

The Millheim Democrat.

VOL. LV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1881.

NO. 8.

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STAR BEHIND THE CLOUD.

No matter how dark the night;
No matter how dark the clouds may be,
Up in the shrouded sky,
Hidden from watching eyes,
Glitters a star for me.
Silvery bright and clear,
Out in the fields of fadeless blue,
Fearless of cloud and rain,
Fearless of death and pain,
Golden stars in their silent sphere,
Twinkle and burn for you.
Summer and Winter the same;
No matter if storm-clouds surge and roll
Like waves on the frenzied sea;
In Heaven's bright galaxy
Twinkle and glow, with a quenchless flame
These types of the soul!
No matter how dark thy life;
No matter how gloomy thy watch may be,
Mid sorrow, and pain, and care,
Still watching thee everywhere—
Back of the curtain of earthly strife,
Twinkles a star for thee!

Love and Theft.

Franklin Coultter, a dry-goods clerk, joined as a private one of the first New York regiments that volunteered for the suppression of the rebellion. In the course of service he won the rank of second lieutenant, then that of first lieutenant, and finally a brevet captaincy.

Toward the close of the war his regiment was encamped at a small village of Virginia guarding a depot of supplies. It was an easy and pleasant service, and both officers and men delighted in it. Beside the village, which had only been depopulated of its young men there were several fine plantations in the neighborhood, the property of families that had been wealthy and were still proud.

The young ladies of the village and the plantations, although they grieved for those who were away, could not be expected to devote their entire time to that employment, and were not unwilling to be consoled by their "conquerors," who exerted themselves to provide all manner of amusement, so that time should not hang heavy on their hands.

At the plantation which was nearest the village, Frank Coultter was a great favorite and a constant visitor. It was the home of the Penohyns, a family of English descent, highly considered in the neighborhood. At that time the family was reduced to Mrs. Penohyn and her two daughters, Ada and Augusta, her husband being dead, and her only son in Lee's army. The younger of the daughters, Augusta, was Frank Coultter's choice.

She was a beautiful brunette, peculiarly susceptible to the charms of a manly presence, and had been too young at the opening of the war to claim a sweetheart among the young men who went to fight. At the Penohyns' Frank Coultter spent most of his spare time, his agreeable manner making him welcome to all the family, and there was no doubt that he was devoted to Augusta. It was evident, also, to those who observed closely, that she was ready to reciprocate his affection whenever he should choose to declare it. But no words of love had yet passed between them, and it is probable that Coultter felt that the uncertainty of war did not justify him in making the desired declaration.

One evening he had staid at the Penohyns' until it was quite late, and was requested to remain all night, as he had done on one previous occasion. He consented, and retired to his room at a reasonable hour as he would be obliged to leave very early in the morning. Augusta Penohyn remained seated on the porch alone, enjoying the beauty of the summer night, and admiring the moonlight as it was fitting through the vines. She was also thinking of the handsome young Union soldier who had lately left her side, wondering whether he really loved her, and wishing, if he did, that he would declare himself and end her suspense.

From this reverie she was aroused by the sound of a light footfall. Turning her head, she saw Frank Coultter approaching her. He had removed his coat and boots, but this partial address was neither unusual or objectionable, as the nights were very warm, and he was an intimate friend.

He did not seem to be looking at Augusta; indeed, his eyes were strangely fixed upon vacancy; but he came to her side, took her hand, and slowly and solemnly spoke these words:
"Whatever may happen, Augusta, remember that I love you truly and faithfully—that my heart is entirely yours."
Then he dropped her hand, turned quickly, and walked away as swiftly and silently as he had come, before she could recover from her surprise or make any movement or reply.

To Augusta this conduct appeared strange but not unaccountable. She soon came to the conclusion that he was more timid than she had supposed him to be—that he had formed a sudden resolution, as he was about to retire for the night, to declare his love—that he had mustered courage to come down and speak the words that she had longed to hear, and then frightened by his own audacity, had hastened away before he could learn his fate.

But the thought that he loved her was blissful enough for Augusta. She determined to go and dream on it, and went up stairs to her room. There another strange surprise awaited her.

