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GUARD THE FACT.

Speak though the truth, let others fence. And trim their words for pay; In pleasant sunshine of pretence Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night Down on thy watch-tower stoop. Though thou shouldst see thy heart's delight Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind: Though afloat seem In shelter to abide. We were not made to sit and dream. The safe must first be tried.

Show thou the light. If conscience gleam. Set not thy bushel down. The smallest spark may send a beam O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe unto him on safety bent, Who creeps from age to youth. Failing to grasp his life's intent Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought, And as thy thought, thy speech. What thou hast not by striving bought Presume thou not to teach.

Then each wild gust the mist shall clear. We now see darkly through. And justified at last appear. The true, in him that's true.

Shot as a Robber.

Our tale opens in February of 1848, just four months before the outbreak of the revolution in France.

In a little room on the fifth or sixth floor of a humble house in one of the common parts of Paris, and about six in the morning (for your true Frenchman is an early riser), a young man of about twenty-five might have been seen that summer morning busy over a glowing fire.

He was casting bullets. His face was firm, and even noble, with a certain gentle kindness, however, recommending it to most who looked at him.

After a time he discontinued his work, which was done very quietly, and the bullets he had made, together with the shining gun, were hidden behind a loose portion of the wainscoting.

Then taking a little earthenware pipkin, he set to work and made a capital mess of bread and milk, which he turned into a white basin. Next he carried it to an inner room, where he called "Granddad!"

In a moment an old man started from a light sleep, and turned smilingly toward the new comer.

"Here is thy breakfast," "Hearken, my son, George. Thou art the light of my eyes. And what bread and milk it seems! Ah! hast thou had thy own breakfast?"

"No, not yet. But why dost thou sigh, granddad?" "To think I cannot earn my own living. Ha! 'twas a pity I served my time at a trade to which my constitution was not fitted. Here I am with fingers scarcely strong and limber enough to hold this basin of bread and milk!"

"Bah, Granddad! Thou dost work when thou wast able; and now I, thy only descendant work as well as I can for thee. I only do my duty."

"Thou dost indeed, do thy duty. When thy father, who married my daughter, was killed by a wound received from a gentleman, who mistook him, honest fellow, for a thief, when thy mother died, and I took care of thee, never did I think I was providing for my own early old age."

"Granddad, I was too young to help you by the work of my hands. When I was only eighteen I had escaped the conscription, and so I took the place of another and richer man, and became his substitute on condition of his paying you a little annuity. This kept you while I served as a soldier, and keeps you now, when I am free of the army, and am once more a cabinet maker, getting my own living."

"And but thou wouldst make more hadst thou properly served thy time to thy trade. But I will not repine, and as I see thy face is clouded, let us say no more on this subject. Tell me, what means the new sign-board of the little linen-draper opposite?" He calls it "The Sword of Brennus." It was named "The Purring Cat."

"Granddad, you know the Romans came into Gaul, and made our forefathers their slaves. Well, after a time—a very long time—Brennus led us to Rome; and compelled the Romans to pay tribute; and as Brennus saw them cheating with the weights, he cast in his heavy sword and insisted upon its weight in gold beyond the weights in the scale. So M. Lebrunne has taken this sword as his new sign—that of an honest man."

"With a pretty daughter, George!" laughed the granddad.

But he became grave as he saw his grandson turn sadly away.

"What art thou going to do, to-day, granddad?" "I shall take my walk on the Bonlevards."

"Don't dear granddad, there may be fighting to-day. The people are angry. Thou art too old to help, and I beg thee to keep at home."

"But—" George Duchene was gone before the old grandfather could find words in which to ask for an explanation.

Paris was angry. As the hours grew there were threats in the very air.

Meanwhile George Duchene, who was not working that day, was passing along a quiet, but pleasant-looking street, when he heard calls for help on the first floor of a hotel.

"Vallada's voice!" he cried. "There can be no question."

He hurried into the hotel, where great confusion was reigning among the waiters, dashed up-stairs, and ran to the doors which opened into rooms looking over the street.

Three—four were unlocked, and yielded to his hand. The fifth was fastened.

A moment, and he had burst the lock apart.

It was she—Vallada—the daughter of a linen-draper who had recently changed his sign from the "Purring Cat" to "The Sword of Brennus." It was she to whom his grandfather had referred some hours previously.

She had fainted, and lay on the divan at the mercy of a handsome villain, who was somewhat advanced toward a state of intoxication, and who appeared stunned by the sudden intrusion of the mere workman who stood before him.

