

The Huntingdon Journal.

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HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1875.

NO. 13.

The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at \$2.00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and 50 cents per copy in advance.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid. No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office in new JOURNAL Building Fifth St. HUNTINGDON, PA.

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Communications of a general nature, or of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must send their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch—Circulars, Bills, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 2d door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan. 7, 71.

BUCHANAN & GEORGIN, SURGEON DENTISTS, 228 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa. feb. 17, 75.

CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d Street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. (ap. 12, 71.)

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. (Jan. 4, 71.)

EDBURN & COOPER, Civil, Hydraulic and Mining Engineers, Surveys, Plans and estimates for the construction of Water Works, Railroads and Bridges, Surveys and Plans of Mines for working, Ventilation, Drainage, &c. Parties contemplating work of the above nature are requested to communicate with us. Office, Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Feb. 17, 75.

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Lester's new building, Hill Street. (Jan. 7, 71.)

L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Huntington, Pa. (ap. 12, 71.)

HUGH NEAL, ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, Cor. Smithfield Street and Eighth Avenue PITTSBURGH, PA. Second Floor City Bank. feb. 17, 75.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill Street, Huntington, Pa. (ap. 12, 71.)

FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 222 Hill Street, corner of Court House Square. (Dec. 4, 72.)

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa. Office, Hill Street, three doors west of Smith. (Jan. 4, 71.)

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon County. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in his JOURNAL Building. (Feb. 1, 71.)

W. M. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law, and General Claim Agent, Huntington, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widow and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill Street. (Jan. 4, 71.)

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa. Office one door east of R. M. Speer's office. (Feb. 5, 71.)

K. ASHLEY LOVELL, J. HALL MUSHER, LOVELL & MUSHER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business proceeded with fidelity and dispatch. (Nov. 6, 72.)

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Patents Obtained, Office, 521 Hill Street, Huntington, Pa. (May 3, 71.)

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa., office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug. 5, 74-75.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntington, Pa. Office, No. 23, Hill Street. (ap. 12, 71.)

WASHINGTON HOUSE, Corner of Seventh and Penn Streets, HUNTINGDON, PA.

LEWIS RICHTER, PROPRIETOR. Permanent or transient boarders will be taken at this house on the following terms: Single meals 25 cents; regular boarders \$18 per month. Aug. 12, 1874.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA.

April 5, 1871-ly. J. H. CLOVER, Prop.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 819 Middle street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. (Oct. 17, 72.)

COME TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING.

If you want sale bills, If you want letter heads, If you want visiting cards, If you want business cards, If you want blank forms of any kind, If you want envelopes printed, If you want anything printed in a workmanlike manner, and at very reasonable rates, have your orders at the above named office.

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE for all kinds of printing.

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office in new JOURNAL Building Fifth St. HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

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ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Bower.

For the JOURNAL.

"Beautiful Snow."

BY DENNIS O'BAPPERTY.

Beautiful snow, yea, almost three feet of it; Beautiful snow; I would they'd made it of it; Nagers, wild swans, are cleaning the street of it; Shivering they go.

In a row, What a contrast to the beautiful snow!

Beautiful snow, starvation's soft harbinger; Beautiful snow, the poet's friend; What a fine time those glisters are having; Shivering they go.

Shivering they go, from their neighbors' door sills; Beautiful snow, the babe of prosperity; Blocking the way with feathery tenacity; Cease now, I pray, your cruel severity; Another year's wrath; Love me dear path; Chilly and cold as the mantle of death.

Beautiful snow, the source of my misery; Killing me joy as Jaed did Siera; Starting more tears than Biddy can kiss away; Torments of woe; All on account of the beautiful snow.

Oh! on occasion of the beautiful snow; Pleasant hours, excuse this rude parody; Joy from my heart is trotted so far away; Life's cherishes path appears but a narrow way; Shoveled through snow; Trembling I go; No charms for me has the beautiful snow.

The well for that hard the shades of oblivion; Stand between him and the point of Javelin; Oh, that his fame may never revive again; Scattering woe; How could you call it the "beautiful snow."

The Story-Teller.

BILL AND THE WIDOW.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed; he won't ask her; he's so awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out the clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he doesn't dislike her; but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week, Nelly."

