

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
R. A. BUMILLER.
Office in the New Journal Building,
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 58.

MILLHEIM, PA. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1884.

NO. 25.

ADVERTISING RATES.
1 square 1 week 1 month 3 months 6 months 1 year
4 columns 2 00 4 00 10 00 15 00 20 00 25 00
1 column 1 00 2 00 5 00 7 50 10 00 12 50
1 line 10 00 15 00 20 00 25 00 30 00 35 00
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PEBBLES.

"What are the pebbles, old Father Time, Thou'rt throwing in the river, Thy river that flows without a tide For ever and for ever?"
"Pebbles?" said Time—"Yes, pebbles they are Empires, Kingdoms, thrones, Heroes, and poets whose fame was wide As the circle of the zones.
I cast them all in my rolling flood That sparkles in the sun; A little splash in the mighty stream— A bubble, and all is done!"

THE BACHELOR'S ILLS.

As the Bachelor rises up in the morn,
He feels weary and sad;
And at breakfast he finds the bread is stale,
And the butter is shockingly bad.
His coffee is cold, and his brain new boots
Have not been dusted or brushed—
And he rises up, while his pallid cheek
With anger and pain is flushed.
He then goes out and comforts himself
By taking a social lunch;
And he thinks of his coming dinner—when
He shall dine off steaks and punch.
But, as he enters, he knows by the smoke,
That cometh from out of the window,
That his steak, by the hands of the verdant cook
Is burnt, alas! to a cinder.
He sits him down, but he cannot eat,
For he with rage is inspired;
And he tugs at the bell, until, at last,
His arms are weary and tired.
But no one comes for the landlady takes
Great care to be out of the way—
Especially whenever she thinks
Her lodger has something to say.
Roaring with passion, he takes his leave,
To spend out the rest of the day;
But supper time comes, and home he goes,
Grumbling the whole of the way.
He sits down to tea, but fate has ordained
That no tea, will, alas! pour out;
For a host of leaves to his utter dismay,
Have fixed themselves in the spout.
Poor fellow! no longer his pains and ills
Shall be in derision trace;
But we tell old bachelors how to draw
A moral from such a case.
A moral to draw as simple and plain,
As if old Aesop had shown it;
Get a snug little house, my bachelor friend,
And a snug little wife of your own 'n'

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

It was a beautiful midsummer afternoon. The sun was shining brightly upon one of the large plains of Texas, dotted here and there by settler's houses, and the glittering waters of the Rio Grande.
Riding up the dusty brown road at a slow pace was an army officer upon a large sorrel thoroughbred, which seemed ever impatient to move rapidly onward.
The rider was a young man with a handsome sun-browned face. He had bright gray eyes, a light moustache hid his well-cut lips, and a wealth of dark brown curly hair clustered around his head.
As he was passing a wayside house, the owner came out and hailed him:
"Colonel, hold a minute."
The young officer turned his horse, and rode up to the man.
"Colonel," said the man, "that Mexican band of thieves crossed the river this morning, and they intend mischief."
"Yes," said the colonel, "those Mexican raiders are the plague of the country. Have you seen the rascals?"
"Yes; I met them this morning, when they crossed the river, and they told me they intended to kill the Thomson family before they go back; so I concluded to tell you. I thought you might warn Thomson to get out of the way."
"Why, what have they against Thomson?"
"Oh, you know Thomson chased two of them away when they were trying to steal his horse. They have boasted that they intend to kill every man, woman and child in the family."
"When do they intend to do it?"
"As they come back. They have gone down in the valley; but, from what they said, I think they will be back in two hours or so."
"As soon as that?" said the colonel, "then I will not have time to ride to camp for troops."
"No; and they may be back in an hour; no telling."
"Well if they may be back so soon, I'd better be going if I wish to save the family. Good-day."
"Good day," said the man, as the colonel's horse bounded at a rapid pace up the road.
Thomson's house was about a mile and a half distant. Reaching it, the colonel rode hastily up to the door and knocked.
"Hallo, Colonel Charlie," said the good-hearted farmer, "come in and have a drink of milk, and cool yourself. It is a mighty hot day."
"No, I thank you; that band of Mexican cut-throats have crossed the river again, and—"
"Have they?" exclaimed the settler, wiping the sweat from his brow.
"Yes; and they have threatened to murder you and your family."
"And I have no mercy to expect from them. That thief I hurt for attempting to steal one of my horses was one of their gang, and I suppose they are thirsting for revenge."
"Yes, Thomson," said the colonel,

"the best thing for you to do is to leave here as soon as possible, and go to camp."

