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POEMS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY.
Lie still and rest, in that serene repose
That on thy holy morning comes to those
Who have been buried with the cares that
make
The sad heart weary and the tired heart ache.
Lie still and rest—
God's day of all is best.

MONDAY.
Awake! arise! Cast off thy drowsy dreams!
Lie in the east, behold the morning gleams.
"As Monday goes, so goes the week," dames
say.
Refreshed, relieved, use well the initial day;
And see; thy neighbor
Already seeks his labor.

TUESDAY.
Another day's labors are unfurled—
Another day's trials smiling on the world;
It holds new laurels for thy soul to win;
Mar not its grace by slothfulness or sin.
Now, sad away,
Send it to yesterday.

WEDNESDAY.
Half-way into the end—the week's high noon
The morning hours do speed a way so soon!
And when the moon beamed howerer bright,
Industively we look toward the night.
The glow is lost
Once the meridian cross.

THURSDAY.
So well the week has sped, hast thou a friend
Go spend an hour in converse. It will lend
New beauty to thy labors and thy life
To pause a little sometimes in the strife.
Toil soon seems rude
That has no interlude.

FRIDAY.
From feast abate; be temperate, and pray;
Fast if thou wilt, and yet throughout the day.
Neglect no labor and no duty shrink;
For many hours are left thee for thy work—
And it will meet
Thou'lt should be complete.

SATURDAY.
Now with the almost finished task a ke halest;
So near the night, thou hast no time to waste.
Post up accounts, and let thy soul's eyes look
For flaws and errors in life's ledger-book.
When labor's o'er,
How sweet the sense of peace!

Ted.

"It's very dusty," and Mrs. Laura Amberley shook slightly the glossy folds of her gray traveling dress.
"A trivial remark, but her husband glanced quickly at the half-averted face.
"You are displeased, Laura."
Young Mrs. Amberley bit her beautiful lips in a moment's silence.
"I think I might have my choice, Algeron."
"It does seem a little hard, doesn't it, dear," lifting lightly the little gloved hand and kissing it.

Certainly Algeron wished to indulge his bride of a month, but he continued:
"In taking one of these children of my dear half-sister, I wish to make a choice which will be the most benefit to the family. The younger is very pretty, and will be adopted by a good and wealthy family if we do not take her away, while Ted—"
"Ted!" interrupted Laura impatiently.
"Ted is at an undesirable age, and not particularly brilliant and interesting; but as he is one who stands most in need of help, I think we ought to take him."
"Such a shock of tow hair, and so horribly bashful!" pouted beauty-loving, Laura.

"I know the little girl would please you best, but perhaps the boy will develop better than the girl," replied Algeron in the tone of decision his wife had already learned to know.
He was so certain he was right—that the poor, friendless, unfavored boy was most in need of protection and training—that he could not allow his wife's fancy to decide this important matter, much as he regretted her disappointment.

The younger child—the little Nellie—was pretty as a picture, and at the charming age of three. He could not but sympathize with Laura's wishes, but his young wife was short-sighted.
He was older than she, and felt obliged to decide the matter according to his best judgment.
They were on their wedding trip. From Niagara it had extended to Chicago; from Chicago to a lonely tract of rolling prairie, where resided this remote collection of the Amberley family.

The father of these orphan children was a coarse, hard man, who was already casting about for a second wife; and the probability was that the expected stepmother would be little benefit to the two young and helpless little ones.
Laura regarded this man with a feeling little less than horror. The rude and primitive living was distasteful to her refined sensibilities.
It was only when she walked alone across the great billows of green, and, standing in solitude in the silence, beheld stretched before her countless leagues of luminous sunset, that she said to herself that the West was grand and beautiful.

They were driving now along the smooth prairie road. A silvery creek ran along its edge, bright and bank-full. Here and there a Judas bush showed its crimson among the bush greens. To right and left stretched away the boundless prairie.
Laura had requested the driver to get away from the uninviting house; but for the first time there was a shadow between herself and her husband.
In justice to young Mrs. Amberley, let me say that she tried to repress her discontent, but this only made her disappointment more apparent to her husband. More and more it troubled him, loving his young wife most tenderly, and at last he said:
"If you really cannot give up the little girl, Laura, you sh'ld have her."
"Algeron," she cried, "it isn't that. I like the little Nellie so very much, but I can't see anything to like in Ted," who came bashfully out to take the horses. He always stared at Laura. Certainly she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life.
Secretly he adored her as she lingered a moment now. Having descended from the carriage, and being loth to go into the house, she addressed her:
"Be you going to take me?"

