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The Millheim Journal.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS

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A Queer Buffalo Hunt.

While recently traveling through the northern portion of Missouri, I was highly entertained one evening with the narration of a Virginia backwoodsman, who had settled in that section when all around was a wilderness; and as this story of the old farmer, concerning the manner in which he became acquainted with his present wife, contains a rather curious and singular adventure, I have written it out, under the assurance of its being a real occurrence, which had never been told in print.

Joseph Tompkins (for so I will call the farmer) was a true specimen of a frontiersman—tall, lank and muscular, and much better acquainted with the mysteries of the woods than the refinement of books; and he had married a wife nearly as tall as himself; but who had the additional qualification of weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, and whom Mr. Tompkins often playfully designated as "that thar tiny leetle woman."

"She's a prize, that thar same leetle woman is!" proudly replied the good farmer, to a compliment which I paid to her domestic qualities; "and if you'd like to hear a bit of romance, I'll tell you how I fust got acquainted with her."

Of course the story was demanded; and the worthy farmer, settling himself well back in a bearskin-covered armchair, proceeded with his narration, in the following characteristic language:

When I first moved to this here county, from old Vargin'a, I reckon it was as wild a looking place as you ever seen. We come right here where we now live, and settled down right in the heart of the woods, that war powerful gloomy jest then, as you can fancy.

Thar was dad himself and four of us boys, making a purty strong team; and going right to work, we soon had up a right smart chance of a cabin; and what time arter that we warn't hunting for something to eat, we war c'lar ing off a patch of ground to put corn into the next coming spring.

All that wide prairie that you've seen stretching away to the right, and now dotted over with fine houses, was as wild then as the big prairies towards the Rocky Mountains; and the tall, dry grass made it look awful drear, as the fall winds begun to whistle over it.

Arter the weather begun to git purty cold, and we found our feed gitting low, we concluded we'd better take a week to lay in game, to be ready for needing times; and so one day we got together some neighbors' boys, that lived about eight or ten miles off—us four and them making ten in all—and sot off on a reg'lar hunting bout; and a wilder, merrier set of young rascals you couldn't skeer up the whole 'arth over—no sir-ee!

Well, we tuk right acrost that thar prairie, intending to go to a wood on t'other side, whar thar was a famous salt lick; but we hadn't gone mor'n two mile, when we seen the awfullest big herd of buffiers that ever showed their shaggy heads in these here diggings. They war the fust that some of us had ever seen in our lives—me and my three brothers special—and if we warn't nearly tickled outen our moccasins, at the chance we'd now have to try our skill on the critters, than you can stop off my backer for a month—yer sir-ee!

Well, you'd better believe thar warn't much fooling about then. The buffiers was slowly feeding along towards the fur side of the prairie, and we at once sot off to try our hands on 'em, taking pains to keep well down in the long grass, so's they shouldn't see us, and now and then gitting a chance to kiver ourselves for a while in the low, scrubby timber and hazlenut bushes that growed thick along the different sloughs.

I reckon the old brutes must a got the scent of us once in a while, though, for several times we seen 'em sniff the air and then start off at a sort of trot, which they'd keep up for a mile or two, and then feed along slow agin, till we'd a'most come up to 'em, and then up and trot off agin.

In this way we follered 'em up purty nigh the whole blessed day, without gitting a durned shot, and by that time I'd got about as mad as any human ever should git without nothing to bite; and I up and swore I wouldn't go back without one of them thar buffiers, if I had to stay a week for't; and all the other boys jined in, and swore the same thing. Then we took asmack from our wallets, and follered on, eating as we went, and mumbling our vengeance with every mouthful we put in.

But still the same confounded luck! The more we pushed on, the more the buffiers pushed off, till at last down went the sun, and I felt like breaking something.

'Who's a-going to gin in now?' says I.

'Not me,' says one feller arter another till every feller had said it.

'Well, thar's a cl'ar moon for us,' says I, pinting towards the east, when she was jist coming up beautiful; 'and if them critters don't guv us a chance to shoot some of 'em, I'll be hanged if they shall sleep a wink this blessed night.'

So we pushed on, and in less than a half hour arter that we got right near the long black line of beasts. Whether it was bekase we'd now got the breeze blowing towards us, I don't know; but somehow the buffiers appeared to have got over thar skeer, and war now taking their ease, picking out the green sprigs of grass close down to the ground.

Well, we crept along till we'd got within good, easy, shooting distance; and then I told the boys we'd all git ready and fire together, and fotch as many's we could, for it war jest as like as not we wouldn't be able to git the second shot. The moon by this time was shining so cl'ar and bright that we could see almost as clear as day; and then it was, jest about the time we war gitting ready to take aim, we did see something so curious that we stopped to look at it, and wonder over it, and, as I'm telling facts, I'll be frank enough to own up, gitting a leetle bit skeered at it too.

