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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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IF I WERE A GIRL.

BY NORMA BROCK.

If I were a girl, a bright, merry girl,
Just entering life's great field,
I'd arm myself for a noble fight,
And, come what might, would not yield.

What if a poem I never could write
That would thrill with delight the soul,
Or a song to charm I never could sing,
Or reach any lofty goal?

Or if I were doomed to live in the shade,
With none looking on to cheer!
I'd live a song so sweet, so pure,
That angels would listen and hear.

I would be so careful that not a note
In my one song should discord make;
And if the tones with tears were faint
I'd still keep them true for His sake.

Whose ear would surely catch the strain,
And its harmony He would see,
Then O the joy that my heart would feel
When he said: "Your song pleased Me!"

A LITTLE PITCHER.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"You may call it what you please, but I do not consider myself bound to Dr. Anderson in any way," said Meta Erwin to her aunt, Mrs. Appleton.

The voice was low, quivering, and yet with a ring of resolution under its evident timidity.

"I must say, Miss Erwin, that I am astonished."

This exclamation being a standard one and Mrs. Appleton appearing to live in chronic state of astonishment, Meta made no reply. Presently her aunt said, in a whine such as is often the proof of simulated grief:

"Your dying father—"

Meta's voice was firmer now as she interrupted:

"My father's mind was weakened by long illness, and when he joined my hand and Dr. Anderson's on his death bed, he thought he was securing my future happiness in giving me a wealthy husband. You know, I know, and Dr. Anderson knows that he was not quite sane.

"But you allowed it."

"Was it a time to make a scene? Dr. Anderson is quite well aware that I do not consider the act to bind him in any way."

"I think you are the most headstrong girl I ever knew. It is to be hoped you will come to your senses some day."

"Perhaps I may."

Very wearily the last three words were spoken, and Meta rose slowly and stepped from the low French window out upon the porch. Straight before her, scarcely a stone's throw from where she stood the broad ocean glittered in the rays of a setting sun, while gorgeously tinted clouds were banked up high in the distant horizon.

"Oh, Cousin Meta, come for a walk!" cried a clear, boyish voice, and Freddie Appleton, in stripe I shirt waist and knee breeches, his pretty face shaded by a wide straw hat, popped up from under the porch where he had been making a clam-shell castle, with a boyish disregard for cleanliness.

"Get my hat then, Freddie!" Meta said, and the youngster scampered upstairs, soon returning with a sundown, covered with crisp-white muslin and tiny pink bows, under whose shade Meta's lovely blonde face awakened Fred's admiration.

"You look just good enough to eat in that sundown, Cousin Meta!" he cried.

"So I think, Fred! Lets eat her!"

A third voice this one, and Fred danced a little jig on one foot, crying:

"Oh, Mr. Warren, when did you come?"

"On the last train. May I join the stroll I see is in contemplation?"

Little Meta, whose eyes had lost all their weariness in shy, happy light whose cheeks were softly tinged with rose color, whose lips were smiling tremulously, accepted the offered arm, and the little party walked out upon the beach. That is to say, Herbert Warren and Meta walked, while Freddie darted here and there, finding shells digging up clams, coqueting with incoming waves, enjoying himself with all a child's enthusiasm.

It was not a fashionable watering-place where Mrs. Appleton had come for the summer, but a lone place upon the Atlantic coast, that deserved a more musical name than Ruggle's Rocks, but never got one.

The rocks rose sheer nda high at each end of a wide stretch of beach about two miles in length, and there were only cottages and fishing cabins about, neither hotels nor boarding houses have yet risen at Ruggles Rocks. But Mrs. Appleton had heard of the place, and had come there to rusticate, where Freddie need not be always dressed up, and she could loll on a sofa and read, without the necessity of being ready to meet company at any hour.

Meta, with her heart sore and angry over the complications in her love affairs, was willing to go anywhere away from Dr. Anderson and New York. Three years before, when she was but sixteen, her father, dying, had requested her to give her hand, and before she guessed his intent had put it in that of Dr. Anderson, whose love suit she had already refused.

