The Somerset Herald.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLI. NO. 9. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1892. WHOLE NO. 2142

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—OF—
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SURPLUS - - - - $5,000.
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IRISH POINT LUNCH
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40 inches wide, 50 cents per yard, in Pink, Blue, Olive and Yellow, THE NEW THING for Draping Mantles and Doors, and for Draping Over Draperies. A new line of Head-rests, from 25c up.
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That's the price now on our large stock of choicest 1892 patterns.
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DRESS GINGHAMS,
STRIPES AND PLAIDS.
25 CENTS.
(25-CENT VALUE.)
A very large sale of
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new, stylish and desirable at
25 CENTS.
In brief, owing to tearing down of and rebuilding part of these stores, we're obliged to sell off our present stock of
SILKS, DRESS GOODS AND WASH FABRICS.
There'll be many interesting prices during July and August, that will pay you to enquire about.
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Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.
"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequaled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and colorglands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, bringing the color to
A Rich Brown
or even black. It will not soil the pillowcase nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta, Ga.
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Never before have we bought such fine styles in Mens' and Youths', Boys' and Childs' lothing. These Goods are ununapproachable in quality and price.
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This season we are offering a larger assortment, better styles and lower prices in all grades of Carpeting, Matting, and Oil Cloths and Rugs, than ever before.
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We are daily gaining trade in this department, consequently have bought a large stock, adapted to fill the wants of everyone.
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A large and complete stock just received, and are now prepared to furnish all who want a specialty in this line. We introduce correct styles as soon as out. We also carry a full stock of
Window Shades,
Trunks and Sachels,
Rubber Clothing, &c.
We take genuine pleasure in having our friends inspect the above novelties.
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A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play—
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My dear was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale:
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

THE RUNAWAY.

"Would they put her in the asylum," she wondered, "if they caught her?" Folks would surely think she was crazy. She stopped at the stone wall to rest and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene. Far behind her stretched the meadow, a symphony of olive and green in the late fall. Here and there by a sunken bowlder stood soldierly goldenrod, or berry bushes clothed now in scarlet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood solitary trees, where fluttering, brittle leaves fell in the gentle still air. In summer time she remembered well the haymakers in the shade, and the jug with ginger water she made for the men was kept there to be cool.

She seemed, as she sat there, to remember everything. The house was all right, she was sure of that; the key was under the kitchen door mat, the fire was out in the stove and the cat locked in the barn.

She held her work-hardened palm to her side, panting a little, for it was a good bit of a walk across the meadow, and she was eighty years old on her last birthday. The cows feeding looked homelike and pleasant.

"Good-by, critters," she said aloud; "many's the time I've druv' ye home an' milked ye, an' I allus let ye eat by the way, nor never hurried ye as the boys done."

With a farewell glance she went on again, smoothing as she walked the scattered locks of gray hair falling under the pumpkin hood, and keeping her scant black gown out of reach of briers. Across another field, then off through another lane where the wood was hauled in winter, there through a gap in a stump fence with its great, branching arms like a petrified octopus, to the dusty highroad.

Not a soul in sight in the coming twilight. John, the children and the scolding wife who made her so unhappy, would not be home for an hour yet, for it was a long drive to East Mills.

Down the steep hill went the brave little figure, followed by an odd shadow of itself in the waning light, and by tiny stones that rolled so swiftly they passed her often, and made her look behind with a start to see if a pursuer was coming.

"They'd put me in an asylum, sure," she murmured wildly as she trudged along.

At the foot of the hill she sat down under an old log and waited for the train. Across the road, guarded by a big sign: "Look out for the engine," ran two parallel iron rails, that were to be her road when the big monster should come panting around the curve.

At last the dull rumble sounded, a shrill whistle, and she hurried to the track, waving her shawl to signal. This, in the conductor's vernacular, was a cross-roads station, where he was used to watch for people waving articles frantically. The train stopped and this passenger was helped aboard. He noticed she was a bright-eyed old lady, very neat and precise.

"How far?" he asked.

"Bostin."

"Git there in the morning," he said, standing waiting for the money, as she opened a queer little reticule where, wrapped in a clean cotton handkerchief, under her knitting, was her purse with her savings for long years—the little sums Sam had sent when he first began to prosper in the west and some money she had earned herself by knitting and berry picking.