The buffiers, as I've said, was stretched away in a long black line—some of 'em purty near us and some of 'em a good ways off—when right sudden one of them nearest us, and one of the old fellers we'd laid out to throw with our furst shot, gin a loud, awful beller, like he'd got pain in his stomach, and began to caper round like I did onct when I was stung by a hornet. Now that wasn't so very much in itself, for it might be something had hit him; but when he broke away toward us, bellowing all the time—and then stopping sudden and begun to paw the earth—and then stopped that and pear'ed to be bracing himself on his legs, putting them as far apart as he could—and then purty soon rolled over, with a powerful groan—it sort of looked a bit queer. And then, when three or four others went to doing the same thing, and all ending in the same way, it really looked a durn sight queerer.

'Hello! what's the matter thar?' says one.

'The old Scratch or a Injun, I don't know which!' says another.

'Don't you see that buffler calf, that looks like it might be a yearling, dodging about alongside of them fellers as gits the pain?' says a third.

We all allowed we had seen it—but what then?

'Well, that's the critter as kicks up all the rumpus,' says him that pinted it out, 'and its eyther a Injun, a sperret or the devil—for if thar's any buffler in it, you can hang me!'

We boys all had our superstitious beliefs, as well as the old folks, and as we looked at that thar calf, flying round 'mongst them as perred to be a leetle bit further off.

'Let's shoot at it!' says one; and three or four rifles war immediately p'inted in that direction.

'Don't! says I; 'for if it's a Injun, he's only making meat, and we'll divide the spiles; and if its a sperret, or the Old One, you'll only waste your powder. Let's wait a bit and see what comes on't!'

Well, after the other buffiers had gone through all the motions of the first, and keeled over in the grass, we seen the thing, whatever it might be, leave the herd and come quiet towards where we war.

'Down in the grass, boys,' says I, 'and keep powerful still, till we git that thar critter in amongst us, and then its like we'll git at the mystery!'

So we all popped down and waited quiet for the spook to come up; and as I war one of the nearest to it, I felt my hair kind 'o bristle up, and I hurried over a prayer or two into my own mind, jist to be ready for the wo'st.

At fust, arter I'd dropped down, I couldn't see it at all; but I hadn't laid there long when I seen its shaggy head, with its short horns bobbling up and down, as it come right on towards the spot whar I war. I was skeered then, I won't deny, bekause I thought it might be some wild prairie sperret; and if I'd been alone, thar ain't a doubt in my mind that I'd done some purty tall walking right off.

Well, I waited, holding my breath and trembling, till the awful thing come up closer and closer, and I somehow thought I could see the devil in the shape of a young buffler; and then, feeling like a man does when he's cornered up to desperation, I jumped up with a yell right in front of it. As I done so, some of the other boys jumped up with a yell too, and then with a scream, that made my blood curdle, the thing dropped right down in the high grass before me, and I thought it had gone into the 'arth straight. The next breath, though, I seen it a floundering; and p'inting down my rifle, I was jest about to fire, when a woman's voice said:

"You've skeered me a'most to death, and I'm bound to box the ears of the man that's done it."

And, with them words, up jumps a woman, leaving the buffler's hide on the ground; and afore I knowed what was what, I felt my ears sing like you've heerd a tea-kettle afore now.

If I was afeard when expecting to find it a sperret, I war dreadful astonished to find it a woman, and so war all the boys, who begun to gather round, hanging thar heads, as if they'd been cotched in some mean trick.

"See here," says I, catching hold of her, make sure she was human arter all, "if you aint a hoss of a gal, then I never seen one that was—no, marm! Jest tell me whar you come from? and how you've done the purty trick we've jest see? Dern me, if you don't beat all the snakes in these parts! Yes, marm!"

She laughed right out wild, and called me a skeered goose—which warn't true, bekase I wasn't skeered then, nor a goose nyther—and then she says, p'inting over the prairie to a hut, that we could jest see as a black speck, says she:

"I come from thar. Me and my mother lives thar by ourselves. My father's dead, and my only brother's gone to hunt his fortin. I has to kill all the game we lives on, and I'm gitting purty used to it now, though it gives me a heap of trouble sometimes. I seen them buffiers feeding along this evening; and knowing as how we're nigh out of meat, I detarmined to run all risks and stretch a couple of 'em anyhow; and so, taking the hide of one, that I'd got fixed for the purpose, I crept in amongst 'em, and made good use of this here long knife, in the way I'd been showed how by a Injun. I've killed five to-night; and I was jest a going home to git our hosses to drag 'em off, so's me and mother mought smoke, dry, or salt 'em down agin a wet day, when I run agin you, and got an awful skeer from a yeell more like Beelzebub nor anything human."

