The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Perry Walker, dec'd, late of Milford Twp., Somerset County, Pa. Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before Saturday, the 27th day of July, 1889, at the late residence of dec'd in Milford Township.

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THE CURE. During those long nineteen years of suffering, she found no relief from the numerous remedies she had tried. In 1883 her daughter read the advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil, and she bought two bottles. The Oil was applied, and before the second bottle was exhausted by Mrs. Gemmill, she was able to walk about and has been completely cured. M. THOMPSON, Postmaster.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sorethroat, Swellings, Frostbites, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, and Scalds.

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With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the Efficacy of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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MoxhaM

ALTHOUGH situated nearly two miles from the heart of the town, it is connected with same by the

Rapd Transit Railroad,

on which trains run every thirty minutes, and after JULY 1st, will run every fifteen minutes. The fare is the same as on the street cars, five cents; time, eight minutes. This makes Moxham equal to a walk of only four squares from the post-office; in addition to which, the new

VALLEY PIKE

runs through the heart of the property and forms the main thoroughfare, making a short level drive into Johnstown over a good roadway and heavy steel bridges.

The large number of houses already erected at Moxham have justified every modern improvement, among which may be mentioned

A GOOD SEWER SYSTEM.

The Waring Sewer System has been adopted, with Flush tanks. Over half a mile of sewer is already laid.

A Good Domestc Water System

Has also been provided. The rates are 25 per cent less than Johnstown rates.

—NATURAL GAS—

Rates are the same as in Johnstown. This, together with the

— WELSBACH INCANDESCENT GAS LIGHT —

For home use gives Moxam every modern facility. The well-known

Von Lunen Grove,

The summer evening resort of Johnstown, is situated in the very heart of the property.

On one part of the property set by for the purpose, there are a large Steel Plant, a Foundry and several other factories, employing together from 700 to 800 men, and several more likely to soon be located there.

Over sixty tasty houses already built, and this number will be doubled this year.

The lots are 40x120 feet. The streets laid out for a width of 80 feet, including sidewalks.

TERMS LIBERAL. For prices and information apply to JOHNSON ALLEN, Agent, Bedford Street Station, Johnstown, Pa. may15-tf.

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My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.

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Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices I do Wagon-work, and furnish Setves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of William Sevits, dec'd., late of Brothers valley Twp. Somerset Co., Pa. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned on Saturday, the 10th day of August, 1889, at the late residence of dec'd. A. M. SEVITS, Executor. June26.

THE GATHERING PLACE.

I know not where—beneath, above—
The gathering place so wonderful,
But all who fill our life with love,
Go forth to make it beautiful.
Oh! wealth with all wealth of grace,
Of noble heart, of fair, sweet face,
Is that exalted meeting place.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of walls as white as snow, wind-driven,
Of lofty arches grandly cold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.

But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place:
A home unhurt by sighs and tears,
Where walketh many a well-known face;
Where little children play and sing,
And maidens and the old men bring
Their tributes to the gracious King.

With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear
The glad home land not far away!
Where no sea toucheth, making moan,
Where none are poor, or sick or lone,
The place where we shall find our own!

And as we think of all we know,
Who there have met and part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home too,
With all the strife and trouble over;
So poor the world now they have gone,
We scarcely dare to think upon
The years before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best
The joy or sadness that we need,
The time when we may take our rest,
And be from sin and sorrow freed.
So we will wait with patient grace,
Till in that blessed gathering place
We meet our friends and see His face.

JUDGE BURNS' SPEECH.

BY CECILE GOHL.

"Bother the speech! I wish to goodness the Fourth of July was over!" Mr. Jeffrey groaned as if all the sins of Chicago were loaded on his conscience. Presently he remarked in a calm voice to his pretty young wife behind the tea-kettle: "Mrs. Jeffrey, these biscuits are a success." And when Mr. Jeffrey had said so, the last half of the seventh hot biscuit with its thick coat of butter, reached the place where the groan had come from. But while stirring his fifth cup of tea, he said, with another groan.