At a cross-roads, as the went swiftly on, she saw the old sorrel horse, the rattling wagon and John with his family driving homeward. She drew back with a little cry, fearing he might see her and stop the train; but they went on so fast that could not be, and the old horse jogged into the woods, and John never thought his old Aunt Hannah, his charge for twenty long years, was running away.

At Boston a kindly conductor bought her a through ticket for Denver.

"It's a long journey for an old lady like you," he said.

"But I'm peart for my age," she said, anxiously. "I never had a day's sickness since I was a gal."

"Going all the way alone?"

"With Providence," she answered, brightly, alert and eager to help herself, but silent and thoughtful as the train took her into strange landscapes, where the miles went so swiftly it seemed like the past years of her life as she looked back on them.

"Thy works is marvelous," she murmured often, sitting with her hands folded, and few idle days had there been in her world, where she had sat and rested for so long.

In the day coach the people were kind and generous, sharing their baskets with her and seeing that she changed cars right and her carpet bag was safe. She was like any of the dear old grandmas in eastern homes, or to grizzled men and weary women, like the memory of a dead mother as faint and far away as the scent of wild roses in a hillside country burying ground. She tended babies for tired women and talked to the men of farming and crops, or told the children Bible stories; but never a word she said of herself, not one.

On again, guided by kindly hands through the great, bewildring city by the lake, and now through a yet stranger land. Tired and worn by night in the uncomfortable seats, her brave spirit began to fail a little. As the wide, level plains, lonely and drear, dawned on her sight, she sighed often.

"It's a dre'ful big world," she said to a gray-bearded old farmer near her; "so big I feel e'enmost lost in it; but," hopefully, "across them deserts like this long ago Providence sent a star to guide them wise men of the East, an' I ain't lost my faith."

But as the day wore on, and still the long, monotonous land showed no human habitation, no oasis of green, her eyes dimmed, something like a sob rose under the black 'kerchief on the bowed shoulders, and the spectacles were taken off with trembling hand and put away carefully in the worn tin case.

"Be ye goin' far, mother?" said the old farmer.

He had brought her a cupful of coffee at the last station, and had pointed out on the way things he thought might interest her.

"To Denver."

"Wal, wal; you're from New England, I'll be bound?"

"From Maine," she answered, and then she grew communicative, for she was always a chatty old lady, and she had possessed her soul in silence so long, and it was a relief to tell the story of her weary years of waiting to a kindly listener.

She told him all the relations she had were two grand-nephews and their families. That twenty years ago Sam (for she had brought them both up when their parents died of consumption, that takes so many of our folks) went out west. He was always adventurous, and for ten years she did not hear from him, but John was different and steady, and when he came of age she had given him her farm, with the provision she should always have a home, otherwise he would have gone away too. Well, for five years they were happy, when John married, and his wife had grown to think her a burden as the years went on, and the children when they grew big did not care for her, and she felt she had lived too long.

"I growed so lonesome," she said, "it seems I couldn't take up heart to live day by day, an' yit I knowed our folks was long-lived. Ten years back, when Sam wrote me he was doin' fair, an' sent me money, I begun to think of him, for he was allus generous an' sent me money, an' began to save to go to him, fur I knowed I could work for my board fur a good many years to come. Fur three years he ain't hardly wrote, but I laid that to the wild kentry he lived in. I said b'ars an' Injuns don't skeer me none fur when I was a gal up in Aroostuk kentry there was plenty of both, an' as fur befferlers, them horned cattle don't skeer me none, fur I've been used to a farm allus. But the lonesomeness of these medders has sorter upset me, an' made me think every day Sam was further off than I ever calc'lated on."

"But what will you do if Sam ain't in Denver?" asked the farmer.

"I hev put my faith in Providence," she answered simply, and the stranger could not mar that trust by any word of warning.

He gave her his address as he got off at the Nebraska line, and told her to send him word if she needed help. With a warm hand clasp he parted from her to join the phantoms in her memory of "folks that had bin kind to her, God bless 'em," and the train went rumbling on its way.

But many of the passengers had listened to her story and were interested and they came to sit with her.

One pale little lad in the seat in front turned around to look at her now and then and to answer her smile. He was going to the country for health and wealth, poor lad, only to find eternal rest in the sunny land, but his last day's brightened by the reward of his thoughtful act of kindness.