So saying, Ed started, and while he was moving the fields, he will take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and he had got a set of artificial teeth. But every one said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred acre farm as any in Norfolk, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster at a grasshopper. But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Berrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew in his head like a mud turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow he had paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur. "Good morning, Mr. Smiley." "Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news up your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular, that I know of," said Ed, "only Barnum's show that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his girl is going to it. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and I see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking widow Watson to the show. He's been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for he must be a pretty fellow, and I can see that he has a farm on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak up for her. By jingo! if I were a single man I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sleeping, and put his car to a knot-hole and listened, knowing the old bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young bragger!" said Bill, "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and a new harness too! and his horse can't get in sight of mine; and I declare, I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am. I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed could scarce help laughing outright, but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly, and about five o'clock that evening he saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then—and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage now to talk up to her, until, at a distance of about a mile from her house, he came to a bridge over a large creek, and it so happened that just as he reached the middle of the bridge he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth, and clear over the dashboard, and striking on the planks, they rolled over the side of the bridge, dropped into four feet of water.

Words came out of his mouth as he sat there, completely dumfounded at his startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water: "Yes, there they were," at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for once. His beautiful teeth, that had got so much, and the show coming on, and no time to get another set, and the widow and young Sockrider. Well, he must try and get them somehow; and no time is to lose, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion

of spilling his good clothes by wading in with them on, and, besides, if he did that, he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost ice-cold water, but his teeth did not chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir up the mud, and when he got the right spot he dropped under the water and came up with his teeth in his hand, and replaced them in his mouth. "But, hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a little dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting! 'Whoo! Stop, you brute, you brute, stop!' But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace with the unfortunate bachelor after him, and the little dog yelping after the bachelor. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy, or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground.

After a while his ping and shoot off the seat, and the thing wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on the hill, and what, oh, what will he do! Then his coat fell off; he slipped it on, and then, making a desperate start, he cleared the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs stuffed the other things beneath. Now, the horse happened to be one that he got from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he had no possession of the reins, besides he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattle of the wheel, and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley, and that he didn't offer to get out, she went to the gate to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her cold rights ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face. She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked back the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider! He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to hear of, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said; had to go on to Mr. Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Greens are you? Why, I was just going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second, while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning," said Bill, "what a scrape!" and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet, and was preparing to wriggle into them, when a light wagon, driven by the white-faced horse driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, they you left on the bridge when you were in swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill, "they're not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No, sir, I am not; you had better goon about your business!" Bill sighed for the loss of his Sunday boots, and, turning to the widow, said to the lines, will you, please; this brute of a horse is forever switching them out of my hands." The widow complied, and then he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down and she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she, "and so warm I don't think we need the robe over us, do we?"

You see, she had on a nice dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh, my!" said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at his tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out, with a long silk neck-tie over the end of it.

"What is it, Mr. Smiley, a necktie?"

"Yes," said he, "of course the other day, and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it!"

"But," said she, "it was so careless," and, stooping over, she picked it up, and made a motion to stuff it in between them.

"Bill felt her hand going down, and making a drive after it, clutched it in his hand and held it hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance he still holding her hand in his and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's, and she wondering why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, and why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his hat and face so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came unhitched and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start which came near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he. "Well, why don't you get out and put it on?"

"I can't," said Bill; "I've got—that is, I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she tenderly, "what is the matter? Do tell me, what is the matter? Do tell me, what is the matter? Do tell me, what is the matter?"

Words came out of his mouth as he sat there, completely dumfounded at his startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water: "Yes, there they were," at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for once. His beautiful teeth, that had got so much, and the show coming on, and no time to get another set, and the widow and young Sockrider. Well, he must try and get them somehow; and no time is to lose, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion

shot than have Ed. Wilbur catch him with such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed to him and whispered it in his ear. Ed was like to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned to his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind. Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion Ed got him to go home with him, and bustling up his slippers and socks, and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived. I need not tell how the story was all worked out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed, as they sat around the tea-table that night, but will conclude by saying that they went to the show together, and Bill was no fear of Gus Sockrider now.

This is the story about Bill and the widow just as I had it from Ed. Wilbur, and if there is anything unsatisfactory about it, ask him.

Reading for the Million.

Teacher's Institutes.

Since the County Institute is established and maintained by the law, the holding of an Annual Session is a matter of option with the Superintendent and teachers. It is a part of the Superintendent's official duty to hold these meetings, but the arrangement of programme and the manner in which the Institute is to be conducted reflect largely on the ability, discretion and judgment of that officer. Thus, he may assemble the Institute, and with very little study or care, pass through some kind of a routine of exercises, to employ the time and conform to the law, without effecting any profitable results whatever; while by a careful and careful study of the wants of the various teachers and schools, the functions of the Institute may be made to benefit, directly or indirectly, every teacher, pupil and school in the county.