"That speech will make me lose my appetite. You don't know how a fellow can be worried about his maiden speech, Mollie! *You* need not fret about such things. That's a comfort, anyway."

"You need not worry either, Jeff. Ask to be excused, if it bothers you. They will invite somebody else to take your place."

"Won't do, Mollie! I was rather pleased when the committee asked me, and so I promised right away. It would look bad to back out now."

"Look here, Will, suppose I write that speech for you, and you deliver it."

"Oh, Moll, I would not think of such a thing!"

"Why not? Why can't we help each other in this, as in everything else? The one of us that finds a thing easier ought to do it."

"It's a great deal harder than you may think"

"I remember the time when I was Mollie Ross. I thought it a great deal easier then to dash off an oration than to bake a decent loaf of bread. Well, shall I write it for you?"

"No, thank you, Moll, It would never do, I am afraid. A fellow ought to stand on his own ground. I am bound to do it all by myself." He looked the picture of proud independence.

"All right, Will. Do just as you think best." She seemed a little humiliated.

"Never mind, Molly! I believe in your biscuits and coffee and butter, and lots of other things. You are about as nice and good a little wife as any fellow could wish for; but I would not have you dabble in political speeches. St. Paul don't approve of it either," he added, jocularly.

"I don't think St. Paul would object if he could come back. So broad-minded a man as he would be sure to alter some of his opinions for the use of our times. Besides, I offered to write in order to relieve you, sir. A woman can write, and still hold her tongue, and keep below the rostrum."

"All right; but you see, Molly, there is another hitch. You can't argue that away, if you tried ever so hard. I don't believe a woman can say all she has to say in *five minutes*. No speaker will be allowed more than five minutes at the celebration. Now a woman never knows when to stop. She can't do it to save her life. Her tongue will wag about things in general for half an hour, and by that time she generally is so excited you could not stop her any more than you could stop a watch that's wound up for the day. You would have to bu'st it or throw it in the water; nothing less violent could stop it."

"Do stop, Jeff, you horrid man! there! that's nice! And I, who thought I had trained you well to think highly of me and the rest of us women! You will have to be put through a new and special course of training, sir. And as for that speech, you may sigh about it as much as you please, for all I care. I would not write that speech for you now if you went down on your knees to ask me for it—no, sir; you will have to write it by your own proud self, hubby."

The big, bearded young "hubby" evidently thought her mock anger a good joke.

"No, I won't waste a drop of ink on it," he said. "We are just going to think it over on the stoop, my pipe and I. I guess I can see through it before to-morrow morning."

When the roosters awoke Mr. Jeffrey next morning before sunrise he said: "Molly, you ought to have heard my speech! It went off like a rocket; the people clapped like fury, and the fellows yelled themselves hoarse. I dreamed it was Fourth of July, and my speech came off first-rate in four minutes fifty-five seconds. I do wish it had not been a dream!"

It was haymaking time on the farm—a busy, warm time. The Fourth of July, the village celebration, and Mr. Jeffrey's maiden speech were drawing close. Dinner was over—dish-washing too—and Mrs. Molly now proceeded to churn butter, A buggy stopped at the gate; an elderly gentleman, with gray whikers and gold spectacles, came walking up to the house, and shook Mrs. Jeffrey's outstretched hand on the door-step, where the little lady, in her neat print dress and white apron, had come to meet her unexpected visitor, one of her former school trustees.

"I am so glad to see you, Judge Burns!" said her lips and her smile, and she meant it. "How are you and your people? Take this rocking-chair."

"I am sorry I can not stay, Mrs. Jeffrey, I am on my way to Pinelake on business. Very warm day—the dust nearly choked me—so I thought I would come and ask you for a drink out of your well, if you will allow me, Mrs. Jeffrey."

They were both standing by "the old oaken bucket" at the well, where the judge had enjoyed a cool drink.

