

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

HOW THE PEOPLE BEGAN FARMING ON THE AMERICAN PLAN.

Manufacturing Agricultural Implements Under Difficulties—Trial of the First Plow—The Natives Greatly Astonished. Watching a Mowing Machine at Work.

In a few days I received the somewhat startling notice that the government had determined to adopt my advice, and that in a few days a force of active mechanics would be ready to work under my directions manufacturing the implements. As I was no mechanic, and as I had always thought I had no mechanical ingenuity, I was in a very serious dilemma.

TRIAL OF THE FIRST PLOW.

This experiment had excited a great deal of attention from the Japanese officials, and I had received notice that in a few days two or three cabinet officials would be present to see the plow work. At the appointed time they came, with a good deal of ceremony, and the plow was successfully tried.

BEHIND THE HARNESS.

In the hurry of this work some oversights were bound to be made. One was in making harness. When all ready for that, we found that there was very little harness leather in Japan, and there was no time to import it. What was to be done was a very serious question.

THE NATIVES ASTONISHED.

Near to our operations were large old farming districts with a numerous population. By the time our plows and harrows were successfully running the fame of the foreign farm had spread to these people, and they came flocking in, whole villages making journeys to see the wonderful foreign implements work.

DANGEROUS CURIOSITY.

How the machine did it was the mystery, as the sickle and bar when work was being done was hidden in the grass. Their curiosity would lead them directly in front of the machine, in spite of the warnings of the driver, and it was found necessary to have a mounted attendant with each machine to save the souls of the curious.

Plute Snowed Under.

A Nevada newspaper says that a citizen recently saw two Plute bucks dig a hole in a snow bank, get into it, and wrap themselves in a single blanket, preparatory to a night's rest. In the morning he saw no signs of the animals, but a mound of snow marked the spot where they went to bed.

CONTROL OF THE EYES.

Something That Is Particularly Necessary in the City of New York.

The greatest secret of enjoying existence in New York is that one must be absolutely the master of his own eyes. Hungry Joe, the arch confidence operator, used to say that he could distinguish a stranger by his hat or shoes. The idea that these betsy men are so deep rooted that many strangers always buy New York hats and shoes as soon as they arrive, while others who expect to come often to town order these wearables from city shops.

But whatever one looks like he must control his eyes or life will be a perpetual torment to him. Our duds and Anglomaniac society carry the thing too far. They go about forever looking over every one's head, or else staring with a dead and live glassy look, insulting alike to whomsoever they glance at and to their own intelligence.

By eye control I mean the seeing of everything without being seen to do so. This necessity is bred by the boards of directors that prey upon every man out of doors. Their number is legion and their ways are the ways of brigands. If a man lets his eyes fall on a boy who utters a peculiar street cry he is apt to have from two to six newswomen leap for him like so many human catapults.

Elopers Sure Enough.

"There had been an account of an elopement in the morning papers," said the commercial traveler, "and I was thinking of it when a couple drove up to the country hotel and registered. 'Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So.' I winked at the boys and said: 'Here's for a joke.' The old hotel keeper was a very dear friend of mine and took my word for gospel truth, so when I said: 'Look out for 'em! I think 'em long as I yield, but you ought to have seen the old fellow. He scowled and lifted his chin, and waggled it up and down half a dozen times, sort of as though he was thinking it over, and then he walked off. All the other boys in the house were put on to the joke and we agreed to watch the old man and see what he did.

"Supper rang, and the party of traveling men took seats at one table and left the new arrivals to the sole occupancy of another. The hotel proprietor, who helped serve at the table, took his station as much as possible behind the young couple, his eye all the time watching every movement.

"Will you have some sugar in your tea?" at length said the young man to his companion, as he passed the saccharine for her use. "No, thank you; I never use sugar in my tea," was the sweet response. "We were watching the old man as he stood near them and heard this answer. He grew a foot in a second. 'He's got a clev,' said I to myself. And it was a clev such as would make the eye of a Pinkerton detective sparkle. The idea of a husband not knowing whether his wife used sugar in her tea or not! The old man didn't linger long about coming to a decision. He leaned over and said: 'Young man, you leave the table. That woman is not your wedded wife.'

Teapot and Punch Bowl.

