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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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## Emmie's Pension-Money.

'I do declare for't, Emmie, them pesky hens hain't laid six eggs!' exclaimed Mrs. Martin, entering the kitchen door which led to the shed. 'I've a good mind to wring every one o' their necks, an' then get some o' Mis' Eben Morse's chickens; hern air always master-hands to lay. Guess you'll hev to go down to the store an' git me a dozen o' eggs; we've got none but these, an' they won't make no kind o' a cake.'

'I'd better stop at the postoffice too, hadn't I? The mail must a' come in by now,' replied Emmie Hillyer, Mrs. Martin's hired girl, and second cousin also. In this part of our land, servants, so called, were unknown; if a farmer's wife could not do all her own work, some neighbor's daughter was hired to help her; but though she bargained for a weekly stipend, she did not thereby lose caste; she ate with the family who employed her, entered into all their plans and amusements, and not seldom married the farmer's son or brother.

'Yes, I would if I was you. Mebbe you'll git that pension o' yours,' said Mrs. Martin, laughingly. 'If so be's you're ever to get it, that is.'

'Julia Perkins was waitin' three years, but hers come at last.'

'That's so. Well, 'patient waitin', no losin', the sayin' is. An', oh, Emmie, as you come home' spoon'n you pick some of those round woodberries; they'd look kind o' nice on the parlor mantel-shelf.'

After a brief absence Emmie came back, without any letters, but with the eggs and a huge bunch of the brilliant scarlet berries of the rowan-tree, which Mrs. Martin and her neighbors called 'round woodberries.' As she handed the latter to Mrs. Martin, she said: 'Do you remember that big, squat blue vase in the attic? I mean the one Uncle Joe brought home from China and giv' to mother, the very last voyage before he was wrecked. I seen one something like it, only not near so handsome when I was down to August last week; a neighbor o' Mis' Parker's had it set in' on her hearth, full of flowers. Spoon' I git mine to put these berries in?'

'I would. But what a creetur you be fur ideas, Emmie! Now I'd never a took notice of such a thing.'

So Emmie went up to the attic and presently returned with a large and valuable china jar which her mother had, for many years, used as a sort of catch-all. When, after Mrs. Hillyer's death, the little house and all its furniture were sold to pay the funeral expenses, doctor bill, etc., this jar was put aside for Emmie among the few things she might keep for herself, because it was old and useless, save as a memento of former days.

The Hillyers were once in comfortable circumstances, but when Emmie's father died, his widow sold the farm-lands because there was no one to attend to them.

Basil, the only son, had no taste for farming; he preferred to work in one of the many sawmills near Bangor, and was doing well when the war broke out. He had always given a liberal share of his wages to his mother, and when, shortly after he enlisted in the army, he received a commission as second Lieutenant, his pride and joy were more on account of the widowed mother and little sister at home than for him self. Twice afterward he was promoted, and with increased pay for himself there came increased comfort—almost luxury, to their simple tastes—for the loved ones. Then, in the awful wilderness, a bullet whizzed through the air, and Captain Basil Hillyer, after but a few seconds of suffering, passed into the better land; and there was mourning in the little farmhouse where he was born.

And now, beside deep grief, the trouble of poverty came to Mrs. Hillyer and her little daughter. The former was not strong, and the aid that ten-year-old Emmie could give was slight, so the two struggled along, hopeless of better days, until at last news came to their ears that a soldier's mother, a dependent upon him during his lifetime, was entitled to a pension. The law granting such pension had been in force before Mrs. Hillyer heard of it, and then weary months were consumed in obtaining all the apparently needless information which the Pension Office insisted upon.

Now and then a fellow-townsmen actually did get a pension; in one case a widow (just preparing to take to herself a second husband) was well known to have got nearly a thousand dollars; this possibly was something tangible to live and hope for. At last a piece of good fortune came quite near home.

Mrs. Hillyer's cousin's daughter, one Julia Perkins, received a little over twelve hundred dollars pension-money, which should have come to Mrs. Per-

kins, but that she died a few weeks before her case was acted upon at the office in Washington.

Just about the time that the spur was given to her hope, Mrs. Hillyer received an unusually explicit letter from the Pension Office, which said, with out very much circumlocution, that the one evidence now needed was some proof, either by letters from the dead soldier or by sworn statements from responsible persons who paid or saw paid to her money which her son sent her before and during his service in the army, that she was actually dependent upon Captain Basil Hillyer for her maintenance. Many such letters had been received; some of them had been lost or destroyed, but Mrs. Hillyer was very certain that a least a dozen of them, tied together with a bit of tape, had been put in that very indefinite place—somewhere. And as the son had always been so careless as to send his money directly to her in a bank-note, there were no witnesses to any payments by him.

