

Somerset Herald. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. VOL. XLVIII. NO. 15. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1899. WHOLE NO. 2512.

# Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED 1827. VOL. XLVIII. NO. 15. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1899. WHOLE NO. 2512.

### NO USE TRYING

I can't take plain cod-liver oil. Doctor says, try it. He might as well tell me to melt lead or butter and try to take them. It is too rich and will upset the stomach. But you can take milk or cream, so you can take

### Scott's Emulsion

It is like cream; but will feed and nourish when cream will not. Babies and children will thrive and grow fat on it when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

### First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$40,000. UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$4,000.

### Jacob D. Swank

Watchmaker and Jeweler, Next Door West of Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa.

### REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

### KEFFER'S NEW SHOE STORE!

Black and Tan. Latest Styles and Shapes at lowest prices.

### Shadow and Light

Blend most softly and play most effectively over a festive scene when thrown upon the wall.

### BANQUET WAX CANDLES

Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior hangings or decorations.

### Get an Education

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. Located in Somerset, Pa.

### PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS. COPYRIGHTS. A.C. MUNN & Co., Inc., Washington, D.C.

### WHATEVER IS—IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have dimmer sight, That under each mark wrong, somewhere There lies the root of Right; That each sorrow has its purpose, And its lesson, sometime past, And as I see the sun brings morning, Whatever is—is best.

### IN MEMORY OF MARTHA.

You may talk about banjo-playing if you will, but unless you heard old Ben in his palmy days you have no idea what genius can do with five strings stretched over the sheepskin.

Ben and his music were the delight of the whole plantation, white and black, master and man, and in the evening when he sat before his banjo, picking out tune after tune, hymn, ballad or breakdown, he was always sure of an audience. Sometimes it was a group of white children from the big house, with a row of pickaninies pressing close to them; sometimes it was old Mas' and Miss' themselves who strolled up to the old man, drawn by his strains. Often there was company, and then Ben would be asked to leave his door and play on the veranda of the big house. Later on he would come back to Martha laden with his rewards, and she would say to him, "You, Ben, don't you get conceited now, you des' keep 'em high. I des' mo'n 'em low you been up dah playin' 'em on de ongedly chunes, lak 'Hoe Co'n an' Dig 'Tates'."

Ben would laugh and say, "Well, den, I tek de wickedness offen de banjo. Spring in de 'ooman!" And he would drop into the accompaniment of one of the hymns that were the joy of Martha's religious soul, and she would sing with him, until with a flourish and a thump, he brought the music to an end.

Next to his banjo, Ben loved Martha, and next to Ben, Martha loved the banjo. In a time and a region where frequent changes of partners were noted for their single-hearted devotion to each other, he had never had any other wife, and she had called no other man husband. Their children had grown up and gone to other plantations, or to cabins of their own. So, alone, drawn closer by the habit of comradeship, they had grown old together—Ben, Martha, and the banjo.

One day Martha was taken sick, and Ben came home to find her moaning with pain, and after standing until he got supper. With loud pretended upbraidings he bundled her into bed, got his own supper, and then ran to his master with the news.

"Martha, she down sick, Mas' Tawn," he said, "an' I's mighty uneasy 'n my right 'bout hoo. Seem lak she don't look no m' othen her eyes."

"I'll send the doctor right down, Ben," said his master. "I don't reckon 'n any anything serious. I wish you would come up to the house to-night with your banjo. Mr. Lewis is going to be here with his daughter, and I want them to hear you play."

It was thoughtlessness on the master's part; that was all. He did not believe that Martha could be very ill; but he would have reconsidered his command if he could have seen on Ben's face the look of pain which the darkness hid.

"You'll send the doctor right away, Mas'?"

"Oh, yes; I'll send him down. Don't forget to come up."

"I won't 'n't," said Ben, as he turned away. "I des' not tek pick up my banjo to go to the big house until the plantation doctor had come and given Martha something to ease her. Then he said, 'I des' get to go up to the big house, Mar'y; I be back putty soon.'"

"Don't you h'ly throo on my 'soun. You go 'long and give Mas' Tawn good measure; you h'yeah?"