"Do not agitate him. It would be fatal!" the doctor had whispered; and she obeyed him.

Later her lover had taken no advantage of this implied betrothal, ever her courteous friend. But Mrs. Appleton, knowing the doctor's purse to be long and well filled, and Meta's patrimony a small one, had insisted upon regarding this parental act as forming a binding engagement. And Meta, mourning her orphanhood, had left matters drift on, content that Dr. Anderson understood her, until just three months before that stroll at Ruggle's Rocks, she was introduced to Herbert Warren, a young lawyer, but recently admitted to the bar.

"A man with about six hundred a year independent of his profession, without one scrap of beauty, actually red-headed," Mrs. Appleton's whined—"a mere nobody. And Henry Anderson is the handsomest man in our set, not more than thirty, and independently wealthy."

And yet Meta loved Heroet spite of his red hair, numerous freckles and narrow purse. The handsome gentlemanly doctor with her friend, heartily respected and admired, but in his three years of patient devotion he had never won the place in little Meta's heart that Herbert Warren had filled before his frank, brown eyes had met Meta's blue ones half a dozen times.

On the beach as the sun sank slowly and the tender twilight gathered to the music of the sea, Meta knew that Herbert was not a man to seek to bind a maiden until he had spoken to her guardians, but he said such words as no honorable man speaks unless he loves, and Meta went over the sands homeward with her heart lightened of all doubt and fear.

"To-morrow!" she said softly, at parting.

But to-morrow he was gone. He vanished as suddenly as he had come, and she could only wonder, her cheeks growing whiter each day, her eyes heavy and mournful.

So the summer wore away, and in October the Appleton's were at home again, Uncle John, shaking his head said:

"Meta's summering don't seem to have put the color into her cheeks," but never guessed the reason.

And Meta, sitting alone in the little extension-room off the parlor, only one, day after her return, wondered if folks died of a broken heart at nineteen.

Freddie found her so, very disconsolate.

"My head aches dreadfully," she told him, and he pulled out all the hair-pins, showering the waving, golden tresses over her white morning dress.

"Now I'll bathe it with Florida water, same as mamma does when her head aches," he said; and Meta submitted lying upon the wide lounge while the loving little hands caressed her burning head. She closed her eyes at last, and Freddie tiptoed out of the room and down the wide front steps.

It was not late into the forenoon when Henry Anderson, writing in his office, was disturbed by a shrill call of:

"Dr. Anderson—I say!"

"What do you say, Freddie?" he asked, looking up.

"I say our Meta's awful sick. Won't you come and make her well?"

"Awful sick Freddy?"

The strong man's lips paled. He had kept his love down with an iron will, hoping one day to win its answer; but it rose up true and strong at the thought of his beloved's suffering.

"Well, she's got an awful headache, anyway, and she's white as a sheet, and has been all summer—at least, nearly all summer. She had a pretty pink in her cheeks the day Mr. Warren came. But she keeps crying. I catch her crying often and often, and she always says she has a headache."

"Did she send you for me, Freddie?"

"No; I just comed myself, because she's real down sick, lying on the lounge. And if you are going to marry her, you'd better make her well. I would.

"Who said I was going to marry her?"

Such a hoarse voice, such a suffocating tension on the faithful heart!

But Freddie answered.

"Mamma told Mr. Warren so. I was reading a fairy book, but they didn't see me, and I was kinder tired, because we'd been walking ever so long, me and Meta and Mr. Warren. And he told mamma he loved Meta, and she said Meta had been engaged to you for three years; and he got mad—oh, wasn't he mad? Called Meta an outrageous flirt. I remember. And he marched off with his head in the air and his nose stuck up, and never come back."

"And Meta has bad headaches?"

"Awful bad."

"Well, I will call and see her, Freddie."