The wishes of teachers should be consulted and respected, and great care exercised in the preparation of a programme, in order that its merits may command the attention and enlist the sympathies of all who have or may have a heart and hand for the work. Get as many teachers as possible engaged in the Institute work. Give the teachers something to do. No matter how limited his qualifications, assign him a duty that he is capable of performing, and thus his presence and attention will be secured. If it were possible and practicable to assign some responsible duty to every teacher in the county, the number would be at their respective posts, and present during the session—except, perhaps, such as have submitted and subscribed to articles of agreement (with the directors) that usurp the credit for that time which the law has wisely and justly appropriated to them.

Let the teachers, then, first dispose of their respective topics in their own way, and by this means their various theories and wants will be brought to light. Then, have one or two able and observing instructors present to take hold of the subject, in case the exercise becomes prosy or unprofitable, correct erroneous theories, if any such shall have been advanced, and give "practically to the point," such instruction as may be desired or needed.

This method has never been tried in this county. Our first Institutes were conducted exclusively—if I mistake not—by educators from other parts of the State.

But before many meetings had passed, many teachers were willing—and some even desirous—to take part in the deliberations. The Superintendent will gradually yielded to the popular sentiment of the teachers, and at each successive session there was more and more of their talent brought into action, and the meetings became proportionately more interesting and successful. But at our last Institute, this order of progression was reversed, and we were thrown abruptly back to the routine "lectures" principle upon which we first started and from which we had gradually merged. The exercises being conducted almost exclusively by three professional educators, the voice of the common teacher was, to that same extent, ignored.

But we do not wish to be misunderstood here; we do not mean to reflect unfavorably upon our worthy colleagues, but we do mean to say that we believe all will admit with us that the instructions imparted by the gentlemen referred to were sound, practical and valuable in the strictest sense, and calculated to touch, as nearly, every case as could possibly be applied, without the individual issues being specifically set forth and instruction by the men appointed.

Their lectures, like city-made garments, did (as they were intended to) fit teachers and cases, generally, very well; but if they had heard the teachers express themselves they could have taken each one's measure from the size, dimensions and peculiarities of his mind and the nature of his situation, and then, "made to order." If, not positively, placed in the attitude of spectators, many, it seems, realized the situation as such, and, tired of this rondo-routine of business, sought recreation on the streets, in the stores, picture galleries, and in the hotel parlors, playing "Snap," &c. Teachers guilty of such conduct deserve severe reprimand, but when we compare these circumstances with the characteristic of human nature that every teacher must have observed in school, this conduct is in perfect harmony with the natural spirit of "young America."

Let any one undertake to teach a school, or even a class, by means of lectures on each topic, instead of employing the talent of the pupils in the way of recitation, and the success he will meet it is hardly necessary to describe.

He will not only observe that the simple privilege of asking an occasional question is not sufficient mental exercise to engage their attention while he is unravelling science to them. He, as well as his patrons, will soon discover that his "cranning process," instead of induction

and deduction, will never make philosophers of his pupils. It will not cultivate their minds, develop their talent, or even command their attention, hence they will soon become indifferent and restless, and want out, just like the teachers we referred to at our county institute. These are parallel cases; only, perhaps, in different degrees. While our able instructors were fiercely denouncing the "cranning process," they, and our superintendent, too, seemed to forget that the institute was being conducted on this self-same "cranning" principle, and that they were then cranning the minds of the teachers present with more good theories and suggestions than they could profitably suggest. There is good philosophy in the opinion that, with a constant pouring in, there must be a corresponding outlet somewhere. But in this case little or no provision was made for the outlet of thought—the expression of sentiment—hence it was not unnatural, nor altogether unreasonable, that teachers should get worried and restless, being confined to the same quiet, inactive attitude for so long a time.

This evil, attendant upon our county institute ought to be removed, and by application of the plan suggested in the former part of my remarks. I feel confident that the desired result can be easily effected.

Letter from Iowa.

IOWA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, ALMA MATER, Feb. 27, 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In my letter to the JOURNAL of January 6th, I noticed a few typographical errors which I noticed to be well corrected. The letter should have been dated 1875 instead of 74, and where I stated the price of land as ranging from \$50 to \$75 per acre, I was made to say as many cents per acre. Otherwise omnia recedant.