During the search for the lost letters death came to Mrs. Hillyer and ended all her anxieties and privations. In the general overhauling incident upon the sale and the removal of her own effects, Emmie could find no trace of the much-desired letters; so she concluded that her mother had unconsciously destroyed them; and now she spoke of her pension much as one's ship that is to 'come in,' but which so rarely ever does make port.

As she was emptying the jar of the bits of old string and torn newspapers which it contained, she said to Mrs. Martin: 'Are you going to camp with Ezy Knights' folks?'

'Well, I dunno; I kind of thought I should like to; we ain't so very droye just now. I wonder if they've made up their minds where's bes to go?' answered Mrs. Martin, pausing in her work of beating eggs.

'I seen Ida when I was to the store, and she says they've about decided to go to Sunk Hase Medder; it ain't so very far. Morse's folks is all going.'

'Then, of course, you be, too; so I will hey to go to keep an eye on you and Eben.'

'There's a good lot of nice strong twine in this jar,' said Emmie, irrelevantly.

'Eben is as good a feller as ever trod shoe-leather,' continues Mrs. Martin, not to be arrested in her remarks by Emmie's twine. 'He ain't so awful smart as some folks, mebbe, but 'cute-ness ain't all one looks for in a husband. I suppose he can't help his nature; it wasn't his choosing that he was born of that money loving Morse tribe; there never was a Morse that would not squeeze a cent till it hollered! Ab, Emmie, if you would only get that pension, Eben would marry you quick enough then! Well, you might easy git a wuss man, if he is one—Why, Emmie, what is the matter?'

The last words were caused by the unlooked sight of Emmie in tears; the girl had dropped into a chair beside the table, and holding a letter in her hand, was weeping bitterly, sobbing as if her heart would break.

'Look!' said she, with a sob; 'one o' Basil's letters! I found them in the jar!'

'So now!' exclaimed Mrs. Martin, sympathetically. 'Poor Basil!' Then suddenly remembering the importance of these letters, she added, excitedly: 'Not his army letters that you've ben a' searching for? Well, well, but I be glad! Now you will git your pension—and Eben, too!'

No one who knew the Morses was at all surprised that Eben, who had planned a long visit to relatives in Philadelphia, should offer to take the precious letters to Washington, and, if possible, close up Emmie's business for her.

As soon as he arrived in Washington, Eben betook himself to the Pension Office (which was then in its old quarters on Pennsylvania avenue), and on being asked by a colored man who sat at the head of the long flight of stairs which led from the street to the Commissioner's room, the lower part of the building being occupied by a store, what his errand was, he said he had come to see about a pension for Mrs. Hillyer, Captain Hillyer's mother. This was so much more lucid and an exhaustive answer than the man usually got to such questions, that he did not send Basil very far, only to the room of the Chief Clerk, directly behind him. Here too, Eben, being a man of few words and knowing just what he was after, in one sentence stated his errand so clearly, that he was told to whom to go for exact information.

Through one or two swinging doors, up three or four steps, through a narrow and crooked passageway, and then down three or four steps, he went with a messenger, till at last he was ushered into a small room where four clerks sat, probably at work, though three of

them were listening to some quotations from the Revised Statutes which the other, a spare, upright old gentleman, was reading aloud. On making his errand known to the clerk who sat nearest the door, Eben was directed to a fatherly-looking man, with snow-white hair and beard, who sat by a window.

He answered various questions put by this clerk, who presently said: 'Oh, I see! The dependent mother is dead, you say?'

'Yes, sir; she died in March, 1882, nigh on to two years ago.'

'What papers are those which you have? The doctor's bill and—'

'No, sir; the letters which you wrote so many times for—letters from Captain Hillyer when he sent money to his mother.'

'Ah, yes; the evidence of maintenance. They'll have to go to the Auditor, of course. Let me see, continued the clerk, consulting several ledgers while he spoke; 'no, the Hillyer case has not yet gone to the Auditor, so I will take those letters. You haven't sent on the bills yet, have you?'

'Bills! What bills, sir?'

'The undertaker's the doctor's—'

'But Captain Hillyer didn't need no doctor, poor fellow! He was shot through the head in the Wilderness, and died where he fell.'

'The soldier? Oh, yes, that evidence is all right. Now, what we want is the bills for the mother's last sickness and burial; this is an accrued pension case, you know.'

'A what, sir?' asked puzzled Eben.

