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# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827. VOL. XLVIII, NO. 43. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1900. WHOLE NO. 2540.

...A...  
**Single standard**

only possible, whether as a test of excellence in journalism, or for the measurement of quantities, time or value; and it is the only one that will be at hand in any emergency.

**The Philadelphia Record**

after a career of over twenty years of uninterrupted growth is justified in claiming that the standard first established by its founders is the one true test of a Peifc Newspaper.

To publish ALL THE NEWS promptly and in the most readable form, without omission or partiality, to disseminate its significance with frankness, to keep AN OPEN EYE FOR PUBLIC ABUSES, to give besides a complete record of current thought, facts and discoveries in all departments of human activity in its DAILY EDITIONS of from 10 to 15 PAGES, and to provide the whole for its patrons at the nominal price of ONE CENT—this was from the outset, and will continue to be the aim of THE RECORD.

**The Pioneer**

one-cent morning newspaper in the United States. "The Record" still leads where others follow. Witness its unrivaled average daily circulation, extending 150,000 copies, and an average of 150,000 copies for its Sunday edition, while imitations of its plan of publication in every important city of the country testify to the truth of the assertion that in the quantity and quality of its contents, and in the price at which it is sold, "The Record" has established the standard by which excellence in journalism must be measured.

**The Daily Edition**

"The Record" will be sent by mail to any address for \$1.00 per year or 25 cents per month.

**The Sunday Edition**

at 2c per copy or \$1.00 per year, together with the Daily, give its readers the best and freshest information of all that is going on in the world every day in the year, including holidays, will be sent for \$1.00 a year or 25 cents per month.

**WHERE TO DINE!**

SOUPS, HOT LUNCHEONS, COLD LUNCHEONS, ICE CREAM, DESSERTS, DAY AND NIGHT.

The neatest, cleanest and best place in Somerset for meals. Everything in season, carefully prepared and at moderate prices. When you come to town try the "White Palace" and be happy.

Shipments of Fresh Oysters received daily and for sale in quantities to suit the purchasers, at

**M. L. Shaffer's**  
Cock & Beeris Block.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Estate of Henry S. Daniels, late of Jenner township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the above estate and he hereby gives notice that he will receive and pay all claims against the estate of the said Henry S. Daniels, late of Jenner township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd, on or before the 15th day of April, 1900, at the late residence of the said Henry S. Daniels, late of Jenner township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

**LEGAL NOTICE.**  
To Ella Coughlin, of Pennellville, Pa., and Charles Schmitt, residence unknown. You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the undersigned, in and to the undersigned, a partition of the premises on which the undersigned, Charles Schmitt, late of Pennellville, Pa., dec'd, is now residing, was made on the 15th day of March, 1900, at the late residence of the said Charles Schmitt, late of Pennellville, Pa., dec'd.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Estate of Elizabeth Trunk, late of Stonycreek township, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the above estate and he hereby gives notice that he will receive and pay all claims against the estate of the said Elizabeth Trunk, late of Stonycreek township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd, on or before the 15th day of April, 1900, at the late residence of the said Elizabeth Trunk, late of Stonycreek township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Estate of Adaline Small, late of Stone Township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the above estate and he hereby gives notice that he will receive and pay all claims against the estate of the said Adaline Small, late of Stone Township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd, on or before the 15th day of April, 1900, at the late residence of the said Adaline Small, late of Stone Township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

**ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.**  
Aaron Blough and John P. Smith, Assignees.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed assignees of the estate of the late Aaron Blough and John P. Smith, late of Stone Township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd, and they hereby give notice that they will receive and pay all claims against the estate of the said Aaron Blough and John P. Smith, late of Stone Township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd, on or before the 15th day of April, 1900, at the late residence of the said Aaron Blough and John P. Smith, late of Stone Township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

**ARCHITECT.**  
John Murray.

**TO TAKE.**  
Youngsters like it—and it cures the cough in a jiffy.

**Dr. James' Cherry Tar Syrup.**

Prompt relief in all cases of throat or lung affections—a safe, reliable family medicine.

At all Drug Stores.  
25 Cents a Bottle.

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Somerset, Penna.

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UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$5,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL ACCOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

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Watchmaker and Jeweler.

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**I am Now**  
prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

**REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.**

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

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**KEEFER'S NEW SHOE STORE.**

Black and Tan. Latest Styles and Shapes at Lowest Prices.