The settler hastened away to alarm those within.
The family consisted of Thomson, wife, brother and two children—a boy and a girl. The boy was about a dozen years of age, and the girl was six.
After quickly hitching a pair of horses to the wagon, it was soon loaded, the colonel working as industriously as any. The children were put in it, and Thomson's brother-in-law drove away, leaving the rest to fill the remaining wagon.
The man had driven but a short distance when the little girl began to cry for her doll.
"Oh, never mind your doll, I'll buy you another," said her uncle.
"Oh, please let me go back and get my doll," cried the child. "I'll go straight to mamma."
She cried and begged so hard, that at last her uncle put her out and told her to hurry straight to her mother.
Going back she entered the house unobserved, and sitting down on the floor soon fell asleep.
It was some time after the wagon had started that the other one was ready. They therefore had traveled nearly two miles before overtaking it. Then the mother, putting her head out of the wagon, called to her boy:
"Where is your sister?"
"She is with you," said the boy.
"Isn't she with you?" cried Mrs. Thomson to her brother.
"No; she is in your wagon."
"Oh, heaven!" cried the mother, "my child is left behind."
For a moment all were silent, gazing in each other's faces, till Thomson said:
"I fear I could not get back before the bandits would be there. That dust in the distance, I suppose, is caused by the band. Perhaps they may not injure the child."
"But," cried the mother, frantically, "they have sworn to kill every man, woman and child in the house. If they should spare her, they would carry her off into slavery, which would be even worse. Oh, my child, my child!"
"I know not what to do," exclaimed the bewildered father.
"There is but one thing that can be done," said the young officer. "I'll ride back, and rescue her if it be in my power."
"God bless you, colonel, God bless you! May heaven reward you!" exclaimed the mother, her eyes filling with tears as she saw the noble young fellow turn his horse and galloped down the road.
The colonel galloped on till he reached the settler's house. Then riding around to the back he looked in through the open window. There lay the child upon the floor asleep, grasping her doll.
"Oh, Colonel Charlie, where's my mamma?" cried the child when he awakened her.
"Your mother has gone away; but I have come to take you to her. Now, come to the window, and I will lift you on the horse. Be quick!"
Lifting her up before him, he clasped her firmly about the waist and turning his horse's head, plunged up the road.
He could plainly distinguish the bandits now as they were moving towards the house.
He had ridden about half a mile when the Mexican band got sight of him. They immediately changed their course, not directly toward him, but so as to intercept him about midway between the settler's home and camp.
The colonel understood their movement, and knew they had a shorter distance to ride. For a moment he hesitated and looked back, but in that instant he decided to move forward, for he saw several stragglers of the band had already reached the house.
"My horse is faster than any of theirs," he muttered, "and that is my only hope. Now, Hero," said he to the thoroughbred as he patted the horse's arched neck, "you have a hard ride before you. Now, do your level best, old boy."
The horse seemed to understand for he pricked up his ears, and shook his head as if eager for the race.
"Now, my little girl, put your arms about me, and hold on tight. You are not afraid, are you?"
"No; not with you," she replied, as she looked up in the young fellow's handsome face.
The next moment the thoroughbred was flying at a rapid rate. The bandits saw it, and with a wild yell urged their horses at full speed.
Rapidly they shortened the distance between them until they were not more than a mile and a half apart. The colonel saw it was a critical moment. He glanced toward the camp; he saw the wagons had already arrived, and the soldiers were but in front of the

tents eagerly watching the race.