'If Mrs. Hillyer were alive she would receive twenty dollars a month pension, with back pay from the date of the soldier's death. But she being dead the money reverts to the government, who, however, will pay all certified bills for the mother's funeral, also bills for her board, nursing, medical attendance, etc.'

'Do you mean that her daughter can not have this money?'

'Only in payment of those bills?'

'Other folks' daughters have got their mothers' pensions!'

'Oh, yes, that used to be the custom; but the Third Auditor has decided that the law did not so intend dependent parents' pensions; that such were payable on to the parent, and not to his or her heir, except in case a dependent father had left a second wife.'

'The soldier's step-mother could draw his pension money even if he never saw her, or hated her like poison, while his sister can't touch it?'

'Yes.'

'I call that an abominably unjust law!' exclaimed Eben, indignantly.

'Perhaps Captain Hillyer's sister can get a few years' pension as a dependent sister. How old was she when he died?'

'No offense to you, sir, but Emmie Hillyer will not have anything more to do with a Government that takes back the money it owed to her mother. If I, or any one else, had owed money to Mrs. Hillyer, this very same Government would make me pay the debt to her heirs. Poor old lady! She ate her heart out waiting for this money; she died from sheer anxiety and overwork. If she'd had a quarter part of what was owing to her, she'd be alive now! and with this words Eben took his leave.'

A rich golden haze was in the air, and a sense of rest and contentment of feeling that it was afternoon and the day's work was done, and even the busiest might sit idle for a brief period—came over Emmie Hillyer the day before Thanksgiving. Mr. Martin's buttery was full to overflowing with spiky mince pies. Yellow custard, golden pumpkin, deep-red cranberry, and numerous other pies, were ranged in tempting rows on the shelves; in the stone jars below were cookies and doughnuts enough to have fed a regiment of hungry boys; in the deep drawers were loaf after loaf of cake—fruit, pound, cup, caramel, walnut, marble, spice, silver, gold and jelly—and there was no cakemaker in town equal to Emmie, Mrs. Martin had said to her that very morning.

'Well, Emmie, as Eben got home yesterday, and there ain't no word of pension, I guess there is no hope of it. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, you know, an' what should a' done this Thanksgiving without you to make my cake I'm sure I don't know for my cousins from Bath, who are to be here to-morrow, are famous cooks, and I sh'd hate awfully not to have a mite of decent cake to set before them; and somehow I do have a dreiful heavy hand with dough of all sorts. So it is a mercy to me there ain't no prospect of you marrying Eben Morse.'

Which doubtless was a comfort to Mrs. Martin, but not so much to Emmie. The girl was coming slowly home from the store, where she had been to make some last purchase for the morrow's festivities, and recalling

to mind what Mrs. Martin had said, was sorely tempted to have a cry out there in the gathering darkness all by herself. She had been so sure that, now the missing letters were in her hand, the longed-for money would be hers. But she was not mercenary; it was not the coin she regretted; it was those fair visions she had allowed her mental eyes to see, of a snug home where, within another year, she and Eben should have their own Thanksgiving to keep, their own fat turkey to roast, their own battery full of appetizing dainties.

She tried not to let her self say, even if only to herself, that there was little for her to give thanks for this year, and little for her to look forward to which would ever be worth remembering on any future Thanksgiving Day. Of course Eben would not stay single for her sake; he was too fond of home-life to be willing to go wifeless all his days, and there were at least two girls of her acquaintance who would gladly marry him.

As she thus meditated, Eben's voice sounded in her ear: 'Well, Emmie, here I am.'

'Had a pleasant journey, Eben?'

'Was her calm reply. She did hope her eyes would not look red in this dim light.'

'Pretty good. But, Emmie, your pension is all a humbug.'

Emmie was not surprised, yet the news, so placidly told, was depressing. He went on to describe his adventures and his interview with the clerk, adding:

'Now, if you would have got your rights, you'd a had about five thousand dollars pension money; and that is a good deal, wouldn't it? Enough to make a girl worth marrying for, ain't it?'

'At the reiterated question, Emmie felt obliged to answer: 'Yes, Eben.'

To herself she said: 'Ah, well, he can't help his disposition, an' I can't help bein' poor.'

'I hear,' continued Eben, slowly and emphatically, 'that the boys 'round town have been sayin' that soon's you got your pension I was goin' to ask you to marry me. You know's well as I do that we Morses have always been powerful money-lovin', don't you?'

'Yes,' she said again, with a little sigh.

'Now, I never had no faith in this pension; but bein' a Morse, no one would a' believed I was sure you'd never git it; now I am sure, an' everybody knows it—knows I ain't after your money now. Emmie, I've been waitin' on you for nigh on to two years, an' you've known me always; what's to hinder our gittin' married to-morrow, Thanksgiving Day?'

