of the hole, leaving several strips of clothing on the projecting sticks about the entrance. The air seemed indescribably fresh as he emerged, and after the pitchy darkness of the beaver's den it seemed almost light upon the pond. He could make out the vast black bulk of the bull standing over the lodge, and it bellowed terrifically and enveloped itself in spray at the photographer's appearance. But Ellis did not stop to make observations. He was afraid the bull might break loose, and he did not even look for his escape or camera. He waded ashore, and started, dripping, toward camp, which was three or four miles distant.

The next morning, however, he returned with his guide and a smaller snapshot camera which he had at camp. The moose was still there, standing with its fore leg buried in the beaver-house. But its spirit was gone. It stood with drooping head, exhausted and utterly cowed. As the men approached, it eyed them apathetically, while Ellis took several photographs of it; and it was so clearly harmless that a guide waded in and chopped it free with an ax. During this operation it only snuffed wearily, and when released it splashed slowly toward shore and disappeared among the alders with a dejected air. Its leg was gaped with dark blood, where it had worn off about a foot of the hide in its struggles to escape.

Of the other moose engaged in the night's duel there was no trace beyond a maze of tracks and wisps of bloody hair on the torn-up earth. Undoubtedly it had gladly taken advantage of the diversion caused by Ellis to beat a retreat. The canoe, with a great hole in the bottom, had drifted down against the dam, and the camera with it—no very much injured. Ellis' chief regret was for the plate which it had contained, bearing the photograph of that duel in the dark—*Youth's Companion*.

**A Foster Family of Ducks.**  
A curious experiment in the hatching of ducklings by a turkey was made recently on a model farm at Wellerhof, in the outskirts of Schlestadt, in Lower Alsace. It succeeded admirably, as attempts not dissimilar have succeeded elsewhere. The bird was placed in a basket in which were two plaster eggs, and it was kept there by means of a framework. In a couple of days the two artificial eggs were replaced with a dozen duck's eggs. In due time nine ducklings were hatched. The turkey showed much attachment to its brood and protected it devotedly. The first time the ducklings took to the water the turkey followed them, but soon drew back and patiently awaited their return and its vigilance did not relax even when they had grown up. When the fowls could not share their nest any longer, it left them in the evening to rejoin this fellow-turkeys, but when the coop was opened in the morning, it quickly sought its strange family, all the members of which are in good health.—*La Nature*.

**Flying Turtles.**  
In one of the gallery tanks on the salt water side of the Aquarium are three sea turtles, each about a foot in length, the three including two green turtles and a hawkbill. They attract much attention here, where they can be seen close at hand and their motions in the water studied.

It may be that one of them will be seen swimming through the water, head up, with its body suspended at an angle and flapping its two broad forward flippers, one on either side, like the wings of a bird. Then the turtle looks strikingly like some sort of odd bird flying through the water.

A visitor who halted in front of this tank yesterday was so struck by the sight of one of these turtles that he raised his arms and swung them with the swimmer's flapping flippers, keeping time with the flying turtle.—*New York Sun*.

# The Farm

**Unassorted Stock.**  
Go into any barnyard or poultry yard and the chances are that the stock will be found of all grades, shapes, colors and sizes. Among the lot will be found some excellent layers, but the whole lot will prove unprofitable, owing to too much "rubbish."

Yet there are hundreds who annually winter over and feed scrubs that show no signs of thrift, and which give the flock the appearance of being mixed to such an extent as to destroy even the prospect of better results in the future.

This is due to the failure of farmers to secure uniformity in the flock. There is no excuse for having a little of everything—good and bad—as the use of pure-bred males will overcome all such obstacles.

We do not mean to claim that the farmer should use pure-bred fowls only, for the crosses are excellent, but if crosses are to be used, let some judgment be used in securing such crosses. Breed for just what you want, using certain males and females for that purpose, and not turn out the whole flock together, and then trust to chance for the character of the offspring. There is too much useless material in nearly all flocks, but it can be bred out.—*Prairie Farmer*.