"No," said Laura, quickly; "I think I shall take Nellie."
"She noticed that the boy's head dropped as he turned away, leading the horses; but she took little notice of that.
The next morning her husband was called to Chicago alone on business. She endured the ungenial surroundings as long as she could, then caught up her hat and shawl and went out to walk.
She strolled half a mile, found the fording of the creek and still went on.
The emerald of the bush grass was magnificent, the May sky arched above blue as lapis lazuli. Sweet wild birds flew over her head, and no other living thing was in sight.
The great stillness had a wonderful charm for her. Now she looked wonderingly at the green distance surrounding her, she wandered about, gathering the flowers that gemmed the grass like rubies, sapphires and stars of gold.
The tinted clouds of sunset began to fall in the West at last and she turned toward home.
After walking quite a distance she began to look anxiously for the landmarks of her return. In vain. Round and round she wandered; and the changing light gave everything a new aspect.
For half an hour she stood with throbbing heart, looking vainly to the right and left—lost!
The roseate light deepened into gray. A dense fog crept around her. She had directed her faltering footsteps to a single cottonwood tree, and now stood clinging to it, her heart sinking in her bosom. Oh, where was she and what would become of her?
She could make no further effort, so bewildered had she become that she knew no longer in which direction to search. Must she stay there all night? If so she tried to believe that nothing would harm her.
But it grew dark. The fireflies swarmed around her head. She heard a strange, faint, mournful noise which terrified her.
Suddenly she heard her name called: "Aunt Laura! Aunt Laura!" She replied, "Here!" eagerly, and a small figure came bounding through the rustling grass to her side.
It was Ted.
"Oh, Ted! I am lost!"
"I know it. I came to find you. I was watching for you to come back—you did not come. I said nothing to the others. I set off to find you. Come quick! I think I can find the ford."
Laura grasped the boy's small, eager hand, and hurried away with him through the dew-wet grass.
"You are all wet, Ted."
"I could not wait to find the ford; I swam across."
Laura's eyes distended still further with surprise.
They were hurrying—running.
"I know the way, but it is so dark," said Ted.
"Ted, would the others come for me?"
"I don't know."
It was a hesitating, pained tone.
"Your own folks are away, you know?"
A selfish, childish man, two young and unreluctant girls; who would search the lone, chilly prairie if Ted had not come!
Laura's soft, jeweled hand closed tighter on the child's rough one.
"Oh, Ted! my husband will pay you for this!"
He stopped.
"Aunt Laura, it's no use to go on. I can't find the ford, it's got so dark."
He was panting.
"The ford," he replied, wasn't it an old dry one?"
"Dry and withered, I believe—yes."
"We must go back to it."
"Why?"
He did not answer, but hurried her on.
"Ted, what is that noise I hear? Dogs barking?"
"Hurry! Hurry!" pulling her over the backward path.
"Why must we go back to that tree, Ted?"
"It is dry, you said?"
"Ted what is that howling?"
Her voice shook with a vague fear now.
"Here it is!"
He placed her with her back against the old dry tree.
"I brought some matches," he panted.
"Matches! What for?"
He snatched some dry leaves together, tore some strips from his old cotton jacket-sleeve, and lighted the woe.
Then he threw on dead branches, all piled against the further side of the tree-trunk.
"Ted, what is that for?"
"Wolves, wolves! Don't you see them?" cried the boy throwing out his arms. "But you needn't be afraid; they can't hurt you now. Oh, Aunt Laura, they'll never come near us now, for they are afraid of fire, and the tree is burning."
Laura had sank upon the ground, fainting with terror.
"Oh, Ted, dear Ted!" she sobbed, "I'll help you!"—for the flames dying down for an instant, the boy began snatching up handfuls of dry grass.
For hours they worked, gnawing on all the inflammable material they could find around the trunk of the cottonwood, while those strange dancing sparks so near the ground—the fierce eyes of the wolves, which Laura saw plainly now—reluctantly retreated when the flames blazed, at last, to the topmost boughs of the tree, and the light streamed far and wide.
Disheveled, palid, exhausted, her hair matted at last in a brief sleep—thus Algeron Amberley found his wife in the early dawn.
The ground smoked beneath her, burning twigs took around her; but Ted's watchful eyes took care that she was not burned. His little jacket was wrapped around her shoulders; her head was pillowed on his knee.
"She's tired, I reckon," he said simply.
"Oh, my boy!" broke from Algeron Amberley's lips.
He carried his wife home in his arms, Ted leading the way—Ted never once conscious of the love he had earned, but sad and lonely again in that old farm-house.
But Laura had him brought to her bedside, held his hands in hers, kissed his little grimy cheeks.
"Ted, you are going back with us. There is not another boy so loved in all the world."
And it was true.
—Caps and hats came into general use about 1449.