But only for a moment. The next, the

young rogue was flung crashing to the other side of the room, and then George, taking up a glass of water, dabbled Vallada's forehead with his wetted, honest right hand.

"Mademoiselle! Look up! It is I—George Duchene, your neighbor. Do not be afraid."

The voice recalled her still wandering senses.

"George!" she repeated, in a sweet, soft voice, which made his heart beat.

"Quick—let us leave this place!" "Yes, yes, let us leave this place!" But the waiters below showed signs of preventing their egress.

"My sister!" said George, making use of one of those untruths which now and again must be used in extreme cases.

There was enough of human nature in those servants to compel them to fall back and let the couple pass into the street.

"Long before he had reached her father's house, he had declared his love and had been accepted."

And when once they had passed the threshold and the old linen-draper Lebrunne had heard what both had to say, the trader said:

"This decides me. I join the insurrectionary movement. These aristocrats without aristocracy, and who have induced the king to ill-treat his subjects, must have a lesson taught them. This Plourin is no more a count than you or I, M. George. He fancied because his father made large sums of money as an army contractor, that he is one of the nobility who can command the masses."

"He said he was taking me to see an old schoolfellow of mine, who was ill," added Vallada.

That evening in the Rue St. Denis, his grandfather, Lebrunne, the linen-draper, and his daughter had dined together when they were attracted by loud cries to the street door.

In the distance approached a crowd, carrying various arms, which glittered in the light of the torches grouped in the centre of the people.

"To arms! Vengeance!" were the shouts heard as the procession approached. The torches lit up a wagon load of dead men and women. Upon the butt-end of the shafts stood a powerful man almost naked to the waist, and carrying a swinging torch.

"To arms! Vengeance!" The soldiers have fired upon the people! "Surrounding the cart were citizens and citizen-soldiers bearing arms."

They were marching to the palace to demand justice of the king, who was already thinking of packing up the crown jewels.

"It is time!" cried George. "The Revolution has commenced! But a moment, and I hold my gun!"

"And I join you!" cried the linen-draper. At this instant female cries dominated even over that terrible din, and a woman was seen talking with a young man.

Two or three about the cart of death, seized both, and brought them before the man striding from shaft to shaft.

"What is this?" he asked. "No pleas, you citizens, this man entered my shop and demanded money for buying arms to fight in the Revolution; and when I offered him a piece of gold, seized me, gagged me, and stole my gold. And as he was escaping, I broke from my bonds and seized him, and cried 'Help!'"

"It is true," cried the man. "I wanted money to buy myself and companions arms. This woman first gave me money then repented, and now accuses me of theft. My companions and I have been seeking all day for arms."

"Is that so?" asked George. "How then is it, that in the middle of the day, I rescued my sweet heart from your clutches?"

"This false!" "This true!" said Vallada, advancing fearfully. "You are no workman, but a M. de Plourin, pretending to be a nobleman."

"Death to thieves!" cried a voice. And a score of other angry voices repeated the cry.

"True!" replied the men in the wagon; "we must show we are good citizens by proving we are no thieves. What say you! Shall he die?"

"Die!" shouted a hundred voices. "Vainly he screamed for his life; useless that George asked for it; in vain the linen-draper urged the guilty man's youth in his favor."

He was placed against the linen-draper's shutters, a gun put to his temple, a crash and he fell dead.

A paper was placed upon him bearing the words: "SHOT AS A ROBBER."

When Louis Philippe had fled, and Louis Napoleon became President of the French Republic, Vallada and George were married.

"We know what politically happened. Louis Napoleon betrayed the Republic; pretending to court the working men by massacring the middle classes as they walked on the boulevards; caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor; and was finally taken prisoner by the Germans. Then he fled to England where he died."

George Duchene fell fighting for France, and Vallada died of a wound while nursing in one of the hospitals during the first siege of Paris. But their children have reaped the benefit of their parents' and forefathers' work, and live happily and peacefully in regenerated France.

About Lace.

In the sixteenth century lace was a favorite lover's bribe to an Abigail. Silvio in the bill of costs he sent to the widow of Zelinda, at the termination of his nuptial suit, makes a charge for a "piece of Flanders lace" to her waiting-woman.

Swift addressed a "young lady," in his peculiar strain: "And when you are among yourselves, how naturally after the first compliments, do you entertain yourselves with the price and choice of lace, and apply your hands to each other's lapsets and ruffles, as if the whole business of life and the public concern depended, on the cut of your petticoats."