**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**

**PATENTS**

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**Get an Education**

**CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.**

**WAX CANDLES.**

**JACQUEMINOTS.**

"It was awfully good of you to remember me so handsomely, dear Bob," murmured Irene Benson as she buried her face in the bouquet that had elicited the remark.

The individual so affectionately styled "Bob" was according to his card de visite, Mr. R. Sinclair King, though within a few years of the date of this story he had always been pronounced by the first name bestowed upon him by his godfather and godmother, and had correspondingly obscured the one that now stood out so boldly against the chaste cardboard background.

Inmate acquaintances still addressed him as "Bob" with or without adjectives, according to their sex and sentiments.

In the capacity of fiancé his present companion naturally exercised a special right over him, against which he did not rebel.

True, she was the fourth young lady in half as many years that the gushing, flaxen-haired, money-burdened Mr. King had bound himself with sacred promises, solemnized by temporary sincerity, and of course society laughed at her for expecting to retain the devotion of a man who had so quickly tired of three handsome predecessors.

But Miss Benson only smiled sweetly. She was not beautiful certainly; but she never for a moment argued against the question with the mirror. Her vision was wonderfully clear and easily discerned such defects as an elongated chin that would not diminish with age, an aspiring nose, and an absence of natural color in the cheeks.

Nevertheless, she was by no means plain, and at times her large gray eyes seemed to lend their beauty to her features. Then, too, she was admittedly clever—a quality that can often hold a man when the finest bonds of fascination have snapped.

Already the engagement was three months old, and though the watchful professed to notice a gradual decline in the gentleman's attentions, there was nothing sufficiently marked to attract any general comment.

As a matter of fact, "dear Bob" was stringing her off little of his fourth conquest, but he was not yet tired with anything more desirable, and he scorned the old adage so redundant with caution.

He thought Irene looked remarkably well on this evening, and he had led her away from the throng of dancers to gladden her heart with a few efficacious and well-tried words of praise. They were little battered with much campaigning, for Mr. King's range in metaphorical composition was painfully limited, but as they were all illumined with the glow of gold the necessary effect was invariably produced.

Everything had proceeded very nicely until Irene had murmured her thanks for the flowers. Then a wave of hot confusion that experience and diplomacy could not keep back swept over the gentleman's fair face. He moved restlessly in his seat, then glanced askance at the bouquet. Several times he cleared his throat and straightened his neck as though breathing with an effort.

Meantime his companion continued the one-sided conversation.

"Red is my color," she said, "the deep, rich red of these roses. I was so delighted when they arrived this afternoon that I fairly danced with joy. Aunt thought I was crazy, but when she saw the cause of my actions she was almost as bewildered. It was really too good of you, Bob," she exclaimed.

"Don't thank me, Irene," murmured Mr. King. But Irene cut him short.

"Why should I thank you?" she asked girlishly. "I know lots of other engaged girls who intended never both sending their flowers. But you are not like that, and she bent her gray eyes upon him, shining with love and gratitude.

"This did not serve to put Mr. King at his ease. A clammy perspiration stood out on his smooth, low forehead.

"Are you ill, Bob?" asked Miss Benson, suddenly looking up and seeing the metamorphosis in her dear one. She seized his hand and stroked it nervously, while her twitching face and short drawn breath expressed the anxiety she felt.

With a mighty effort Mr. King pulled himself together, and from his manly chest there came a laugh of great dimensions, but so hollow and heartless as to seem but the echo of a past happiness.

"I'm all right," he said boisterously; "never felt better, though it is a trifle warm; but the fact is—well, dear, about that bouquet. Was there any card sent with it?"

"Why should there have been a card?" inquired Miss Benson softly. "It was not necessary. I knew you had the right to do so. But, dear, it was very extravagant of you to send such a profusion," and again her face sought the caress of the velvety petals.

Admiration had somewhat displaced the agitation in Mr. King's eyes as he dazedly shouldered his companion, so eye-like in modest nudity.

"They are beautiful," murmured with great tenderness. She thought he wondered why he had diminished his attentions to this girl, who would make him such an attractive wife. Her hair was exceedingly pretty and bare the closest inspection. He would have liked to touch it with his lips, had not the tall figure of a man just then loomed up before him. It was Clarence Lovelace, one of the handsomest beaux in society.

"I must ask you to pardon my intrusion," he remarked, addressing himself particularly to Mr. King, "but Miss Benson waltzes so divinely that I didn't feel I could let her off her engagement with me."

