

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Spray's Column

This column is devoted to bringing the buyer and seller together, especially to bring them to Spray's store, so you see I have two axes to grind. I want you all to know I want to sell you something or buy something from you. Also I want you all to know what your neighbor has to sell or what he wants to buy. If you have anything to sell, come and see me. If you want to buy, see me. It will cost you not a penny unless I sell the article listed.

Good second hand Hay Press, \$150.00

Pure milk from Spray's dairy at the confectionery stores or your grocer's. Remember, my method of selling milk cuts out the expense of peddling from house to house, making the cheapest milk. Cottage Grove has the best and cheapest milk supply of any town in Oregon. Who did it? Spray. When I commenced selling milk it was selling at 7c to 9c per quart, measured out of a can in a cup. Everybody had to furnish their own vessel to put it in. Now all the milk sellers use bottles with tight caps put on at the farm and even at the high price of feed are willing to sell at 6c per quart. There is double the milk used in the Grove now that there was before I commenced selling and not one-half the condensed milk used.

Second hand mower, \$10.00.

Jersey red male hog for sale.

McCormack mowers and binders.

None better.

Twine and extras on hand.

Second hand wood saw and engine.

A bargain.

Good milk cow for sale.

Try a sack of my mixed chicken feed.

A cheap feed that fills the egg basket.

I have several second hand wagons at a bargain.

Try a sack Golden Loaf flour.

Jersey bull for sale.

One more grubbing machine at a bargain.

Good second hand cook stove for sale.

Feed! Feed! Feed! I want to sell you part of your feed.

Page fence, a spring steel wire.

Fence your land and put goats in. They make the brush go and let the grass grow. There is enough brush land tributary to Cottage Grove, if it was properly fenced and used for goats and sheep to produce more money than is now produced in the whole country.

When I was young, old people told me the way to break a hen from setting was to put her in a pen and starve her but I find a better way is to feed her all she can eat and her comb will turn red and instead of setting she will lay eggs. I bought 100 White Leghorn hens of a well known chicken raiser. They weighed less than 3 lbs. each when I bought them. In less than 3 weeks they weighed nearly 4 lbs. and were laying 75 per cent. They needed the last half of the feed. If your hens don't lay eggs I will sell you the feed, and then if they don't lay I will sell you more feed.

A CLOGGED SYSTEM NEEDS ATTENTION

Are you bilious, dizzy and listless?

Dr. King's New Life Pills taken at once seize upon constipation and starts the bowels moving naturally and easily. Moreover it acts without griping. Neglect of a clogged system often leads to most serious complications. If you wish to wake up tomorrow morning happy in mind and entirely satisfied, start your treatment tonight. 25c a bottle.

That's what they call book farming, Sam.

Sam, said Mrs. Powell, "and how farmers would laugh at you if they heard you talking about it."

"Some farmers might, but not all of them," Sam replied. "Bill Googe and Miles Fagan would, because they don't know anything about it. That's just how it is, mother. The ones that make fun of scientific farming don't know what they're talking about."

"Well, Miles Fagan is a hard worker, and so was your father. I don't believe anybody ever worked harder or could do more than them two."

"It's not all in hard work, though. The main thing is in knowing how to work. We are just now learning how. Some don't know how yet and won't try to learn. It wasn't father's fault that he failed, because no one knew anything about the new farming then. But that's why father failed, and Fagan is farming just like father did. He's got the chance to learn better, but won't do it. Bill Googe won't work much, of course, but he'd do a lot better if he tried the new way."

"What is this new way? I thought farming was farming."

"It would take a long time to explain it all," said Sam, "but it mostly de-

pends on what kind of soil you have, how you plow it and how you plant and cultivate your crops."

"Did you learn all this out of the book on farming?" asked Mrs. Powell.

"Well, I've learned a good deal from the book," Sam explained, "but not all I know. The government has appointed an agent for this county, and he is going to spend part of his time here next year instructing the farmers and the boys. I heard him make two talks downtown. He's anxious for me to go out on our little place this year. He says nearly everybody out in that neighborhood is like Bill Googe and Miles Fagan, and he wants me to show them a thing or two. He says he'll help in every way he can."

"I do like the country," said Mrs. Powell, "and I would like to go back on the old place, but the land's worn out, and I'm afraid we'll make a failure."

"Well, a failure couldn't hurt us much, mother," said Sam. "It's all to gain and nothing to lose. But we won't fail. That land is not worn out. If I can't fix it so that it raises twice as much to the acre as any farm around there, then we'll move back to town and I'll never say another word about farming."