"And for which I've got a pair of awful boxed ears," says I.

And so you oughter have, you goose!" says she, repeating that term of endearment twice-times.

Well, my friend, the up shot on't was that we boys all helped that gal home with her meat, and helped her eat some on't too, whilst we hunted about thar with purty good luck. She war a screamer, and I war a allergator, and so in course we tuk to each other amazing. I liked her for her spunk, and she liked me for my beauty; and so in the end we got a traveling preacher to jine us according to law; and here we is, as happy as two clams.

Thar, I've told you how I fust seen that tiny leetle woman, who can knock the hind sight off of any thing in these diggings in the way of corn fixings, and I hope and pray that the day may be a long ways off afore Joe Tompkins sees the last of her. Yes, sir!

Hurricanes at Honolulu.

'Talk about tornadoes and cyclones,' said Reserve Officer Stark. 'People living in this section of the country don't know what they are. In the neighborhood of the Sandwich Islands, and particularly off Honolulu, which is at the head of the landlocked harbor, is the place for hurricanes. The mountains back of Honolulu are saw-shaped and they have a queer effect on the atmospheric currents. There is no anchorage outside the harbor and vessels that don't care to touch at Honolulu usually 'lay off and on,' as the sailors have it, while they send a boat ashore. I have seen half a dozen ships lying off Honolulu within hailing distance of each other—one in a shower of rain, another in a dead calm, with a bright sun shining overhead; a third in a smooth breeze, and a fourth in such a gale that everything had to be close-reefed.

'Different air currents are so close together and so sharply defined that I have been standing on the deck of a vessel with the sun shining brightly overhead and not air enough moving to fill the sails, while within ten feet of me on one side it was raining big guns, and not twenty feet the other way blowing a regular hurricane. I never shall forget one incident. It was about noon and I was leaning over the port rail amidships. There wasn't air enough blowing to lift a feather. Suddenly I heard a roar and knew that a tornado was passing by the ship. It was so close that when I stretched out my hand the wind struck it with such a force that I was whirled completely around. Our port anchor, which weighed about a ton and a half, was hanging on the rail forward, and the same gust struck one of the flukes. It tore loose the fastening, whirled that anchor through the air like a bit of thistle down, and left it hanging on the main yard arm. It put us to a heap of trouble to get it down again.'

THE other day a young housewife left her home in this town to spend a few days with several lady friends in Bellefonte. Before going she provided a good supply of eatibles for her husband, and told him that he could help himself whenever he was hungry. He took lunch down town and went home in the evening for dinner.

As he tells the story, he found cold chicken, cold butter, cold pie, cold milk, cold salt, cold mustard, and several other cold dishes, but with all that he was not entirely satisfied, and hunted high and low for something else. At first he did not know what it was, but finally concluded he wanted bread. He knew there was some in the house, but could not find it. Finally he concluded to telegraph to his wife, for he could not live without bread. Accordingly a telegram asking "Where is the bread?" was dispatched.

The wife received it in the midst of a number of ladies, and it frightened her nearly to death. With the cry, "I knew it was bad news; I kwow Mr. B—— is killed!" she fell in a faint. The ladies present cried from sympathy, and a most lugubrious scene presented itself when the man of the house happened in. What's the matter here?" he asked. "Mrs. B's husband has been killed and she has fainted," was the reply. "How do you know?" he asked. "Oh, she got a telegram." "Where is it?" "We haven't opened it yet."

Imagine the scene when the sympathetic creatures read the message. In about an hour the reply was sent back to him: "You mean thing. It is in the bread box, under the piano, where I hid it from the cook."

Deep Students of Human Nature.