"She probably brought these boys," he thought, "and denied her life for them. Is she to die unrewarded, I wonder? There cannot be any good in the world if that be."

He thought of her and took out his poor purse; there was so little money in it, too; every cent made a big hole in his store, but the consciousness of a good deed was worth something.

"I mayn't have the chance to do many more," thought the lad, buttoning his worn overcoat.

He slipped off without a word at a station and sent a telegram to Denver.

"To Samuel Blair"—for he had caught the name from her talk—"Your Aunt Hannah Blair, of Maine, is on the W. & W. train coming to you."

It was only a straw, but a kindly wind might blow it to the right one after all.

When he was sitting there after his message had gone on its way, she leaned over and handed him a peppermint drop from a package in her pocket.

"You don't look strong, deardie," she said; "hain't ye folks with ye?"

"None on earth."

"We're both lone ones," she smiled. "An' how sad it be there ain't no one to fuss over ye an' be keerful of the drafts an' keep flannel allus on your chist; that is good for the lungs."

"You are very kind to take an interest in me," he smiled, "but I am afraid it is too late."

Another night of weary slumber in the uncomfortable, cramped seats, and the plains began to be dotted with villages, and soon appeared the straggling outskirts of a city, the smoke of mills, the gleam of the Platte river, and a network of iron rails, bright and shining, as the train ran shrieking into the labyrinth of its destination.

"This is Denver, and I'll look out for you as well as I can;" the lad said to her.

"I won't be no burden," she said, brightly. "I have twenty dollars yet, and that's a sight of money."

The train halted to let the eastward-bound express pass; there was an air of excitement in the car, passengers getting ready to depart, gathering up luggage and wraps, and some watching the newcomers and the rows of strange faces on the outward-bound train.

The door of the car slammed suddenly, and a big-bearded man, with eager blue eyes, came down the aisle, looking sharply from right to left. He had left Denver on the express to meet this train. His glance fell on the tiny black figure.

"Why, Aunt Hannah!" he cried, with a break in his voice.

She put out her trembling hands and fell into the big arms, tears streaming down the wrinkled face.

"I knowed Providence would let me find you, Sam," she said brokenly, and no one smiled when the big man sat down beside her and with a gentle hand wiped her tears away.

"Why, I've sent John twenty dollars a month for five years for you," he said angrily, as she told him why she ran away, "and he said you couldn't write for you had a stroke and was helpless, and I've written to you often and sent you money. It's hard for a man to call his own brother a villain."

"We won't, Sam," she said, gently. "We'll just forgit it. And I won't be a burden to ye fur I kin work yit, and fur years to come."

"Work indeed! Don't I owe you everything? And my wife has longed for you to come. There are so few dear old aunts in this country, they're prized, I tell you. Why, it is as good as a royal coat of arms to have a dear, handsome old woman like you for a relation."

Then he found out who sent the telegram and paid the lad, who blushed like a girl and did not want to take it.

"I suppose you want a job," said the big man. "Well, I can give you one. I'm in the food commission business. Give you something light. Lots of your sort, poor lad, out here. All the reference I want is that little act of kindness to Aunt Hannah. Here's the depot. Aunt Hannah and you won't see the bears and Injuns and buffaloes you were talking about, but the prettiest and sunniest city you ever set your dear eyes on."

He picked up the carpet-bag, faded and old-fashioned, not a bit ashamed of it, though it looked as if Noah might have carried it into the ark.

They said good-bye, and the last seen of her was her happy old face beaming from a carriage window as she rolled away to what all knew would be a happy home for all the rest of her life.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Miles of Falling Water.

On the Mohave desert the rainfall is about 3 inches, and in various portions of the United States this increases to 10, 20, 30, 50 inches, until in the northwestern part of the State of Washington there is a rainfall of 125 inches in a single year. On the peninsula of India the rainfall varies from 74 to 225 inches annually, and at Cossyah, north of Calcutta, there is said to be an annual rainfall of 610 inches. The average rainfall for the entire surface of the earth is about four feet. The entire annual rainfall upon the earth is estimated at about 152,000 cubic miles. This is sufficient to fill Lake Erie nearly 900 times or Lake Superior 50 times.