Afternoon teas are filling up the remaining days of the season at Washington and the teapot and punch bowl still "draw," as theatrical people put it. A lackadaisical youth who was making eyes and saying soulful things in a languid way to a pretty assistant at a reception was handed a glass of punch to change the conversation. Tasting the compound, he rolled his eyes up, and said: "This punch is a symphony." He was only equaled by a Kansas man who was taken to one of Mrs. Cockerell's receptions, and being given her famous punch did not know whether it was a symphony or not. In fact, he did not know what the stuff was that he was drinking, as he was a rigid total abstinence man. He was shy as well, and seeing that every one else had a little glass cup of the harmless liquid he took one too. The poor man thought it was some kind of tea, and the bowl seemed more innocent to him than a bottle. He remarked to a friend afterward that it was very nice, but that he believed that it made him feel very queer.

English Capitalists are Considering a Project for the Building of a Railroad through the Picturesque Lake District from Windermere to Ambleside—a Great Resort for Summer Travelers.

The remark is current that "Judge Reagan of Texas will be the only farmer in the senate," but its propriety is most doubtful. There are numerous other senators who have farms. They do not work them personally, nor depend upon them for a living, nor yet derive any special pecuniary profit from them. But then neither does Mr. Reagan. His wife runs the farm and says they lose money on it; for the soil is too sandy to raise any crops, and the sand is too poor to make into glass.

The Sowers and Catacombs.

The prefect of the Seine allows 500 exaristons a day to visit the sewers and catacombs in aid of the sufferers from the floods in the south of France.

FANNING THE HAMMER.

A QUICK WAY OF FILLING YOUR ENEMY WITH LEAD.

Hitting the Dead Center of an Opponent in Mortal Contest—Self Cockers and Single Acting Pistols—The "Fanning" Movement Explained.

Harry H. Whitehill, ex-sheriff of Grant county in Santa Fe during much of the legislative session, was just closed, and in conversation with a reporter he remarked: "It's funny, but every tenderfoot thinks that all cowboys carry double acting, or, as some call them, self cocking revolvers. There was a time when those weapons were in high favor, but the cowboys soon found that they were positively unhandy, instead of being a help to a man in a hurry. Now self cocking pistols are boycotted. I'll bet that four-fifths of the cowboys in this territory have gone back to the old style single acting pistol. Two years ago everybody had a double acting 'gun,' and wouldn't have any other."

"Why? Don't they like the new style?" "No. They discovered that, try as they would, they could not avoid deflecting the muzzle of the pistol to the right while pulling the trigger to raise the hammer. You see, all the power is applied from the right hand side of the trigger, where you put your finger in. Now, when you pull the trigger for the comparatively long period necessary to get the double acting hammer up to the point where the spring is released, and it falls, you inevitably put a heavy pressure on the right hand side, and can't help slightly swaying the muzzle in that direction. When the double acting guns were in style here we used to notice that five out of every six men who got shot were wounded in the left side. Of these, about one half were shot so far to the left that the ball simply grazed their ribs. Another large percentage were shot on the inner side of the left arm.

HITTING THE DEAD CENTER.

"Now the cowboy prides himself on hitting the dead center of his opponent. It is always his wish to put the ball right at the juncture of the ribs above the stomach. This is not merely because they want to put on style; the placing of a forty-eight caliber ball right there prevents your man from coming back at you. Now, as soon as the cowboy began to note this queer feature of the shooting, it became a matter of serious moment to them. They quickly found the fault to be in the self cocker, which, by deflecting their muzzles, of course inclined the balls toward the left side of the man facing them in front. That settled the self cocker. The fact that the cowboys were right is proven by the simultaneous disappearance of the new style pistol and the reappearance of the old style weapon.

"But can't one shoot faster with the new style weapon?" asked the tenderfoot. "Did you ever see a cowboy shoot?" asked the ex-sheriff with a quizzical smile. "Why, see here, this is a single acting, old style pistol. Watch that tree."

Before the words were well uttered the handsome sheriff had got the drop on the growing timber, and six shots rang out in such rapid succession that they sounded like the explosion of a small pack of very large firecrackers. During the shooting Mr. Whitehill's left forefinger vibrated along the top of the pistol barrel from muzzle to breech. The six balls entered the tree about three inches apart.

"Now, I carry my pistol fixed this way, and it's all ready for use," he continued, exhibiting the weapon. It was of 48 caliber, about eighteen inches long and handsomely mounted. The trigger was tied firmly back against the inner side of the guard with a rawhide thong. "All I have to do with it," explained the ex-peace guardian, "is to brush the hammer back as far as it will go with my left forefinger, while I hold the pistol firmly with my right hand. My right forefinger never goes near the trigger, but helps to hold the stock, and this makes my grip more firm and certain. When I push back the hammer I have only to take my finger off to let it fall and discharge the pistol. You see, the trigger, being tied back, the hammer is always free. One motion is all that is necessary to push back the hammer and fire the shot. The trick is called 'fanning the hammer.' You see, I pushed it back with my left forefinger; it instantly fell when I released it, and the next instant my finger was again pushing it back to a full cock. Doing this little act quickly makes your finger away back and forth in a way not unlike the fanning motion. That's where it got its name."