Better Cooks.

What are some of the things that every cook who prepares the food for any family ought to know? Unless the whole routine of her work be hap-hazard and unreliable, she should have intelligent and well-defined opinions concerning the relations of food to physical growth, so she can furnish that which is best adapted to the whole household, fit to build up symmetrical and healthful bodies for the children, as well as to give to the mature workers of the family the necessary nutriment to keep good the balance between supply and demand. The children should not fail to develop properly because of her ignorance of their needs. The father should never give out more strength and vitality in his struggle with the world than she can make good to him as she prepares his daily food. All this implies a practical application of the principles taught in physiology and chemistry, as well as a knowledge of the kind and quality of nourishment stored in plants, flesh, fish and fowl. Earth, air and sea furnish her with materials which she must understand how to prepare so that it can be easily transformed into bone, blood and muscle in such proportions that each shall have its proper development. She must be both too wise and too humane to concoct any dish or brew any drink that will induce dyspepsia, headache or dullness. Never until cooks give more time to the mastery of such studies will cookery take its proper place among sciences. These bodies of ours are exceedingly complicated and delicate machines, not to be safely tampered with by bunglers. A blacksmith can undertake with greater impunity to make a watch than an ignorant and untrained housewife to build up without knowledge and without skill a symmetrical and perfectly developed human body.
And when the value of these bodies, not only as physical organisms but as related to mental growth, is fully appreciated, the work of the skilled cook will rank with that of other great scientists, and, more than that, with that of other great philanthropists. It is not extravagant to say that the progress of humanity toward true perfection depends largely on this branch of domestic economy. How much thought, time and study are given now to the proper food for fine stock? Here in our own laboratory extensive analyses of grasses, grains, etc., have been made in order to determine which will most rapidly and healthfully stimulate the growth of cattle and swine. Surely we owe as much care to our children as to our herds. It is certainly true that just in proportion to the advance of care and skill in the preparation of food, it is therefore worthy of absorbing study. Health, mental vigor, virtue and happiness depend more closely than we are apt to imagine on the cook who reigns in our kitchen.

Chumming for Bluefish.