"Quit 'yo bossin'," said Ben, a little more cheerfully; "I got you what you can't move, an' if you give me any 'o' yo' back lak I 'low I frall you moust'ous."

Martha chuckled a "go 'long," and Ben went lingeringly out of the door, the banjo in its ragged cover under his arm.

The plantation's boasted musician played badly that night. Colonel Tom Curtis wondered what was the matter with him, and Mr. Lewis told his daughter as if the Colonel's famous banjoist had been overrated. But who could play reels and jigs with the proper swing when before his eyes was the picture of a smoky cabin-room, and in the bed in it a sick wife, the wife of forty years?

The black man hurried back to his cabin, where Martha was dozing. She woke at his step.

"Did'n't I tell you not to h'ly back h'yeah?" she asked. "I reckon I gin 'em all de music dey wanted." Ben answered a little sheepishly. He knew that he had not exactly covered himself with glory. How's you feelin'?" he asked.

"'Bout the same. I got kin' of a m' in my side."

"I reckon you couldn't jine in de hymn to tek de wickedness offen dis banjo?" He looked anxiously at her.

"I don't know 'bout 'jain' inly, but you go 'long an' play anyhow. If I feel lak 'em to jain' 'em, I frall you somehow on de road."

The banjo began to sing, and when the hymn was half through, Martha's voice, not so strong and full as usual, but trembling with a new pathos, joined in and went on to the end. Then Ben put up his banjo and went to his room.

The next day Martha was no better, and the same the next. Her mistress came down to see her, and delegated one of the other servants to be with her through the day, and to get Ben's meals. The old man himself was her close attendant in the evenings, and he waited on her with the tenderness of a woman. He varied his duties as master by playing to her, sometimes some lively cheer-bit, but more often the hymns she loved, but was too weak to follow.

It gave him an aching pleasure at his side to see how she hung on his music. It seem'd to have become her very life. He would play for no one else now, and the little space before his door held his audience of white and black children no more. They still came, but the cabin-door was inhospiably shut, and they went away whispering among themselves, "Aunt Martha's sick."

Little Liz, who was a very wise pickaniny, once added, "Yes, Aunt Martha's sick, an' my mammy says she ain't gwine to git no mo'." Another child had echoed "Never!" In the lonely, awe-struck tones which the children used in the presence of the great mystery.

Liz's mother was right. Ben's Martha was never to get up again. One night during a pause in his playing she whispered "Play 'Hak' P'om de Tomb."

He turned into the hymn, and her voice, quivering and weak, joined in. Ben started, for she had not tried to sing so long. He wondered if it wasn't a token. In the midst of the hymn she stopped, but he played on to the end of the verse. Then he got up and looked at her.

Her eyes were closed, and there was a smile on her face—a smile that Ben was not of earth. He called her, but she did not answer. He put his hand upon her head, but she lay very still, and then he knelt and buried his head in the bedclothes, giving himself up to all the tragic violence of an old man's grief.

"Mar'y! Mar'y! Mar'y!" he called, "What you want to leave me for? Mar'y, walt; I ain't gwine to long."

His cries aroused the quarters, and the neighbors came flocking in. Ben was hustled out of the way, the news carried to the big house, and preparations made for the burying.

Ben took his banjo. He looked at it fondly, patted it, and placing it in its covering, put it on the highest shelf in the cabin.

"Brothah Ben allus was a mos' 'p'op'ah an' 'sponible so' o' man," said Liz's mother as she saw him do it. "Now dat's what I call showin' 'spee' to de 's' Mar'y, puttin' his banjo up in de very place whar 'it'll get de dust'."

On many evenings after Martha had been laid away, the children, seeing Ben come and sit beside his cabin door, would gather around, waiting and hoping that the banjo would be brought out to get supper. With loud pretended upbraidings he bundled her into bed, got his own supper, and then ran to his master with the news.

### A Talk About Dewey.

Exactness in the performance of official duties, courteous in manner, quiet in deportment, impenetrable in his attitude and fond of society and club life, were the leading traits with which Admiral Dewey impressed his associates during his year of shore duty in Washington.