"I am sorry Mr. Jeffrey missed your visit," said Mrs. Jeffrey. "I know he would be delighted to have a talk with you. Could you not come in to tea on your way back from Pinelake? Mr. Jeffrey will be in then. We shall be so happy to have you—and there will be fresh buttermilk by that time. I remember you were fond of it."

"I saw Mr. Jeffrey in the fields a little way off," the judge remarked, with a smile. "I do believe he was talking to the hay-stacks. I am nearly sure I caught some scraps of an oration. He stood there, pitchfork in hand, before a row of stacks, and harangued them: 'Ladies and gentlemen! On this memorable day.' I knew he was practicing his Fourth of July speech, and sympathized with him, for I am in the same box. For Mr. Jeffrey, it has at least the of novelty charm; but wait until he has the same dish some fifteen or twenty years he will be pretty tired of patriotic speeches by that time." He smiled and she smiled."

"He complains now already. I offered to write that little speech for him, but he declined."

"Declined! Did he really? Well, well. Look here, Mrs. Jeffrey, let somebody else have it. Ask *me*, for instance."

"Oh, Mr. Burns! you are joking."

"Not at all, not at all, my dear madam. I never was more in earnest in my life. Do let me have that speech, please. I am willing to stoop down and pick up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's board—in this case. But remember, it must be short—five minutes, and no more."

"Would it not be a capital joke on Mr. Jeffrey?" the lady said, half musingly. "Well, judge, I don't care if I write it, for the fun of the thing. You must not tell him, though, before the Fourth of July is over. After the celebration you may tell him whenever you like."

"I can keep my peace if you can, Mrs. Jeffrey. Will you write it while I go to Pinelake? I might stop here on my return, in a couple of hours, and get the manuscript."

"I could not possibly do that. Business goes before pleasure, you know. I have some butter to churn."

"Look here; suppose you let me churn your butter while you write the speech?"

The old gentleman was by this time fairly interested in this novel transaction. He went to tie the horse and buggy under a shade tree, while thinking by himself:

"There is plenty of time, and it will be cooler to drive in an hour or so. And churning is easy enough, I am sure: it's women's work. It won't take me long; it will be quite a change, too—*variatio delectat*. It will be interesting to see what kind of *opus* that smart little lady turns out.

Mr. Jeffrey practiced oratory before an audience of hay-stacks, in the sweat of his honest brow. Puck, the Judge's horse, made frantic efforts to keep off the flies. Mrs. Mollie sat in the parlor, where her marriage certificate and teacher's diploma looked down upon her out of their frames. Her pen was busily rasping over the note-paper, and the writer looked pretty, cool, and happy. Judge Burns looked neither cool nor happy in the cellar, sitting on a stool before an old-fashioned churn. The old gentleman was fast losing his temper, and making but slow progress with the butter. He did not find it as easy as he had thought—no woman's work, by any means. Why, he felt like swearing, so thoroughly out of patience was he with that old churn, a regular mediæval instrument of torture. He felt like shaking Jeffrey, too, if he had been on hand to be shaken. "He was a brute; that's what he was." Judge Burns muttered, as that big, burly young fellow, to let that delicate-looking little wife of his make such a slave of herself, and break over that abominable churn! He would give Jeffrey a talking to. Thank Heaven, Mrs. Burns has never been asked to do such work. Why, it was outrageous to let a woman handle that churn."

"Bang, splash, bang, splash, up and down went the stick of the churn. The work grew heavier and heavier, the judge hotter and hotter. Down flew the gold spectacles; the hat followed suit; soon the coat lay on the floor along side of the hat. Bang, splash, went the churn. With a final bang the Judge jumped up from his stool in sheer despair, growling between his teeth:

"Goodness sakes! The millennium will be at hand before that butter is done!"

"Well, judge, how are you getting on?" said a cheery voice, and Mrs. Jeffrey's light print dress lit up the cellar door.

He picked up his coat and hat with a dazed, haggard look, and said:

"This is not a lady's work, Mrs. Jeffrey. I found out so much as that. You ought not to work that churn; you will hurt yourself."

