

# The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LVI.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1882.

NO. 6.

**A. HARTER,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
REBERSBURG, PA.

**J. C. SPRINGER,**  
Fashionable Barber,  
Next Door to JOURNAL Store,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

**BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,**  
(Opposite Court House.)  
**H. BROCKERHOFF, Proprietor.**  
Wm. McKEEVER, Manager.  
Good sample rooms on first floor.  
Free bus to and from all trains.  
Special rates to jurors and witnesses.  
Strictly First Class.

**IRVIN HOUSE,**  
(Most Central Hotel in the City)  
Corner MAIN and JAY Streets,  
Lock Haven, Pa.  
**S. WOODS CALWELL, Proprietor.**  
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial  
Travelers on first floor.

**D. R. D. H. MINGLE,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

**D. JOHN F. HARTER,**  
PRACTICAL DENTIST,  
Office in 2d story of Tomlinson's Gro-  
cery Store,  
On MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

**B. F. KISTER,**  
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER  
Shop next door to Foot's Store, Main St.  
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters made to order, and sat-  
isfactory work guaranteed. Repairing done prompt-  
ly and cheaply, and in a neat style.

**S. R. PEALE, H. A. MCKEE,**  
**PEALE & MCKEE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Office opposite Court House, Bellefonte, Pa.

**C. T. ALEXANDER, C. M. BOWER,**  
**ALEXANDER & BOWER,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office in Garman's new building.

**JOHN B. LINN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street.

**CLEMENT DALE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Northwest corner of Diamond.

**D. H. HASTINGS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street, 2 doors west of office  
formerly occupied by the late firm of Yocum &  
Hastings.

**W. M. C. HEINLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts of Centre County.  
Special attention to Collections. Consultations  
in German or English.

**WILBUR F. REEDER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
All business promptly attended to. Collection  
of claims a specialty.

**J. A. BEAVER, J. W. GEPHART,**  
**BEAVER & GEPHART,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High.

**W. A. MORRISON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court  
House.

**D. S. KELLER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Consultations in English or German. Office  
in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

**JOHN G. LOVE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the  
late W. F. Wilson.

**SONG.**  
For all that we have said, Sweet,  
And all that we have done,  
Our eyes are still afraid, Sweet,  
To face to-morrow's sun.  
We know that this must be, Love,  
The hour when first we met,  
And yet we cannot see, Love,  
How each may each forget.  
To-morrow, then, we part, Love,  
And go our separate ways,  
And under heart from heart, Love,  
And under face from face.  
And now what does it bring, Dear,  
This great love, at the end?  
A song for me to sing, Dear,  
Sad days for you to spend.

**TRYING TIMES.**  
"Broiled spring chicken for tea, eh?"  
said I. "And lobster salad and fried  
oysters! Upon my word this looks as if  
we were going to have company."  
"So we are, my dear," said my wife,  
looking a little guilty, as she polished  
up the surface of the big silver tea-tray  
with a new chamois leather. "They are  
all coming to visit me—Uncle Silas, and  
Aunt Melicent, and the children and  
Cousin Joab, and the two Miss Wilmer-  
dings, and my Aunt Louisa, to meet the  
Rev. Mr. Speakwell, from Minnesota,  
who married my cousin Jerusha Wilde.  
Mr. Speakwell is troubled with the cat-  
arrh, and he thinks of staying at our  
house for a few weeks, while he is being  
treated by Mr. Dosen."

I put down my men duster and  
brown paper parcels with some empha-  
sis.  
"Oh, confound the Rev. Mr. Speak-  
well!" said I.  
"John!" ejaculated my wife.  
"Well, my dear, I can't keep it," said  
I. "It's not in human to endure every-  
thing. And I've been relationed out of  
all patience ever since our marriage.  
The Jenkinsons went away last week,  
the Birdses took an affectionate leave  
yesterday, and now just as I was con-  
templating a peaceful evening by myself,  
here's a new swarm, hungrier than the  
rest, just about to settle down upon us!  
In my opinion Kitty, my dear, relations  
should be abolished."