Not satisfied with lace when alive, both men and women craved for it as a decoration for their grave clothes. In Malta, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, the practice of burying people in lace acquired an unsavory reputation on account of the custom of rifling the tombs and selling the lace—often in a filthy condition—in the market. At Palermo the mummies in the catacombs of the Capuchin Convent are adorned with lace, and in Northern and Middle Europe this fashion prevailed for a long period. In the church of Revel lies the Duc de Croix, a general of Charles the Twelfth, in full costume, with a rich flowing tie of fine guipure.

A Base Imposter.

Shortly before three o'clock the other afternoon a farmer from the vicinity of Hempstead appeared in front of the Stock Exchange, New York, and entered into conversation with a citizen, who was waiting in the door, by asking:

"The convention in there breaks up at three o'clock, don't it?" "Yes, that's the hour," was the reply.

"Do you know Jay Gould when you see him?" "Oh, yes."

"Is he in there?" "I presume so."

"Well, I wish you'd point him out to me when he comes out."

The citizen promised to do this, and within a few minutes he kept his word. The farmer took a square look at the rail road and telegraph prince, and then turned and asked:

"Are you dead sure?" "Oh, yes."

"Can't be no mistake?" "No."

"Well, it is about as I suspected. A few days ago a great big slouch of a fellow hailed at my gate and began measuring my ground with a tape line, and squinting around in the most mysterious manner. I went out to see what was up, and after beating around for a while, he said he was Jay Gould. I'd heard and read of Gould but I didn't know what he looked like."

"It must have been a fraud."

"I am sure of that now; I pumped around to find out what he was up to, and he finally said he wanted my place for an orphan asylum. He was going to build one as big as a palace and take care of all the orphans in the country."

"And of course, you treated him well?" "Didn't I? Why, for three days he lived on the fat of the land and slept in the parlor bed-room! He was going to give me \$25,000 for my land, and the way we killed chickens and turned out sweet cake for him made the old woman sick. He finally jumped the house and took my Sunday suit and a fiddle worth \$8."

"I don't believe Gould would steal a fiddle."

"That's what I thought, and so I came over to have a look at him. It wasn't Gould at all, but some base imposter."

"And you are so much out!" "Well, it looks that way, but the experience is worth something. It may not be a week before some one else will come along with a ten-foot pole in his hand and a theological seminary in his eye, and claim to be Russell Sage, and the way I will knock down and step on him and walk over him, and drive him into the sale, will pay me a profit of fifty per cent on the investment."

American and Italian Sumac.

The quantity of native sumac, brought into this market does not exceed about 8,000 tons yearly, and the market price is only \$50 per ton, just half the price of the Italian product. The difference in value is due to the fact that the American sumac, as at present prepared, is not suitable for making the finer white leathers used for gloves and fancy shoes, owing to its giving a disagreeable yellow or dirty color.

It has recently been shown, however, that the leaves of native sumac gathered in June and July, are equal to the best foreign leaves. The importance of this discovery may be seen by the fact that the cultivation of the plant may be carried on most profitably in this country as soon as manufacturers and dealers recognize the improvement thus obtained in the domestic article, and by classifying it according to its percentage of tannic acid and its relative freedom from coloring matter, advance the price of that which is early picked and carefully treated. In Italy the sumac is planted in shoots in the spring in rows, and is cultivated in the same way and to about the same extent as corn. It gives a crop the second year, and thereafter a regular one. The sumac gathered in this country is taken mostly from wild plants growing on waste land, but there is no reason why it should not be utilized and cultivated on land not valuable for other crops.

Aunt Jane at Halifax.

In was in the year 1851. I was sailing as second engineer on a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. When three days out the chief engineer came down and told us, stowaway had been found on board.

I didn't wait to hear any more, but went up on deck like a skyrocket, and there I did see a sight and no mistake. Every man Jack of the crew, and what passengers we had on board, were all in a ring on the fore-castle, and in the middle stood the first mate, looking as black as thunder. Right in front of him, looking a regular mite among all them big fellows, was a little bit of a fellow, with a white face, a little scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair and a bonnie little face of his own, if it hadn't been so woeful thin and pale.

But, bless your soul, to see the way the little chap held his head up, and looked about him you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great hulkin', black-bearded fellow, with a look that would have frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un wasn't a bit scared—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with him bright, clear eyes of his, for all the world as if he was Prince Hal himself. Folks did say afterward (lowering his voice to a whisper as how he comed o' better blood now) what he ought; and, for my part, I'm rather of that way o' thinking myself; for I never yet seed a common street Harlot, as they call them now, carry it off like him.

You might ha' heard a pin drop as the mate spoke.

