

COUNTY AGENT'S NEWS LETTER

Usual Weather Conditions
Last week was a hard one on the county meetings. The weather was a determining factor.

Milk Meetings
Reist, in charge of Agricultural Economics, gave a very interesting illustration of the history of the Pittsburgh Milk shed for the past years.

Vegetable Grows Four Times In Popularity
Cucumbers has increased in popularity rapidly that the acreage in the county has grown 400 per cent.

Asparagus is regarded as a delicacy, but is now considered as a staple of diet.

Asparagus is the first green available in the spring garden and it is ready every day for two months.

It is the time to order roots for spring planting. Use well-established roots of the Mary Queen variety which can be obtained from any reliable seedman.

Cucumbers can be grown successfully in Pennsylvania provided drainage is good.

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Farm Flock Profits Subject To Change

Profits from the farm flocks next fall depend on five important points. These are the number of lambs raised, quick and economical growth to marketable condition, having all lambs docked and all male lambs castrated, the proper degree of finish at market time, and the breeding back of the lambs.

All of the factors named, except the last one, are under control of flock owners at the present time.

Breeding ewes need a good nourishing ration, containing plenty of protein, at this time. Good fresh corn silage fed in combination with clover hay furnishes a splendid roughage.

It is well to remove the ewe and lamb from the rest of the flock for 48 hours after the lamb is born.

Long tails often spoil the appearance of a very well-finished lamb. Since the tails are so much waste, they should be removed when the lambs are from one to two weeks of age.

Mistakes in breeding cannot be corrected in the spring crop of lambs but they need not be repeated.

Monthly Report of the Brothersvalley Cow Testing Association

Kenneth E. Long, tester for the Brothersvalley Cow Testing Association reports for the month of February 63 cows dry, 221 cows in milk, 40 lbs. fat, 4 cows producing over 1,000 lbs. milk and 17 cows producing over 1,200 lbs. milk.

The ten highest producing cows in butterfat for the month are as follows: H. H. Glessner, Ped, Gr. S., 1240 lbs. milk, 57.0 lbs. butterfat.

M. S. Smith, Daisy, R. H., 1781 lbs. milk, 55.2 lbs. butterfat. H. H. Glessner, Maiden, R. H., 1672 lbs. milk, 51.8 lbs. butterfat.

Monthly Report of the Somerset Cow Testing Association
J. Orlo Walker, tester for the Somerset Cow Testing Association reports for the month of February 25 herds tested, 249 cows in milk, 68 cows dry, 30 cows producing over 1,000 lbs. fat, 10 cows producing over 500 lbs. fat, 40 cows producing over 1,000 lbs. milk and 19 cows producing over 1,200 lbs. milk.

The ten highest cows in butterfat for the month are as follows: Somerset County Home, Daisy, R. H., 2304 lbs. milk, 55.2 lbs. butterfat.

PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned will offer at public sale in the Gletfely Store building at Wittenburg, Larimer Township, Somerset County, Pa., on SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1929.

Beginning promptly at 1:00 P. M. The following described personal property and real estate of Minerva A. Miller, deceased: Stoves, irons, dishes, lamps, dining table, sewing machine, canned fruit, potatoes, beds, springs, pillows, apple butter, dressers, smoked meat, white rock chickens, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

REALTY DEALS

Clarissa Jane Loughner Morgan to Neuton B. Baumgardner, Conemaugh Township; \$1.

Joseph P. Hoerle et ux. to Union Realty Co., Jenner Township; \$1.

Reading Iron Co. to Joseph Manges, Quemahoning Township; \$1.

Joseph Manges et ux. to Reading Coal Co., Quemahoning Township; \$1.

Don I. Davis et ux. to Elmer L. Naugle, Somerset Township; \$200.

Somerset Improvement Co. to Martin L. Markel et ux., Somerset Township; \$5,700.

Thomas Reese et al. to John O. Stoner, agreement.

Jonathan Miller et ux. to Edward Kimmel et al., Brothersvalley Township; \$142,900.

John O. Stoner to H. K. Stoner, Brothersvalley Township; \$1.