"I am surprised at you, John," said  
my wife. "My own people, they are so  
fond of me."  
"There's where you are mistaken, my  
dear," said I. "It's your comfortable  
spring beds and good cookery that they  
are fond of, not you."

"John!"  
"I'd be willing to wager a good round  
sum on the truth of my assertion," said  
I.  
"Because you have no relations your-  
self—"  
"Thank Providence for that!" said I,  
devoutly. "I was reared in a founding  
asylum, and have nobody to thank but  
myself for my tolerable success in the  
world."

"It's no reason you should find fault  
with mine," said Kitty, with her bright  
blue eye full of tears, "and Mr. Speak-  
well is such a spiritually-minded man,  
and dear Uncle Silas loves you just as if  
you were his only son, and Cousin Joab  
is so interested in our children."

"I'm much obliged to 'em," said I,  
dryly. "But I slept all last week on  
soft cushions lying in the bath tub; and  
we had fourteen people here over the  
anniversary, and I was obliged to give  
up my own room for a month last win-  
ter to old Mr. Mansewell, not to speak  
of our being half poisoned with Aunt  
Louisa's hygienic messes in the fall.  
When the poet said, 'There's no place  
like home.' I presume he meant when  
there were no relations visiting. I'll  
tell you what, my dear," with a sudden  
inspiration, "I've a great mind formally  
to deed over this house for your rela-  
tions, if they will agree solemnly to  
leave me in peace for the rest of my  
life, whosoever I may set up my family  
tenants."

"Nonsense!" said my wife. "Do go  
up stairs and change your things, and  
brush your hair and get ready for tea.  
They're all waiting in the best parlor,  
and I was awaiting your return to see  
about hiring some cot beds from the  
village hotel, to put up in the attic for  
those four little Speakwell children.  
You see, Aunt Louisa has the blue  
bed-rooms, and Cousin Joab sleeps in  
the little wing chamber, and Mr.  
and Mrs. Speakwell will have our room  
and—"

"Indeed!" said I. "And we are to  
sleep in the barn, I suppose?"  
"Don't be cross, John," said my wife  
appealingly. "One must be hospitable,  
you know. And I can easily make up  
the sofa-bed in the back parlor for our  
use, for a week or so."

I said nothing, but ground my teeth  
in silent despair, as I sprang up stairs,  
two steps at a time, to make what changes  
I could in my toilet, by the aid of a  
ten-by-twelve glass hung over the wash-  
stand of a stuffy little bath room.  
The Rev. Mr. Speakwell was a big  
man, with a still bigger voice, and a limp,  
faded little wife, whose sole earthly  
interest seemed to centre in her four  
white-eyed, freckle faced children. Un-  
cle Silas and Aunt Melicent were a silent  
couple with excellent appetites, and two  
boys, who giggled and snickered at each  
other in the intervals of the conversa-  
tion.

Cousin Joab talked incessantly with  
his mouth full, and the two Miss Wil-  
merdings served as general echoes to the  
rest; while Aunt Louisa devoured

lobster salad ad libitum, and kept up  
sending up her cup for some green tea,  
until I trembled for her nerves, while  
my wife, careful and troubled, like Mar-  
tha of old, with many things, looked  
ready to drop with the hospitable exer-  
tions she had made, and I sitting a  
mere cipher at the head of the table, felt  
as if I was keeping a boarding house  
without any of the pecuniary emolument  
therefrom.

"My trunks will be up in the five  
o'clock train," said the Rev. Mr. Speak-  
well; "I'll trouble you, Cousin Poyntz,  
to send an expressman to the depot for  
'em. And if there's any department in  
this domicile, Cousin Poyntz, that could  
be fitted up as a study for my temporary  
use, it would greatly facilitate my intel-  
lectual occupation during my sojourn in  
the suburbs of this great city. And I  
hope the children will be kept still  
during the hours which I devote to study."

Here my wife looked at me aghast,  
thinking of little Johnny, and the baby.  
"Never mind, my dear," I remarked,  
sotto voce, "we can easily get 'em board-  
ed out somewhere."  
"And," went on Rev. Mr. Speakwell,  
"I should esteem it a favor if a horse  
and buggy could be procured for my  
daily use when going to Dr. Dosen.  
In the city, as the motion of the train dis-  
agrees with my nervous system."