When Admiral Dewey remarked recently that there was no occasion for lionizing him, and added: "As a matter of fact, I was nervous from drinking poor coffee, just before the battle of Manila," his old naval friends smiled admiringly. Their comment was that it was exactly Dewey's modesty. They recalled how difficult it had been always to induce him to refer to his naval exploits in the 90's, preferring always to change the topic to anything of current interest.

In his characteristics the hero of Manila bay differs but little from his brother officers. George Dewey might indeed be called a fair type of the American naval officer, who, as a rule, is genial, approachable, fond of the conventional good things of life, and not at all assertive of his most distinguishing trait, which is readiness for duty, whenever and wherever it may be.

Nowhere is the naval officer seen to more pleasing advantage than in Washington. Here, after years of sea duty, for promotion he is stationed for a period as head of an important bureau of the navy department. Men with rank of rear admiral, commodore, or captain serve here as bureau chiefs, and here their characteristics are best observed. It is a fact that the majority of them, almost all of them, are to be not only officers of the highest order of ability and efficiency, but with personal qualities most delightful in public officials. It may be that following the sea develops the character and broadens a man. Certain it is, as many people must have observed, that the average captain of an ocean liner is as fine a gentleman as can be found in the world. Of such the same mold are the American naval officers. They are men of whom the country cannot be too proud, not only for the manner in which they uphold the honor of their country in every portion of the world, but for their great mastery of the art of seamanship.

If one were to visit the bureau of equipment in the navy department during the time Commodore Dewey presided over it, he would find nothing in the general face of the slight man in the chief's office to suggest service of the most hazardous kind of a quarter of a century earlier. He would scarcely believe that the seeming man of the world, dressed with fastidious taste, had served a lieutenant on the most steam sloop Mississippi until her destruction by the confederate batteries, or that he was the man selected to force the passage up the Mississippi ahead of Farragut, running so close to shore in the world that the curses of Union and confederate gunners rang in each other's ears. But it was the same man, and quite as alert as when he won the highest commendation for bravery in his admiral in the west gulf squadron. And thirty years later, at Manila bay, the slight, courteous gentleman was destined to add a new and brighter page to American history than any of the past.

### Being the Beds.

A returning summer girl is enthusiastic in her praise of her hostess, seeing Ben come and sit beside his cabin door, would gather around, waiting and hoping that the banjo would be brought out to get supper. With loud pretended upbraidings he bundled her into bed, got his own supper, and then ran to his master with the news.

Finally one of the youngsters, bolder than the rest, spoke: "Ain't you gwine play no mo', Uncle Ben?" and received a sad shake of the head in reply, and a laconic "Nope."

This remark Liz dutifully reported to her mother. "No, 'o' co'se not," said that wise woman, with emphasis; "o' co'se Brothah Ben ain't gwine play no mo' no' right now, 'less ways; an' don't you go dah pesterin' him nuther, Liz. You be pertine an' 'speakable to him, an' make 'yo' 'bejance when you pass."

The child's wise mother had just dispensed with her last stepfather.

The children were not the only ones who attempted to draw old Ben back to his music. Even his master had a word of protest. "I tell you, Ben, we miss your Banjo," he said. "I wish you would come up and play for us sometime."

"I'd lak to, Mastah, I'd lak to, but ev' time I think 'bout playin' I kin des see h'uh up dar 'n' h'yeah de kin' o' music she's a-listenin' to, an' I ain't got no hah't 'u' dat' o' banjo no mo'."

The old man looked up at his master so pitifully, that the young man desisted.

"Oh, never mind," he said, "if you feel that way about it."

As soon as it became known that the master wanted to hear the old banjo again, every negro on the plantation was urging the old man to play in order to say that his persuasion had given the master pleasure. None, though, went to the old man's cabin with such confidence of success as did Mary, the wife of old Ben.

"O' co'se, be wa'n't gwine play den," she said as she adjusted a ribbon; "he was a mo'n'in'; but now—his' diff'rent," and she smiled back at herself in the piece of broken mirror.

She sighed very tactfully as she settled herself on old Ben's doorstep.