If the rainfall were distributed equally through the days, or even through the months of the year, there would be no disastrous floods. It is the concentration of the rain in brief intervals of time that brings disastrous floods. In France 31 inches of rain have been observed to fall in thirty-four hours; in Genoa, 30 inches in twenty-four hours; in Gibraltar 33 inches in thirty-six hours; near Bombay, 24 inches in one night; on the Khasi, in India, 150 inches have fallen in five successive days. There are on record in the United States several instance of a fall of 5 or 6 inches in two or three hours.

It is possible that when the atmosphere is charged with moisture mechanical agencies could be devised by which some portion of the rainfall could be precipitated—a few drops over a bit of land, but making noises overhead does not bring the water up from the sea, it does not fill the dry air with moisture, and it cannot discharge from a saturated body of air such a quantity of moisture as would be of any value to thirsty fields. Before science can do anything of value to man in the control of winds and storms it must learn to control powers of magnitude almost beyond human imagination.—*North American Review.*

Who Ate Him?

It is said that for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in honor of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffin could be traced only by a black line of carbonaceous matter. The rusted hinges and nails and a round woolen knot remained in the one grave, while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other.

Near the graves stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the coffined dead. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn as if passing around it, and followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where both turned upward toward the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knees, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form.

There were the graves, but their occupants had disappeared; the bones even had vanished. There stood the thief—the guilty apple tree caught in the very act of robbery! The organic matter, the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams had passed into an apple tree! The elements had been absorbed by the roots, transmuted into woody fibre that could now be burned as fuel or carved into ornaments; had bloomed into fragrant flowers that had delighted the eye of the passer-by and scattered the sweetest perfume of spring; more than that, had been converted into luscious fruit that, from year to year, had been gathered and eaten.

Now, who ate Roger Williams? Can you tell?

Apply Slacked Lime Plentifully.

There is no material for general disinfection so potent when applied to wide surfaces of the ground as lime, so that the more of this material used this month the greater the benefits that will be reached. A bushel of slacked lime will not cost more than ten cents, and for twenty cents a large area of ground can be disinfected of all impurities during the month of August.

Eating Before Going to Sleep.

There was a time when the belief was almost universally current that eating anything before going to bed at night was dangerous and harmful. A great many persons are of the same opinion to-day, and there are thousands who would not under any circumstances partake of food just before retiring for the night. The doctors, whatever they may have once thought on the question, are changing their views, many of them at least. All living creatures, except human beings, we believe, are governed in their actions by instinct, and this instinct, most of us are willing to admit, is almost unerring, especially in the ordinary events governing their existence. Is it not true that almost every creature that has a stomach eats before it sleeps, if food is accessible, and sleeps soundly thereafter? The human infant is no exception. Its demand for food is constant, and night makes no difference. Deprive it of food beyond the regular period, and the stomach will make a prompt appeal for relief.

If a breakfast is eaten at 6 o'clock in the morning by a person in ordinary health, mid-day will again find that person ready and anxious for a second meal. A third will be called for at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. A period of six hours is all the time the average healthy stomach allows to pass by without demanding sustenance. But between 6 o'clock in the evening and 6 o'clock in the morning there is a period of twelve hours. It is not denied that the work of digestion does not go on, is more active, in fact, during the night than during the day. The waste in tissues goes on with increasing regularity every hour in the twenty-four. There can certainly be no harm in supplying that waste by night as well as by day. Of course, it is not expected that men shall get up and eat at midnight, but food taken before the hour of retiring, thus giving the stomach a briefer interval of emptiness, seems by no means harmful, but desirable.

This would seem especially desirable in persons of impaired vitality, for the process of assimilation would then proceed continuously. After the usual meal is digested the stomach is prompt to make its wants known. It would do the same thing during the night but for the intervention of sleep. But expressed or unexpressed, that want is there, and if it is satisfied during the day why should it not be at other hours? We do not mean to say indulgence in food just before bed time is absolutely necessary; a healthy person by long custom may feel no such demand. We only mean to say that a light lunch of nutritious, simple food is not harmful, and may make sleep pleasant, just as a big supper of rich viands at midnight may bring you the nightmare you invite and deserve for such over-indulgence. The person who carries this late eating to the extreme is as likely to be injured by it as the person who indulges lightly and regularly will be benefitted.—*Lancaster New Era.*

Meaning of Natural Gas Pressure.