QUICK ON TRIGGER.

"Do all cowboys adopt this plan?" "Oh, no. Most of them cock the pistol with the left forefinger, but some prefer to leave the trigger free and with each shot apply the slight pressure of the right forefinger necessary to discharge the weapon. There is no pressure to speak of on the trigger, however, and the aim is never spoiled. With a hair trigger you have only to hold the gun straight and you'll get there. When I was sheriff down in Grant I always went around with my trigger tied back, and I never carried a self cocker. Yet I could shoot as quick as any man. If I hadn't I would not be here now. There's Pat Garrett, who used to be sheriff of Lincoln county, which he is now, trying to cut in half so as to make Pecke county. He never carried anything but a single acting gun, yet when he shot Billy the Kid he put two balls side by side in Billy's heart before the body struck the floor. The first shot killed Billy, but Pat wasn't taking any chances, and he was working his pistol for all it was worth. Now, that second ball had to follow pretty close after the first in order to get to the same spot before Billy dropped, didn't it? That shows what a good man with a single acting pistol could do."

"So you would just as lieve put your single acting pistol against the new style?" "Why, yes. When I tried to arrest a fellow in Grant one day, he came on me suddenly, and got the drop with a double acting pistol. But his ball went under my left arm without doing more than scratching. Of course I went back at him as quick as the Lord would let me, and got there. Now you see why I have a poor opinion of double acting pistols. That fellow never missed a man before, and if he had had his old gun I would have been dead now.—New York Sun.

The Freshmen's Flag.

Yale freshmen, anxious to have their class flag displayed on the stage of the New Haven Open house and thus excite the sportsmen, tried to hire the manager of the performance to display it by buying 200 front seats. He refused. Then one of them engaged as a "sue," and when in the course of the performance a boat crossed the stage he managed to fasten the flag to the boat, and it was visible for some ten minutes, while pandemonium ruled in the auditorium as the freshmen cheered and the sportsmen hissed.—New York Sun.

English capitalists are considering a project for the building of a railroad through the picturesque lake district from Windermere to Ambleside—a great resort for summer travelers.

JOB MOSES' MILLIONS.

STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE BRADFORD OIL FIELDS.

How a Rochester Pill Man Found Financial Success—Pushing the Drill in the Valley—Going 200 Feet Deeper, The Flood.

Job Moses was a country boy, born somewhere up about Leroy, N. Y., who drifted into Rochester, which still in his teens, to make his fortune. In 1862 he had made it, and a big one, out of a patent pill that he or some one else had invented. About that time Oil Creek was in its glory, and the newspapers teemed with accounts of the fortunes to be made out of oil. The stories fired the imagination of the Rochester pill man, and he determined to try his hand at the new source of wealth.

Up in the northern part of McKean county, this state, and the southern part of Cattaraugus county, N. Y., lies a valley which was then and is yet one of the wildest and most forsaken sections of country to be found east of the Mississippi. Through this valley, then given up to lumbering, Charles Minot, who used to conduct the Erie road sometimes for profit, but mostly for pleasure and glory, had for some reason built a branch road which ran through Bradford—which then boasted three houses, a blacksmith shop, a school house, a tavern—and terminated at the little lumber camp of Gillesville.

Job Moses looked over the field, studied the maps and finally made up his mind that the valley through which Minot's little railroad ran was underlaid with one vast sea of oil. As time passed on he became as certain as fate that his conclusions were right. One day he showed up in Bradford, leased some thousands of acres, and soon had a well under way. The simple minded natives, who had thought him eccentric from the first, set him down as a lunatic when he told them that the earnings of the railroad which ran past their door would soon be increased twenty fold, and to this opinion they clung for many a long year.

PUSHING THE DRILL.