"I nevah come 'long h'yeah," she said, "widout thinkin' 'bout Sis Mar'y. Me an' h'uh was gre't friends, an' a' mo'oughy good friend's she wa'."

Ben shook his head affirmatively. Mary smoothed her ribbons and continued: "I des' never mind," he said, "if you feel that way about it."

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### Her Mother's Stockings.

A good story is being whispered around about one of the beautiful brides of the other week. She was married in a big church with the usual no-companionship with which Admiral Dewey impressed his associates during his year of shore duty in Washington.

After the wedding breakfast, and just as the bride was preparing to start for the depot to catch the afternoon train for her honeymoon, an old school friend of her mother came to her, kissed her on both cheeks, and said: "My dear child, you were the most perfectly lovely bride that I have seen this winter! As you walked up the aisle to meet the man who was so soon to be your husband, everyone could see from the half-frightened look in your eyes that you were the firm yet tender smile about your mouth that you were thinking of the serious importance of the step that you were taking. Your very look seemed to say: 'I am leaving my girlhood behind me and going forth upon an untried sea, but so great is my trust in him whom I have chosen that I step forward without fear and in perfect confidence.' Tell me, dear, just what the thoughts were which brought that lovely expression upon your face this morning."

"Very well, I will tell you," said the bride, "exactly what my thoughts were as I walked up the aisle. My mother, who, as you know, is a much smaller woman than I am, for some sentimental reason insisted upon my wearing at the altar the very sliver hose in which she was married to my father 25 years ago. They were so tight for me that at each step I kept repeating to myself: 'This time they will surely split. And when I reached the altar without accident I was so much relieved that I probably did wear the look of bliss which everybody mentioned.'—The Washington Times.

### Cows Milked by Machinery.

A German manufacturer has invented a new milking machine, which is finding a ready sale in Europe, especially in Denmark, Switzerland and Russia, says the Chicago Record.

An iron pipe about 1 inch in diameter is conducted through the stable, and is fixed at the ceiling so that it remains about 3 feet above the back of the animals. Flexible shafts, provided with small corks, run from this pipe to a cylindrical milk collector which is held by a belt half around the back of the cows. At one side there is attached a small flexible hose divided into four small arms, all provided with small corks, and which are connected with the udder.

The first mentioned iron pipe, running all through the stable, is connected with a large cylinder fixed at the ceiling, from which a perpendicular tube runs down into a vessel filled with water. By means of a small hand pump the air is compressed in the cylinder and thus through the whole pipes.

The water when rising regulates the pressure in the pipes.

It needs only a few movements of the pump's piston to compress the air throughout the whole system.

The only thing to be done then is to open the small corks of the pipes connected with the udder, and the milk flows into the above described milk-collecting vessel.

By this apparatus a large number of cows can be milked in a few minutes. The whole process, from the beginning until the milk does not require more than eight minutes.

### To Retain One's Beauty.

Don't roll your eyes up into your head as if they were marbles; a fine pair of eyes will be utterly ruined by this operation.

A girl with a pretty mouth will purse it into the prettiest pout, and continue the habit until many lines form about the lips, while the once lovely beauty drops.

Nearly every woman bites or sucks her lips.

Others contract the brows and produce two frowns between the eyes.

Others wrinkle the forehead with frowns.

Others perpetually wear a tip-tilted nose.

It must be remembered that a truly expressive face does not consist of a set of features hung on strings or wires.

Do cultivate placid features.

### Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and at G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

### Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and, with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. This writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Their bottles are free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c, and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed.

### Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them, also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and at G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

### Current Topics.

The Kansas City Journal factually announces that a lawsuit is threatened in Brown county (Kan.) because the ears of corn in one farmer's field have grown so large that they have pushed the line fence over forty feet on to his neighbor's farm.

The old Presbyterian cemetery on Chatham street, North Plainfield, N. J., is liable to be sold for taxes, because the dues on a little business property that it cannot pay its fixed charges. The order for the sale has been declared legal, and the purchaser will have the right to remove the bodies or to leave them, as he may choose.

Stehson, Kan., is to have a great Corn Carnival this month, and among the prizes to be competed for is the offer of a local lawyer to give his services free in the conducting of a divorce suit for the winner.