"I don't happen to own a carriage but  
I might buy one."

"Thank you, thank you, Cousin  
Poyntz," said Rev. Mr. Speakwell,  
blandly.  
"And if there's any other little thing  
you should happen to want, pray don't  
be backward in mentioning it," I added.

"No I won't, Cousin Poyntz," said  
the reverend gentleman, with the utmost  
gravity.

And I am bound to say that he kept  
his word.

For three days I endured the swarm  
of visitors which literally infested my  
home, and then I made up my mind  
that patience had ceased to be a vir-  
tue.

"I'll put a stop to this thing," said  
I.  
I came home one night with a tragical  
expression on my face.

"Katharine," I said to my wife, "I  
made a sad mistake in buying those  
shares in the Western Union. More  
than that, I am sorry to say, the owner  
is ruined!"

"What!" cried all the company at  
once.  
"Those shares of Western Union, you  
know," said I, with a heavy sigh.  
"Yes, dear," gasped poor Kitty.  
"They have gone down," said I.  
"Oh John."

"I wish I had taken your advice, and  
let 'em alone," said I.  
I looked beamingly around at my  
wife's relations. They returned the  
glance by the blandest of stares.

"If I borrow two hundred dollars a  
piece from all these dear kindred," said  
I, with obtrusive cheerfulness, "and  
request Uncle Silas to indorse my busi-  
ness notes—"  
"I couldn't think of such a thing,"  
hurriedly interrupted that gentleman.

"I should be most happy to oblige,  
but I am quite out of funds at present,"  
said Cousin Joab.

"And I," said the Rev. Mr. Speak-  
well, pushing back his chair, "must  
save what little share I possess of the  
world's filthy lucre to pay my passage  
and that of my family back to Minne-  
sota."

"Surely," cried I, "you would not go  
away and leave me in such pecuniary  
straits as these."  
The Rev. Mr. Speakwell significantly  
buttoned up his pockets.

"It is every man's business to look  
after himself, Cousin Poyntz," said he;  
"and I don't scruple to say that it is  
downright dishonesty for a business man  
like yourself to get into such financial  
difficulties."  
And in fifteen minutes every cousin  
in the lot had, upon one excuse or an-  
other, vanished from the room, to  
pack and prepare for immediate depart-  
ure.

I looked at my wife; my wife looked  
at me. I burst out laughing; Kitty be-  
gan to cry.

"My dear," said I, "it's an easier job  
than I thought it would be. I didn't  
know but that it would be necessary for  
me to catch the small-pox before I could  
get rid of your relations."

"But are we very poor, John? And  
must we give up this dear little cottage?  
Oh, how cruel it is of Uncle Joab, and  
Mr. Speakwell, and Uncle Silas, and all  
of them, not to help you! I know Mar-  
tians Wilmerding has five thousand dol-  
lars that she wants to put out at inter-  
est, for she told me only yesterday, and—"

how much money you have lost in that  
horrid Western Union Stock? Because  
would rather know the worst at once."  
"Lost?" repeated I, looking up from  
the newspaper, which I was reading in  
Uncle Silas' favorite easy chair, now  
vacated for the first time in many days.  
"Why, I only lost a trifle."  
"You said you were ruined."

"Excuse me, my dear, I said nothing  
of the kind. I merely stated the West-  
ern Union shares had gone down, and  
their owner was ruined. But I am not  
the owner, as I sold out my shares a  
week ago. Their depreciation, with other  
still more serious losses in their specu-  
lations, have ruined their owner."

"John?"  
"Yes, my dear."  
"How could you?"  
"Very easily," said I, with a latent  
smile. "My dear, I think if your rela-  
tives had stayed another week I should  
have committed suicide."

"And you told that horrid story just  
to get rid of them?"  
"I made that unimpeachable state-  
ment with that precise intention."  
"They were rather trying," confessed  
Kitty. "And I think they might have  
helped you a little when they thought  
you were bankrupt."