Satisfied with the result of his self-imposed errand, Freddie marched off, while Dr. Anderson, white and grave, with set lips and resolute eyes, put by his writing and went out. Fully two hours later he crossed the drawing-room to the extension, where Meta still fought the headach and heartache.

She was seated in a deep arm-chair, her waving golden hair falling loosely over her shoulders, her face deathly pale with rings of pain under the eyes. But a quick crimson flush rose upon cheeks and brow, as she sprang hastily to her feet at the sound of Dr. Anderson's voice.

"Let it alone," he said, gently, as the little white hands gathered up the loosened hair. "It must be easier so if your head aches. Freddie tells me you are not well."

Already the surge of pain in her throbbing temples had forced her to resume her seat, sick and giddy, but Dr. Anderson's strictly professional expression and tone put her at her ease.

"It is only one of my stupid headaches," she said. "I have them often."

"But I never heard you complain of them before, Meta."

"No—I—I think the sea air did not suit me."

"But fresh air will suit you so," he said gravely, opening a window, and rolling her chair near to it. "Now you will drink this!" and he brought a glass of iced water in which he had poured some pungent-smelling medicine.

"So—you are better! he "said, presently, as the ashy pallor left her lips and cheeks.

"Yes, I am better. You are always kind to me!" she said, humbly, keenly aware of the motive for his kindness.

"I would be very kind to you, if you would let me," he said, gently. "I would rectify a mistake that is breaking your heart. Meta, you know I love you. It is an old story, dear, but you will hear it no more from my lips. For it is you that I love, not myself, and it is your happiness, not my own, for which I pray. Last summer Herbert Warren heard from your aunt of that betrothal we have never considered binding, and he left you as any honorable man would do, believing his love offered too late."

"But—but—you!"

"I will explain dear. Freddie heard the interview. You know the old saying Little pitchers have long ears,' and Freddie told me."

The burning face was hidden in Meta's trembling hands, as Dr. Anderson continued: "Forgive me, Meta, if my interference seems to you impertinent. I saw Herbert Warren this morning. Of you, dear, I could say nothing. Your heart's are your own sacred care, but of my hopeless love—of that empty form that seems so solemn to your aunt—I did not tell him. He knows that you are free, that no tie binds you to me."

"Oh, you are generous, noble!" Metta sobbed, lifting her face now.

"I am just," he said, gently. I could not let a shadow keep Herbert Warren from you. Whether you love him or not, he has the right to seek his answer from your own lips. He will be here this evening. Shall we cure this troublesome headache before then?"

But Meta could not answer lightly. From the very depths of her own loving heart she realized the great self-sacrifice of her lover, and could only sob.

"There," he said, presently, "you will make yourself really ill, Meta. Try to think of all this quietly, dear, and happily, and be sure, in all this wide world you have no truer friend than I am."

He left her then, seeing he but distressed her, and the gasping sobs ceased soon. For her, heart could not mourn now that the heavy cloud was lifted, and she knew Herbert Warren had not been trifling with her love.

Mrs. Appleton was astonished, of course, annoyed—equally of course, but the lovers never heeded her sneers or whining.

Before Christmas there was a wedding, the handsomest present bearing Dr. Anderson's card, while the bridegroom's "best man" was that "little pitcher," Freddie.

The Prince and the Pins.

The story is told of a prince who, thought innocent of any crime, was once imprisoned in a dungeon, where in dreary darkness and solitude, with little hope of release, he could endure his sad thoughts, and felt that his mind would soon give way unless he could have something to do. But what was there to occupy himself with when everything had been taken from him before being thrown into prison. But after a while he found four pins upon his clothes which had escaped the notice of the officers, and with these he busied himself. He would throw them down upon the floor of his dungeon and then begin a search for them. This would take some time, for of course he could not see them in the darkness, and could only find them by feeling carefully all over the floor. When at length he had succeeded in getting them all he would scatter them again, and again interest himself in searching for them.