Again Emmie said, 'Yes, Eben,' but without a sigh.

**A Disorderly Man's Lecture.**

'Where's my hat?'

'Who's seen my knife?'

'Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?'

There you go, my boy. When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked 'em right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning. Who cut those shoestrings? You did it to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped and jumped out of your trousers. Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I would rather fling my hat down than hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place them in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it. I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah, me! haven't I had to pay for that ten times over? Now set your foot right down, and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four. He can save an hour a day over the man who flings things helter-skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter, every joint will fit. If he is a turner, his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant, his books will show neither blot nor error. An orderly man is usually an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer, 'Be orderly—be accurate.'—Detroit Free Press.

Smokers are warned by a celebrated optician from reading and smoking at the same time. The blue of the smoke imposes unequal work upon two eyes.

## A Bogus Colored Revival.

Brother Fitzgerald Refuses to Deliver His Fish Sermon for Less Than 85; An illegal colored revival meeting has been in progress in Pine Grove, near Gloucester, for the past week. The grove, which is called Pine Grove because there are two spruce-trees scattered through the forest of maples, is a favorite resort of the very toughest element that frequents Gloucester. There are several beer booths in the grove that dispense more spirituous enthusiasm than the preachers do spiritual. A morning paper contained the following announcement yesterday:

A MOST ENTHUSIASTIC COLORED Camp meeting is now being held in Pine Grove, Gloucester, N. J. Brother Fitzgerald, of Virginia, will preach his celebrated Fish sermon and his celebrated Fish Hymn, on SUNDAY AFTERNOON. All are cordially invited.

At two o'clock the score of wooden benches that face the rough, wooden pulpit were empty. The pulpit, which showed the scars of many a bombardment, was also empty. Forty or fifty rough young men and about half as many young women of the same social complexion were drinking beer at the booths, but there was not a single colored person in sight. Shortly after that hour Rev. Isaac Emory, a colored preacher, who was a missionary on Rodman street, appeared, and when asked if there would be services in the afternoon, pointed to a little house through the trees, and said: 'Yo' go ask Brother Fitzgerald.' Brother Fitzgerald had just lit his clay pipe, and was busy wrapping up his sermon in a newspaper.

'No, sah,' he said, in reply to a question 'dar won't be no services so far as I am concerned. I don't give my fish sermon to nobody nor no color for less den 85. I come from good stock, I do, and my celebrated fish sermon am a deep sermon and she don't go to nobody for less'n 85.'

Brother Fitzgerald was told that there was a great curiosity to hear his celebrated sermon, but he was obdurate in holding out for the tariff price of 85. He consented to give the text, however. It is from the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew: 'For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net cast into the sea and gathers all kind.'

'I take everyone of these fishes and analyze 'em,' said Brother Fitzgerald. 'At this moment Brother Emory rushed into the house, followed by the echo of a faint cheer from the benches in the grove.'

'Brother Fitzgerald, you come out hyar and preach to dose sinners,' he shouted.

'No, sah,' said Brother Fitzgerald, decidedly, 'you don't git that fish sermon without the 85.'

'Brother Fitzgerald, what kind a way is dat to treat me?' said Brother Emory, appealingly, 'especially after me carrying the hod all week.'

'Yo' don't git that fish sermon for less'n 85. I'm goin' home.'

He was urged to give a verse of his celebrated 'Fish Hymn' and finally consented to chant the following verse:

'Let's go a-fishin' fishin' for souls, Yo' know fish and so do I, That's the way Christians do, Fishin' for souls; He spoke to Peter in the sea, Fishin' for souls; Come leave yo' nets and follow me, Fishin' for souls; Pontius Pilate bound in jail, Fishin' for souls; They prayed for him in spite of hell, Fishin' for souls; David's weeping was but dull, Fishin' for souls; He broke Goliah's brazen skull, Fishin' for souls.'