There are three kinds of gas pressure, rock pressure, minute pressure, and what is known as open pressure. The last is really nothing and is no indication of what a well is worth. Open pressure is never used except by people who want to buy a well and are anxious to cut down the price. It is taken by placing an eighth of an inch pipe with an elbow in the mouth of a flowing well. There is a small gauge in the outer end of the pipe, and the pressure of gas entering this small aperture is what is called open pressure. It can hardly be called a test, and is no indication of the value of a well.

Minute pressure is the only true way of determining the value of a well. It is taken by closing off a flowing well and taking the gauge for the first minute after the well has been closed in. This gives exactly the force of a well.

The rock pressure is all that the well shows after the gas has been shut in.

The Ring Was Kept.

Out in the Blue Grass country they are telling this romantic story about William Henry Harrison, grandfather of the present occupant of the White House.

When he was only twenty years of age he wooed Miss Monarchy Fenwick, a bewitching maid of Frankfort, Ky., but did not meet with favor. Upon parting with the girl he placed a ring on her finger, saying: "Monarchy, when I am President of the United States, send this ring to me with any request you may have to make, and I will grant whatever you ask, if it is in my power." Smiling at the jest, so the story goes, she took the valuable circlet and placed it among her treasures. When she next saw her old admirer she was the wife of Judge Samuel Todd, a wealthy and prominent citizen, and had become a famous housekeeper of wide hospitality. He had been elected President of the United States, and was on route via Frankfort to his inaugural ceremonies. At the Kentucky capital he accepted her invitation to dine. The Presidential suite comprised twelve persons, some in carriages, others on horseback. The ring was not presented, according to fairy tale muse, but was retained as an heir-loom. It is now owned by Mrs. Mary L. Todd, Monarchy Fenwick's daughter-in-law.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our friends, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits.

J. N. Severn, Druggist.

Johnny's Mind Dissatisfied.

Mr. Finletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors he said sternly to the suffering victim:

"Now tell me why I punished you."

"That's it," sobbed Johnny; "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it.—*Exchange.*

About Grass Steers.

The interesting and instructive articles upon the above subject written and compiled from various sources by Mr. Henry C. Wallace have attracted wide and herty attention. They have opened up a field of practical agriculture which, while it is a simple one, is of a character that strikes every stockman, be he great or small. The grass crop of the country is by many times the largest grown. From it the average stock owner derives much of his profit. Yet it receives but little attention and thought at his hands.

No farm crop repays attention so quickly as the grass field. From its very inception it requires a skill and diligence which is seldom felt and appreciated by the ordinary farmer. The selection of the seeds for ordinary pasture is in itself somewhat of a science. It requires constant study to find out, more especially in a new country, what will suit the climate and soil. "Give us blue grass," says the Kentuckian. True, but while it flourishes on the limestone formations of that state, driving out all other grasses still it does not follow that it is the best for the loamy, deep soils of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa. Some of it is necessary, but you can call upon countless other kinds and varieties to assist. The grass seed is delicate. It needs a warm bed, a fine mold on the soil, and great care should be taken when sowed. In its infancy it wants close attention. It should not be grazed too heavily, and always before winter comes it should be allowed during the first years of its existence to cover its roots thickly, so as to withstand the iron hand of Jack Frost. Greater perhaps than all the above requisites is that the field should be well dried. How often do we see a field, carefully seeded down, grow a fairly good crop of grass for a year or two, then relapse into the old rut of coarse, wild grasses. The cause is easy to find. It wants draining. No plant requires a dry subsoil so much as the better varieties of grass. They luxuriate where the drainpipe exists.

With such conditions we can nearly get what Mr. Wallace says is requisite to feeding steers successfully on grass—namely, "a full pasture." But more is needed. Mr. Wallace has come to the conclusion that steers will gain nearly as much on grass alone as when grain is fed at least for two or three months during the summer. The proof of this is so ample that it cannot be disputed, and at first thought it would seem foolish to spend grain where no evident gain is made. Looking at the matter from a stockyards point of view we are all well aware that the purely grass fed steer of equal weight cannot compete with the animal that had corn. How often when autumn comes do we hear of "grassy" steers? The grazier coming up with his cattle standing next door to a pen of steers seemingly the same as his own. The experienced eye of the buyer, who is daily and hourly at his work, detects at once the difference, and he pays a much higher price for the lot that have had corn. The magic word is "tallow." You can neaver get it on grass to perfection. It requires the corubin or oilcake crusher to make it. We admit that at the height of the grass season, a short and fleeting period under a scorching sun such as we have, the gain from artificial food is little or nothing, but in the after days it tells. If the cattle are to be carried from summer into autumn, or even winter, the addition of a fair amount of corn or oilcake is soon seen. By such treatment they get the polish which reveals to the educated eye the inherent value when they are tested on the block. Then they are weighed in the scale and not found wanting.