"I churn three times a week. I don't mind it much now; I am used to it."

Seeing how tired he looked, she suddenly changed the subject, and said:

"Do come with me out of this place to the veranda. There is quite a breeze now."

She picked up his glasses and wiped them on her apron, while he preceded her up stairs. "This is the nicest corner in the afternoon, and this is the easiest rocking-chair. Sit down, sir. There is a palm-leaf. Now get cool and comfortable until I come back with fresh buttermilk for you. Won't you enjoy buttermilk of your own making! Here are your glasses, and here is—the speech." She pulled it out of her apron pocket, and handed it reluctantly and timidly to him.

"Now, please don't make fun of my work, and I will praise your's so much more." She courtesied, and disappeared.

Mr. Burns put on his glasses without delay, unfolded the few leaflets, and read. And when he was through reading he looked as if he had been listening to the first bluebird's song in early spring. He was in the best humor by the time Mrs. Jeffrey appeared with a pitcher full of buttermilk. "What do you think of the butter?" he called out.

"It's a great success, and I congratulate you; and I am ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Burns." Then she added, in an under-tone: "And the speech?"

"It could not be improved upon, my dear Mrs. Jeffrey. You are an orator to the manner born, upon my word. Allow me to congratulate and express my thanks."

They shook hands over the pitcher of buttermilk, and laughed like a couple of happy children. A moment after, Judge Burns, with the Fourth of July oration in his breast pocket drove Puck on toward Pinelake.

The Fourth of July had come, and proved to be a regular scorcher. There was a noisy crowd at the village celebration, and the market-place was thickly strewn with burnt-out firecrackers, peanut shells, banana and orange peels. The speakers' platform was ablaze with bunting, and every window around the square seemed a frame for pretty faces and gorgeous millinery.

Mr. Jeffrey's speech was one of the first on the progam, but it was by no means one of the best. He began solemnly in a voice as loud as a foghorn: "Ladies and gentlemen—This memorable day," etc. For one minute there was a flow of pompous phrases, carefully committed to memory—then came a sudden stop—another start—another stop. The tall speaker pulled up his shirt collar as if he was choking started anew, got more and more entangled, wished himself a mile underground, flushed, stammered, and was at last gently reminded by the president that his time was up.

The last speaker was Judge Burns. And what a wonderful speech he made! There was no end of cheering and clapping. The girls waved their handkerchiefs, after having wiped off their tears. "Wasn't it perfectly lovely?" "Just too lovely for anything!" The women smiled and the men nodded approval. "It was a daisy and no mistake." "Hurrah for Judge Burns." "Three cheers for Hezekiah Burns!" At an open window opposite the platform sat the postmaster's wife, and beside her a little lady in a white dress, with a pretty flushed face and a pair of very bright eyes fixed on the speaker, and turning to the village clock the moment Judge Burns closed his oration.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery drove home early after the celebration. He had nothing to say, and and was as cross as a bear after his failure. His wife did not show any sympathy either—so unlike her, too! She seemed to have enjoyed herself thoroughly. Every thing seemed funny to her on the day home, where he could see no fun at all. Her laugh grated on his ear for the first time. "Catch me making a fool of myself again in public!" he thought, but he did not say so.

While he put the horse in the stable Mrs. Molly got the tea ready, an unusually good tea, and just the kind of jelly he liked best. In the evening she actually struck a match to light his pipe on the stoop, and laughingly pulled his curly hair.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Molly? I don't see what tickles you."

"I suppose it's the celebration that has gone to my head. It is Fourth of July but once a year."

"Yes, thank goodness!" he muttered, puffing away at his pipe.

Next morning's mail brought a couple of letters and the local paper. This once the *Guide* seemed the center of attraction to Mr. and Mrs. J.

"Let's see about the celebration," she said, eargerly; "do read aloud Will!"