**Counting Cost of Farming.**  
When the harvest is over farmers are in a position to know pretty well if the operations of the last year have been profitable. In some sections crops may have been partial failures, in others, some crops may have been so good that prices run exceedingly low. If the year has not been prosperous, what has been the trouble? One thing worthy of serious thought is whether one is wearing out his farm. This is quite likely to be the case in the older States. If the crops have been satisfactory, have we, in growing them, furnished to the soil enough fertility to grow the crop and still return to the soil the plant food which it contained before the seed was sown? If not, we may consider that just so much we have taken from the vitality of the soil, and that, in consequence, the next crop will be correspondingly smaller.

While old-time farmers thoroughly believe in the old rule of making the farm grow everything needed for the living of the family and stock before planning to sell any part of the crops, conditions may change this rule slightly. One would not be justified in raising hay for one or two animals, when the soil would bring him a much better return if it grew strawberries, for example. At this season of rest each of us should carefully look over the past and search for the mistakes quite as earnestly as for the successes.—*Indianapolis News*.

**To Give Medicine to a Horse.**  
In giving liquid medicines to a horse, says the Horse World, have the medicine in a stout bottle with a sloping shoulder—an ordinary "pop" bottle does very well—and do not add any more water to it than is necessary to properly dilute it, as a very large drench is difficult to administer. Next get the horse in a good position, so that he has to take his medicine. If the construction of the stable permits it, back him into a single stall, throw a rope over the beam at the back, make a noose on the end of it, pass it under the nose band of the halter and place it in the horse's mouth below the upper jaw. Now raise the horse's head until the medicine will run back in the mouth. Don't pull it too high or the horse will have difficulty in swallowing and there is danger of the medicine going the wrong way. You can easily keep the head in this position by holding the rope in one hand while you pour in the drench with the other. Pulling out the tongue and squeezing and thumping on the throat are quite useless as inducements to the horse to swallow, and may cause coughing. Should coughing occur, the head should be released at once, even if the medicine is lost, as otherwise it might get into the lungs. This is a much better and more humane way than putting up the head with a twitch, and a drench is usually given without any difficulty.

**Preparing for the Oats Crop.**  
In this section farmers grow principally the spring oats. The winter oats has not met with much favor, on account of its winter killing. Usually the spring is late and the preparation for the oat sowing comes when the breaking for corn is in order. This danger of the work doubling up causes the oat crop to suffer. The land is often broken wet, worked down wet and the seed sown while the land is very cold. The work of preparing a seed bed for oats is hurriedly done. Frequently old corn land is disked, the seed sown broadcast in the loose trash and cornstalks, and the land run over with a straight-toothed harrow, and the work is done. Only rich or fresh land can produce a paying crop under such conditions. The oat is sown in the spring, and two or three weeks after wheat harvest out harvest is here. It must grow a good straw and mature seed within less than five months' time. Oftentimes not more than four months lapses from seeding time to harvest. Hence, the oat crop works rapidly, draws heavily upon the plant food in the top soil and requires a large supply of moisture. If it fails to get available plant food at once, or fails in getting sufficient moisture it cannot wait, but must adjust itself to the conditions and produce a stunted straw and a very small grain yield.

The oat plant is a rapid grower if given plenty of food and moisture. It demands a well-worked seed bed, free from clods and young growing weeds.

**Buying Store Feed.**  
In general it will pay the farmer who has ear corn to have it ground into corn and cob meal and buy some of the cheaper, more nitrogenous concentrates to supplement it. Cottonseed meal is richest in protein, but is high in price when total digestible matter is considered.