Some weeks ago a widow moved into Detroit from a town in the western part of the state. She brought with her a bulldog which showed game in every movement, and it was not long before every butcher and sport in the neighborhood wanted to buy that dog. The widow wouldn't sell at any price. The next thing to buying the dog was to get up a fight between him and another canine of blood-thirsty appearance; but the widow wouldn't hear to this. "I want you to understand," she indignantly replied, 'that I am a respectable woman and give no encouragement to such things.' Still there were one or two men who did not despair. They began to conspire, and as a result they led a fighting dog into a barn near the widow's house the other day, and one of them paid a call to the house and said: 'In course we know how you feel about this dog-fighting. We feel the same, but there's a woman across the alley who owns a dog which she brags on.' 'She can't be no lady,' was the retort. 'Exactly, ma'am, or she wouldn't speak of you as she does.' 'Speak of me! Why, I don't know her!' 'In course you don't, and I would hate to tell you what she says of you.' 'But you must.' 'If she's talking about me I want to know what she says!' 'But, ma'am, you'll excuse me you know.' 'No, I won't. What does she say?' 'Well, then, begging your pardon, she makes fun of your red hair.' 'She does?' 'And she ridicules your dress.' 'The Vixen!' 'And she says she never saw such feet on a woman.' 'I'll sue her for slander! I'll see a lawyer at once!' exclaimed the woman. 'We've got her dog in the barn, ma'am. It's a dog she brags on. She was a-saying yesterday that if her dog could only get at your dog once, there—' 'But he can. You go into the back yard and untie Bravo and take him over there. If he can't whip any such woman's dog I'll disown him.' 'Exactly, ma'am, and you can trust me to see fair play. The arrogant head of such a slanderful, boisterous woman should be humbled, you know, and it's you who'll do it. The dog was taken to the barn, and he did not disappoint his backers. After a fight of fifteen minutes he was declared victor, and as the referee gave his decision the widow's voice was heard, saying: 'Good! That pays her for abusing my hair. I'll fix her on the big feet before the week is out.' She had been watching the fight through the cracks of the barn.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Irish Legend.

Between two forest-covered mountains, on the Emerald Isle, was a narrow valley, into which the sun shone but six hours of a long summer's day. Beautiful flowers and luxuriant trees flourished here, and multitudes of musical birds built their tiny nests and reared their young unmolested. Near the centre of this lovely valley, beneath a drooping willow, whose long, sweeping branches mingled with the rich grass, was a deep well, whose clear, cold waters occasionally overflowed its brink, bubbling and boiling as if a great fire were beneath them. Wondrous power and strange virtues were ascribed to this well of the valley; and, among other things, it was said to have the gift of rendering perfectly beautiful any maiden who would bathe her face in its pure waters at twelve o'clock on a midsummer's night.

On the side of one of these mountains stood a rustic cottage, the abiding place of Kathleen Burns, a young and gay lass of some twenty summers. Though well-formed, lithe, and active, Kathleen was very far from being handsome; her cheeks were thin pale and her eyes, though blue as the bluest, had very little expression. Greatly she mourned over her want of beauty; and many were the sleepless nights she passed, after coming home from a fair, of a dance, were lovely maidens dazzled the eyes of young men and received all their attentions, leaving herself and others, who had little claim to beauty, alone and unnoticed.

But a stronger reason than this caused Kathleen to long for the fatal gift—she loved. For two years her affections had been given to a youth who dwelt near her, but who had never bestowed upon her a thought of more than friendship.

Poor Kathleen! Had beauty been hers, Edwin McLane would perhaps have returned her affection when he became acquainted with the excellence of her character and disposition; but not being attracted by personal appearance his thoughts seldom rested upon her. And so Kathleen loved on in silence and in secret, no ray of hope brightening her earthly path; her greatest consolation being, unobserved, to gaze, with her soul in her eyes, upon his handsome face and head, as he mingled among other girls, gay and happy, the favorite and admiration of them all.

Kathleen had, from her earliest childhood been aware of the reputed virtues of the well of the valley; but up to the present time she had felt a sort of supernatural dread of touching its magic waters on the eve of midsummer, the only time it was supposed to have the power of conferring lasting beauty upon her who bathed her face therein. But loving and suffering as she now did, she determined that the epoch should not pass with out finding her kneeling upon the brink of the well of beauty.

The twenty-first of June had arrived. The midnight hour was near at hand, when Kathleen silently left her cottage home and wended her solitary way down the side of the mountain towards the quiet, moonlight valley. She was dressed in pure white; her fair hair fell in curls around her shoulders, and her blue eyes were filled with a light of hope that almost rendered them beautiful. There lay the magic well, beneath a drooping willow—the thick, soft grass growing to its very edge—its cold, bright waters boiling tumultuously.

Kathleen trembled as she stood gazing, as if fascinated by the sight. Just then upon her ear fell the deep sound of a distant abbey bell, chiming the hour of midnight. She kneeled down, and was about to dip her hands and face into the boiling waters, when a voice, as if from another world, caused her to start and look upward.

"Pause!" said the spirit voice, for such she imagined it to be. "Thou need'st not bathe in the blessed waters—beauty may be thine whithout their aid.

"How?" escaped almost unconsciously from the maiden's lips.