So you see how sad a thing it is to be absolutely without anything to do. People sometimes say they wish they had nothing to do, but I do not think they can mean really nothing at all, for that would be quite as bad as having too much to do.

Had a Famous Iron Spring.

He was a weary, thin and sallow looking man, who had never been so far West before, and when he struck Carson City he hailed the first native he met.

"Can you tell me sir, if there are any mineral springs about here?"

"From the East?" asked the Westerner.

"Yes."

"Come here for yer health?"

"Yes."

"Tried everything, I suppose?"

"Pretty near."

"Tried sulphur springs?"

"Yes. Didn't he'p me a bit."

"Been to Arkansas?"

"Yes, and everywhere else."

"What kind of water are you looking for now?"

"Well, no kind in particular. I was told, though, that I'd find a variety of springs out here."

"Going to locate?"

"That depends."

"Well, stranger, I have got just what you want. A vacant lot in the best part of the city. Finest iron springs in the country. Go and see for yourself."

"But how do you know it's iron?" queried the Easterner.

"Well, pardner, I drove my horse through it and he came out with iron shoes on his feet. And that ain't all. I drove some pigs down there to drink. They turned into pigiron, and I sold them to the iron foundry. Just what you want. For sale cheap. Why, hello! What's the matter?"

The weary easterner had turned abruptly and was walking off up the road.—*New York Herald.*

Entitled to Confidence.

Mr. G. W. Benford, Druggist, should have the confidence of this community. His calling is one of responsibility; very often precious lives are entrusted to his care; taking the agency for selling the celebrated Red Flag Oil should be a guarantee: it will do all that is claimed for it, and no remedy excels it for the quick cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and all bodily pain. Price 25 cents.

When White Stockings were Worn.

Those who are middle aged will remember when white and balbriggan were the two colors universally worn. In those years colored stockings, except in silk, were very rarely seen, and a large item in everybody's wardrobe was dozens of stockings, a clean pair being often as necessary as a clean collar. At the present day Germany manufactures the greatest amount of hosiery.—*Dry Goods Economist.*

Two Valued Frends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. Benford's Drug store.

The prisoner was before the court for assaulting his wife.

"You are a fine specimen, aren't you?" said the Judge, sarcastically. "What do you mean by breaking a chair over your wife's head?"

"It was a mistake, your Honor," pleaded the prisoner.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the righteously angered Judge, "that you didn't intend to hit your wife with that chair?"

"No, you Honor, I don't," responded the prisoner, "but I didn't intend to break the chair."

"Six months," remarked his Honor.

What Canada Could Teach Us.

From the Philadelphia Press.

When the day comes for amalgamating the United States and Canada the former ought to be ready to adopt a few of the features in the government of the latter country. The American people will be reluctant to admit that their northern neighbor upon whom they have been accustomed to look with a good-natured tolerance has been able to work anything commendable in governmental science. It is nevertheless a fact that the methods of legislation in Canada are as much superior to those in the United States as is possible at the present time, probably, to make them. They are distinguished just as much by care, deliberation and watchfulness over the public interests as the legislative methods in the United States are marked by haste, carelessness and disregard of the general welfare.

One of the distinguished features in the methods of the two countries, as described by Mr. J. G. Bourinot in the Annals of the American Academy, is in the initiation of legislation by the Canadian ministers, or, as we would call them, members of the cabinet, and the absence or indirect nature of this influence in the United States. Before the Canadian parliament meets the ministers have the bills prepared which they desire to have embodied in laws. These bills have been drawn up with the utmost care and have been submitted to the whole council of ministers for suggestion and revision. Their progress through the two houses is watched closely and all amendments are subjected to the closest scrutiny. The utmost publicity and deliberateness are encouraged, and at all stages the bills are printed and reprinted and scattered broadcast so that everyone can become acquainted with their contents. In this way legislation by artifice is prevented and public sentiment has ample opportunity to make itself felt favorably or adversely.

