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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 8. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1890. WHOLE NO. 2038.

B. & B.
A SHORT ADVERTISEMENT
On the Subject of
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We have in progress a special sale of this class of Dry Goods, which is in most request and particularly suited to this hot weather, including:

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At 5c, 6c, 8c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, in largest and choicest assortments for selections.
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Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of $5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."—P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

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OF SOMERSET, PA.
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—o.—
CAPITAL $50,000.
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JUST SAVED HIMSELF.

He stood by the open fireplace
To warm his pedals just,
When suddenly into his pocket
His hand he happened to thrust.

A very strange expression
Over his feature went,
His little wife ran to him,
And asked him what it meant.

He roared like a fiend incarnate,
His tears poured down like rain,
As he said he laughed at a jokelet
He heard that day on the train.

"And what was the merry jokelet?"
His wife asked, full of joy.
"It was all about an ancient
Person in Illinois.

"His relations all he hated,
And when at the door of death
He called his eldest daughter
Under his husky breath

"Oh bring me that long red stocking
Out of the chest,' he said.
The daughter brought it to him,
Who, weak and almost dead,

"By one great effort flung it
Into the rosy flame—
The stocking—and twenty thousand
Dollars was in the same.

"Suddenly he grew better,
And his relatives all feel gay,
As they see him chopping and sawing
Wood for a dollar a day."

The little wife laughed, delighted,
And thought the joke was good;
But she'd be mad as a hatter—
Oh, yes, indeed, she would—

If she knew he laughed at feeling
In his coat tail's innermost
Recess the letter she gave him
Two weeks weeks ago to post.

THE WAGER.

"So he has actually laid a wager that he will marry me before we start for Saratoga. One, two, nearly three months," said Mrs. Dayton, leaning back and laughing merrily. "Ah, me, he has mistaken me; I have had enough of matrimony, and my present life of freedom suits me."

"I admire the man's impudence," said her companion, Mrs. Grantly Harrington. He has never even as much as seen you, has he?"

"No. Tell me exactly how it happened."

"Certainly! Grantly invited his cousin, Harry Vaughn, George Coates, and this irresistible Horace Cook to dine with him yesterday. After presiding at dinner I, of course, left the table after desert; about an hour later I was passing through the hall, when I heard Mr. Cooke remark:

"So this charming widow, Mrs. Dayton, has vowed never to marry again. I want a wife, and from your description I think she would suit me. What will you bet that I don't make her break her vow?"

"A thousand dollars," said Harry.

"Done!" said Mr. Cooke. When our party starts for Saratoga in May, the charming widow will join us as Mrs. Horace Cooke."

"I went up stairs, but I determined to put you on your guard, for to-night, at our house, you will meet him."

"Never fear for me. I'll have him at my feet in a week," and again the silvery laugh rang through the parlor.

Mrs. Harrington and Mrs. Cooke were standing a few hour's later in the former's brilliantly lighted parlors. There were beautiful women and handsome men all around them, but the star of the evening was not there. It was a fancy party, and Mrs. Harrington, a lovely little blonde, in a piquant flower girl's dress, made quite a charming contrast to the tall brigand beside her, whose fine figure and dark, handsome face, suited well his dress.

"May I tell your fortune?" said a sweet, low voice beside the couple, and they turned. One quick glance passed between the speaker and Mrs. Harrington, and then the hostess passed on to receive other guests.

"Stay, lady, let me tell your fortune," said the gypsy.

"No, tell my friend's. Mr. Cooke, I beg your pardon, Conrad, you will listen, and she moved away. Mr. Cooke's eyes were riveted upon his companion, and he mechanically offered his hand for her perusal.

She was a startling, beautiful figure. Her scarlet skirt, short and full, was embroidered in gold with strange figures, and the tiny foot it left exposed was cased in a scarlet boot embroidered in the same way. The body of the dress was of white muslin, made full, but cut so as to leave the neck and arms bare. A brilliant scarf was bound from the right shoulder to make a full bow at the left side. A turban of white was on the hair which fell beneath it in rich, black masses, almost to the wearer's feet. A graceful figure, medium height, large, black eyes, a rich, clear complexion with a bright color, completed the picture.