And she resolutely dismissed the dark suspicion that intruded into her upon her. She went to bed, but her thoughts of the strange conduct of her lover kept her awake a long time, though she assured herself that the affair would be pleasantly explained in the morning.

But in the morning the young officer was gone. He had risen at an early hour, as was his intention, and had returned to camp long before Augusta was awake. She searched the room which he had occupied, but saw no signs of the watch and chain, nor even a note from him to explain the disappearance of the articles. This was unaccountable, and the young lady was naturally much displeased; but she concluded that it would be best to say nothing about the matter at present, hoping that Coultter would explain it satisfactorily on his next visit.

She saw him after the lapse of a few days. He came to the house as he had been in the habit of coming, and there was nothing in his appearance or manner to indicate that anything unusual had occurred. He treated Augusta precisely as he had treated her before his strange declaration of love was spoken, and made not the remotest allusion to the affair of the watch and chain.

This was quite displeasing to Augusta who determined to draw him out in private as her questioning looks in public had failed to produce any effect upon him. She asked him to walk with her, and when they were entirely alone began to question him.

"Did you bring back my watch and chain?" Frank asked.

"Your watch and chain?" was his surprised reply.

"Yes, my watch and chain, which you carried away the last time you spent the night here."

"I don't know what you mean. I have not had your watch and chain. I know nothing about them."

It was then the young lady's turn to show surprise and indignation.

"You surely cannot have forgotten," said she, "that you took those articles from the bureau in my room the last night you staid at our house, and carried them away with you."

"This is news to me. I assure you."

"You had taken off your coat and boots, sir, and doubtless supposed that you were not observed, but I saw you plainly in the moonlight."

"Miss Penohyn, do you know what you are saying? You are accusing me of stealing."

"I did not believe that you meant to steal them," she said, half sobbing. "I supposed that you had only taken them for a joke, or perhaps for a keepsake, and that you would bring them back or make an explanation. But I never thought that you would deny taking them."

Then he quietly followed Coultter up stairs.

The next morning Henry Penohyn contrived that Frank Coultter should be alone with him in the parlor, and his sister Augusta came in smiling. Her chain was around her neck, and her watch was visible in her belt.

"I find that I did you a great injustice, Mr. Coultter, when I last saw you," she said.

"You accused me of stealing your watch and chain," he replied, as his face flushed. "I see that you have them now. Had you mislaid them?"

"I had not mislaid them."

"Who, then, was the culprit?"

"Nobody but yourself."

"Indeed! And yet you say that you did me an injustice in accusing me of the theft. I don't understand this."

"You took them just as I said you did," persisted Augusta, still smiling.

"How then, did you recover them?"

"You brought them back last night, and put them on the bureau from which you had taken them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the young man.

"This is outrageous."

"Not in the least. Were you not aware, Mr. Coultter, that you were a sleep-walker?"

"A sleep-walker! If I am, I never had any cause to suspect it."

The entire story was then told, to Coultter's great bewilderment, but also to his great satisfaction, and he concluded that his business would oblige him to remain several days at the Penohyn hotel.

Cruelty and Civilization.

The mutilations of prisoners exhibited on Assyrian sculptures are not surpassed in cruelty by any we find among the most bloodthirsty of wild races; and Rameses II., who delighted in having himself sculptured on temple walls throughout Egypt as holding a dozen captives by the hair and striking off their heads at a blow, slaughtered during his conquests more human beings than a thousand chiefs of savage tribes put together. The tortures inflicted on captured enemies by Red Indians are not greater than were those inflicted of old on felons by crucifixion, or on suspected rebels by sewing them up in the hides of slaughtered animals, or on heretics by executing them over with combustibles and setting fire to them. The Danamars, described as so utterly heartless that they laugh on seeing one of their number killed by a wild beast, are not worse than were the Romans, who make such elaborate provisions for gratifying themselves by watching wholesale slaughters in their arenas. If the numbers destroyed by the hordes of Attila were not equalled by the numbers which the Roman army destroyed at the conquest of Galicia, and by the numbers of the Jews massacred under Hadrian, it was simply because the occasion did not permit. The cruelties of Nero, Gallienus, and the rest may compare with those of Zingis and Timur; and when we read of Caracalla, that after he had murdered 20,000 friends of his murdered brother, his soldiers forced the senate to place him among the gods, we are shown that in the Roman people there was a ferocity not less than that which defies the most sanguinary chiefs among the most of savages. Nor did Christianity greatly change matters. Throughout medieval Europe political offenses and religious dissent brought on men carefully devised agonies, equaling, if not exceeding, any inflicted by the most brutal of barbarians.