He grasped the little girl's waist till he hurt her, then bracing himself firmly in the stirrups, he gave a wild yell at the horse. The animal sprang into the air, and the next moment it was flying over the plains at such a rate that one misstep would have been fatal.
Each moment they came closer together; the colonel was gaining rapidly on them, but he had a much longer distance to ride.
The excitement among the soldiers in front of the tents grew intense as each moment brought them closer and closer. A deathlike silence fell upon the men as the critical moment drew near.
"He is lost," said one of the soldiers.
"Yes, it is all over with him," repeated another.
A tear stood in many an eye; for the colonel was a favorite with them all.
"Look! look," cried several of the men.
Yes, look! When the bandits were almost upon him, the horse suddenly gave a splendid burst of speed worthy of his blood. Was he running or flying! He was down to his work at last.
The next moment both parties leaped into the hollow that lay between them and the camp, and were lost to view.
Silently the soldiers watched the hollow. They knew it was now a question of life and death, and eagerly, almost breathlessly, they watched the result.
The next moment the colonel came full in view from the hollow. A low cheer almost involuntarily burst from the men; but it soon subsided, for it was now the paramount moment. He was passing the Mexicans at about seventy yards. They raised their guns and fired.
Did he reel or fall? No; he was still firmly seated in the saddle.
A loud cheer broke from the soldiers, that rang far over the plains. The band gave chase; but rapidly he widened the distance between them.
"The colonel's safe," cried the men. But he was not.
He was rapidly approaching a growth of willows near a pool of water, when suddenly a mounted Mexican, armed with a revolver, sprang from behind him. It looked as if he had escaped one danger but to fall into another. He had no chance to defend himself. One arm was about the girl, with the other he had to grasp the bridle; and even if he could use it, he could not get at his revolver. If he laid the child on the ground, before he could defend himself and get her again the bandits would be upon him. So he concluded to press onward.
The villain rushed to ward him, exclaiming as he raised the pistol and took aim:
"Al fin ce canta la gloria," (boast not till the victory is won).
At that moment there was a low report, scarcely audible for the distance, and the Mexican reeled in his saddle and fell to the earth.
The colonel looked ahead of him, and there, fully half a mile away, stood a tall Kentuckian grasping a rifle which he had just discharged.
The colonel pushed on, and as he passed the soldier, the latter said:
"I rather guess I fetched him, colonel."
"Yes; it was a splendid shot. Go into camp. You will be a corporal when you get there."
"A corporal," muttered the tall Kentuckian. "Mighty lucky shot, that. Didn't expect to be a corporal for a year yet."
In a few moments more the colonel plunged into camp amid a wild yell of cheers and a discharge from the battery, which rolled over the plains and across the river into Mexico, announcing that the colonel had won the race.

Let the Child be Joyful.

A child's mirth is easily aroused. How still is the house when the little ones are all fast asleep and their pattering feet are silent. How easily the fun of a child bubbles forth. Take even those poor, prematurely aged little ones bred in the gutter, crumpled in unhealthy homes, and illused, it may be, by drunken parents, and you find the child-nature is not all crushed out of them. They are children still, albeit they look so haggard and wan. Try to excite their mirthfulness, and ere long a laugh rings out as wild and free as if there was no such things as sorrow in the world. Let the little ones laugh, then—too soon, alas! they will find cause to weep. Do not try to silence them, but let their gleefulness ring out a gladsome peal, reminding us of the days when we, too, could laugh without a sigh.

A Lioness at Bay.