"Haven't time. It would take me all the afternoon. Here are columns, and columns, but not about me. Oh, yes sure enough. They are 'in hopes Mr. Jeffrey's corn crop will turn out a greater success than his oration.' Well, I don't care what they say." He laughed good naturedly, for he had gotten over his mortification. "Here is Judge Burns' speech; nearly all of it, it seems, and half a column of eulogy on it. Just listen what they say: 'A perfect jewel of poetic expression—a chaste pearl of oratory—dewy freshness—a lightning flash of patriotic eloquence.' Are you choking, Molly?" She was as red as a berry, coughed and laughed alternately. "Well, I must say it was a first-rate speech, but no more than might be expected of a lawyer who has the gift of gab. He is an old hand at that sort of thing. Why he has spoken in public these thirty years. It's his business to talk, just as it is mine to raise corn and wheat. How did you like his speech, Moll?"

"I can't say I thought it so very wonderful," she said. "It was nice enough, and short. He was through before his time was up. I noticed that more than any thing else."

"You don't mean to say so! Why, I thought of you while he spoke—how you would appreciate him. They were all wild about that speech, both men and women. It was full of fun and fire and enthusiasm. Choking again, Molly? Shall I slap you on your back?" She shook her head. "Yes, he understands his business, that's certain. What's that? Looks very much like Burns' handwriting. What can he have to write about?"

Mrs. Molly flushed to the very roots of her wavy hair, while Mr. Jeffrey cut the envelope with a table knife, and fell in a brown study over his letter. His wife watched him with a roguish twinkle in her eyes. He looked as if he was reading the will of a maiden aunt whose inheritance he had been sure of, and who had suddenly died after changing her will in favor of the Hottentot Mission.

The letter really was from Judge Burns, and read as follows:

MY DEAR MR. JEFFREY—Excuse an old friend who gladly took what you had declined. The oration I delivered yesterday, literally after the manuscript, was the work of Mrs. Jeffrey. While she wrote that very excellent speech, which I accepted as a godsend, I took her place at the churn, and spent one of the most laborious hours of my life making butter. The transaction being altogether in my favor, I fell very much indebted to Mrs. Jeffrey, and hope she will accept a token of my sincere regard in the shape of a new patented churn, which, as the manufacturers claim, will make churning a mere child's play. My dear Mr. Jeffrey, your partner in marriage has more brains, heart energy than you and I taken togheter. Sincerely your friend.

HEZEKIAH E. BURNS.

"Molly, did—did you—you really write that speech?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Molly. "And it came off *inside of five minutes*, sir. Your coffee is cold Let me give you another cup, Willie dear."

Tight Clothing.

A young lady a few weeks ago applied to a physician for treatment. She suffered from continual headache, and had done so for years, and she had other troubles. The physician examined her thoroughly, and satisfied herself (the physician was a woman) as to the causes of the patient's maladies.

"I cannot treat you," said the doctor, "unless you follow my instructions implicitly. But if you promise to do so, I think your health will improve immediately, and will soon be entirely restored."

The patient promised entire compliance with the instructions of the physician.

"The first thing for you to do is to take off your corsets, or wear them so loosely that your vital organs will not be at all compressed even when you take a full breath. Then suspend all your clothing from your shoulders, and have nothing hang from your hips. Procure a pair of low heeled shoes about two sizes larger than you wear now. Give up drinking tea or coffee, or take them very weak. At first you may miss the stimulus, but only for a few days. Eat nourishing food at regular intervals, and go to bed early and get your sleep out. Walk to and from your place of business so as to get all the exercise possible for you in the open air."

A little medicine was given the patien for some local trouble, but treatment was relied on for the main difficulties. She did exactly as her physician told her.

In a few days she was free from headache, and in a few weeks she was enjoying a dregree of health up to that time entirely unknown to her. The heart was able without check from tight clothing to do its work; her lungs had full play, and could purify the blood without hindrance from corset laces; the abdominal organs no longer crowded down upon the delicate organs below them, performed their functions without interfering with any other organs of the body; elasticity gradually came back to the step of the young woman, color came to her face, light to her eye and cheerfulness born of good health to her heart.