"Your fortune," she said, as she dreamily scanned the palm of his hand, "to woo where you can—"

Two waltzers whirled in between the couple, and when Mr. Cooke again looked the gypsy was gone. It was a long time before he saw her again; but at last he found her. She was standing alone near a table, lazily turning the leaves of an annual. It was in a little sitting-room leading from the parlor, and she was its sole occupant.

"Will you not finish telling my fortune?" said he, coming in.

"Oh," she said, "I dare not. My spell was so violently broken I am afraid to renew it."

"Afraid! I read your face wrongly. I should have said the spirit shining through your eyes scorned fear."

"So, while I studied your hand, you speculated about my face?"

"Could any one let such a face pass him, and not try to read it?"

A low, mocking courtesy was the answer to the compliment. They stood an hour in the little room, and when Horace at length offered his arm to escort the charming gypsy to the parlor, he wished devoutly that the hour could have been doubled or multiplied indefinitely.

"Mrs. Harrington," said Mr. Cooke, meeting the hostess in the room, "when is the irresistible Mrs. Dayton expected to honor us?"

"Why," said Mrs. Harrington, "you have the irresistible Mrs. Dayton on your arm. Has nobody introduced you yet? Let me do it. Mrs. Dayton, this is Mr. Cooke; Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Dayton. Now I hope you know each other."

Mrs. Dayton's eyes were fixed upon the carpet, but there was a world of mischief lurking in them.

"So," she said at length, "I have, it seems, the enviable reputation of being irresistible?"

"A reputation so well deserved as scarcely to merit repetition," was the reply.

A number of other gentlemen were by this time collected around Mrs. Dayton. Her skill as a fortune-teller was now again called into requisition, and many a hearty laugh rung through the circle at the witty turns she gave to each one's cherished flirtation, or, they thought, silent admiration.

"May I see you home?" said Horace, as the rooms began to thin.

"Sorry, but I am already engaged.

"May I call to-morrow?"

"Ah!" thought the widow, as she gave permission, "he intends to commence his siege in good time."

The next morning the beautiful and witty widow looked even more lovely than on the previous evening. She received her guest with quiet, easy grace, and they chatted for some minutes on indifferent subjects. Then something called out a remark upon the literature of the day, and from that they passed on to books. One author after another was discussed, quotations flew about as thick as hailstones, and each was trying to lead the other out of their depth. Mrs. Dayton's thought was,

"This man is no fool, in spite of his impudent vanity." And Mr. Cooke was thinking:

"What a mind! Horace, that wager must be won. It is worth more than a thousand, dollars, my boy."

From books they passed to music, and it was an easy transition to the grand piano in the corner. Mr. Cooke took his seat at the instrument to recall to her memory a favorite air. His voice was good, his accompaniment showed skill and taste, and bent upon dazzling the widow, he sang with much feeling and power.

"Do you remember this?" he asked, touching a few chords of a duet from Martha, after finishing his own song.

She replied by singing the first notes. A bold chord supporting her occasionally she gradually let her voice out in all its rich beauty, and his blended with it. He sang low, listening intently. Ah! who is dazzled now?"

At last he rose to take his leave, asking and receiving permission to call again; and Mrs. Dayton took up a book, threw it aside, practiced a few moments, and stopped when she found she was singing his song, walked out and returned home, wondering why she could not get "that man" out of her mind.

To say that their future intercourse was pleasant is a dull phrase to describe it. Each being bent upon making a conquest of the other, their best powers were exerted, their richest treasures of wit, accomplishment and thought, displayed; and somehow Mr. Booke began to feel ashamed of his wager, and Mrs. Dayton wished she had never seen Horace Cooke.

It was one lovely day in early spring that he called to take her to ride, and found her sad and dispirited. Fortunes would not have made her confess it, but the gay widow was in love.

They were out of town, driving through an avenue of splendid trees, when Mr. Cooke began to talk of love. It aroused the widow from her depression, to ward off the thrusts she felt he was making at her secret.

"Love!" she said, scornfully. "Bah! A school boy's first passion before he leaves pinafores is dignified with that name. An old man's doting is called love!"

"Yet the holiest, highest feeling of the heart of man in his prime of power has no higher name," said her companion.