When Moses began pushing the drill in the valley many of the oil kings of to-day were unknown and unheard of. John D. Rockefeller, Oliver H. Payne and Bill Thompson had not yet matured their plans. Dan O'Day and H. L. Taylor would have looked upon \$1,000 as a fortune. Peter Grace and Capt. J. J. Vandergrift had not yet returned from the war. Col. Dyer was on a farm down in Maine. The Noyes, now the Standard Oil company of Russia, were making barrels in Pittsburg. Lem and Ike Willets were cutting logs up in Allegany county, and Charley Young was working for them at \$40 a month. The Fishers and Phillips had their fortunes to make, while Joe Craig was not yet out of the primer, and John McKown was still dressing tools along the creek.

For twelve years Job Moses, with dogged resolution, snub hole after hole in his leases, but with no luck of oil. Then he woke up one morning to find that the thousands he had made out of pills in Rochester had vanished into the holes he had been punching in the woods and fields about Bradford, and that he was a poor man. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he went to New York, and with an eloquence born of earnestness succeeded in obtaining from the capitalists who gave him a hearing money with which to continue his search. This was in 1875. Once back on his field of operations a new idea struck him. Up to that time he had drilled all of his wells only 900 feet deep, the horizon at which oil was found along the creek. Perhaps there might be a producing sand still further down. He sunk one of his wells 200 feet deeper, and was rewarded with a fifty barrel producer. Another and another told the same or a better story. Moses had found the oil field for which he had so long been searching. Every well he sunk gave him rich returns. The news of his success spread abroad, and the tide of oilmen turned slowly toward Bradford. A year later it had increased to a flood, and the fact was freely admitted that no such field had ever been struck before. Lands which two years before had been almost worthless sold for more than a prince's ransom. But Moses had it all under lease and was able to make his own terms. His thirteen years of waiting settled him millions. He lives in New York now, enjoys life, and always has a spare \$50 to loan to any of the boys who happen to get broke in the metropolis.—Philadelphia Times.

Getting Rid of a Bedfellow.

There has been an immense crowd assembled in this city on the occasion of the national encampment next September, and there will unquestionably be a large number of people crowded into a single room. For the benefit of such as may find themselves in unpleasant company, I will relate the measures I took to protect myself on the occasion of the California encampment. The hotel was crowded, and I was obliged to share my bed with an unknown gentleman from Petaluma. The clerk introduced us, and I soon perceived that the gentleman had not only looked upon the wine when it was red, but also drank it. I determined to have my full share of the bed, and in order to obtain this end, upon retiring I strapped a sharp spear to my heel. When my convivial bedfellow rolled between the sheets I began to kick about as if sleeping restlessly. The spear was brought into frequent contact with the cuticle of my friend, and must have produced severe laceration. He stood it nobly for some time, but finally arose, got into his clothes as well as he could, and made for the door. At the threshold he turned back and shook me by the shoulder to awaken me. "Sir," he said, "before I go away I want to tell you that if you were a gentleman you would cut your toe nails."—Globe-Democrat.

Science and Sewer Gas.

While sewer gas is not said to have caused the diptheria which carried off Gov. Deaver's little son, the examination of the executive mansion recently showed that the gas could reach the sleeping apartments. Essence of peppermint placed in one of the soil pipes was readily detected by the odor in the room. When the Princess Alice lost one of her children and then died of diptheria herself there were loud complaints in England that the deaths were due to the lack of drainage of the palace which occupied in her German home in Hesse Darmstadt. It was said that many deaths in royal or princely families were due to the bad air of costly castles and palaces built in an age when sanitary science was unknown. Sanitary science in the hands of acute persons who profess it is only a means of leading into houses the deadly gas which it ought to lead out.—Pittsburg Times.

Treasury Department Deaths.

The records of the treasury department show that eleven persons on its pay roll have died since January of this year, a greater number than for a like period of any previous year. It is claimed that several of these deaths resulted from the bad sanitary condition of the building.—Chicago Times.

About the latest is a glass bottomed boat, used according to a correspondent of The Inter Ocean, to gaze down into the beauties of the bottom of the sea at Nassau.

SECHLER & CO., Groceries, Provisions, FOREIGN FRUITS and CONFECTIONERY. MEAT MARKET in connection.

Granulated Sugar 5c a pound All other lowest price. Good bargains in all grades. Finest New Orleans at 50c per gallon. Fine assortment of Coffee, both green and roasted. Our roasted Coffee are always fresh. TOBACCO—All the new and desirable brands. CIGARS—Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in town. Young Hyson, 60c, 50c, 40c per pound. Imperial, 60c, 50c, 40c per pound. Gunpowder, 60c, 50c, 40c per pound. Oolong, 60c, 50c, 40c per pound. Mixed green and black, 60c, 50c, 40c per pound. A very fine uncolored Japan tea. Also, a good bargain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound. Finest full cream cheese at 16c per pound. Pure old elder vinegar made from whole elder. One gallon of this goods is worth more than two gallons of common vinegar.