Thaddeus L. Doyle et ux. to Dora Pletcher, Milford Township; \$585.

S. S. Mosholder et ux. to J. C. Liphart, Milford Township; \$1,400.

William Barndt to Second National Bank of Meyersdale, J. H. Bowman, assignee.

S. T. Cunningham to Alta Cunningham, Somerset Borough; \$1.

Thomas Bengough to William Manotti et ux., Windber Borough; \$3,800.

Anna Almira Humes to Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Addison and Elk Lick Townships; \$14,901.62.

William Gibbons et ux. to Mike Slavish, Shade Township; \$18.

David A. Lambert et ux. to Erna C. Woodward, Stonycreek Township; \$500.

Lester H. Kimmel et ux. to Lillie M. Peck et vir, Stonycreek Township; \$5,000.

William Gibbons et ux. to H. H. Walker, Shade Township; \$25.

John Yoder et ux. to Uriah Blough, Conemaugh Township; \$2,000.

Morgan H. Walker et ux. to Union Trust Company of Maryland; \$300.

E. L. Simpson's heirs to Harvey Schall, Somerset Borough; \$1.

Conemaugh Coal Mining Co. Trustee to U. S. Savings & Trust Company, Conemaugh and Brothersvalley Townships; \$900.

Harvey H. Kretzman et ux. to John M. Weimer, Meyersdale; \$10.

Pennsylvania Electric Co. et al. to Harvey H. Maust et al., Elk Lick Township; \$1.

Rectifying A Mistake Of Nature Ethel—What a finely chiseled mouth you have! It ought to be on a girl's face."

Jack—"Well, I seldom miss an opportunity."

The Queerest Adventure

By PAULINE DELMAY

(Copyright.)

MARION CLEVELAND stopped her roadster at the gate of an old house that sat by the wayside.

"Well, Cousin Phyllis," said Marion, turning lovely green eyes on her middle-aged relative, "here is the old Cleveland homestead, and it looks wickedly lonesome to me!"

Cousin Phyllis squeaked dismayfully. "Well, Marion—let us go and find Letty Brown and then look for Sam Willis to clear up the yard."

Marion started the car, and they sped down the street and stopped at the lane where Letty Brown lived.

"What a nice place!" said Marion, alighting and went to see about Letty herself. Presently she came back with a stout, comfortable colored woman who greeted Marion with indulgent affection.

Letty climbed into the rumble seat which, with her belongings, she fitted snugly. She sat there proudly as the roadster went along and stopped at a small, mean house with closed shutters.

"Sam Willis, ma'am, he's left town," informed Letty. "Left town? When?" gasped Cousin Phyllis.

"I guess, ma'am, it was dreckly after he rented your house to the artist—about a month ago."

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham Bonner

(Copyright.)

THE GAME

The Moonbeams looked very bright and happy gleaming from the sky.

"Don't you want us?" they asked, though they already knew the answer to their question.

"Of course I want you," said Mr. Moon, "and so do the people. Moonbeams are so happy and gay. They dance and they almost seem to sing."

"We'll sing just for you, Mr. Moon," they said. And the Moonbeams sang this song:

"Oh, not when it's day, Do we laugh and play. But when it is night, We shine and are bright. We love everything, We love Mr. Moon, And soon, very soon, We're going to shine, For a party of nine."

"That's a wonderful song," said Mr. Moon, "but might I ask how you're going to shine for a party of nine?"

"We might have," said the Moonbeams, "but we didn't have to this time."

"There are nine people going on the sleighride which you and we are going to accompany."

"There are eight children and a nice, good-natured farmer daddy who seems to be enjoying the ride as much as the children."

"Let me see," said Mr. Moon, as he blinked one eye. "The moon is very bright tonight, said the children. See how the moonbeams dance, too!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Moon, "we certainly must keep on going along with them. They've noticed us and they seem to like us."

So the Moon seemed to shine more brightly than ever—even such a high creature as he enjoyed a little extra praise.

It does almost every one good to hear something nice once in awhile.