"But we have no team," objected Mrs. Powell, "and what would we do for supplies?"

"I'll get Bill Googe to break the land. I won't need a team for anything else. The old tools father had will do, and the horse and spring wagon we have will be all right for what hauling there is. The pasture will save a lot of feed for the cows, and I think we can fix it so as to keep our milk and butter customers. I've already seen about the supplies. Mr. Wilson said that he'd let me have groceries and seed or anything I have to have on credit."

"I'm afraid your mind is too changeable, Sam," said his mother. "You know you've been talking of being a merchant. Have you changed your mind about that?"

"Yes, I have, mother. You see, I knew what farming in the old way was like, and I didn't know there was any other way. I thought it would always be like it has been, and I didn't want any more of it in mine. That's why I thought about being a merchant. But things have changed. People are learning a new way to farm, and it's going to be the freest and surest paying business there is."

"Well, then," Mrs. Powell agreed at last, "we'll try it one year."

"Good!" exclaimed Sam, delighted. "You just watch me get busy. I'm going out to the farm next Saturday."

The next week was an impatient one for Sam. He told his teacher and a few friends about his plans, and the

latter were much interested. Some said that they would like to go to the country themselves.

"Well, you can come out to see me when you have time," Sam told them. "That won't be like living there, but it will be a change."

"I'll be there for one," exclaimed Joe Watson.

"I for another," said Andrew White. "No use for me to tell you, Sam," Fred Martin added. "I'll come."

"Of course," Sam explained, "it may be so sometimes that I can't show you a good time. I'll be pretty busy, but you know you can make free around

THE BOY FARMER

Or a Member of the Corn Club

By ASA PATRICK

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PROLOGUE.

A plucky, wide awake, hustling American boy takes a worn-out and abandoned farm and gets busy with his head and his hands to renew the fertility of the soil, make a scientific farmer of himself and capture prizes as a member of the Boys' Corn Club. What he did and how he did it form the plot of an up to date romance of real life that holds the interest from first chapter to last.

CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER," said Sam Powell, "let's go back to the farm this year."

"Well, I do say," exclaimed Mrs. Powell, smiling. "What ever put that notion into your head, Sam? I thought we'd had enough of farming."

Sam Powell and his mother and a sister a year younger than Sam lived on the outskirts of town and made a scanty living from the sale of butter and milk afforded by two cows and eggs and poultry produced on an acre lot. In addition to this income, the family also had the rent from a little farm of twenty acres, which was situated four miles from town. The amount of the rent, however, was so small as to be hardly worth mentioning. Year after year the land became poorer, and slothful and ignorant tenants let the weeds take the crops.

Sam was sixteen, and he and his sister, Florence, attended the public school in town. Their father had been dead four years. Before that time the family had lived on the farm just mentioned. But Mr. Powell had been no more successful than his neighbors or tenants. Not that he hadn't worked hard, for there had been no harder worker in the community than Edward Powell. But something was lacking. He had been unsuccessful and the family had suffered many privations and hardships.

At first the area of the farm had been 100 acres, but as the farmer got deeper and deeper in debt he sold it off, a piece at a time, till there were left only the house and twenty acres. Considering that there was no possibility of making a living on this amount of ground, Mr. Powell would have sold it also had he been able to find a buyer. No buyer being at hand, though, the disheartened farmer moved his family to town and left it. Two months later he was stricken with fever and died. Then the struggle for a living fell on Mrs. Powell and the two children, for Sam and Florence were large enough to be of much help to their mother.

So it was with much surprise that Mrs. Powell heard Sam express the wish to go back to the farm. They lived hard now, it is true, but then it had been worse. Her own memories of their days on the farm were anything but pleasant, and she knew that Sam had not forgotten. Much as she liked stock and growing things, she didn't want to go back to that life again.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Sam had just come in from town. His eyes were bright with the new idea he had in mind.

"It's this way, mother," said Sam, replying to Mrs. Powell's question and comment. "Since I've been going to high school I've learned a whole lot of new things about farming. They are not new things, either—just the simplest facts about agriculture. Our teacher says they are the A B C's of the business, but I never heard of them till our class began studying 'The Elements of Agriculture.'"

"That's what they call book farming, Sam," said Mrs. Powell, "and how farmers would laugh at you if they heard you talking about it."

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"Of course," Sam explained, "it may be so sometimes that I can't show you a good time. I'll be pretty busy, but you know you can make free around

me. I can always tell you where the good fishing holes are in the creek and where the wild blackberry patch is located. I guess you can make out if I do that. If I tell you where the watermelons are you wouldn't have to have me along to show you what to do to them, would you?"