But the duty and influence of the ministers do not end with the legislation they initiate. Their supervision extends to all bills introduced by members of parliament, and especially to those of a private nature. It is interesting to trace the course of procedure in respect to the latter. Two months before a bill is introduced for a charter for a private or local object notice of an intention to introduce it must be printed in the Government Gazette and in the newspapers of the locality interested. If the committee for investigating this bill reports that all formalities have been complied with, the bill goes, after a week's notice, to a select committee, before whom all persons interested in opposing or supporting it can appear. With the ministers, who have seats on these private bill committees, carefully noting how the measures effect the public interests and able to make their opposition at any stage of their progress felt, it is not strange that few obnoxious bills become laws.

Any one at all acquainted with the methods by which private bills, many of them opposed to the public interest, get through congress and the state legislatures can see how beneficial a change to the Canadian methods would be. Not only would the laws passed be of a better class, but there would be little opportunity for the slipshod ways now so common. These were probably never better illustrated than in the recent session of congress. The immense mass of bills thrown into the legislative hopper and the lack of order and system were strikingly manifest when the closing work of the session came to be reviewed. The delay of the appropriation bills made it necessary to rush them through at the last moment when it was impossible to watch particular items or for the enrolling clerks to perform their duties properly. Errors are now found in every page of these laws, some of which will nullify necessary appropriations. The criticisms passed on the result of these methods by Senator Gorman a few days ago were severe but appropriate.

Vicious and poorly digested laws are the crying sin of American legislation. Besides the harm they do directly to the public the courts are compelled to give up much time to passing on their constitutionality. The opportunity these slipshod methods offer for corrupt legislation is also the chief cause for the existence of the lobby. With greater deliberation, more publicity, and the direct scrutiny and responsibility of the higher officers of the government in the preparation and passage of laws most of these evils could be cured. It might be well to invite Canada to join the union as a missionary to teach us this lesson.

Don't Envy Your Neighbor.

A lean half starved cur stood curiously regarding a sleek white well fed pig, coilly curled up in a nest of nice clean straw.

"Some folk get all the good things in this world, I think," grumbled the cur. "Here is that great fat lazy pig, fed on the best of everything—peas, potatoes, sweet milk, barley meal, and I know not what all—while I am kicked and cuffed, and have to pick up a meal anyhow."

"What's that fellow chattering about?" grunted the pig. "Go away, and let me sleep in peace."

And he turned himself over, and was soon sleeping soundly.

"Dick!" cried the farmer out of the window, "be up to-morrow at 4 o'clock. We'll kill the white pig for Saturday's market, and a roast leg of pork won't come amiss for Sunday's dinner."

Next morning the cur was awakened early by strange sounds.

"A—h!" said he, as he shivered in his straw, and sat up to listen; I see now, they only fattened up poor piggy for their own sakes. Seeing good fortune may not be best for us after all. It is better to live poorly in security than to have all we want, and be in constant danger."

For years the editor of the *Burlington Junction (Mo.) Post* has been subject to cramp colic or fits of indigestion, which prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days. For the past year he has been using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy whenever occasion required, and it has invariably given him prompt relief. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

Fussy people generally have big ideas of their own importance.

Better Prices for Good Horses.

From the National Stockman.