"Well, you young whelp!" says he, in his grummiest voice, "what brought you here?"

"It was stepfather as done it," says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. "Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how we won't ha' no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody wasn't looking, and giv me now and then a good kick for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax, and she'll be my mother."

And with this he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awfully dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it right enough.

We all believed every word on it, even without the paper, for his look and his

voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there wasn't a ha'porth o' lying in his whole skin. But the mate didn't swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say: "I'm too old a bird to be caught with that kind of chaff;" and then he says to him, "Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out o' them. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't it'll be the worse for you."

The boy looked up in his bright fearless way—it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!—and says, quite quietly, "I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say."

The mate says nothin', but he looks at him for a minute, as if he see clear through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. "Reeve a rope to the yard!" he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; "smart now."

The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, "What on earth is coming now?" But on board of ship, o' course, when you are told to do a thing you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"Now, my lad," says the mate in a hard, square kind of voice, that made every word seem like fitting a stone in a wall, "you see that rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess, and he took out his watch and held it in his hand, and if you don't tell the truth before the time is up, I'll hang you like a dog!"

The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears—I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye—and then a long wail went among them like a wild beast wakin' out of a nap.

"Silence there!" shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. "Stand by to run for'ard!" and with his own hand he put the nose around the boy's neck.

The little fellow never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors, big chaps as could ha' felled an ox, as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I thought myself of my curly-headed little lad at home, and how it would be if any one was to go for to hang him. And at the very thought on it tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they were a grippin' somebody's throat.

I clutched hold o' a landskip, and held it behind my back all ready.

"Tom," whispers the chief engineer to me, "do you think he really means to do it?"

"I don't know," says I, through my teeth; "but if he does he shall go first, if I swing for it."

I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt half as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen, and the tick of the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some of their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kept edging for'ard to where the mate was standing in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot and take my chances.

"Eight minutes," says the mate, his great, deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the tone of a funeral bell. "If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up."

"I've told you the truth," answered the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

The mate nodded, and down goes the poor little chap on his knees, with that infernal rope about his neck all the time, and puts up his little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said—fact my head was in such a whirl that I hardly could have known my own name—but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he got up on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says he to the mate, quite quietly, "I am ready."

And then sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all at once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms and kissed him; and burst out crying like a child; and I think there wasn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did, for one.

"God bless you, my boy!" says he, smotherin' the child's hair with his great hand. "You're a true Englishman, every inch of you, you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as your father cast you off, I'll be your father from this day forth, and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me. And he kept his word."

Dust.

Instances of explosions caused by the ignition of carbonaceous dust floating in the atmosphere have become so numerous that such dust may be counted among the explosives. Such explosions are not uncommon in coal mines. An explosion was caused in Paris in 1869 by the taking fire of dust rising from a sack of starch which was thrown down stairs and burst. The fatal explosion which took place in a candy factory in New York city a few years ago was probably due to the starch dust floating in the room. The explosion of the flour dust in the mills at Minneapolis, Minn., in 1878, is another case in point. An explosion of malt dust recently took place in a brewery at Burton-on-Trent, England; finally, it has been suggested that the explosion which signalized the breaking out of the fire on the Seawanhaka was one of coal dust, such as often takes place in our stoves.

Facts Worth Remembering.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover over one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of single nails will fasten them on.

One fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet to be covered, because of the lap in this siding and matching of the floor.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster 100 square feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney; nine bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

Chicago is to have a sugar refining company, with a capital of \$750,000.

Disciplining the Cat.

Grandma Slocum was busy over her sewing in the warm, quiet air of the sitting-room, and grandpa was striving to convince himself that he was reading the weekly paper, despite a vague impression that he was falling asleep, when both were brought to their feet by a sudden crash in the pantry. "It's that cat!" said grandpa.

But grandpa, who seldom ventured to express an opinion before looking into the question, said nothing and hastened to the scene of the disaster.

As she opened the door of the pantry the unfortunate cat darted out, and grandpa, armed with the broom, started in pursuit around the spacious kitchen. The cat, however, was too nimble for his rather clumsy movements, and he was obliged to desist without having accomplished anything more than thoroughly frightening the animal.

"I'll teach the critter!" he exclaimed. "Forever on shelves and tables! Only yesterday she chewed up the last chicken you had laid away, and last week skinned half a dozen pans of milk! What's she done now?" and pushing open the pantry door, he beheld his wife gazing sorrowfully down at the fragments of several plates, among which lay an old china teapot, which had belonged to grandma's mother, and was held in great reverence by the