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JOHN A. WOODWARD, Howard,
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B. F. SHAFFER, Walker,
Publishing Committee.

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THE BALLOON ASCENSIONS.

In compliance with the expressed wish of many of our best citizens and warmest friends of the Society, and in the hope of affording a pleasing scientific entertainment for the visitors to the fair grounds, our Executive Committee determined on having a balloon ascension on both Wednesday and Thursday of Fair week; and believing that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," secured the services of the veteran air-sailor, Prof. JOHN WISE and his courageous niece and pupil Miss LIZZIE IHLING. Prof. WISE is, perhaps, the most experienced and successful aeronaut in the world, and Miss IHLING, though lacking the experience of her uncle, to be attained only by a long life of service in the art, has been his companion in his aerial voyages since she was but eight years of age, and has had the benefit of his experience and teaching in the voyages which she has of late years been making alone. The wisdom of our Executive committee in selecting these eminent persons from among the several who tendered their services was plainly proven by the very successful ascensions made on both Wednesday and Thursday. Miss IHLING's balloon, the "Amazon," was a new one built by her for the occasion, and had never been inflated until it arrived at the Bellefonte gas works, in charge of Mr. McKNIGHT, who was the recipient of flattering compliments from Prof. WISE for his kind attention and skill in making balloon gas.

The details of both the ascensions have been given in our county papers, and we do not need to repeat them here. It is due to Miss IHLING, however, to say that we have never seen more pleasing or graceful ascensions, and that those who witnessed them were unanimous in their expressions of the pleasure received and their admiration of her coolness and courage.

Just before the ascent on Wednesday it was suggested to Miss IHLING that it would gratify a great many of her spectators to see a balloon alight, when she kindly and promptly promised to descend within sight if possible. In fulfillment of this promise she opened the valve immediately after passing clear of the town, and alighted on the farm of ex-Sheriff KLINE. As an evidence of Miss IHLING's skill both in building and sailing her air ships it may be stated that although her balloon when fully inflated contained but 10,000 feet of gas, it was found on Thursday morning to contain some 6,500 feet—but 3,500 feet having been consumed by the voyage, and lost by leakage during the night.

As expressions of the art or science of ballooning, both ascensions were simply perfect, and we are commissioned to tender to Prof. WISE and his accomplished pupil the thanks of our society in behalf of all who witnessed them.

Miss IHLING kindly furnished us with pleasant little sketches of both her trips. The first was published in both the *Watchman* and *Republican* of last week, and the second will be found below:

JOHN A. WOODWARD, Esq.—Dear Sir: My second aeronautic experiment made from your Society's Fair ground on the 5th instant, as you are aware, was made under a lowering atmosphere—the balloon and net work saturated with the ten hours rain it endured though the night and day preceding the occasion. I started at 3 o'clock five minutes, thermometer 60 degrees. Five minutes it took me to get in the thick clouds that overhung the earth like a pall. I heard shouting all round below—clear down to Milesburg—the balloon moving in that direction as it entered the cloud. My barometer marked 2500 feet. Oh, what a solemn thing it is to be involved in these dense meteors! I got upon my knees with note book in hand to describe the scene. The attitude of kneeling was appropriate, as well as comfortable, while describing the mysterious majesty of nature. I had a moment before viewed the handiwork of God's beautiful creation of mountain and valley, rivulets and velvet green fields, with towns and villages of men,—now I was basking in a milk-white vapor. How strange the contrast: these clouds looked sulky black from below, but milky white within them. I could see nothing around me—above nor below, but this vapor, and as soon as I was completely buried in it all the shouting ceased; a death-like silence prevailed this solemn chamber. Presently I heard quite distinctly the tinkling of a cow-bell, and supposing I had crossed over to Bald Eagle Valley I came down gradually. When I came out of the cloud I found myself right above the mountain top, and again the shouting of the people reached my ears. I sailed along the line of the back for nearly half an hour, hoping to drift on one side or the other, but the "Amazon" plodded her weary way right along this high-way, and again I went up into and above the layer of clouds until I reached the sunshine at a height of 4000 feet. Here was a new scene; there was a mountain and a valley in the cloud surface, and presently the "Amazon" drifted to the cloud-valley and I opened the valve to come down again below the clouds to look for a clear spot to light on. I found myself moving for Curtin's works and at 4 o'clock and five minutes, I landed on Mr. Austin Curtin's farm, where I was surrounded by many people. I was surprised to see Mr. Curtin, as I had seen him near me at the start, and then again I saw Mr. E. Foster and Prof. WISE coming up, who started with a coach from the Fair ground when I did, but when I found that I was not more than five miles from Bellefonte, my surprise was over. Five miles an hour is a slow gait for an air-ship, but then when it is considered that I had such formidable obstacles in the way, if they were but watery vapor, and I had to travel, as it were, blindfolded, so far as the earth was concerned, it was getting along well enough.