The future outlook for better prices for good horses, in the opinion of the writer, is encouraging. There has been a prevailing idea among breeders for a few years that electricity would take the place of horses to such an extent as to entirely ruin the business of horse raising. Electricity as a matter of fact has already taken the place to a great extent of a certain class of horses, while there are other classes that it has not nor cannot take the place of. This idea among breeders has already shown a marked effect upon the stock everywhere. Farmers have been abandoning the business, marketing their best brood mares, and instead of going many miles to breed to the best draft stallion in the country, have been looking around for the horse that would get their mare in foal for the least money. This has had such a discouraging effect on the owners of first-class draft horses that no new ones are being brought into the country, and it has driven many importers entirely out of the business. This method of breeding as a matter of course will make good draft horses scarcer, and the common classes much plentier, which means better prices for good horses, and still lower prices for common ones. The excessive offerings at low prices of common horses to local dealers is having an influence to a great extent on the price of good ones, but the time is coming, and at no distant day, when the man that has a good heavy draft horse can command a good honest price for him without peddling him. While many of my neighbors are very much exercised over the horse market this winter, and have been selling their young ones at very low prices I have not experienced any great uneasiness, but on the other hand have been picking up a few very good ones at their prices. For instance, I went to a public sale in the fall and bought a good 4-year-old for less than $100 and have since sold it to Pittsburgh parties for $200 at my own stable. Fancy drivers and good coachers are always in good demand at fair prices, but in raising this class of horses breeders should use great care in mating sires and dams; great speed is not so desirable as it is to get the size, action, style and general make up and the right way of going. The success of the horse business in the future depends largely on the judgment used by the farmer, both in buying and fitting horses for the market, and in breeding. Buy nothing but the very best. Buy something that has a place in some market. No man can afford to buy a horse just simply because it will fill a place on his farm or at his business. Handle something that is marketable and it will do your work and earn its feed, and when you get ready to sell you can find a buyer without much trouble. The same rule should be followed in breeding. Mares that are suitable to breed to a draft horse should be taken to the best draft stallion within reach. If you desire to raise a fancy driver of good size, or a coacher and have a suitable mare take her to the best thoroughbred Cleveland Bay, French or German Coach, or Hackney within reach and don't try to save five or six dollars on the service fee at the risk of losing fifty or seventy-five dollars when your colt is ready for market. FARMER.

There is No Good in It.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take part of the trouble and bear it bravely.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

For a number of years I have been subject to violent attacks of inflammatory rheumatism which generally lasted about two months. On the first of this month I was attacked in the knee and suffered severely for two days, when I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it relieved me almost instantly. I therefore most cheerfully recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted elsewhere.—R. D. Whitley, Martindale, N. C., Feb., 1888. Mr. Whitley is a very prominent man in this place and his disease was very widely known as he suffered such severe pain.—W. M. Houston & Co., Merchants, Martindale, N. C. 50 cent bottles for sale.

It is a Good Thing.

I say this for Pan-Tina: I have been in the drug business many years, and this is one of the most successful Cough remedies I have sold. A case in point, a neighbor, Mr. Lewis Nicodemus, had a chronic Cough of six years' standing, which no medicine would relieve. I recommended Pan-Tina, and its effect was magical. It is a good thing.

J. ROSS MATHER, Altoona, Pa.

Pan-Tina is sold at 25 and 50 cents at G. W. Benford's drug store.

The promptness and certainty of its cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy famous. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping coughs, and is the most effectual remedy known for these diseases. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

A cold of unusual severity developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, Rochester, N. Y.

When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and I have not had headache since.—J. H. Sommers, Stephney, Conn.

The Permanent Roads Appropriation.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The exact size of the appropriation to be made by the state legislature for building permanent roads is a matter of less importance, perhaps, than that a beginning should be made in this direction. The chairman of the house appropriation committee objects to the six million amendment to the Nesbit road bill on the ground that with other appropriations it will take all but a million and a half to the eighteen millions and a half of anticipated revenue. If the anticipation is verified the revenue will have increased about seven million dollars over that to last year, and it is to be borne in mind that for several years there has been a surplus in the treasury at the end of the fiscal year of between six and seven million dollars. It is evident that if the state legislature does not make a beginning at building permanent roads it will not be because the state cannot afford it.