"True beauty," replied the voice, "is an emanation from the soul. Look inward. Be humble in mind, be pure in thought, be upright in deed, and thou wilt grow beautifnl. A pure soul shines from the eyes and radiates the whole countenance. Heed my words, maiden, and in time the desire of thy heart will be granted thee!"

Kathleen listened, entranced. The voice grew silent, the waters of the well became suddenly calm, and the moon sailed pensively behind a cloud.

The maiden rose from her knees a new being. Her blue eyes glowed with a happy light, and her cheeks were mantled with a beautiful crimson. She was no longer pale, listless, plain.

From that hour she was happy.

She strictly followed the dictates of that spirit voice; and, to the wonder of all who knew her, became more and more lovely. The light of purity and goodness irradiated her countenance; the light of hope beamed from her brow; and ere long Edwin McLane saw, with the deepest joy, the light of love scintillating in her blue eyes when they met his gaze.

Cellar Ventilation.

We have on more than one occasion called attention to the importance of cleanliness in cellars. There can be no doubt that much of the ill health among farmers and their families is attributable to foulness around and underneath their dwellings. The *American Agriculturist* raises a warning voice on the subject of cellar ventilation.

Farm-house cellars are often filled in winter, it says, with cider and vinegar in barrels, beef barrels, pork barrels, apple barrels, potatoes in bins, vegatables in heaps, wash tubs, butter tubs, and other articles too numerous to mention. Besides, flowering plants taken up for the winter, are here stored away to be safe from frost, and the leaves from them fall and decay. There are boxes, old timbers, boards, etc., which become moist and mouldy, and there are shelves and corners, that any one can see to have been only half cleaned, and liable to be, if not already, damp, mouldy and unwholesome.

The thing to do is, to provide outside cellars as soon as possible, for fruits and vegetables, and all those things liable to decay; but before that is done, we must do everything possible to have our cellars under the dwellings sweet and clean. First the cellars should be swept (hoed out if necessary) once a week. Decaying things, whether fruit, vegetables or boards, should be removed. Then quicklime, or half slaked lime, should be scattered freely in corners, under shelves, under bins, and around and among the barrels of all kinds. When the lime has slaked to a powder, it may be swept about over the floor. If the floor be of earth, it will harden it; if it be of wood or cement, it will help to keep it sweet. Finally, on every suitable day, windows and doors should be thrown open, and fresh air allowed to pass freely through. The ceilings and walls ought to be whitewashed not less than twice a year, for the sake not only of having the cellar light and neat, but to purify it and kill the fine mould which attaches itself to stone, brick and wood, in warm, moist places. In building, it is important that there should be a flue in one or more chimneys, going directly from the cellar to the top of the chimney, so that there may be a draft to carry away the inevitable exhalations. These do little harm in summer, for our houses are then open, and the air draws more or less through them at all times. Whereas in winter, we too often shut ourselves up, and the cellar exhalations draws up through the floors, and gradually, but surely, poison those members of the family whom we most love and cherish, and would screen from every harm.

A Good Place for Dentists and Photographers.

Throughout South America all the dentists and nearly all the photographers are immigrants from the United States, and if there is any one among them who isn't getting rich he has nobody but himself to find fault with, because the natives give both professions plenty to do.

Nowhere in the world is so large an amount of confectionery consumed in proportion to the population as in South America, and, as a natural consequence, the teeth of the people require a great deal of attention. As a usual thing Spaniards have good teeth, as they always have beautiful eyes, and are very particular in keeping them in condition. Hence the dentists are kept busy, and as they charge twice as much as they do in the United States, the profits are very large. In these countries it is the custom to serve sweetmeats at every meal-dulces, as they are called—preserved fruits of the richest sort, jellies, and confections of every variety and description. Many of these are made by the nuns in the convents, and are sold to the public either through the confectionery stores or by private application. A South American housewife, instead of ordering jams and preserves and jellies from the grocer, or putting up a supply in her own kitchen during the fruit season, patronizes the nuns, and gets a better article at a lower price. The nuns are very ingenious in this work, and prepare forms of delicacies which are unknown to our table.

The photographers as well as the dentists are Americans, and have all they can do. The Spanish-American belle has her photograph taken every time she gets a new dress, and that is very often. The Paris styles reach here as soon as they do the North American cities, and where the national customs are not still worn, there is a great deal of elaborate dressing. The Argentine Republic is the only country in which photographs of the ladies are not sold in the shops. Elsewhere there is a craze for portraits of reigning beauties, and the young men have their rooms filled with photographs of the girls they admire, taken in all sorts of costumes and attitudes.—*New York Sun.*

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