A Counterfeiter's Kit.

A visit to the Secret Service division, of the Police Bureau at Washington, will give an insight into the possibilities of the science of counterfeiting. The arrival here of the ingenious outfit of the recently arrested gang of counterfeiters presents a subject for the student of human nature and lover of the curious. Brockway's confession furnished the foregoing number of the notes printed by him and his associates on the different banks. He has now surrendered of each kind the following: Pittsfield National Bank, 148; National Revere, 78; Second National Bank of Wilkesbarre, 38; National Exchange Bank of Baltimore, 32. None of those counterfeited on the Pittsburg National Bank of Commerce are here. They were printed on the new localized fibre paper in use by the government, and this issue passed as readily among merchants and bankers as the purest genuine. They have exhausted that entire edition, and those notes are now outstanding in the hands of innocent holders. There was an edition of one million of these notes in preparation, but they had not yet fixed up on the name of the bank; it was, however, going to be another one in Maryland. They had remedied the defects of all previous issues as nearly as possible, and they therefore contemplated a successful haul. It would necessarily be more dangerous than the last, and would doubtless have run through several other larger editions. Before the last contemplated issue was struck off the offenders were apprehended. Ninety-two notes were seized, bearing the first carbon impression on localized fibre paper, inserting the name of the bank and its officers, the red seal and numbers and the green-tinted and black border. It is said that not more than three or four counterfeits on the National Exchange bank of Baltimore were floated, not over twelve of the Second National bank of Wilkesbarre, but it is yet difficult to tell exactly the fate of each issue. A remarkable fact connected with the floating of all the foregoing counterfeits is that from their first issue to the present day the national bank redemption bureau of the treasury department has discovered but 22 of these counterfeits.

The plates for notes are four in number. One is engraved and the other three are electrolytically engraved, who is a very skilled workman in that line. It is a perfect plate except the panel which contains the state coat of arms, which is found on the right-hand back of a note of the \$100 denomination. This space is always left blank by counterfeiter until they decide on what state and which bank they will issue their next lot of "queer." Hence, on the four plates alluded to, one has a separate coat of arms for each state upon which they have made an issue. The vignette entitled "Signing the Declaration of Independence," also common to all notes of this denomination is a piece of polished steel, and engraving is the most faultless precision. It is the object of admiration by all men skilled in the higher branches of that delicate handicraft. There are also three copper plates, one engraved and two electrolytically engraved, and these represent all the characters and designs on the face of the note, excepting the name and location of the bank and the signatures of its officers. These omissions, in the vernacular of the counterfeiter, are called "skeletons." The plates which supply these omissions are called "titles."

Two only have been surrendered—one on steel for the Pittsburg bank, and the other copper for the bank of Wilkesbarre. The others have probably been destroyed at the moment of some scare or immediately after use, as a means of covering up their tracks in case of discovery. The little red seal was thrown overboard by Brockway from a ferry-boat while crossing East river some five or six months ago, he correctly thinking at the time that he was being followed by government detectives.

The production of fac-similes of United States bond plates is equal, if not superior, to the note. When the "shover" Doyle was arrested in Chicago with \$207,000 in his carpet-bag, upon showing them to the brokers and bankers, they expressed themselves willing to buy the whole lot, and for a long time public opinion was unanimous in pronouncing the act of arrest one of mistake, and a cruelly and persecution if persisted in. The difference is easily seen when the discrepancies are minutely pointed out in comparing the original and genuine, assisted by the glass. The first things that attracted the eye upon investigating this whole exhibition of mechanical ingenuity and patient labor are two small engraved dies in copper. They will measure one and a quarter by three-quarter inches, and are complete figures of cycloid engravings. It is from these small dies that matrices were made by Brockway,