In parts of Africa—in Abyssinia, at least—there are certain famous hunters called *aggajees*, who attack elephants with sword and lance, hamstringing them, and that both on horse-back and on foot. I had been out with a party of *aggajees*, and we had crossed a river, one of these treacherous, silent masses of water that sweeps everything steadily before it.
We had passed through an opening in the belt of a jungle on the banks, and entered on a plain interspersed with clumps of brush, when suddenly we perceived, at about two hundred yards distant, a magnificent lion, whose shaggy mane gave him a colossal appearance, as he stalked quietly along the flat, sandy ground, toward the place of his daily retreat. The *aggajees* whispered "El asul" [the lion], and instinctively the sword flashed from their sheaths. In an instant the horses were at full speed sweeping on the level ground.
The lion had not observed us, but on hearing the sound of hoofs he halted, raised his head, regarding us for a moment with wonder, as we rapidly decreased our distance, when, thinking retreat advisable he bounded off, followed by the excited hunters, as hard as the horses could be pressed.
Having obtained a good start, the *aggajees* had gained upon him, and kept up the pace until they arrived within about eighty yards of the lion, who, although he appeared to fly easily along like a cat, did not equal the speed of the horses. In about five minutes the hunters had run the lion straight across the plain, through several open strips of mimosa, and just as they were within a few yards of him, he sprang down a precipitous ravine, and disappeared in the thick thorns.
In the expectation of "potting a lion," I had caused the carcass of a buffalo, which I had shot on the preceding day, to be deposited near a huge bowlder in the centre of this grass; and, when I came to examine the place where it had been left, nothing remained—not even a bone—while the ground was much trampled, and the trails of lions were upon the grass; but the body of the buffalo had been dragged into the thorny jungle.
I was determined, if possible, to get a shot; therefore, I followed carefully the track left by the carcass, which had formed a path in the withered grass.
Unfortunately, the lions had dragged the buffalo down-wind; therefore, I came to the conclusion that my only chance would be to make a long circuit, and to creep up-wind through the thorns until I should be advised by my nose of the position of the carcass, which would be by this time in a state of putrefaction, and the lions would most probably be with the body.
Accordingly, I struck off to my left, and continuing straight forward for some hundred yards, I again struck the reedy grass and came around to the wind. Success depended upon extreme caution; therefore, I advised my men to keep close behind me with spare rifles.
Softly and with difficulty I crept forward, followed closely by my men, through the high withered grass, with nerves strung to the full pitch, and the finger on the trigger, ready for any emergency.
Presently, a puff of wind brought to my nose the unmistakable odor of decomposing flesh. For a moment I halted, and looking round to my men, made a sign that we were near the carcass, and that they were to be ready with the rifles.
Fully prepared for a quick shot, I crept steadily on.
A tremendous roar in the dense grass within a few feet of me suddenly made my heart's blood leap backward, and almost at the same instant a lioness sprang out of the earth within half a dozen yards of me.
Another tremendous roar, and, wagging her tail fiercely, she made ready for a spring.
My men, instead of preserving silence and coolness, commenced to howl and shake their fists at her, while the two who bore the rifles deliberately took to their heels, leaving me face to face with my terrible foe.
I fixed my eyes upon her, watching her every motion with a fascination

that words fail to describe. I brought my rifle to my shoulder, and awaited her spring. Even now I wonder at my own coolness; and yet my blood was boiling, and my heart beating like a steam hammer.

With another awful roar she sprang at me.
I fired.
My shot told, and she fell dead at my very feet. Why I did not send the contents of my other barrel into one of the cowardly natives is a mystery to me.

A Cool Beggar.

Some beggars have a vulnerable point left somewhere in them, or a certain limit of impudence that stops them a little short of actual insult; but with the *fellabeen* Arabs begging is a constitutional passion or hereditary trait, rendering them as innocent of all sense of the proprieties of time and place and mutual relation as their skins are of soap and water. Do them a kindness, and they expect you to pay them for giving you the opportunity, like Dickens' Herold Shippole, the complacent "dead beat," who prided himself on being a cause of benevolence to other men. A well known traveler in Egypt gives several illustrations of this travesty gratitude, of which the following is one:
It is useless to resist the impression that this demand for bucksheesh (money) is instinctive in the Arab character. It is the first word the children utter. It is the last on the lips of the lips of the dying man, if the vision of a foreigner crosses his failing sight. Doctor Abbot vouches for the fact that he attended an Arab in a long and severe sickness, and cured him. When the man was well he called on the doctor, as the worthy physician supposed for the purpose of expressing his gratitude for visits that had been made twice a day for a month. That he had nothing but gratitude to give, the doctor well knew.
"I am well," said the man.
"Yes—I am glad to see it—you are well."
"I am well," repeated the Arab.
"Yes, so I see; thank God for it," said the doctor.
"Yes—but—isn't there anything more? You see I am well."
"Certainly, I see you are well; and you have had a hard time of it. Go to work now, and keep well."
"But isn't there anything more?"
"More, more—what more?"
"Bucksheesh?"
"For what?"
"For the experience you've had in curing me."
"I had cured him for nothing, and paid for his medicines, and the dog came to me for bucksheesh," said the doctor. Nor was this a solitary instance in his practice.
Bob Burdette on Clothes.
Don't judge a man by his clothes. Can you tell what a circus is going to be like, by looking at the Italian sunset pictures on the fence? Do you value a turkey for its plumage? And isn't the skin of mink the most, and, indeed, the only valuable part about him? There are men fair to look upon, who wander up and down this country, and sit in the coolest places on the hotel piazzas, who are arrayed in fine linens and cardinals' socks, and hold their hand over their scarf-pin when they want to see the moonlight, who, unassisted and unprompted, do not possess the discretion to come in when it rains, and don't know enough to punch a hole in the snow with an umbrella—new, soft snow at that, without any crust on it. Now then, son, before you are as old as Methuselah, you will meet a man who wears a hat that is worth twice as much as the head it covers. On the other hand, don't fall into the error of believing that all the goodness, and honesty, and intelligence in the world goes about in shreds and patches. We have seen a tramp dressed in more rags than you could rake out of the family rag-bag, and more dirt and hair on him than would suffice to protect a horse, who would step up to the front door and demand three kinds of cakes, half a pie, and then steal everything movable in the yard, kill the dog, stuff up the pump with sand, tramp on the pansy bed and girle the cherry trees because he couldn't carry them away. Good clothes or bad are never an infallible index to the man that is in them.
A boy, aged ten years and a half, died in Washington, D. C., after long suffering from a swelling of the abdomen, which defied diagnosis. The small intestine contained twenty large plumb stones, a copper cent, a nickel, a tooth, two buttons, and other foreign substances. The liver was enlarged.
Singing, instead of cutting the hair, is said to seal up the ends and prevent graying.