"I tell you," said Andrew Sammis, a Long Island fisherman, "it's no fun fishing in the bay or outside in the winter. Of course we fish all winter for cod. About the first of November they begin to run, and we regularly fish for them until May. When the cod come the fishermen go down to Wiginlet, over the beach, and build huts. Then whenever the weather is at all favorable they go outside. There are as many as thirty boats out at once sometimes. They fish as the old snappers used to fish, with hooks every six feet on the line, letting the fish hook themselves. The snappers are those that go out in large snappers, and stay days, and sometimes weeks. They put their catch into wells, as they call them, and take them to Fulton market alive. There is much rivalry between them and the yawl fishers. The latter do not keep their fish alive, and so when they take them to market it is necessary to sell the snappers, and last winter they tried to get a law passed that no dead cod fish should be sold in Fulton market, but they couldn't get it through. I tell you, yawl fishing is hard work. Sometimes we can't go out it is perhaps so cold that your lungs freeze the minute they leave the water. They have to be handled bare-handed, and so frozen fingers follow. I freeze my fingers regularly every winter."
By this time the fishing grounds, about a mile north of the Surf hotel, were reached. There were already several boats at anchor, and Sammis's sloop was soon added to the number. The fishing was to be done by "chumming," a method entirely new to the writer. He watched the fisherman and saw how it was done. First, Sammis sharpened a rusty hatchet and a rusty butcher knife on a piece of brick. Whether or not "chumming" is a brick or not is not known Sammis did. With the knife he sliced a piece off one of the bunkers, and cut this piece into small chunks. This was for the hooks, and the hooks were baited. Then, drawing a rude chopping board from the hold, he placed it by the boat's side, and, placing a bunker therein, he proceeded to chop and mangle it until it was fine. It did not make a pleasant looking mess. This was "chum." A handful was pulled overboard often, and the tide carried it off. The hooks were thrown in, and they, too, floated back with the chum.
"The main thing," Sammis said, holding his line with one hand and cutting "chum" with the other, "is to keep the trail of chum unbroken. The fish are soon attracted and follow it and feed on it. There, you've got a bite, pull him along, don't give him any slack, that's right."
With immense pride the writer ranked his fish, which was very gamy and made all the fight possible, now jumping clean out of the water, then coming head first for the boat. The hook was baited and again thrown out, Sammis meanwhile cutting "chum" and holding his line in his teeth. A savage bluefish jerked the line from his teeth and made off with the bait unharmed. He went rattling in another and lost two. Sammis, with cutting bait and pulling out fish, had his hands full. In less than an hour twenty-eight handsome fish were struggling in the boat. Suddenly they stopped biting.
"It's slack water," Sammis said. "They won't bite for an hour or two, until the tide sets out pretty strong. They're a nice fish, ain't they? But they are perfect gorgers. They'll eat just as long as there is anything to eat. I've seen a lot of bluefish get into a school of bunkers, and the water all around would be red with blood. A bluefish would catch a bunker and shake him all to pieces, as a dog shakes rats, and they would bite and snap into the school apparently out of pure devilry. But we're going to have more nasty weather; the rain ain't over yet. If you say so we'll run back. Fity it's no stormy. Come down some pleasant day and I'll give you all the sport you want."

A Snake Swallower.

Recently farmer Potts, of Berks county, Pa., was the victim of a terrible adventure. Becoming drowsy he laid under a tree, and while sleeping a snake about nineteen inches in length and of a green color darted into his open mouth and descended into his stomach. After he awoke he experienced a peculiar and sickening sensation. At times he frothed at the mouth, and his eyes almost started from their sockets. A physician pressed his ear to Potts' breast and distinctly heard the movements of the reptile. The victim was required to inhale the steam of boiled milk, which produced a stupefying sensation, the snake having made an unsuccessful effort to leave the stomach. Potts was then led under a shed roof and put on a wagon. A strong rope was tied to a beam and then securely wrapped around the legs of the sufferer. The wagon was then pulled away, and Potts was left bawling head down. While in this position he again inhaled the steam of boiled milk. The patient's tongue protruded and his eyes started. The thick steam flowed into his throat and the sufferer made a noise as if choking. Then quick as thought the doctor saw a head protrude, and seizing it with his naked fingers he quickly pulled and the reptile was dashed into an empty bucket. In a few seconds Potts was lying on the ground nearly dead. He was given some whiskey and water and was rubbed with coarse toweling, and finally he seemed to be resting easy. He was carried into the house and put to bed, and light food was administered. His throat was very sore, but still he was thankful when he was told that the reptile had been removed. He is slowly recovering.

A Refined Butcher.

Harkins' daughter returned from Denton's butcher shop, laid a steak upon the table and said:
"That's the most refined butcher I ever met. I asked him if this steak was tender, and he said, 'Oh! so beautifully tender, as the maiden in the first bush of love, a steak fit to be used with tender and halloved associations, and one likely to be devoured by so fair and beautiful a maiden.'"
Harkins pushed the glasses up on top of his head, looked at the girl, and then thundered:
"What under the canopy was that fellow giving you?"
And, as her color came and went, she replied:
"Giving me taffy, I suppose."

Longevity of Trees.

The following table of the comparative longevity of trees, is based on an examination of annual concentric layers of the oldest known trees. Judas-tree, 300 years; common locust, 335; common ivy, 450; common maple, 416; white birch 376; orange tree, 630; evergreen cypress, 800; common olive, 800; walnut 900; oriental plane, 1,000; common lime, 1,100; common fir, 1,206; cedar of Lebanon, 2,000; taxodium distichum, 1,000—view 3200.

Something About Curis.