"Man!" she said, scornfully. "Man in his prime of power! I'll tell you how it is with men. From the time they walk to school beside the hoydenish girl until they are seventy they fancy they are in love. Every pretty face calls forth the protestation of a passion you just tried to dignify. They love fifty times, and to the fifty-first flame is offered the battered, worn-out heart, as if it were bran new and fresh."

"You wrong us," he said, roused in his turn by the keen satire in her tone and look. "Though each admiration of boyhood and youth may call forth a passing feeling, it is evanescent and passes like a ripple on deep water. But when the depths of these waters are stirred the hurricane of real, earnest, true love, it is no subject for jeers; but if not calling for a return, it at least merits sympathy and comfort, and he let his voice fall int a low, tender cadence.

Mrs. Dayton felt uncomfortable, and the laughing response which rose to her lips died there, She longed to tell him her belief in his doctrine. They were going slowly, quietly along, each occupied with their own thoughts, when the scream of a locomotive startled the horse, and he dashed forward at a full gallop.

There was a rush, a crash, and they were on the roadside—the horse a mangled corpse; the carriage thrown violently back several feet; Mr. Cooke insensible on the grass, and Mrs. Dayton on the other side of the road, uninjured.

Mrs. Dayton sat up, and with a nervous, hysterical laugh, called her companion's name. He did not answer; she went to his side; he was still white, insensible, and she thought him dead. With a wild cry she raised his head to her breast, calling his name. "Horace, dear Horace," and begging him to look at her. Then she looked round for help. There was no house in sight. She was not a woman to spend many moments in useless grief. She soon recovered all her presence of mind. Her vinaigrette full of salts was hanging to her belt; she drew out the cork, and tried its effect. Her companion was only stunned, and in a few moments he was able to feel her hand on his brow, hear her voice in his ear. He kept perfectly still, his eyes closed and his breathing low. The most delicate ecstacy was holding him quiet. The low, sweet voice, but which would never before speak one word of preference for him, was now saying:

"Horace, dear Horace, speak to me once more." Then there fell upon his face a tear.

He faintly opened his eyes. The next instant he regretted it, for he found his head on the grass, and Mrs. Dayton at least five feet from him.

"Are you hurt?" she said, quietly.

Had he been dreaming? Was this the voice that had said Horace, dear Horace?

He sat up. He was not hurt, only stunned, and in a few moments he stood beside her. Her veil was down, and he could not see her face. "How are we to go home?" she asked, pointing to the dead horse and broken carriage. Her voice trembled now, and the wind blew aside her veil. Her eyes bore traces of weeping.

Horace forgot his wager, forgot their awkward predicament, forgot everything but his love, and he poured it forth in broken, passionate words. Her heart throbbed high with ecstacy, for she was too great an adept in the art of flirtation herself not to be able to distinguish the voice of real feeling. Yet, as he went on, the scene with Mrs. Harrington occurred to her and she stifled back the eager welcome her heart gave his words, and said, coldly:

"Enough, enough, Mr. Cooke. I am sorry to cause you the loss of a thousand dollars, but Mrs. Dayton cannot accompany the Saratoga party as Mrs. Cooke.

Stung to the quick, Horace stood silent for a moment. Then, in a low voice, he said:

"I was an impertinent fool. Can you ever forgive me?"

"On one condition," she said, smiling.

"Name it," was the eager reply.

"That you pay your wager, own yourself beaten, and do not address one word of love to me until we return from Saratoga.

"The first two I agree to, but the last is very hard," he replied, taking her hand.

"How are we to get home?" she said, abruptly.

"We must walk to the nearest house, and then hire a carriage."

"Now, I will not tell you, reader, what they said in that long walk, but I know Horace paid his wager, confessed himself beaten, and bore the banter of his companions with great philosophy. How the last clause was kept I know not, but early in the following fall Mrs. Dayton became Mrs. Horace Cooke.

Kindly Courtesy.

"I grease the wheels of life with money," said a wealthy man, "and my wife does it with politeness. She gets along with far less friction than I do, however."

There are natures so gracious that the patience and kindness of good breeding seem theirs by inheritance.