I went to Wisconsin in the fall of '72, spending that and the following winter there, including part of the intervening summer. The winter of '72-3 was an unusually severe one, the thermometer indicating from 25° to 30° below zero for weeks at a time. The winter of '73-4 was just the opposite of the previous one, seldom showing a degree of cold below zero. This winter, as I learn by letters received from there a few days ago, has averaged 28° below zero since the holidays, sometimes going below 25°. Taking the coldness into the bargain, the Wisconsin winters are the most pleasant I have ever experienced. They are never characterized by the dampness and "slushiness" that our experience in Pennsylvania, or the contrary, from the time the first snow falls, till it melts in the spring, there are no thaws, consequently the roads are packed solidly, and are splendid for traveling. The hottest days in the summer seldom reach 90° in the shade, and even then are always moderated by a gentle breeze, which never ceases to blow.

Only about one fourth of the State—the northern and western portions—is adapted to agriculture. You find no extensive prairies like in Illinois; on the contrary, the farming land is known as "oak openings," which are large clear spaces intervening between the long belts of oak timber, which sometimes extend parallel for a score or more of miles. This land is productive in wheat, corn, &c., but the West, last year averaging from twenty-eight to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. All through this section are found long belts of clay land, which presents a marked contrast to a person passing through on the cars as he crosses from one section to another. Although wheat is the principal cereal, hops, corn, etc., are also extensively cultivated. The quality of wheat raised in this State appears superior to that of any other. You will see quoted in daily market reports from Milwaukee and Chicago No. 1 Wisconsin wheat from any other State, and the Milwaukee market always pays from three to five cents more per bushel for it than for grain from other States. In the cold winter months of the State can produce very fine orchards, but, as a general thing, the severe winters kill nearly all the young trees that have been planted, unless they have been protected. The Michigan fruit market is so near that one can procure as much fruit as they desire, and as cheaply as raising it, without the necessary trouble, while peaches are shipped in large quantities during the summer months from southern Illinois.

The dairy business has rapidly increased in the agricultural communities within the last five years. The farmers are waking up to the fact that Wisconsin can produce as good cheese as are made in the world. Two factories that I know of have been shipping direct to London and Liverpool all they have manufactured within the last two years, and by so doing are realizing handsome profits. The cost of erecting, fitting up with machinery and yearly expense are so small that the farmers club together, wherever they can procure the milk of not less than seventy-five or a hundred cows, and build a cheese factory. As almost every farmer keeps from ten to fifty cows each, nearly every farming community has its own factory, and cheese as an article of diet is used as extensively as applesack and peach brandy by the "white trash" of West Virginia.

Extending from Green Bay west and south-west for fifty miles is an extensive cranberry region, which, as yet, no farmer has developed, is already producing thousands of barrels yearly, and commanding from \$2 to \$5 per bushel, according to quality. A few acres of marsh ground well attended will bring a larger income from the cranberries they will produce than five times as many acres of well tilled wheat land.

Immense pine forests cover the northern and north-eastern portions of the State, which, during the winter and spring, give employment to hundreds—I might almost say thousands of stalwart men, who camp in the timber during the lumbering season, clearing from \$30 to \$75 per month in getting out logs and floating them down the streams. The south-western portion of the State is hilly and rough, but containing rich minerals, such as lead, iron, etc.

JOHN FRANK COBBIN.

The Iron and Steel Bulletin of Philadelphia, with which the officers of the Alleghenia Iron Company are in constant communication, denies the truth of the statement made in the Alleghenia press, and copied all over the State, to the effect that the Alleghenia Iron Company has made an immense sale of 23,000 to 25,000 tons of iron. The Bulletin says the report is entirely fictitious, and the only facts out of which it could have grown were two sales made by the company about two months ago—one of 8,500 tons and another of 5,000 tons.

The New York city post-office is selling over \$1000 worth of newspaper stamps alone a day.

The New License Law.

The following is a copy of the license bill as reported by the conference committee of the senate and house and adopted by both branches of the legislature:

An act to repeal an act to permit the voters of this Commonwealth to vote every three years on the question of granting licenses to sell intoxicating liquors and to regulate the sale of the same.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., That the act approved the 27th day of March, A. D. 1872, entitled an act to permit the voters of this Commonwealth to vote every three years on the question of granting licenses to sell intoxicating liquors and to regulate the sale of the same is hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. That licenses for sale of liquors, where not otherwise provided for by special law, shall be granted by the court of quarter sessions of the proper county at the first or second session in each year, and shall be for one year. The said court shall be held by or standing order a time as which application for said licenses shall be heard, at which time all persons applying, or making objections to applications for licenses, may be heard by evidence, petition, remonstrance or otherwise: Provided that for the present year