"They seemed pleased to see us dance," said the Moonbeams. "We'll give them a special treat of our own game—our moonbeam game of tag."

"Do," said Mr. Moon. "They'll enjoy that."

So the Moonbeams danced and played tag with each other, and Mr. Moon beamed, too, and shone for all he was worth.

A Disturbed Decision

By A. W. PEACH

(Copyright.)

SOMETIMES it seems as if into our moments of supreme happiness fate dropped a regret or disaster that immediately comes pretty near to dissolving that happiness.

The preceding evening he had gone to the little cottage at the end of the broad street where Avery Wells lived with her pleasant-faced mother, and there, in the homelike quiet of the cottage living room, he had looked into Avery's dark eyes and asked the question as bravely as he could, which she had answered in a whisper.

He had spent most of the night dreaming in his rooms, building castles. He loved the village, and the village people trusted him. His future did not promise glory and gold, but it did promise happiness with Avery to share it with him.

He knew that as far as he was concerned two things were plain; he could not marry Avery if she accepted this money bequeathed to her by his old and bitter rival; yet that sum of money meant for her and her mother independence and comfort, the removal of worry, after long years of severe and frugal living.

One thing he was sure of: if Avery knew how he felt, she would not accept the bequest. Marsh reasoned, "I cannot ask her to give the fortune up; and Brinner knew I would not. Funny, how a dead man in his grave can tangle up the living!"

Under the stress of his suffering memories, his thinking became a bit hazy, but he came to a decision. He heard the jingling sleighbells, the hearty greetings as men came into the post office below him; faint as they were they were clear enough to make him think of the wholesome, friendly life of his village. With the thought came his decision. A friend in a northern city had written to him repeatedly to join him where opportunity was wide and money ready.

He would go, refuse to assume charge of the fund and shut the door quietly but firmly in his little house of dreams.

A week passed. He did not see Avery, and pleaded as an excuse that he was very busy. He was—in the grievous business of slowly undoing all ties that bound him to the home of his boyhood and his manhood.

Sometimes he was doubtful of the wisdom of his purpose, at times when his great longing for Avery broke through the barriers his judgment had set, at times when the dream castles loomed so brightly on the hills that they seemed almost real. But ever and anon he returned once more to his decision.

Then came the incident that clinched the matter. A friend had come in, his voice athrill with the news. "Dick, what do you think? Brinner has left Avery \$100,000! What makes you start? The news? I should think it would. And, say, Avery is going to accept it!"

"I stopped in to get her to sing at the church fair, and she told me about it—said she would. She was happy as a lark over it." His friend's face grew sober. "I suppose this will make a little difference with you, but not serious."

"Serious!" Marsh laughed bitterly, his mind whirling at the thought of her acceptance. He had hoped in a dim way she would refuse the money. "Serious? No, except I'm going to leave the village for good!"

The realization dawning upon him that he had given himself away under the strain, he swore his friend to silence, and he heard him pounding down the stairs, muttering as he went.

He turned to his desk. Dusk came down over the village.

He did not hear Avery until she stood beside him.

Then she spoke, and the office seemed filled with pleasant music. "Dear, Ted swore to keep his word to you, but he came to me; said he would keep no such fool promise as he made you. I think I know all that is wrong. They wrote me to, that money, as Brinner told them to, that you were to have charge of it. You want me to have it for what you think is mother's happiness and mine, and you won't come to me if I take it. You see, I know. Why, I couldn't take it. I couldn't be happy with it. I love you, the village and the ones I have known from girlhood. I couldn't touch a penny of it, because I knew how he got it. You see—"

He rose to his feet trembling. "But you accepted it!"

Her white teeth gleamed a bit in a smile. "For others! I'm going to turn every cent of it over to that hospital for crippled kiddies; you know, the one we visited. That visit nearly broke my heart—seeing them. I'm going to make his money forget its black past. Oh, my dear, I simply must have you! I simply must! Take me and say—"

The door opened slightly, and Ted stack his head in, gasped at what he saw and with the utmost skill softly, ingeringly, gently closed it.

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