"What made you tell her so many times?" asked a sympathetic bystander who had heard a railway official answer the same question for an old lady six times in fifteen minutes.

"Why, she didn't understand," replied he, simply, evidently a little surprised at the suggestion that he could have refrained from speaking. In disagreeable contrast to his forbearance stands the speech of the sea captain, irritated by an oft repeated query.

"Is it always foggy off the Banks, captain?" asked a passenger, guiltless of a suspicion that he might offend.

"How do I know?" snarled the captain. "I'm not always off the Banks."

A gentleman who one day lost his temper over some blunder of a workman, and spoke his mind not only freely but violently, that night professed himself ashamed of the outbreak.

"Oh, well, papa, I dare say he didn't mind," said a too aristocratic listener. "Those people are probably used to being abused by their superiors."

"I am not his superior," said the gentleman, testily. "I was very probably his inferior this afternoon. I lost my temper and he kept his. I rated him like a fish-wife, and though he looked as if he would have liked to knock me down, he answered with perfect politeness."

There is no more unmistakable sign of good breeding than patience and good-humor in trying circumstances. A lady who, with a friend, was making her way through a rough and jostling crowd, said that after the experience was over she turned to see how her companion had borne it.

"I was in a state of burning indignation at having been pushed and almost trampled on," said she. "But Mary! She was as sweet as a May morning, and placid as a summer sky. I thought she must have been treated better than I, but on looking more closely, I found she was patiently holding up her skirt which had been torn from the waist, and that her cherished parasol was lost."

Doubtless the one woman was quite as uncomfortable as the other, but Mary knew how to meet the ills of life, but her friend had not yet learned. All honor to her who meets not only great sorrows but daily misfortunes with a cheerful countenance! She is the genuine lady, the true "giver of bread" to friends and family.

"Are you quite well, Jennie?" asked an anxious mother, who had reached her daughter's home to find it invaded by scarlet fever.

"Yes dear, except that my face aches."

"Your face? From your teeth?"

"No, mamma, from smiling. You see, not only are the children sick, but the water pipes have burst, there's a church quarrel to be settled, I've scorched the front of my new cashmere, and Alfred has had so many headaches this week that he couldn't write his sermon. So you see, things have been so very disheartening that I've been obliged to smile in order not to cry."

It was the same cheery little woman who smiled brightly when a clumsy fellow stepped on her dress, in a public hall, and tore in it one of those three-cornered rents before which even the most patient mender trembles.

"Oh, never mind," said she, sweetly, and apparently forgot all about the occurrence. Half the next day, however, was devoted to matching, darning and concealing the darn, but the work was all done to the accompaniment of a cheerful little song.—*Punch's Companion.*

"How can I get rid of superfluous hair, Mr. Druggist?" "Get married, sir."

The Angel Side.

Mrs. Forbes was a new-comer in Smithville. This little town with a few hundred inhabitants had its dressmaker, its tailoress, and seamstresses of minor ability, who went the rounds of the families that hired their sewing done. There were three or four girls in Mrs. Forbes's family, and dressmaking in spring and fall was quite a serious business.

"I suppose there is no help for it," said Mrs. Forbes to her eldest daughter, Mary; "we must get Miss Wilkins to come and help us about our dressmaking, and now we shall know all about everybody, all the back-yard histories of our neighbors, who's got a new dress, and who's had an old dress made over, and in due course all our neighbors will learn about us, the details of our housekeeping, what kind of a table we set every day, and all such bits of our history as Miss Wilkins may be able to piece together while she is here."

"We've nothing to be ashamed of," replied Mary, "in the way we live or in our history. "If we are not misrepresented, I'm not afraid."

"I dred these women that sew in families," said Mrs. Forbes, but we'll make the best of it."

In due course, prompt as to day and hour of her engagement, Miss Wilkins came. She was of ample size and rather imposing presence, as conscious that her family was one of the oldest and best in Smithville, though now decayed as to wealth, else had she lived by other means than her needle. She knew every man, woman and child in the village, and the antecedents of most of them. The larger part of the robes that lay under the sod in the new graveyard had been fashioned by her deft fingers. Not many bridal dresses had been made during her time but she had had a hand in their making, and this was how she talked:

"Has Mrs. Bangs called on you yet? You'll find her a very nice woman. She doesn't look half as good as she is. She is the kindest person in sickness you ever saw, and she gives a great deal to the poor."