Just before I landed I crossed a grave-yard in which I saw a man, and I called on him to take hold of my trail-ropes, but he answered "it is too high, I cannot reach it," but he followed me briskly, and when he came up he said "I knew there was a woman in it when I heard your voice and I ran as fast as I could."

Immediately after entering the cloud upon my start I heard the Band of music playing. It was like an enchantment, and how I wished all my friends below could be up with me in the cloud-heaven to listen to its symphonious strains. My aeronautic display may have been interesting to my audience on account of its variety, but to me it was truly novel and sublime, as it was my first experience in in the art on a rainy day.

I feel under great obligations for the kindness tendered me by all my friends, and particularly to the members and officers of the Agricultural Society, and to Messrs. Grice and Foster, and also to Mr. McKNIGHT for replenishing the "Amazon" with several thousand feet of gas and bringing her over to the Fair ground.
LIZZIE IHLING.

LINES SUGGESTED DURING MY AERIAL VOYAGES FROM BELLEFONTE.

When e'er I mount on ether's wing
To seek the heavenly air,
To hear the zephyr angels sing
It fills my soul with prayer.

When fleecy clouds around me play
Like spirits of the air,
And fan me with their ambient spray
I feel like staying there.

The world sinks down in ether's sea,
Nor stops to rest in space
While my frail bark is sailing free
To seek a resting place.

How beautiful now the realms around,
Spread out with bounteous hand;
The great blue vault now clasps the ground,
And forms a circling band.

The world looks like a fairy green
With plants of various hue,
And silvery streamlets in the scene
To beautify the view.

All nature sings the song of love
In one accord of praise;
The lamp of God swung far above
Sends down its quick'ning rays.

Oh! must I soon depart from hence,
To join that rugged shore,
To dream of heavenly recompense
In Nature's bounteous store!

No! no! I will not down to earth—
I'd rather stay up here
Amid the scenes of joy and mirth
That greet my eye and ear.

Ne'er can the earth such pleasure give,
Nor move the soul to praise,
As does the upper world of life
In sailing on its ways.

But now, alas, my fairy bark
Is swooping for the strand;
And down I come like meadow lark,
Again to grope on land.

END OF VOLUME TWO.

With this number the second volume of the CENTRE FARMER closes, and for this season, at least, our modest little monthly disappears from the public eye; and will, doubtless, soon drop from the memory of most of those to whom it has made its regular visits. That it has accomplished all that could have been wished for it by its friends, we do not claim, but that it has proven itself an incentive and aid to "Progressive Agriculture" in our county, to such a degree as to justify its publication, we hope and believe. We claim no originality for any of its teachings, nor merit for any advice offered, or suggestion made; but indulge the hope that in gleaning from the sources of acknowledged agricultural wisdom to which we have had access, we may have chanced here and there to gather a handful of sufficient merit to redeem our little bundle from utter condemnation.

THANKS—Chief Marshal Gilliland desires us to tender his thanks to the citizens, who, as volunteer police aided him in keeping the crowd of boys and others who followed the balloon on Thursday, from breaking over the fence.

The thanks of the Society are due to the Salona Brass Band for the pleasing music which they voluntarily furnished.

The Executive Committee hereby express their obligations to the ladies and gentlemen who kindly consented to act as judges in place of some of those who had been regularly appointed, but who failed to put in an appearance.

NO INSECT, so far has troubled the sweet potatoes to damage them to any extent in this section of the country, and if the bugs continue to destroy the Irish potatoes as they have done in years past, we will have to turn our attention more to the growing of the sweet potato to fill its place, also to the best methods of storing and keeping them for Winter and Spring use. Every one that tills the soil should plant enough for his own use and a few to sell. They will pay if you plant the kind adapted to the soil you plant them in.

AN ACRE contains 43,000 square feet, a tract 209 feet square contains 121 square feet over an acre. A lot 200 feet wide and 217.8 feet long, or 100 by 435.6 feet contains exactly an acre. A plow, turning a furrow one foot wide, would go nearly 8½ miles in plowing an acre.

WE LIKE to have our friends try saving seeds. In no other way will they so well learn how difficult it is to grow pure seeds, and how prone everything to degenerate.—[Vick's Floral Guide.]