"They will not come visiting here  
again," said I, quietly.  
And I was right. They did not.

**Sheep-Hunting in Colorado.**

Walking in the midst of lovely scenery  
and watching the day break in such in-  
finite splendor says a correspondent, I  
must confess that I became somewhat  
careless as to my hunting, and stumbled  
right on top of a little band of sheep  
feeding on the level ground before I  
was aware of their presence. In fact,  
I did not see them until they started.  
I fired, but without any effect, and set  
the hound, poor old Plunk, after them.  
They had got too good a start, and he  
could not come near them, but after a  
while I noticed a little sheep lagging be-  
hind. Thinking Plunk might overtake it,  
I started off at my best pace after him.  
It is no joke running over rough ground  
at an elevation of some eight thousand  
feet on a blazing hot July morning in  
Colorado, and I puffed and blew and  
"larded the lean earth" in the most  
generous manner. When I came up  
I found the sheep perched on a little  
pinnae of rock and the hound baying  
furiously below. Poor little beast, I  
pitied it. It was only about three  
months old, and it looked very forlorn.  
It was very slightly wounded, also, a  
fact which I did not know before. I  
went up to it and patted it, and the poor  
little creature did not seem much  
frightened, and did not mind my touch-  
ing it a bit, but it would not follow me.  
It was too much afraid of the dog, I  
fancy. I did not know what to do. I  
wanted to keep it alive, for a tame sheep  
is somewhat of a rarity. I was afraid  
to leave it alone while I went for a  
wagon, and I was afraid of leaving the  
hound to watch it, lest he should run in  
upon it and kill it during my absence.  
So I concluded to pack it into the ranch  
on my back. A nice job I had of it.  
The little animal was strong as a donkey,  
and kicked and walloped about all the  
time. It was as much as I could do to  
keep it on my shoulders. By that time  
the forenoon was far spent and the sun  
glare was pouring down with tropical  
strength. I don't know which of us was  
most exhausted when we got to the  
house. However, I was none the worse,  
but the poor little sheep never recovered.  
He drank lots of milk, and seemed all  
right for the first day, but after that he  
pined away and died in three or four  
days. Running sheep with hounds is a  
good deal practiced in some places. I  
don't like it. It is a reprehensible  
habit, and scares all the game out of the  
country. It is a very sure and easy way  
of killing sheep if you have a first-rate  
dog and the ground is suitable to it; but  
unless those two conditions are  
fulfilled the chance of success is  
small. Your hound must be very speedy  
and staunch and accustomed to the busi-  
ness, and the sheep must be found near  
some isolated pinnae or crags of cliff.  
You creep up as near as you possibly  
can to the game, and then start the dog  
at them, yelling and hallooing to scare  
them as much as possible as soon as you  
perceive that they have caught sight of  
the hound. The sheep will run straight  
up the mountain and will beat any dog  
in a short time; but if the hound has got  
a good start, and if the ground has been  
pretty level at first, he will press them  
so hard that one, or perhaps two or three  
of them, will take refuge on the first  
precipitous cliff or crag they can find.  
If that happens to be an isolated rock,  
so small that the dog can keep guard  
round the base of it, he will keep the  
sheep at bay—"freed," as they say in  
Colorado—unless his master comes up.  
But for one successful run you can make  
many unsuccessful ones. Nothing  
scares game so much as running them  
with dogs, and consequently, it is a pas-  
time that ought never to be pursued, or  
at any rate hardly ever, and then only  
when you can be quite certain of suc-  
cess. The place where I caught the  
little sheep was very favorable for run-  
ning them.

This world belongs to the energetic.  
There is no calamity like ignorance.  
"The foot goes where the heart leads."  
"Each kind is good for its own kind."