The Manila Times of July 13 says that a restaurant in that city which should be run on the American system, and where one could "get a decent meal without fear of being sickened by a mixture of fish, cockroaches, oil and other abominations, and for a reasonable price, ought to be a little gold mine to an enterprising man." The writer complains especially that the Spanish proprietors of the eating houses cannot be made to understand or satisfy the American's desire for a "square meal" before beginning his daily work.

An obituary in a Georgia paper ends in this wise: "His last words were: 'Tell my wife to meet me in heaven!' but, unfortunately, she had just taken the train for Savannah."

### Remedy English Proverbs.

Here are a few old English proverbs, imported direct from the old country: Suspicion has a key that fits every lock.

Don't pull the house down because the chimney smokes.

If you give me a knife, give me a fork, too.

Give me to drink, but drench me not.

A hole in the purse, and the cupboard the worse.

The fuller the hand the harder to hold.

Strike the dog, but beware of his bite.

Heap on the coals and put out the fire.

The fool kept the shell and threw away the kernel.

One cock is sure to crow if he hears another.

In comes the fiddler and out goes the money.

The shorter the wit the longer the word.

Saw off any branch that you are sitting on.

My partner ate the meat and left me the bone.

If you break your bowl you lose your broth.

Don't walk until it is dark before you light the lamp.

Every bell must ring its own tune.

If you shoot one bird you scare the whole flock.

Beware of pride, says the peacock.

You must shut your eyes if the dust looks in your face.

Epilepsy was incurable before the discovery of Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer. There is plenty of evidence that it will cure even the worst cases. If it will cure that dread disease, it surely will the lesser nerve troubles. For sale at Gardner's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

Wine stains in linen may be effectively removed by holding the stained article in milk till it boils over the fire. Fruit stains are best treated with yellow soap rubbed into each side of the stain, after which tie a piece of pearlsh in the article which when finally removed and exposed to light and air in drying, the marks will gradually disappear. Mildew spots on linen should be rubbed with soap and fine chalk powder.

"To err is human," but to continue the mistake of neglecting your blood is folly. To keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Packing to avoid creases is an art, but one that can be acquired. Folding garments to fit the trunk in which they are to be stored, and laying a sheet of this paper between the folds, will do more. Packing so tightly that the clothes can not shift about, even under the baggage-man's handling, will do more. The indiscriminate folds that come of a vigorous shaking-up will do more harm than any amount of pressure put upon those laid with care.

Two million Americans suffer the torturing pains of dyspepsia. No need to Barlock Blood Bitters cure. At any drug store.

Did you ever suffer torment from a shoe tight in one spot? Here is a remedy for it: Apply sweet oil to the stockings where the rub comes. It is better than applying it to the foot, because it softens the inside of the boot, where it is needed, instead of the outside.

Impossible to foresee an accident. Not impossible to be prepared for it. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Monarch over pain.

If a small hook is screwed on the under side of the dining-table at each corner, and loops sewed on the corners of the felt coverlets, it will be found a convenient means of adjusting its length when the table needs to be made smaller.

A soft corner can be cured by placing a tuft of cotton wool, saturated with olive oil, between the toes and renewing it every day. The corn will very soon disappear.

### FARM NEWS AND VIEWS.

Corn and Clover Hay Compared. Spreading Manure.

The grains are deficient in lime and mineral matter, while clover is rich in those materials. Corn contains 10 per cent. of water and about 1 per cent. of dry matter (corn has but 1 per cent. of ash, lime, magnesia, potash, soda, etc.) while clover has over 6 per cent. Clover hay contains over 12 per cent. of protein and corn 10; Corn is rich in starch and fat, however, containing twice as much as clover. Clover hay has more crude fibre than the corn grain, hence is less valuable in that direction. While farmers have always made clover hay a specialty in feeding adults, yet it is more valuable for young stock than may be supposed. If cut up very fine and then scalded it makes one of the best rations in winter for poultry and will promote laying. For ducks and geese it cannot be excelled. If cut very fine and mixed with cooked turnips or carrots clover hay will be relished by young pigs and it will promote rapid growth. In some sections clover hay is ground into what is termed "clover meal," and it is then sold in bags. Cornmeal is too fattening for certain animals, but in winter it may be used more freely, and is so used, but ration when used in connection with clover.