We go further. Our able correspondent must have "a full pasture." To get that acme of perfection you must be liberal in the way of feeding the plant. As you stuff the butlock, so you attain this point. Nothing manures land so thoroughly as sheep droppings, more especially when they are generously treated. Next to them comes the bovine race. You may use dissolved bones, nitrates, etc., but they fail to make a pasture in comparison with the steady secretion that goes on hourly from sheep and cattle wandering over it. In this country we need more permanent pastures. With labor high, it is a necessity, and there is no branch of agricultural economy which needs closer study. A good pasture is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. To attain perfection two requisites are absolutely necessary—drainage and manure.—*Live Stock Report.*

The Useful Telegraph.

Five gentlemen, all from near-by towns, engaged a room at the hotel the other night, and from stray hints they dropped the clerk understood that they were going to engage in a festive game of "draw."

For some little time after arrangements had been concluded the gentlemen hung around the office gazing at one another. Finally the eldest of the lot said:

"Boys, I suppose we have got to square it."

The remark met with general approbation, and in a moment all were supplied with pens and telegraph blanks.

Here are the messages they sent their loving wives:

"Will not be home until late. James has dropped into town on his way to Europe and must see him off."

"Our bookkeeper was burned out this afternoon, and his child was badly injured. Will not be home until late."

"Have to balance the books. The cashier is drunk again."

"Do not expect me until to-morrow, as I am compelled to run up to Albany."

But the last of all was a gem. It was from an old married man and was to this effect: "Do not wait for me; if you do you will be very tired."

And then the five men, having discharged their duty to those at home, went up stairs and unbonded their chips.

Conclusve Evdence.

"That young minister will never succeed; he is too easily rattled."

"I never noticed it."

"I did. At Emma Harkin's wedding he kissed the groom and shook hands with the bride."

Learning to do one thing helps in learning to do another.

Dainty Cookery.

Fancy cookery can in a measure quicken the appetite; but why may not all possess a fairly good article which will sit down with us to our meals? There should be only two exceptions, a positive invalid and a dyspeptic. For the first it is not "fancy cookery" that is needed, but "cookery for the sick room;" for the second the less he eats the better, and fancy cooking would only aggravate the evil. At our house nothing is eaten between meals, even by the younger portion of the family, except fruit, and that in small quantities, such as an apple, etc. We keep candies on hand, but they are doled out (using the word "doled" advisedly) directly after meals and do not clog the appetite. Sunday afternoon is the time when these wise rules are cast aside and then the most tempting of fancy cookery could hardly give us a zest for supper.

The only time I delve into the mysteries of the fancy in cooking is when I give my household a treat, and then it generally takes the place of more substantial stuff. Thus "good digestion waits on appetite." For instance, instead of having meat, potatoes, one other kind of vegetables and pickles for dinner, I sometimes have maccaroni and cheese. Just this, and a dish of canned fruit, with bread, butter and water, complete the meal; but, remember, the main dish is deliciously cooked (so my husband says); the water does not stand on the table from the laying of it, but is brought in ice cold, the last thing and the bread, butter and fruit are the best of their kind.

We are very fond of good soup, but, having a moderate-sized family, and the weakness of keeping two dogs, we cannot make stock. So, because we cannot afford both time and money for soup, then the meat course, then dessert, we make a dinner off soup, then dessert. A can of salmon, heated by being plunged into a stew-pan of boiling water, while in the tin (a hole being previously punched in the top to allow the steam to escape) and kept there half an hour, then turned out on a platter, nicely garnished with hard-boiled eggs and served with egg sauce, makes a welcome change from meat. Another use for a can of salmon is as croquettes. These make a can go twice as far and are twice as nice as the plain salmon, of which we are very