The physician from whose mouth this statement was received averred that the good results this patient enjoyed were directly from the treatment she received and gave herself, and not from the medicine.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Courage in Everyday Life.

Moral courage was printed in large letters and put as the captain of the following items, and placed in a conspicious place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York, for constant reference:

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary to do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than seek for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Fortunate Father and Son.

"I am as certain as I now live," says C. E. Bartholomew, of Kalkaska, Mich., "that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., saved my life when I was a victim of that terrible renal disorder—Bright's Disease. My son had a fever sore on his leg. He, too, used Favorite Remedy, and is now well. But for this medicine I am sure both father and son would have been six fee under the sod.

A Tennille, Ga., man caught a number of fish and placed them, with an eel, on the grass. Later he prepared to string them, but found that the eel had run his tail through the gill of each fish and tied the end into a hard knot, thus converting itself into a genuine fish string.

"Hunger is the Best Sauce."

As a rule, a person who has a good appetite has good health. But how many there who enjoy nothing they eat, and sit down to meals only as an unpleasant duty. Nature's antidotes for this condition are so happily combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla that it soon restores good digestion, creates an appetite, and renovates and vitalizes the blood so that the beneficial effect of good food is imparted to the whole body. Truly hunger is the best sauce, and Hood's Sarsaparilla induces hunger.

The number of books belonging to the late M. Chevruel, which his heirs have donated to the Museum of Natural History, is estimated at 8,000 to 10,000. Nearly every branch of science is there represented.

Smaller Crops and Better Pay.

It is small, not large, crops that we need more of. My minimum crops have invariably been more profitable, and I have heard more farmers make the same remark. Would it not be well for our farmers to combine to produce less for a few years of all staple crops, thereby thoroughly cleaning up the surplus and getting better returns for our labor than we have received for the last decade? Certainly we have the same right to combine to limit production as have coal or oil companies, millers and manufacturers. Some may say that it is our duty to ourselves and country to do our best in our chosen calling—but best for whom? If we can do better by producing less and getting more for it, why not do it, as long as other producers are doing the same thing and we have to exchange our products for theirs?

Why should farmers be the only class of producers that cannot establish a price for their commodities? When we buy we have to pay the price asked; when we sell we have to take the pittance the purchaser sees fit to offer. Surely, no class of laborers work as many hours for as little pay as the farmer, and it is time our calling was more remunerative. Can this be done by producing more or less? I am of the opinion that General Butler was right when he said "our trouble is not overproduction, but underconsumption," and the question is, shall we increase the consumption of farm products? Cartainly not by increasing the quantity, but by improving the quality. Every one knows that soggy potatoes, stale eggs, rancid butter, etc., last much longer than good fresh No. 1 articles. If all our products were the very best, much more would be consumed, thus making a greater demand and more remunerative prices. Many of our wide awake farmers can make a part of their productions an actual necessity to one or more families in our large cities at paying prices by supplying these products regularly, fresh, sweet and wholesome. I know this by experience, for my customers often tell me that they prefer to purchase farm products of the producer, especially eggs and butter.

It is laudable for practical farmers to experiment, investigate and produce maximum crops, but it is more profitable to produce the best and get good pay for them.—*American Agriculturist.*

Packing Butter for Winter Use.

For the benefit of such of our readers as desire to pack away butter now for use later on is here given, in brief, the method of preserving butter employed by D. H. Burrell & Co., Little Falls, N. Y., and published in their annual catalogue:

"With reference to the holding of butter, our method here is, during the hot months, to churn the cream until the butter comes in small grannies about the size of kernels of wheat, when we draw off the buttermilk and wash the granular butter in cold water while it is in the churn, turning the churn a few times, then drawing the water off, and finally washing it with brine. Then we take oak casks which have been previously scalded out with brine and thoroughly clensed; place in the bottom of the cask a layer of salt, with a little saltpetre in it; then put in the butter, filling the cask to the top, then putting on a cloth, and over the cloth a pailful of salt, then putting the head in the cask securely, driving the hoops down tight, finally pouring in brine through a small hole bored in the head until the cask is filled.