"Your neighbors over the way, I guess you'll like them. Mr. Burgess isn't a professor, but his wife is, and he helps the church along, and a juster man never lived; he's as straight as a string."

Now, there was an awful skeleton in Mr. Burgess' family, but Miss Wilkins didn't say a word about it. She didn't understand skeletons, perhaps. She didn't tell them anything at all about the elegant robes she made the week before for Mrs. Caxton to wear when she went to Saratoga. She didn't even allude to the scandal that set all the village gossips to wagging their tongues the week before. She did tell all about the old minister of her church, who had died a short time before, and how tenderly his daughter had ministered to him in his declining years; how little Tommy Stevens got run over and how the village doctor took him to his own house and treated him till his broken leg was all sound again. She told Mrs. Forbes if she ever wanted nice laundry work done Tommy's mother would do it for her and give satisfaction. She had a word of appreciation for Carrie Stokes, who was working out and saving up money to go to school and prepare herself for a teacher.

When Miss Wilkins got through at Mrs. Forbes's and went to the next place there was not one word that Mrs. Forbes could recall that reflected unfavorably on her fellow townsmen. She had seemed to see every one of them on the angel side.

Now, dear reader, this is not a fancy sketch. Miss Wilkins is a woman of flesh and blood, though she does not bear that name, and she carries with her everywhere "an atmosphere of grace, mercy and peace."—*Christian Advocate.*

The Lady and the Cigar.

The train from Paris to Versailles was to leave in five minutes. An elegantly dressed gentleman entered a first-class carriage. He has a burning cigar in his mouth. He is about to take his seat when he perceives an elderly lady in the carriage. Being a gentleman, he raises the window and is about to throw out the cigar, when the old lady says:

"Don't you know that you are forbidden to smoke in a first-class carriage when there are ladies in it?"

"My dear madame, you see I was just about to anticipate your wish by throwing away my cigar. However, I will not disturb you further," and bowing very stiffly he left the car, and purchasing a third-class ticket he took his seat among some peasants, where he could smoke undisturbed.

There was sitting near the gentleman a wretched looking tramp, who smelled horribly of garlic, and who was about as disagreeable a neighbor as can well be imagined.

"My good fellow," said the gentleman, "did you ever ride in a first-class carriage?"

"Never."

"Well, here's a ticket that I can't use. Just you go into that first-class carriage. There is a vacant seat next to an old lady; just take it."

The man, who was sadly in need of disinfectants, did as he was told. A few minutes after he entered the first class carriage the doors were closed, and off went the train, which does not stop at any of the stations between Paris and Versailles. You can imagine whether or not the gentleman got even.

Be Merciful to the Beasts.

There can be no excuse to treat animals cruelly. Brutal treatment to man or beast should be alike put under the law. We never knew one cruel to his beasts who was either a good man himself or kindly disposed towards his fellowmen. Humanity, however, is much the result of example and education. Many ignorant people know no better. They seem to think that their animals should have as much sense as themselves—and they beat them on every occasion in which they depart from the course marked out for them. Others who have naturally violent tempers, never think at all, and maltreat their animals frequently to a shocking degree, with or without any excuse. In all civilized countries, of late years, measures have been adopted to put a stop to these brutalities.

Think twice before telling any one what some one else said.

Trees and Shrubbery Near the Buildings.