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by which he was enabled, one by one, to produce 207 faultless and perfect imitations of the border to the 6 per cent. bonds of 1881. This was the denomination of which Doyle had hypothesized three to secure a sum of money, and at the time of his arrest was going to take them up only to float the whole \$207,000 before the interest became due. Here are the supposed genuine bonds with but one coupon left precise in every thing but authority to issue. But for the arrest, in one week's time that vast amount would have been placed on the Chicago and Illinois bankers generally. As it was \$2,000 was lost, and that was by the Peoria bank. In like manner did Brockway take the engraved plate and electrolyte a genuine "counter," which is the circle that encloses the "100," also the "C." The bond plates are of copper, the larger one having the border of the bond and five coupons, from which four were cut off when the loan was made. There is also to be seen remnant of five more coupons located immediately under the row joining the body of the bond. It would convey the impression that this was originally made a long time ago. There is no evidence of their ever being previously used. The other large plate contains a medallion of Secretary of the Treasury Chase, and the other designs incident to that bond. Its printed stipulations, signatures, &c., are precisely the same as the original, or as near as it is possible to make two things alike by hand. There are also two small plates for printing the coupons and two seals representing respectively the loan division and the treasury department. There are three other small plates in the lot—one of steel and two of copper. These were intended for another \$1,000 bond, either of the new issue or the five-twenties. The machinery consists of a rotary hand-press and two first-class rollers, registered and prepared for the most minute work, such as are found only in first-class bank-note printing establishments. The officers of the law still have another duty to perform before finishing up this job. It is this: To find out where the paper came from.

He Wanted to Laugh.

At mid-fordnoon recently, a man who was crossing Woodward avenue at Congress street, Detroit, suddenly began to paw the air with his hands and perform divers strange antics with his feet, and after taking plenty of time about it he came down in a heap. More than fifty people saw the performance, and there was a general laugh. It had not yet ceased when a man with a funeral countenance pushed his way into the crowd and asked:

"Who is he—what's his name?"

"It's Jones," answered a voice.

"What Jones?"

"Thomas Jones."

"Sure?"

"Yes, I've known him for over twenty years."

"Then I'll laugh," said the solemn-faced man, as he leaned against the wall and chuckled and laughed until he could hardly get his breath. One of the crowd remarked on the tears from his eyes and replied:

"Gentlemen, nothing but a laugh or two so much as to see a man fall down. Ten years ago I was a salesman in a wholesale house, with a fine chance for promotion. One day a man just ahead of me fell down and I laughed. It was our old man, and he discharged me on the spot. Five years later I was engaged to a rich girl. As I came out of the Postoffice one day a man sprawled out on the walk, and I laughed till I was sore. It was my Angelina's old man, and he broke up the match. Again I laughed myself out of a position in a bank, and but for the same failure I should to-day have a place in the Custom House. I have learned wisdom. Now when I see a man fall I ask his name and find out if he has any influence to put me out of my clerkship. If he has I look solemn and pass on. If he hasn't I laugh—ha! ha! ha! Jones is it? Jones can't do me any harm, and ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have missed this for a month's salary! ha! ha! ha!"

Death of Thomas Jefferson.

The Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, has written an interesting letter giving an account of the celebration in Staunton, Va., of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. He says: "Among the guests assembled at the Eagle Tavern on the Fourth of July, 1826, were most of the prominent men of the town and county. I well remember that Daniel Sheffy, Chapman Johnson, Briscoe G. Baldwin, Thomas J. Michie, William Kinney, N. C. Kinney and other citizens of the town were of the number, and I think General Robert Porterfield, James Bell, Charles A. Stuart, and others of the same class from the county were present. The occasion was marked by hilarity. The speeches were brief, spirited and appropriate. Anodes were fired. There were brilliant flashes of wit, and fancy, and all were in good humor and seemed to enjoy themselves. In this way the day was passed until nearly sundown, and the company were preparing to separate, with mutual felicitations on the pleasure which they enjoyed and the expression of hope that they might meet to commemorate many returns of the auspicious day. At this stage of the proceedings some one came into the porch, and in a low tone communicated to Mr. Chapman Johnson something which seemed to make a deep impression on him. I who was then a youth, preparing myself to enter the university, sat with a few other young companions, near the foot of the table, and, being on the opposite side from Mr. Johnson, had a full view of his face, and although I did not know the nature of the communication, could not fail to observe the grave expression of his countenance.