No objection could be offered, and Mr. King was left teetering on a vacant stare. It was with a feeling of intense jealousy he noticed that the rose in Mr. Lovelace's buttonhole corresponded in color with those of Miss Benson's bouquet. Was this more than a coincidence?" he asked himself.

He followed the couple with his eyes until they were out of sight.

"He looked at her so fondly and so tenderly," he mused. "Wonder if he sent her the flowers? It would be just like his impulsive nature. I don't think anyway. I'll see that he enjoys no more of Irene's divine dancing."

Mr. King returned to the ball-room, jealous for the first time in his life. He found an irate partner awaiting him with little pretense of patience.

Usually mild and laughing, he apologized for his unavoidable delay with a saucy reply that revealed the true extent of his repentance.

Always a graceful dancer, he conducted himself on this occasion with so much awkwardness that he was soon the cynosure of many surprised eyes, so much so, in fact, that before the music was much more than half way through his partner was forced to call a halt, for the pace had been a fast one and she had not escaped without several collisions which had more or less deranged her toilettes.

Anger sparkled in her eyes, but to no effect, for Mr. King's gaze kept a close watch on his absent thoughts. Curiosity clung to his partner to follow the former; she saw Miss Benson gliding gracefully along with Mr. Lovelace, a magnificent bouquet of Jacqueminots roses which she held peeping over her broad shoulder.

"Are you still enamored of Miss Benson?" she purred, asking for the brevity of Mr. King's attentions was ordinary talk.

"I am engaged to her," he answered stiffly.

"Still?"

The query was aggravatingly sarcastic. "I hardly understand you," remarked Mr. King with great dignity.

The lady laughed good-naturedly. She was pretty and much admired. Mr. King had neglected to pay due homage to her charms, and she took a malicious enjoyment in adding to his evident discomfort.

What was rumored that his attentions to Miss Benson were losing favor, Miss Archer had taken hasty counsel with herself and decided upon a plan of campaign by which she might capture and retain the real favor.

On this evening she had hoped by a preliminary skirmish to get things well under way, but the gentleman's pre-occupation upset her calculations.

When she realized that his fiancée still held her away from the throng of dancers to gladden her heart with a few efficacious and well-tried words of praise. They were little battered with much campaigning, for Mr. King's range in metaphorical composition was painfully limited, but as they were all illumined with the glow of gold the necessary effect was invariably produced.

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dances on the strength of old acquaintance. A nice excuse, indeed! As Mr. King thought these thoughts his brow contracted in anger. He would put a stop to the thing. Yes, indeed. He would show Mr. Lovelace or any other man that Irene Benson was his own particular property. His eyes flashed fire and his mouth exhaled smoke to such a degree as to lend a fierceness to his bearing which he was not entitled to. He viewed himself in the mirror opposite with satisfaction. Irene would be his.

"He certainly had his fallen off somewhat in his attentions, but he convinced himself that this heralded no change of feeling. It was simply carelessness, and Irene, of course, understood it. She, at least, trusted him, if others did not. She understood him, dear, good girl that she was. And he would show the world that her confidence was not misplaced. He had many mistakes—three mistakes that he had likewise discovered them before it was too late. Now, however, his choice had fallen on the right person. He did not try to reason out why in the last few weeks he had found enjoyment beyond the limits of the presence he so craved. He either forgot about that reactionary spell, or generously forgave himself. It was his nature to do so.

He consulted his program feverishly and found he had the next two dances with Irene. It was well, for with so much on his mind it was exceedingly difficult for him to contain himself.

It took but a few minutes to find his partner and conduct her to the fragrant bower where he had heard the story of the roses. They had begun to droop somewhat a circumstance that Mr. King put down as significant; the doctor's hopes would die as quickly, Irene, he thought, looked better than ever. In spite of the fact that she had danced almost continuously, her face was as clear and cool as when she had commenced, while the simple and becoming dress that Miss Archer had sneered at seemed fresh and uncrumpled.

Mr. King gazed at her admiringly, although he was slightly displeased that she buried her protruding chin in the rose-petal. This chin had become perfectly moulded, in his altered imagination, and he disliked seeing it in such close contact with an unknown's gift. However, it was not his intention to disabuse her mind of the ideas it contained pertaining to his generosity and attention. Certainly he would not again leave himself open to the charge of neglect, and meantime Mr. Lovelace or some other envious rival would deserve his gratitude for having stepped into the breach.