Every man has noticed, and every man of taste has been disgusted with the flat curis, which many women wear upon their forehead, giving them as artificial and unattractive an appearance as anything of equal dimensions can. These curis are kept in place, it seems, by gumming the hair with bandoline, a preparation of quince-seeds. In consequence of its demand for this purpose the importation of quince-seeds has largely increased. The seeds used to be admitted free as seeds for medicinal use, but being now employed as an aid to the toilet, a duty of twenty per cent, ad valorem has been put upon them. It is not the province of the Secretary of the Treasury to regulate the national taste, but if he had made the seeds pay one-hundred per cent, or any amount of duty sufficient to prevent the manufacture of bandoline, and the making of those odious curis, he would have done a public benefit. But, neither he nor any other man, nor any public body, can hinder women who are so resolved, from disfiguring themselves. If they had not bandoline they would get something else, for they seem determined to wear the hideous curis. When we remember that the entire sex are absorbed with the question of how to make themselves look best, it is impossible to understand why they take such pains to produce the opposite effect. It is their ignorance, of course, which is at fault, and their ignorance seems to be unquerable. Take them for all in all, American women have as much taste as any women in the world, and yet a great many blindly adopt anything labeled as fashion without thinking whether it be fit or unfit. Fashion will at any time drive them into any absurdity. It makes thousands, who might appear to advantage by consulting common sense, nature and their own needs, appear unattractive, and often renders them ridiculous. Fashion, indeed, as commonly represented, is more a deframer than a beautifier, and always will be, until women, refusing to accept its autocratic behests, study the principles of pure taste, which are, radically, always the same, and whose basis is the becoming.

A Story of Steel Pens.

Few persons who use steel pens on which is stamped "Gillott" have any idea of the story of suffering, of indomitable pluck and persistence which belong to the placing of that name on that article. A long depression in trade in England threw thousands of Sheffield mechanics out of work, among them Joseph Gillott, then twenty-one years of age. He left the city with but a shilling in his pocket. Reaching Birmingham, he went into an old inn and sat down upon a wooden settle in the tap-room. His last penny was spent for a roll. He was weak, hungry and ill. He had not a friend in Birmingham, and there was little chance that he would find work. In his despondency he was tempted to give up, and turn beggar or tramp. Then a sudden fiery energy seized him. He brought his fist down on the table, declaring to himself that he would try and trust in God, come what would. He found work that day in making belt buckles, which were then fashionable. As soon as he had saved a pound or two he hired a garret in Hertford street, and there carried on work for himself, bringing his taste and his knowledge of tools into constant use, even when working at hand-made goods. This was the secret of Gillott's success. Other workmen drudged on passively in the old ruts. He was wide-awake, eager to improve his work, or to shorten the way of working. He fell in love with a pretty and sensible girl named Mitchell, who, with her brothers, was making steel pens. Each pen was then clipped, punched and polished by hand, and pens were sold at enormous high prices. Gillott at once brought his skill in tools to bear on the matter, and soon invented a machine which turned the points out by thousands in the time that a man would require to make one. He married Miss Mitchell, and they carried on the manufacture together for years. On the morning of his marriage the industrious young workman made a gross of pens, and sold them for thirty-six dollars to pay the wedding fees. In his old age, having reaped an enormous fortune by his shrewdness, honesty and industry, Mr. Gillott went again to the old inn, bought the settle, and had the square sawed out and made into a chair, which he left as an heirloom to his family to remind them of the secret of his success.

A Water Monster.

A monster whale was recently exhibited in New York. A man stood on the whale's hump as the dead leviathan lay along the bottom of the float. A half block of the shiny black animal stretched its length beyond him, while just beneath the path he walked two or from upon was the monster's mouth—a heavy, boat-shaped lower jaw wider and half as long as a whaleboat, and a narrow-pointed upper jaw, fringed with whalebone and triced up with a cable from the top and a beam underneath, placed as corncobs are put in the mouths of hogs in butcher shops. The whole looks like a long misshapen mass of glossy Indian rubber. Only what may be called his after-part—thirty or forty feet back of the hump—is shaped like a fish, and that terminates much as whales do in pictures, with a fantail, which seems to have been accidentally put on the wrong way. The skin is scratched and torn in places, and the red blood that distinguishes its kind from the fishes stains its flesh. On the other side the aroma of the fresh lime, which seems to have been carted to the edge of the lower jaw and dumped in, refreshes the visitor.
"I hope you didn't come here to jab knives in him," says the irritable man on the whale's hump, "or umbrellas either, or sticks (pointing to offenders who used those implements). We ain't exhibiting the inside of the whale, and it won't last any too long as it is."
"Step right along, good people," says this exhibitor to the throng, whose members march singly, hugging a railing that has been put up around the dead whale; "step right along; there's more coming to see the whale. Pass out of the other door. The ear, sir, is just beneath that harpoon—no, that's the eye. Pass on, good people, you'll see the scars of the lances further on. He was not killed with that harpoon; he was killed by two—that's the spout hole, sir—by two bomb lances that exploded in him and killed him. Afterward that harpoon was stuck in, and he was towed with it by men in that boat yonder."
"Whales don't have teeth—that's the whalebone," he said, presently, to a man who wanted to know whether whales "always have hair on their teeth?" "That's the tail and this is the head. The spout