"Not on your life!" they all exclaimed at once and laughed.

"Won't that be fine?" said Joe Watson, his mouth watering at the thought of the berries and the melons.

"Say, though, Sam," Fred Martin spoke up suddenly, "you don't think we're going to come out there and loaf around and have a good time while you are at work, do you?"

"Well, I don't see anything wrong in it."

"Maybe not, but we'll not do that way, just the same. I'll tell you what we'll do. Any time that you have work on hand when we come out we'll help you out so that you can take a half day off."

"That's the idea," seconded Andrew. "If we come out Saturday morning, say, and work till noon you could take the afternoon off, couldn't you?"

"Well, I should think I could," said Sam. "But I wouldn't like to have you work for me for nothing."

"Oh, don't worry," said Joe. "We'll get paid. We'll take it out in watermelons."

"I didn't know that you liked to work so well," said Sam. "You might as well go out with me next Saturday. We're not going to move until next spring, but I must mend the fences and get the ground in shape."

"Sure, we'll go," they all said. "Where'll we find you and what time shall we start?"

"I'll be at home," Sam told them. "Come about 7 o'clock, and we'll drive out in the spring wagon."

Before Saturday came round Sam could not refrain from hunting up his new friend, the government agent, to tell him that he was going out on the little farm for that year at last.

The agent, Mr. Burns, was delighted at the news.

"Well," he said, "I'm glad to hear that. Miles Fagan is, as they say, from Missouri. He must be shown. It's just a waste of breath to talk to him. He won't listen to anything. I tried to get him to plant just one acre and cultivate it according to our methods. But he said he didn't have time for any such foolishness. He'd been farming long enough, he said, to know something about it."

"I tried to persuade him to allow his son, Bob, to join the Boys' Corn club and plant an acre of corn to be cultivated under my direction. But he wouldn't do that either, and, in fact, he talked rather insultingly to me. Of course it was just himself that was concerned. I wouldn't bother any more with him. A man like that doesn't deserve much. But we can't afford to resent such talk from anybody, Sam. We just consider that it is because he doesn't understand and let it go. Besides, it's the welfare of the whole country that we are looking after. We want to make better farmers out of the boys. We want Bob Fagan to be a more successful farmer than his father has been, and, you see, we can't do that without convincing his father so that he will let us teach Bob."

"Now, your farm and Fagan's join, don't they?"

"Yes, sir," Sam replied; "there's just a fence between his field and ours."

"Do you know what he is going to plant next to your field?"

"Oh, yes. He always plants corn there. Hasn't had anything else there for five years."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Burns. "Now, I want you to come down to the courthouse next Monday morning. We are going to have a meeting of the Boys' Corn club then, and I want you to join. You know, there is \$600 to be given in prizes in this county. There is a chance for you to win about \$250 on a contest acre of corn."

"That is a whole lot of money," said Sam, "and I am going to try hard to win the first prize, though my land is pretty well run down."

"You can fix that all right," Mr. Burns assured him. "Of course you may not get the whole field as well fertilized as it should be, but you can get the acre for corn in good condition. And I want you to lay off that acre just across the fence from Fagan's. We'll certainly show him something this year about growing corn."

"That's the poorest land on the place," said Sam.

"So much the better," Mr. Burns assured him. "Fagan can't say then that your crop is due to better land."

"Oh, no, he can't say that, for his land is much richer than mine! Mine has been neglected so long! I'll sure have to go to work on it if I'm going to make a good showing this year."

"Yes, that's right. Get it fertilized and plowed deep as soon as you can. This is January. It should have been plowed three months ago. How much land have you?"

"Twenty acres, but five of it are in pasture. I'm going to hire a man to plow the field, as I have only one horse."

"That would be best," said Mr. Burns, "but you must keep an account of all the work done on the contest acre, for you know it will have to be figured in on the cost of the corn."

"I'll do that," Sam agreed. "In fact, I'm going to keep books on everything—crops and stock too. I want to know when I make or lose."

"You're on the right track," Mr. Burns replied. "It is just as necessary to keep books on the farm as it is in any other business, for farming is a business, Sam, and a good business, too, if you do it in a business-like way."

"I know that what you say is true, Mr. Burns," Sam declared. "I don't know very much about farming yet, but I'm going to learn. I want you to give me a list of books to read and study on the subject."

"Well, the first thing for you to do," suggested the agent, "is to send to the state and national departments of agriculture for all the bulletins about the crops you are going to grow. You will be surprised at the number of them and at the information in them. Here

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