HUMOROUS.

Mirabeau said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that God created him only to show to what extent the human skin would stretch without breaking.
"It is a solemn thing to get married," said Aunt Betty. "Yes, but a good deal solemner not to be," replied her daughter, who was just turning forty.
"My horse, if you please," said the wife. "My money bought that horse."
"Yes, madam," replied the husband, bowing, "and your money bought me."
"You want a flogging—that's what you want," said a parent to an unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without," said the independent hopeful.
"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much of an impression on me as the old man's."
"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head, and has wood enough for another."
"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"
"James, now I will hear your lesson," said a schoolmaster to a little urchin, who was not in the habit of studying much. "Gueth not, thir; daddy thaith little boys should be theen and not heard."
"Pray, Mrs. Zabraska, why do you whip your children so often?" "La, Mr. Worthy, I do it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my life that he didn't acknowledge that it made him smart."
"So you are going to keep a school," said a young lady to an old maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I prefer that myself, but where is the widower?"
"How are you getting along since your marriage?" asked one friend of another. "Not very well," was the reply. "When she gave me her hand a little over a year ago it filled me with delight; but when she gives it to me now it doesn't delight me in the least."
A thick-headed squire, being worsted by Snyder Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming, "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove I'd make him a parson!" "Very probable," replied Sir Snyder, "but I see your father was of a different mind."
"I stand," said a western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be my arm if I desert 'um!" "You stand on nothing of the kind," said a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money!"
A lady being in want of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, and something of a wag in his line. The lady called and asked: "Are you the dying man?" "No, ma'am, I'm a living man, but I'll dye for you," promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.
Squibbs came home the other night rather tighter than usual, and on taking out his night-key to unlock the door, felt around in vain for a place in which to enter it. "At length, exasperated and discouraged, he staggered back in despair, exclaiming, 'By golly, it's no use; somebody has stolen the key-hole!'"
It does not follow that a minister should never smile, because his profession is a serious one. Some of the most convivial of men have been clergymen. Robert Hale was one of this class, and on a certain occasion he properly rebuked a brother of the cloth who reproved him for his levity.
"There is no difference between you and me," he said; "while I have my nonsense in the parlor you have yours in the pulpit."
"I should like to have you raise a club, said a seven by nine book-cavasser to a daughter of Erin, as he stood on the front step trying to talk her to death on the subject of the Extinction of the Tribes of the Seventh Century." "I will," said Biddy, "as she reached around behind the door, 'but had luck to your picture if you'll linger around here when I get it raised.'" He didn't linger.
As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures? Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.
Dates were first affixed to grants and assignments in 1290. Before that time land was transferred by undated deeds