Indian Longevity.

There is an Indian woman now living at Josiah Peters's, near San Luis Rey, California, who is at least one hundred and twenty-four years of age. Many years ago her hair turned snow white, but within recent years it has undergone renewal, and is now as black as a coal. She is now in her second childhood, of a good nature and has all the mental characteristics of a child. Some fifteen years ago this woman's memory was good, and she recollected and told distinctly of the time when the Mission Fathers began building the San Diego Mission and tried to civilize the Indians. At that time—1769—she was a young woman, and living with her tribe near the Valle de los Virajes. The missionaries sent their soldiers and vaqueros after the Indians to corral them and bring them into the missions, and treated the Indians with great severity and cruelty. The old woman used to relate that one of these vaqueros threw a lasso over to catch her, and in so doing strangled to death the infant that she was carrying on her back. W. B. Couss and other residents of San Luis Rey know this venerable woman well, and often listened to her relations of past times, and are perfectly convinced that she is one hundred and twenty-four years old.

Kaffiristan.

Surgeon-Major H. W. Bellew, of the British Army, has lately collected from native authorities some useful information respecting Kaffiristan, that interesting country which no European has so far succeeded in exploring. It appears that it is, after all, only about 150 miles in length by 50 or 60 in breadth, and its boundaries may be taken as the Hindu Kush on the north, including both the northern and the southern slopes, from Latkoh Darra on the east to the Farajal Valley on the range separating it from Panjshir on the west; the Chitral river, down to Chagnab, or even Kunar, on the east forms its limit in that direction, while the southern boundary may be taken to be a line from Derra Nur on the east to Tagoa on the west; and on the west it is bounded by the Nijrao and Panjshir Valleys. The whole area is mountainous and furrowed by a succession of long, winding valleys, each of which has its own system of branches and glets ramifying into the recesses of the mountains. From information which Dr. Bellew derived from a native of the country there appears to be "nowhere room to gallop a horse."

Young Farmers.

The Chadd's Ford, Pa., Club, wishing to encourage the young folks to a study of the best methods of farming, etc., has offered a handsome lot of prizes to Chester and Delaware county boys of seventeen years and under, who shall raise the largest number of bushels of corn on one-eighth of an acre of land in the year 1880. The contestants are to be allowed to do as they please about manuring, hoeing, &c., but are to keep a record of what they do and the cost, and report at the end of the season. Similar prizes are to be offered to the girls of the two counties who shall make the best butter. The butter and the corn are to be exhibited together. Such trials of skill are calculated to do a great deal of good by directing the attention of the young folks to a study of the conditions necessary to the achievement of the best results.

A Good Deal Mixed.

A short time ago an enterprising female did a flourishing business in this country by taking orders for corsets. A flutter had been caused among the ladies by it being reported that she was a man cleverly disguised for the purpose. It is said that she has been arrested for masquerading in this manner by a peace officer, who apprehended him and took her before a magistrate, where he was accused of passing herself off on an unsuspecting community as a gentle member of the female persuasion. If he could escape, she had better keep clear of this town, or he'll get every hair of her head pulled out by the ladies who patronized him, purchased her confounded corsets, and helped him to earn a subsistence for her family. Oh! pshaw! we give it up. Our pronouns have got mixed, but what we mean to say is that she deserves to have his ears boxed.

Postage Stamps.

POSTAGE STAMPS must not be used more than once. To go through the mails a letter must bear the stamp of originality.