Then Brother Fitzgerald relit his pipe, tucked his precious sermon and hymn under his arm and started for home through the woods, while Brother Emory returned to the grove and was laughed at and pelted with watermelon rinds. Brother Fitzgerald, instead of going home, made a detour and came up behind Brother Emory. He was greeted with cheers. 'I am told,' he said, 'that there are some reporters on the ground. I also see some gentlemen and ladies, but,' he added, impressively, 'pointing to a crowd of hoodlums, 'there ar those that air not. Po' Brother Morgan, an aged divine, am lying at the home sorely wounded with watermelon rinds, I ain't here fo' no such purpose, and besides yo' can't have my fish sermon for less'n 85. No color nor no denomination can't have this sermon for less money. Besides, where is Brother Frank Turner? Also at home suffering with watermelon rinds. I hain't a-go in to preach that fish sermon but I will try yo' with a little discourse, and if any of them pesky people out up any shines I'll leave. First, I'll give yo' a vulgar old plantation song.' In a loud voice he chanted:

'Says de mammy to de boy, Yo' am goin' to die, Amen! Den yo' looked de boy at an angry God, Den looked down to a gaping hell, Amen! At this point a hoodlum yelled: 'Brother, get your hair cut!'

Brother Fitzgerald looked around and then he started for home through the woods, followed by cries of 'Amen.' Brother Emory then mounted the pulpit and said, 'The word of God is not in that man's mouth, and as a pebble whistled past his ear he added, 'I thank God the age of de watermelon am about over. It am not my fault that there is not more talent here to-day.'

I hired three 'preachers; one who through the woods, another disappeared and another an 'over their visiting friends.' He then preached a long sermon and took up a collection that amounted to \$1, or not half enough, he said, to pay for the advertising. Brother Fitzgerald, although advertised as hailing from Virginia, belongs in this city.—Phila. Times.

**Clay-Eaters**  
I have seen "sandhillers" in certain parts of North and South Carolina, and some within ten miles of Columbia, while engaged in eating their dinner, and have observed them consume, with evident relish, large quantities of clay, and what's more, I have joined in their frugal repast and partaken of some of the stuff myself, says a North Carolina doctor in the Atlanta "Constitution."

It is nearly tasteless, but some of the clay-eating epicures profess to enjoy it because of a delicate flavor it possesses. It is white, devoid of grit and not unlike the kaolin of which plates and saucers are made. There is nothing disagreeable about this clay and it may be taken into the stomach with impunity. It is not injurious as an article of diet, indeed many contend that it insures longevity and wards off several diseases. There are well authenticated instances of wonderful longevity among "clay-eaters," and it is well understood by such of the faculty as have studied the subject that none of the "sandhillers" ever suffer with indigestion or dyspepsia, and I have never known one to die of consumption; in fact, foolish as it may seem, I am constrained to believe that this strange habit exempts the "clay-eaters" from many of the ailments to which the rest of the human family are heirs. Of course there is nothing very succulent or nutritious about a slice of clay, but it certainly allays the gnawings of hunger. This is done by distending the walls of the stomach. It is not to be expected that a clay diet will take entirely the place of bread and meat, but it does this to a certain extent.

In my country practice, which occasionally carries me out into the sandhills (occasionally I say, for although the sandhillers are the sickest looking, most cadaverous and wo-be-gone beings in the world, they are the healthiest), I have good opportunities to study their peculiar habits. They can subsist on exceedingly limited quantities of meat; in fact they get very little to eat, and that fat bacon about thrice a week. They are not lazy, but decidedly shiftless. They are troubled with few wants, however, and these are supplied easily.

'Do they eat only one sort of clay?'

'As a general thing, yes,' was the reply, 'but sometimes their table is garnished by a kind of yellowish mud, somewhat scarce, which they consume with a keen relish. It is said to taste sweet, and they use it as a dessert. They, however, draw the line at red clay. This not even their ironclad stomachs can digest. Don't you eat red clay?'

'No sirree,' was his animated response; 'I have occasionally had er bick in my hat, but I'll be blamed if I hanker after making my bowels a brickyard.'

**Blessed With Patience.**

About four miles out of Birmingham, Ala., we came across a stretch of road about four miles long which was a foot deep with red clay mud. We had to ride our horses along the edge of it, and then it was a job to pull through. On the far side, about fifty feet from the solid road-bed, we came upon a colored man with his mule and cart, the latter loaded with wood and stuck fast in the mud. The man was seated at the roadside, while the old mule was chewing away at a heap of brush and grass which had been cast before him.

'Stuck?' asked one of the party as we drew rein.

'Reckon so,' was the reply.

'How long have you been here?'

'Since yesterday.'

'Why don't you unload and get out?'

'Too much trouble, boss. Izo started for town, an' won't pay to go back home again.'

'But what will you do?'

'Wait fur de mud to dry up, sah. She's bakin' mighty fast under dis hot sun, an' two days more will let me free.'

Just at evening of the second day we saw him come into town with the load, the mule being plastered clear to the tips of his ears. The man recognized us, and, bowing very low, he said:

'You's got to hev a leetle patience down in dis here country, boss, specially when the mule am over twenty years ole.'

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL OFFICE.