A mischievous error is that of placing trees close to buildings. Although trees and shrubs are the chief decorative ornaments of a place, they become positively injurious when closely massed around a habitation. Where large trees are allowed to spread and overhang the roofs, choking gutters and water-leaders, and causing a deposit of mold and other fungus as far as their influence extends, it is impossible for the house to be dry, comfortable, or healthful. Many of the older houses throughout the country are rendered almost uninhabitable by the dense surroundings of trees and shrubbery, and the evil is greatly aggravated when the trees are of evergreen species. Planting of the finer species of dwarf flowering shrubs may be placed in moderately large masses on the lawn near the house without injury, if not too frequently repeated; but continuous thickets near the building, on any except the north side, will sensibly exclude the cool breezes, so grateful during summer. The house nestling on the sunny side of an evergreen plantation is suggestive of comfort, and presents a cheerful, sheltered appearance during winter. It is as economical as it is attractive; but even these to be of the greatest benefit, should not approach nearer than one hundred feet of the house. Isolated specimens of rare, or otherwise specially interesting trees, may be planted nearer. A certain amount of shade is very desirable, especially in climates where, during a great portion of the year it is agreeable out of doors. Trees of large and spreading growth should not be planted nearer than sixty feet from the walls of a dwelling house. Those of medium size, such as the Norway and English maple, that do not attain a height of more than thirty feet, may be planted thirty to forty feet from the building. An additional disadvantage resulting from surrounding the building with a thicket of foliage is that it shuts out the views of immediate and distant scenery, and the house, as an object of the local landscape, is hidden from view. If the structure has any artistic merit, it should in itself form a feature which, to be properly appreciated, must be visible so that its proportions and details may be taken in at a view. A proper connection of the house with its surroundings is the first point to which attention should be given in laying out grounds. A house should not appear to have risen out of the green lawn like a tree. It is necessary that some evidence be apparent of suitable preparation for the building. All walks should harmonize with the lines of the ground plan. Zigzag and curving walks close to the straight lines of a large, or even the most humble, dwelling are directly opposed to beauty or propriety.

It has long been recognized as a general principle that round-headed trees contrast best with the perpendicular lines of Gothic architecture, and those of a pointed or conic shape with the horizontal lines of Grecian. It may be questioned whether either of these rules is absolutely correct; certain it is that there may be found compositions of expressive beauty, where the rule is reversed. It is perhaps nearer the facts to state that, in the arrangement of farms harmony will prove more pleasing than contrast.—*American Agriculturist.*

Why the Leaves Turn.

"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old fashion idea is, that all the red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, these causes are these: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint.

"This difference in colors is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall and the other should turn yellow, or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have brightest colors."—*Field and Farm.*

Grangers for Delamater.

H. M. Cutshall, of Crawford county, a farmer member of the Executive Committee of the State Grange, and one of the best-known farmers in Northwestern Pennsylvania, said the other day that the bulk of the grangers would vote for Senator Delamater, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of Leonard Rhone to have them do otherwise. "I have been a member of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry for fourteen years," said Mr. Cutshall last night, "and from my knowledge of the members I am sure that the most of them will vote for the Republican candidates. I know Senator Delamater well and favorably, and I think he will be elected. The grange favors protection, and is responsible for the agricultural features of the McKinley Tariff bill."

"You say you know Senator Delamater?"

"Yes; very well, indeed. He is an honest, exemplary citizen. There is no man in the State better fitted to fill the executive office than he is."

"Do you know his position on the question of taxation?"

"Yes. He is in sympathy with the efforts of the farmers to secure equalization in taxation. He has frequently told me that real estate bore more than its share of taxation, and he was in favor of any just measure to relieve the same."

Experiments that Demonstrate the profit of Keeping Sheep for Mutton.

In this country we pay more attention to a product of the sheep—wool—than to the sheep. With so much agitation over the wool industry it would seem as if the sheep was intended only for one purpose of producing wool, when in fact wool is the smallest product in value derived from sheep. It has been repeatedly shown that by the use of improved breeds of sheep lambs can be made to pay from $5 to $10 each, while the increased value of the land upon which sheep have been kept is of itself a sum quite large enough to render sheep raising profitable. Experiments recently made at the Canadian Agricultural Station demonstrate that sheep may be kept for mutton alone, with profit, but as wool is a necessary adjunct to the sheep, a source of profit is in that direction also.

In the experiments made accounts were kept of all the items of cost, including the shepherd's care, original cost of animals, the use of the mother ewes and the value of their fleeces, as well as food, shelter and interest of capital, until the sheep were over 1 year old. Grades and half-bloods were used for experiment. A half-blood Southdown cost $6 and sheared six pounds of wool, valued at $2.40. Its carcass weighed 147 pounds live weight which sold at 6½ cents per pound, or $10.20, which show a profit of $4.20 from the sheep without estimating the wool at all, the total profit