Beckwheat middlings and dried distiller's grains are comparatively rich in protein, and are also among the lowest in price. Where they can be had at the prices given, their use is to be recommended for a part of the ration at least. Since they both tend to produce a soft, oily butter fat it might be advisable to feed a little cottonseed meal to counteract this tendency. Wheat bran, often fed for the protein it contains, is rather low in this constituent, and is also among the highest in price when digestibility is considered. It and oil meal or linseed meal are valuable, however, for their general effect upon the condition of the animal. Alfalfa meal, just now being widely advertised, proves to be one of the most expensive feeding stuffs on the market, if we assume that its digestibility is the same as that of alfalfa hay. There seems to be no reason for assuming that its digestibility would be any greater, and it might possibly be less.

Each year a number of new brands of stock food is put on the market. In the majority of instances the base of each of these is a by-product of the manufacture of some more valuable article. These by-products are sometimes sold alone and sometimes mixed with some of the staple feeding stuffs. They are often sold under fancy names which give no clue to their composition, and are frequently on the market some time before an official examination can be made and the results announced.

It is always best to buy these in small quantities and test them before laying in a supply. This, however, is not always practicable, and the next best thing is to rely upon the testimony of the experience of some responsible party. Even this may be misleading, as conditions are not always the same and some are not so readily apparent. In case nothing definite can be learned concerning the new feed except through the manufacturer or agent, it is wise to stick to the standard known brand of articles.—*T. I. Mairs, in the American Cultivator*.

**Soil Analysis Deceptive.**  
The first question that suggests itself to the average mind is that of plant food. Is there plenty of available plant food? It is supposed by many that this question can be readily answered by a chemical analysis; but as yet the chemists do not feel that their analysis gives a satisfactory answer to the question.

The plant food in a soil may be divided into that portion which becomes dissolved during the growth of the crop, and that which does not. The principal problem in soil analysis has been to find a solvent which will dissolve the materials in the proportion in which they are dissolved by the plants.

It is comparatively easy to make a complete analysis of the soil; but such an analysis gives but little information as to the amount of materials that a plant can take from the soil; and while many solvents have been tried with the hope that the amounts of food shown would correspond with the growth of crops on the soil a satisfactory solvent has not yet been found.

Another reason for this unsatisfactory condition is that the weight of material removed from an acre of soil by one crop is so small in comparison with the weight of the soil on an acre to a depth of two or three feet as to lie within the limits of error of analysis. Of two soils one might contain enough soluble for, say a crop of wheat, and the other not enough, and yet the analysis be practically the same.

Even the amounts of potash, phosphoric acid or nitrogen which are usually added per acre in fertilizers if disseminated through the first two feet of the soil would scarcely show on analysis, and yet we know that they show a marked effect on the yield of the crop.—*J. D. Tinsley, in the American Cultivator*.

**Too Busy to Work.**  
The luxury of physical inactivity appears to be fully appreciated in the South, writes Mr. Bradford Torrey in Nature's Invitation; and as an illustration, he tells of a walk he took near Miami, Florida, and of a conversation he overheard.

I was walking away from the city at a rather brisk pace one morning, when I passed a lonesome shanty. A white man sat upon the rude piazza, and another man and a boy stood near. "Are you going to work to-day?" I asked the boy of the occupant of the piazza.

"No," was the answer, quick and pithy.

"Why not?"

"I ain't got time."

I do not expect to hear the philosophy of indolence more succinctly and pointedly stated if I live a thousand years.

**Jewish Banker a Peer.**  
Sir Herbert de Stera, who was recently made a peer, is a Jewish banker in London, and is a son of Baron Hermann de Stera, whose title was Portuguese.

## KEYSTONE STATE GULLINGS

COLLEGE WILL BUY LAND

Board of New Wilmington Institution Voted to Purchase 200.6 Acres for \$30,000.

The board of trustees of Westminster college, New Wilmington, at a meeting held in Pittsburg voted unanimously for the purchase of properties aggregating 200 acres and valued at \$30,000, for the enlargement of the institution. Rev. R. M. Russell, D. D., retiring pastor of the Sixth United Presbyterian church, North Highland avenue, and president-elect of Westminster college, reported at the meeting that he had \$56,000 in sight and a portion of that could be applied to the purchase of the land whenever needed. The trustees agreed to purchase the site known as "furnace hill," south of the town and adjacent to the young women's dormitory.