"The cask is then stored away in a cool place and watched for a couple of weeks, pouring in brine so as to keep it full, but when finally it has taken up all the brine it will, we drive a plug in the the hole and let the cask remain until such time as we desire to sell the butter, when we open the cask and take out sufficient butter to churn in the buttermilk that results from the churning of the cream on that day, and by churning this granular butter in the buttermilk for a few moments its flavor is freshened. Then we take the butter from the churn, work, salt pack in tubs as usual, and it is very seldom that the sharpest buyer can tell that this butter has not been freshly made. The tubs in which it is packed are fresh and bright, and there is nothing to indicate that it is old, and in fact it is fresh, because each of the butter grannies has been surrounded by strong brine, thus excluding the air and retaining the aroma."

A writer in a Florida paper says of the Seminole Indians: They have a tradition handed down from their forefathers which they believe—that the Great Spirit first made the black man, next the red man, and third, the white man, after which the Great Spirit called them together and placed before them three boxes one filled with books and maps, the second with bows, arrows and tomahawks, the third with spades, axes, hoes and hammers. "These are the means offered by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy." The white man had the first choice, and choose the books and maps; the red men took the bow, arrows and tomahawks. From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man to learn to read and write, and make everything, even rum and whisky; the red man, a first-rate hunter and a great warrior, was not to learn anything from books—not even to make rum or whisky lest he should kill himself with drinking; the black man had nothing but working tools—it is clear that he was to work for the whtte man, which he has continued to do. We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spiret. It is very good for the white man to read and write, but very bad for the red man—it makes white men better, but red men worse.

Hints That are Better than Gold.

If you have bad breath, sluggish bowels, pain in the small of your back, nervousness or giddiness, your vital organs are sadly out of condition. A mere "dose of physic" will not help you. Your only wise course is to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and cleanse your system of the impurities. It regulates the Liver and Kidneys.

A Kennebec salmon weighing 36½ pounds was offered for sale at Augusta, Me., fish market the other day.

To Prevent Baldness.

The principal cause for hair falling out is neglect. Very few people understand the nature of hair and the proper way of taking care of it. Premature baldness may be prevented and hair made to grow on the heads of over half of the people who consider themselves hopelessly bald. In the first place, every person's scalp should produce from 450 to 600 hairs to the square inch. These have bulbs or follicles that are supplied with life from the minute blood vessels under the scalp. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred loss of hair is caused by bad circulation in these blood vessels. When the hair first begins to fall out is the time for the individual to look after it, if proper treatment is now followed the loss of hair may be easily stopped.

There are numerous symptoms of approaching baldness that give warning to an expert, but most people do not know until the hair actually falls out. All human beings shed their hair at different times, but when the hair continues falling, then there is lack of vitality in the bulbs of the hair. The germ has not a sufficiently healthy action to produce another growth of hair. People who do not understand the treatment of the hair should simply wash the head with warm water and pure Castile soap. The water should be 10 degs. below blood heat. Castile soap is the best, because it is made of olive oil, and contains very little alkali. This operation should be gone through with at least three times a week for thirty days, In seven cases out of ten this treatment will check the consumption in the blood vessels and in the bulbs. The washing removes all organic matter from the pores of the scalp and helps to allay any inflammation that may be present. Under such circumstances in no case should ammonia or borax be used, although they are often recommended.

I hold individually, from twenty-five years' experience, that in no case should the head be washed with cold water. The cold creates to sudden a reaction, and the results must be injurious. No one in ordinary health need become bald if he will follow sensible treatment that he can grasp himself.

In the second stage, or when the falling of the hair has not been arrested by the first treatment, more active measures are needed. First cut the hair with scissors close to the scalp. Then shave the top of the head where the hair is falling out. Be sure to use warm water and genuine Castile soap in shaving. Then a proper stimulant should be applied to the