The question of spreading manure in the fall has been discussed for many years, and opinions are divided as to whether spreading should be done in the fall or the manure retained in heaps until the spring plowing begins. Many farmers believe in using manure on hills, but the method of using depends upon the quantity of manure on hand. If the land is level and there is no liability of the rain washing the manure from the soil the work of spreading may be done in the fall where plowing has been done. The question of when to spread is one that each farmer must determine for himself, as everything depends upon the conditions on the farm.

Experiments show that a cow, when in full flow of milk, drinks from 1500 to 2000 pounds of water per month, the average quantity, determined by testing a herd, being 1000 per cow. This fact shows the importance of an unlimited supply of pure water at all seasons of the year. In every 100 quarts of milk the farmer sells about 88 quarts of water, and when the cows cannot procure water at all times they will fall off in yields.

Old strawbeds may be burned over as soon as the leaves die off, and by so doing many of the seeds of weeds will be consumed. The bed should then be mulched by covering with manure or straw, but the mulch need not be applied until cold weather comes. If the old bed is full of weeds it will not yield satisfactorily next year, and to turn it over will be an improvement in many respects.

Cows that are foaled in the fall will entail less cost than those that come in the spring, as the mares will not be taken to the fields for work at this season. When spring comes the colts will be weaned and can then be put upon pasture, leaving the mares ready for service in the fields. As soon as the colts will eat give them ground oats in addition to the supply of milk from the dams.

An excellent lice killer may be made with the well known kerosene emulsion by adding to the kerosene one gallon of crude carbolic acid for every two gallons of kerosene. Dilute the emulsion with ten times its volume of water. It may be used as a wash for animals. It may be sprayed on them. It is so excellent when sprayed in the poultry house.

The richest milk is that which comes from the udder last, and to leave a gill may be to leave one-half of the butter fat. All cows should be "stripped" when milked, not to secure the whole of the milk, but to protect the milking period, as cows that are not milked in this manner will dry off sooner. The amount of fat in the milk of cows largely depends upon how completely the milking is done, yet that important matter is not considered by most dairymen, as they employ milkers without regard to their qualifications.

Low prices for products do not compel farmers to sell at market rates. Each farmer has a reputation, or should make one for himself. A reputation for supplying the market with a choice article creates confidence in the consumer and they will pay more for the ruling market prices because they know they will not be imposed upon. If two farmers should send butter of the same quality to market, the one with a reputation would receive a higher price than the other, although his product might not be better. Each farmer should work on his own lines and endeavor to get his produce into market of better quality than the market affords.

Do not utilize straw by drying it to be used over again, but pass all bedding material through the feed cutter, so as to render it more serviceable in the manure heap. The cost of cutting the material is an item, but absorption of the liquids in the heap will be more complete and the gain in the value of the manure will be large. As the manure will be used as fine and easily handled it can be forked over with the little labor so as to more thoroughly decompose all portions. Coarse litter will absorb liquids, but there will be a loss until such materials become fine in the heap. The fine litter will also make excellent bedding and will more readily assist in keeping the stalls dry.

Cut away the tops of the asparagus and when dry burn the bed over, so as to destroy insects. Then cover heavily with fresh stable manure that is free from litter and allow it to remain until next spring.

The best food for ducks and geese after grass disappears is a mess of cooked turnips, thickened with bran, twice a day. If the cooking is objectionable the turnips may be sliced with a root cutter and the bran sprinkled over them. Ducks and geese prefer bulky food and require but little grain when not laying.

Brushes and brooms would last longer and do better work if they had an occasional bath. Four tablespoonfuls of household ammonia in two quarts of lukewarm water are the proportions for a good bath. Let the bristles or straw stand in the water half an hour, then rinse thoroughly, and do not hang them by the heat, but put in a cool place to dry.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and, with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. This writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Their bottles are free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c, and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed.

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