STONWARE—In all sizes of all the desirable shape best quality of Akron ware. This is the most reliable foreign goods in the market. FOREIGN FRUITS—Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods to be had. We buy the best and cheapest that the very low price goods. FRUIT JARS—We have the new lightning fruit jar and Mason's porcelain-lined glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons. MEATS—Fine sugar-cured Hams, Shoulders, Breakfast Bacon, and dried Beef. Naked and canvassed. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell. OUR MEAT MARKET—We have fifty fine lambs from our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs and always try to have the best. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times. SECHLER & CO., GROCERS & MEAT MARKET, Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa.



WILLIAMS' Wall Paper and Window Shades. EMPORIUM, NO. 46, HIGH STREET BELLEFONTE, PA.

We are now ready for spring trade. Our line is now full and complete; choice goods of all grades from 10c. to \$3.50. BROWN BACK 10c; PATENT BACK 12c; WHITE BACKS 15c; SATINS 20c; MICAS 30c; BRONZES from 40 to 50 cts; EMBOSSED GOLDS from 60 to 90c; HAND PRINTS and VELOURS, from \$1.00 to \$3.50. A FULL LINE OF WINDOW SHADES AND FIXTURES. Can put them up at short notice. We also have good paper hangings, ceiling decorations and house painters. Are prepared to execute jobs in town or country. Have telephone connection. Please drop in and see our line, or call us and we will come to see you and bring samples. S. H. WILLIAMS.

W.R. CAMP FINE FURNITURE, UNDERTAKING and Embalming A SPECIALTY.

Manufacturer and Dealer in FINE FURNITURE, UNDERTAKING and Embalming A SPECIALTY. No. 7 West Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1887. Sample Copy 15 cents.



ALWAYS IN ADVANCE \$2 A YEAR. Beautiful Premiums to every Subscriber. Terms to Clubs. Extra Premiums to Club Raisers: 2 Copies.....\$3.50; 3 Copies.....4.50; 4 Copies.....5.50; 5 Copies.....6.50; 6 Copies.....7.50. For list of Premiums and terms to larger clubs; send for Sample Copy, which will give you full information. GODEY'S, at the present time is admitted by press and people to be superior to any ladies' magazine in America, having the greatest variety of departments, ably edited. The literary features are: Serials, Novels, Short Stories, Characters, Poems, etc. Among the popular authors who will contribute to GODEY, are: J. V. Pichler, Miss Emily Reed, John Churchill, William Miller Butler, Emily Lennox and others. Engravings appear in every number, of subjects by well-known artists, and produced by the newest processes. In its Colored Fashions GODEY'S leads in colors and styles. Both modistes and home dressmakers accord them the foremost position. Paper Patterns are one of the important features of this magazine; each subscriber being allowed to select their own pattern every month, an item alone more than subscription price. Practical Hints upon Dressmaking show how garments can be renovated and made over by the patterns given. Practically hints for the household show young housekeepers how to manage the culinary department with economy and skill. Fashion Notes, at Home and Abroad delight every lady's heart. The Colored and Black Work Designs give all the newest ideas for fancy work. The Cooking Recipes are under the control of an experienced housekeeper. The Architectural Department is a practical utility, careful estimates being given with each plan. CLUB RAISER'S PREMIUMS. GODEY'S has arranged to give elegant SILVER Plated Ware of superior makers a premium, the value of which in some instances reaches over \$25 for one premium. Send 15c. for Sample copy which contain Illustrated Premiums with full particulars and terms. Address: GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Philadelphia, Pa.

In Club with this paper, GODEY'S and The Centre Democrat. Price \$2.75, which should be sent to the office of this Paper.

Advertisement for Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher and Dr. Sellers' Liver Pills. Text includes: 'The Great LIFE Giving Power, Complexion Beautifier, AND CURE FOR Malaria, Fever and Ague, Scrophulous, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Chancres, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and all Blood and Skin Diseases.' 'DR. SELLERS' LIVER PILLS For years have been the standard remedy for LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, PAIN IN SHOULDERS or BACK, DIZZINESS, COATED TONGUE, and all diseases arising from the LIVER or BILIOUSNESS. Thomas Adams of Big Sandy, Ky., says: 'I have used your Pills several hundred dollars in doctors' bills in my country.' Sold by Druggists. Sellers Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.'