Mrs. Lucile Patterson, alias "Newt Shirk," was arrested near Lewiston by United States Marshal Lapp for alleged fraudulent use of the mails. The woman's plan, it is asserted, was to secure correspondents through advertisements of matrimonial agencies and by pleas of poverty in connection with recommendations from her supposed minister, "Joseph Shirk," and secure money for railroad fare with the proposed intention of meeting a prospective husband at some distant point. It is known that she secured at least \$2,000. The postal authorities assert that her victims include farmers in California and Kansas and ministers in Alabama and Georgia. She was held under bail for United States Court.

The school teachers of Pittston township, near Wilkes-Barre, went on strike, the schools were closed and 600 children were shut out. The teachers say there is an average of about \$400 due each of them in back pay, and the directors made no effort to get any money for them. Three years ago the teachers of the same township went on strike and were out for several weeks before they forced the directors to pay them.

At Bellefonte, Judge Ellis L. Irvis handed down his decisions in the license cases. Of 48 applications 32 were granted and four held for further consideration. Two who held licenses last year were refused and three new ones granted. Each person receiving a license was obliged to sign an agreement not to sell whisky in bottles and to keep closed on certain holidays.

Dr. E. P. Weddell, School Director and for several years member of the pension examining board, announces that he will be a candidate for Assembly at the coming Republican primaries. He is the second candidate from Scottsdale. Berkey H. Boyd having announced a week ago. Three Assemblymen are to be elected in the new district.

Citizens of Paint borough, Somerset county, petitioned for a recount of votes cast in that district at the February election, alleging that many legal votes were not accounted for. Judge F. J. Kooser after hearing the judge of election decided that the votes not returned were not properly cast.

The Pittsburg Window Glass company of Washington, signed the Amalgamated association scale and ended the strike which has been on there for more than a week. All old men will be retained regardless of their union standing, but new employees must become affiliated with the Amalgamated association.

While playing with a shotgun William, four-year-old son of Joseph Leonard of Indian Head, near Connelville, accidentally discharged the weapon and blew his head off. The lad was playing with a younger brother in the parlor and his walls were spattered with blood and parts of the boy's head.

Clarence H. Mayer, of Pittsburg, was acquitted by a Fayette county jury at Uniontown, of a charge of embezzlement, preferred by Carpenter Bros., of Connelville, by whom he was employed.

Philip Packett, 18 years old, said to be a forger wanted at Buffalo, escaped from a Lehigh Valley train as it was pulling into Sayre station, near the New York State line. He was in charge of Detective Magee.

The Philadelphia "ripper" repealer, passed at the recent extra session of the Legislature is now law. Gov. S. W. Pennypacker failed to act upon the bill which becomes a law by default.

Magnus Barron, 40 years old, a quarryman, of Edenburg, became blinded by the snow and wandered on the Pennsylvania railroad track, while going home, and was killed by a train.

Louis E. Rubin, a Uniontown merchant who went into bankruptcy, has been arrested. It is alleged that about \$20,000 in goods were secretly removed from the store before it was closed.

Newton Metz, of Williamsburg, during a snowstorm was killed by a train on the Petersburg branch of the Pennsylvania railroad. He was 30 years old.

Viewers John B. Dindiger of Zellenople, Henry M. Wise of Harmony, John M. Leighner of Butler and John Irvine of Evans City, appointed in the condemnation proceedings on the Pittsburg & Butler plank road between Butler and the Allegheny county line, have reported against condemning the road.

Rev. H. D. Lindsay of the North Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, announced to his congregation that he had decided to accept the presidency of the Pennsylvania College for Women, to which he was elected by the trustees some time ago.