**A Romance of the Forest.**

Some time ago a party of three Black  
Feet and three hundred Crees Indians left  
for Lower River, Canada, on the warpath  
across the line against the Crow. A large  
number is said to have been killed. An  
old and well known Indian, who has just  
died, before his death made a confession  
which entirely cleared up what had been  
a fearful mystery for a half century. Fifty  
years ago Nicholas Garland, a pioneer,  
took a tract of land situated in what is  
now the township of Beckwith, in the  
county of Lanouk, built a cabin upon it  
and proceeded to clear away the dense for-  
est standing upon the tract. At that time  
he had a wife and one small child, a very  
pretty little girl named Alice. One day  
Alice did not return from the edge of the  
clearing, where she had been playing with  
two other children. An alarm was raised  
and all the woodmen in the country there-  
abouts joined in a search which lasted  
many days, but resulted in no clue of the  
missing child, and the general verdict ar-  
rived at by the hunters was that Alice had  
been carried off and devoured by one of  
the bears with which the country then  
abounded. The conclusion seemed to be  
corroborated by the discovery of some  
clean, small bones a few months afterward  
in a deep hollow a couple of miles from  
Garland's cabin. They were gathered  
carefully together and buried by the fa-  
ther and mother of Alice near their home,  
all the people for miles around attending  
the funeral, which was the first ever held  
in that section by the whites. The loss of  
her child and the terrible strain of the long  
suspense, and the ghastly discovery subse-  
quent, broke down the strong constitution  
of Mrs. Garland, and she died with a bro-  
ken heart, not long after the funeral Mr.  
Garland, after his wife's death, became  
hard and asocial, never referred to his trou-  
ble, never associated with his neighbors,  
and has ever since lived a hermit in the  
cabin he first built. This old Indian who  
recently died, however, says that he saw  
Alice on that day when she was playing  
with her companions on the clearing, be-  
cause fascinated with her childish beauty  
and carried her away and raised her as one  
of his own in his family. When she be-  
came marriageable she was thoroughly In-  
dianized and her abducter managed to have  
her married to one of his sons. She is  
now living in Bruce county, and is the  
mother of a large family. She never  
shows that she has any recollection of her  
parents or home, and appears happy. The  
dying Indian said that so well had she  
been cared for that he believed no one  
could have convinced her of her real ori-  
gin or induced her to change her lot, and  
he added that no one but himself and  
the man who married her was ever made  
acquainted with her history. The confes-  
sion is believed to be true, and has caused  
a profound sensation.

**How Bottles are Made.**

The manufacture of glass bottles is  
very simple in itself, though for the pro-  
duction of the fine work great skill is re-  
quired. The finest bottles now made are  
blown, as they were in the earliest days  
of bottle-making, without the use of a  
mould, the operation being performed  
by simply gathering a proper quantity  
of molten glass upon the end of a metal-  
lic blow-pipe, and forming it into shape  
by holding it in various positions while  
expanding it by blowing through the  
tube, and occasionally applying pressure  
with some tool of very simple form. Gen-  
erally however, bottles are made with  
the use of a mould in which glass is blown  
because in this way time and labor are  
saved. It may be said that all the bot-  
tles, and jars, etc., in common use and  
made in the United States are blown in  
moulds. Occasionally bottles will show  
by a seam on the side where the parts  
of the mould come together. The finer  
glassware bottles are blown. The mould  
is usually made of iron, and is in two  
parts which are hinged, and can be open-  
ed and closed instantly. For making  
the smaller bottles a boy is required to  
open and shut the mould as required.

For larger bottles, the parts which  
are hinged at the bottom are closed by  
means of a lever, which is moved by  
the foot of the operator. From three  
to five persons are required in the oper-  
ation of bottle making. In the case where  
the lever is employed, three hands are  
needed—one, a boy, to gather the mol-  
ten glass on the end of the blow pipe,  
one to blow the bottle and shape it to  
the mould, and a third to finish the neck  
and mouth and correct any defects in  
the bottle. After the mouth is finished,  
the bottle is taken to the annealing fur-  
nace, where it is placed upon a pan, which,  
with several others attached together in  
the form of a chain, is drawn slowly  
through a long, horizontal oven. When  
the pan arrives at the opposite end of  
the oven, its load of bottles is removed,  
and it is returned to the mouth of the  
oven to receive a new load.