It is true that expenses have increased, but necessary expenses and wise outlays of which the state is sure to reap the benefit have not increased in the same proportion as the revenues. The public schools last year were given something over five millions. This year it is proposed to double the amount. With the expenses of the Homestead riot the National Guard cost about five hundred and eighty thousand dollars last year. Even this year's special appropriation of one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars for a new outfit will not bring the cost up to last year's figures unless we should have another riot, which, in view of the wholesome lesson taught in 1892, is not likely. The demand from charities and educational institutions is certainly increasing, it is true, but the legislature needs to note some local peculiarities in determining how much to give to these objects. It is to be remembered that the people of Pennsylvania have long been trained to give to charities, while they have hardly been trained at all to give to educational institutions. The wills of rich men and women show that they leave hundreds of thousands of dollars to charitable objects nearly every week, while bequests to educational institutions are very rare indeed. The legislature should endeavor to make things even by dealing more liberally where the people give only rarely and by drawing the purse strings where the people give lavishly. In addition the state is asked to found hospitals, which ought to be founded by local enterprise, by local capitalists and employers.

If a close watch is kept on such expenditures there is going to be still left a large sum which should be at least in part expended, not in the relief of special and local wants, but for the general good of all, by begining the construction of permanent highways. If six millions cannot be spared, let a start be made with three or four. What is the use of spending ten millions on the schools when the roads are so bad that children cannot get to school? The Pike county schools have been closed nearly all winter. It would be better for the children to pay for their school books and have good roads than to have the school books given them by the state and then not be able to make the best use of the books on account of impassable roads. But it is not a question between free school books and good roads. The state's revenues are increasing. There is an annual surplus problem to be faced. The state debt is vanishing out of sight. This is the first commonwealth of the union, and now is the time for it to do what it ought to do—lead the way in building permanent roads, which will further increase the wealth of neighborhoods and, consequently, the state revenues.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Never fatten breeding fowls.

A cement floor is good for the poultry house.

Keep fresh water before your fowls constantly.

Stock-growing involves less labor and less machinery.

The Light Brahmas make a good cross to increase size.

Separate all your breeders, and sell all the surplus stock.

For eggs alone, Leghorns are best with Hamburgs second.

By working hot ashes in the soil it will dry out and work fine.

Keeping the droppings cleaned up will prevent scaly legs in fowls.

It is nearly always best to feed whole grain to poultry at night.

The cabbage plants will grow more stalky if the seeds are sown thin.

Soot or ashes sifted over the tomato bed will drive out insect marauders.

Properly managed, the winter season is most profitable for poultry raisers.

Peas may be planted as soon as the ground is open enough to receive the seed.

When a very early crop of potatoes is desired sprout the potatoes used for seed before planting.

Farmers who put their land largely in grass upon which good stock is kept are constantly growing richer.

For growing tomatoes under glass the temperature should not be less than sixty degrees at night.

Scald the drinking vessels not less than four times a year, and you will find it a preventive of poultry disease.

Plant more nut trees. The black walnut pays well for the space it occupies in valuable lumber, as well as in its nuts.

If you have a disagreeable cock bird, which is fonder of fighting and quarreling than breeding, remove him at once. His room is better than his company.

It is not often that a hen will want to set at this time, and if she does it will require more than the average comfortable quarters if she hatches out her eggs well.

Term Report.

The following is the term report of the Glade School, Stonycreek township:

	M.	F.	T.
Number of pupils enrolled during the term	28	17	45
Average attendance during term	26	16	39
Percent. of attendance during term	93	94	93

The following are the names of those perfect in attendance: Morris Snyder, Dillie Snyder, Roscoe C. Miller, Roger W. Glessner, Ellen M. Glessner, Katie C. Glessner and Viola M. Kimmel.

J. B. Surnock, Teacher.

We pass every day through all the changes of human experience. We are children in the morning, with their fresh young bodies; we are middle-aged at noon, having seen an end of all perfection; we are old and weary and worn out at night.

Use all reasonable pains to keep the poultry tame. It will be quite advantageous when it becomes necessary to handle them, as it will be when the hens begin to set and hatch out.

If you find a bird indisposed, remove and care for him. If he has no disease, apparently, remove his tail, one feather at a time; the loss of his rudder will generally build a bird up.

Now your blood should be purified. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best spring medicine and blood purifier.