The mystery was soon solved. Mr. Johnson rose, and in fitting terms announced to the company that news had just reached him on the death, near noon on that day of Thomas Jefferson. After a few remarks on the life, character and public service of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Johnson requested all present to fill their glasses, as he desired to offer a sentiment. This was done. He then desired that the company would rise and remain standing. While we thus stood, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the event which had been thus unexpectedly announced, Mr. Johnson offered the following sentiment: "The memory of Thomas Jefferson, author of the declaration of independence! Though the mortal man may never witness another celebration of the day which his pen has so much illustrated, his immortal spirit will be present and inspire the last anthem which hallow his memory." The sentiment was purely impromptu. He did not take time to commit it to paper. He gave it to us as it came gushing up, like living water from the fountain of his great heart, and it found a responsive echo in the every one who was present. As for myself every word that he uttered became, as it were, engrossed on the tablets of my memory, and, after the lapse of more than fifty-four years, I feel that I am able to report Mr. Johnson's toast not only with substantial, but with literal accuracy.

A Natural Spectacular Scene.

In Adair County, Kentucky, about ten miles north-east of Columbia, there is a grand and lofty projection on the banks of Great River, known by the classic name of "Grand Daddy's Cliff," which as a picturesque phenomenon, is rarely surpassed. The apex rock, of the series of shelving limestone that climbs one above another to an enormous height, extends out over the azure and placid waters of this beautiful stream about seventy-five feet. On the top of this shelf rock canopy, divers little wild flowers, in the proper season, spring up, and commingling with a mazy fringe of shrubbery, blossom upon the very verge of the precipice, where nature's curly hair, in the precipitous climbing vine, falls in gorgeous and graceful folds to the water's crystal bosom, thus forming a closing curtain to a cave-like chamber of spacious dimensions and exquisite beauty.

The somber wall, all studded with a number of fanciful formations that slightly protrude from the rough sides, the cerise tint of the rock ceiling, gremmed with star-like crystals, and the waving, viny curtain that floats eternally on the sighs of the passing breezes, with the velvet floor of snow-white sand—all conspire to form and force upon the dusty memory the pictures of the little fairy palaces, with their million spirit-inhabitants peeping from the almost invisible chinks in the walls that fond old grandmothers usually paint to satiate the unsounded credulity of the innocent little prattlers who hover, with undivided attention to the story, around the blazing hearth on long winter nights, in "life's morning march, when their little spirits are young." This grove is not only a beautiful and sublime wonder of nature, but is also useful. In the white, dusty sand that forms the floor many of the neighboring farmers are wont to bury their vegetables for winter keeping; and here, one foot beneath the surface, they remain safe from cold and the active little animals that make nightly depositions upon the cellar and grain-room, for the sand is so fine that it rolls back to its place faster than the little thieves can claw it out.

The Scoundrel he was After.

A well-dressed Galveston gentleman found himself in a very embarrassing situation the other day. He had left his money at home, and not a nickel or a car ticket could he find anywhere in his clothing. He was about to leave the ear when a perfect stranger with a sinister cast of countenance detected the gentleman a nickel, who gladly accepted it and dropped it into the box. The gentleman then shook his unknown benefactor by the hand, thanking him for the confidence and accommodation, and asking for his address so as to return the money. "Never mind," responded the generous man, fiercely, "it's a counterfeiter, anyhow. The street car company will make that driver redeem it. They will dock his wages I've got a spite at you. He is the scoundrel I am after. He trifled with the affections of my sister, but this will show him what sort of a man I am when my blood is up."

HAMBURG BITTERS.—Grind to a coarse powder 2 ounces agaric 5 ounces cinnamon, 4 ounces cassia buds, 5 ounces grains of paradise, 3 ounces quassa wood, 2 ounces cardamon seeds, 3 ounces greenial root, 3 ounces orange peel, 1 1/2 ounces dried orange peel; macerate with 4 1/2 gallons water add 2 1/2 ounces acetic ether; color, brown.