**An Honest Boy.**

A boy walked into an office with a po-  
cket-book in his hand and inquired if  
Mr. Blank was in.  
"That's my name," replied one of the  
gentlemen.  
"Well, here's a wallet with your name  
in it."  
"Yes, I lost it this morning."  
He received it, and the boy started  
down stairs, but was halted by the call:  
"Say, boy, what's your name?"  
"Oh, that's all right," replied the boy  
as he backed down. "Tain't worth your  
saying I'm an honest boy and offering  
me ten cents for my trouble, for there  
was only fifty cents in the wallet and  
I used that to buy some soap and a  
new clothes line."

In these days we fight for ideas, and  
newspapers are our fortresses.  
It is not so hard to earn money as to  
spend it well.

**Slap Up The Square.**

"It is very hard to lose a husband,"  
sobbed the Widow Wiltwingle, as she  
gazed down upon the features of the  
late lamented, and wondered whether  
she could borrow a long mourning veil.  
"Yes," sniffed the undertaker. "But  
all flesh is Timothy V. 22, and it only  
remains for us to plant him in as  
fashionable a shape as we can. Hadn't  
we better plow him under to-morrow?"  
"Isn't that too quick?" sighed the  
widow, who knew she couldn't get her  
washing from the laundry until the day  
after.

"I don't believe he'll keep," said the  
undertaker, eyeing the deceased criti-  
cally. "This here is pretty hard weath-  
er on meat, and he's liable to spile  
unless you shovel him under pretty  
sudden. He smells bad now."  
"So he does," replied the widow,  
sniffing at him cautiously. "And yet I  
hate to put him in the ground."  
"You can store him in the receiving  
vault for a while, if you like, but if you  
try to keep him around the house long  
he's likely to bust open and you'd bet-  
ter not have it if you can avoid it."  
"Is it cold in the vault?" asked the  
widow with streaming eyes.

"It ain't so remarkably tropical," re-  
sponded the undertaker. "Mourners  
generally put stiffs in there now; and  
you can pop him into the grave when  
ever it's handy. By the time you get  
around to it he'll be so far gone you  
won't mind it. If I was you I'd stick  
him in the vault for a few weeks."

"Well, I suppose it is best, and per-  
haps we'd better do it to-morrow."  
"All right," said the undertaker. "I'll  
call him up during the day and in the  
morning I'll team him over to the church  
Don't cry, just heel yourself pretty well  
up with scripture and you'll put it rough  
Would you like a rosewood or a velvet  
duster for him?"

"Rosewood, by all means. Please  
handle him tenderly."  
"Oh! we may have to hump him  
around a little, but we'll make it as easy  
as we can for him. How many teams  
will you want to haul the grief?"

"I think ten will be enough," replied  
the widow. "O, what shall I do when  
he's gone?"

"Don't think of that now," sympa-  
thized the undertaker, as he made a few  
memoranda in his note-book. "He's  
keeping up his end with the angels, and  
you know the Bible says the Lord is a  
shepherd who leads us around by green  
pastures. Brace up, and think of him as  
being where the wicked cease from  
troubling and the weary get the best.  
Who have you got to do the pious busi-  
ness?"

"Our minister is preparing himself  
now."  
"That's all right. I'll be around  
again during the day to try the box on,  
and I guess I'll freeze him a trifle, or  
you can't stand him by morning. This  
is terrible on defuncts, but we'll slide  
him away as well as we can, and you'll  
just bust with pride to see how it is  
done."

And the simple-minded, good hearted  
undertaker left the widow to her grief,  
while he went to order his men to "slap  
up the square thing by old Wiltwin-  
gle," who had sprung a leak in his mortal  
coil.