"Irene," said he, softly, and after a short search his hand found hers, "we have been engaged for over two months."

"Yes, Bob."

"There is nothing to prevent our getting married at any time?"

"No, Bob."

"Then, dear, suppose we fix the day."

"Oh, Bob," said Miss Benson's pale face became suffused with an exquisite blush that indicated maidenly pleasure not unmixt with confusion.

"Yes, dear, I want you to name the day. But it will be soon—inside of two weeks," exclaimed the enraptured man, his whole being longing for the early possession of this treasure so marvellously more precious with the increased demand.

"I'm afraid I couldn't get my trousseau ready in two weeks, dear," expostulated the blushing dame; "there is so much to do."

"Then say in a month," he begged, in amendment to his former motion.

"Self-sufficiency and generosity shone in Irene's gray eyes as she shook her head.

"No, dear," she whispered, "I shall not disappoint you in any way. It will be a rush, but, since you desire it, I'll be ready in two weeks—two weeks from to-day; and this is Wednesday."

"Are you sure it isn't asking too much of you, loved one?"

"Nothing would do so much for your sake," she murmured.

"Brave little girl! No one was in sight, he rapturously kissed the pretty mouth so close to the flowers. Their color, while almost stifling him, increased his desire for possession.

"Take one of these roses in memory of this evening," she purred. Her dainty fingers extracted a bud from the companionship of its fellows and held it up within the shadow of his Roman nose.

"I shall press the others," she added, "and keep them for ever."

"No, no, don't do that," exclaimed Mr. King, who replied, "I'd rather give you something more lasting—more substantial—to mark the event with."

"But these flowers are so beautiful!"

"Yes, yes; but no more so than others I've sent you."

"Oh, yes, they are, Bob. You never showed such good taste before."

"Do you think so?" he asked, in a weak, hopeless voice.

"I'm sure of it. And it's such a handsome bouquet, too. Wear this, dear, won't you, for my sake? You should wear my colors, you know; and to frank, I was a little disappointed when I saw your buttonhole this evening."

"It was a mistake, darling. Strange, though, isn't it, that Mr. Lovelace should be wearing a rose the same color as yours?"

chest heaved as Miss Benson removed the pink rose and substituted the one of deeper hue.

"Won't Lovelace be wild?" he mused. Then, addressing his fiancée, he said: "Don't bother about keeping any of the flowers after to-night. Flowers die, you know, and our love is everlasting. A diamond star would be a more appropriate souvenir, and it would look well on your beautiful neck. You may give me something as a keepsake—a lock of your hair, for instance. Yes, by Jove! I must have that for my locket."

"I shall cut it for you when I go home."

"Dearest one!" and so no one was near, a significant sound followed the words.

"Why, Bob?" exclaimed Miss Benson, suddenly, looking at her program, "I am engaged for all the dances, and the orchestra is playing a waltz now. This is the fourth I have missed. What will my partner say?"

"That I am a lucky fellow. They'll be angry, but you are my property, you know." And she did not contradict him.

Two weeks later Irene Benson danced with Mr. R. Sinclair King in full view of the city's elite. There were many surprised men, and no fewer jealous women at the ceremony. Mr. King was voted eccentric for having fitted handsome girls than the bride, with whom he was evidently much in love.

"She'll never know that I didn't send that bouquet of roses," he mused as he escorted her down the church aisle.

At the same moment Mrs. King was wondering if her husband would ever discover that she had spent a precious fifteen dollars on the celebrated bouquet that had been the rapid and successful means of ending her days of spinsterhood—Edgar Maurice Smith, Jr. Lippinott's Magazine.

**A Sure Cure for Hard Times.**

THREE BEERS A DAY, OR 1 barrel of flour, 50 pounds of sugar, 20 pounds of corn-starch, 10 pounds of macaroni, 10 quarts of beans, 4 twelve-pound hams, 1 bushel sweet potatoes, 1 bushel Irish potatoes, 10 pounds of coffee, 10 pounds of raisins, 10 pounds of rice, 20 pounds of crackers, 100 bars of soap, 2 twelve-pound turkeys, 5 quarts of cranberries, 10 bunches of celery, 10 pounds of prunes, 4 dozen oranges.

10 pounds of mixed nuts—FOUR BIG BARRELS HEADED UP! and in the bottom of the last barrel a purse with two pockets. In one pocket a five-dollar gold piece marked "A dress for mother," and in the other pocket a ten-dollar bill marked "To buy shoes for the children."