**The Horse Shoe and Its Application.**

The number and disposition of the  
nails depend upon the kind of shoes.  
For speed and light draft, from five to  
seven may be employed, while for heavy  
horses and for heavy draft the number  
may be increased. When few nails are  
used the shoe will be more widely distri-  
buted than is usual the custom. When  
it is remembered that the introduction  
of every nail is so much injury to the  
structures of the foot, it will readily be  
seen that the smaller the number requir-  
ed for the purpose the better for the  
animal. In driving the nails, it is essen-  
tial that a thick short hold of the  
crust should be had, rather than a long  
thin one. Not only is the shoe held  
more firmly, but there is a probability  
that the nail holes may, by the down-  
ward growth of the horn, be removed at  
the next shoeing, which in most cases  
should not exceed an interval of four or  
five weeks. The points of the nails  
should be shortened to just that length  
which will permit them to be turned  
over and hammered down smoothly,  
with perhaps the least possible rasping.  
The common method of rasping notes  
for the extremities of the nails is not  
advisable. In fact, as I have already  
said, the rasp should never be used upon  
the external walls of the hoof except in  
cases of absolute necessity to prevent  
striking of the opposite limb. Its use  
destroys the natural polish, exposes  
parts beneath which are not fitted for  
such exposure, and renders the horn  
brittle, and liable at any moment to  
quarter cracks and other maladies.

Idleness is the refuge of weak minds,  
and the holiday of fools.  
Sow good services; sweet remem-  
brance will grow from them.  
The heart is a loom, and it may weave  
whatever it pleases. It may make life a  
continual progress towards triumph.

Can there be anything more in human  
nature than to think, to speak and to do  
whatever good lies in our power to all?

**FOOD FOR THOUGHT.**

Right in the main—gas. But very  
apt to be wrong in the metre.  
"His fortune," he turned into nails and  
straws," refers to a prodigal.  
"Work for thy character until it be  
renewed, then it will work for thee."  
"If the ass is invited to the wedding  
it is only that he may carry the wood."  
The good thought of to-day will  
awaken many good thoughts to-morrow.

It is better to have wisdom without  
learning than learning without wisdom.  
A matter of more than ordinary inter-  
est—your note bearing twelve per cent.  
Some things are past finding out. The  
love for whiskey what staggers a man.

"The woman to whom fortune does  
not come says that her husband is be-  
wilted."  
The pleasant things in this world are  
pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art  
in life is to have as many of them as pos-  
sible.

What is necessary to make an honest  
man, properly applied, would make a  
polite one.  
Genial cheerfulness is an almost cer-  
tain index of a happy mind and pure,  
good heart.

Happiness only begins when wishes  
end; and he who hanker after more en-  
joys nothing.

Pedantry crams our heads with learn-  
ed lumber and takes out our brains to  
make room for it.  
Young, one is rich in all the future  
that he dreams; old, one is poor in all  
the past he regrets.

How industriously the good grows and  
propagates itself, even among the weedy  
entanglements of evil.  
"He eats the fruit of the paternal gar-  
den, and yet insults his ancestors," re-  
fers to ingratitude.

"One horseman does not make the  
dust-cloud." This signifies that the  
work of one man cannot produce very  
great results.

Our ideas, like orange plants, spread  
out in proportion to the size of the box  
which imprisons the roots.  
Never give advice until you are asked  
for it, and only give it then with cau-  
tion.

Among the perilous rocks and shoals  
of life, we can have no better compass  
than a clear conscience.

"He has no bread to eat and he is  
looking for a wife" signifies; Be not am-  
bitious when your means are limited.

It is quite wonderful how many things  
there are in this world which you do  
not want if you can only make yourself  
think so.

Good nature adorns every perfection  
a man is master of, and throws a veil  
over every blemish which would other-  
wise prevail.

As few roads are so rough as those  
that have just been mended, so few sin-  
ners are so intolerant as those that have  
just turned saint.

When dunce call us fools without  
proving us to be so, our best resort is to  
prove them to be fools, without conde-  
scending to call them so.

The spirit of mortals is proud be-  
cause it costs fifteen cents a glass. This  
puts the matter in a new light.

The way to help a man in trouble is  
not to take his burden from him, but to  
give him all the strength we can to bear  
it himself.

No man can honestly pray to be deli-  
vered from this world's temptations,  
who does not persistently strive to keep  
out of them.

"It is the erier himself who has lost  
his can," is used in speaking of those who  
cannot do for themselves what they can  
do for others.

"What the grasshoppers have left, the  
little birds have eaten," means that mis-  
fortunes never