Look at that! What is it? That's what three beers a day would buy.

Do you hear that, drinking men? Three beers a day would buy for mother, and ten dollars' worth of shoes thrown in—James B. Dunn in Leaflet Series.

**Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.**

KENNA, Jackson Co., W. Va. About three years ago my wife had an attack of rheumatism which confined her to her bed for a month and rendered her unable to walk a step without assistance, her limbs being swollen to double their normal size.

Mr. S. Maddox insisted on my using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I purchased a fifty-cent bottle and used it according to the directions and the next morning she walked to breakfast without assistance in any manner, and she has not had another attack since.—A. B. PARSONS. For sale by all druggists.

**Preacher's Predicament.**

When people get to talking stories of dinners they've attended, there's no end to it!

One woman, however, does invariably get applause when she finds a new audience and tells them of the agony of a clergyman who sat next her on a memorable occasion, upon which their hostess had actually risked using sundress pants that cost \$20 each.

Even their cost did not ease the mind of the poor cleric who had to sit his lion from the pinky stomach of a scantily draped Oriental dancer who was trying to dance herself into the graces of a Shah on a divan.

A gay young lady opposite got the Madonna plate intended for the church dignitary.

**The Best in the World.**

We believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best in the world. A few weeks ago we suffered with a severe cold and a troublesome cough, and having read their advertisements in our own and other papers we purchased a bottle to see if it would affect us. It cured us before the bottle was more than half used. It is the best medicine out for cold and coughs.

The Herald, Andersonville, Ind. For sale by all druggists.

Mrs. Henpeck—"For goodness sake! what did you buy that squawking parrot for?" Mr. Henpeck—"For \$10, my dear." "Don't be funny. You complained the other day that there was too much talking about this house, anyway." "Yes, dear; and since I can't have less talking, I can at least have a change occasionally."

The nervous system is your life prop, if it gives away, strengthen it with Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer, the kind that cured A. F. Bennighoff, Greenville, Pa., of epileptic fits which nearly ended his days.

All coughs and colds yield to Brant's Balsam. Bottle so large will cure a whole family, 25 cents. For sale at Garret's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

**As to the Census.**

To build up a great office like the Census Office in fifteen months from absolutely nothing to an efficient machine, employing about three thousand men in Washington and about fifty thousand elsewhere in the country, is a difficult task, and entire success is out of the question. The office naturally compares itself with the stage of preparation attained at the same period ten years ago and tried by this test, it has gained several useful points in its progress.

One of the problems before it is how to put in the time thus secured in such a way as most to benefit the Census.

In the Agricultural Division the need of time for preliminary work is perhaps as great as anywhere in the Census Office. Farmers, as a class, do not keep their accounts as well as manufacturers, and the returns from farmers may occasionally include serious errors which a trained eye will at once detect. Hence the farm schedules must be examined and such errors corrected before the tables can be made up from them with safety. If a farmer reports that his land sown to wheat was ten acres and the yield four thousand bushels, it is clear that an average yield of wheat is not to be expected. It is incredible, and must be rejected or corrected in accordance with the probabilities. Sometimes the truth can be made out by an expert from comparison with entries in other parts of the schedule; sometimes correspondence must be opened to settle the doubts. All this ranks under the general head of verifying the schedules, and the Agricultural Division plans to give all the time possible to the work of verifying each of the millions of farm schedules. To accomplish this in the time allowed, the work of several hundred clerks will be required, and they must have hard and fast rules to guide them. For example, they might be told: When the wheat reports show a product of over forty bushels to the acre, they are suspicious and must be laid aside for an expert to pass upon. But any such rules must vary with the section of the country. A yield of twenty bushels in one section might be more questionable than a yield of forty bushels in another. Hence the division must fix in advance what is the range of reports in each part of the country and for each crop that may be accepted as probable on their face and not requiring special examination. To get the limits of probability for this purpose for each county in the United States, that is, the maximum and minimum yield and the maximum and minimum price which may be accepted without verification, is the object of an extensive correspondence now being carried on by the Agricultural Division under the direction of Mr. L. G. Powers, Chief Statistician in charge of that division. Three simple schedules have been prepared and printed on different colored paper in order that they may be readily distinguished one from another. One of them covers ordinary garden vegetables, a second covers fruits, and the third the great staple field crops. Each one has a series of measures employed and the net price realized, and the two most important schedules, those for staple field products and for vegetables, ask