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Millheim Journal.
RATES ON APPLICATION.

THE DESERT OF THE HEART.

Oh, desert of the heart, in those long eves
When autumn brings our flowerless winter on,
What a bleak wind across thy wild waste groves
With hollow murmurs for the dead and gone!
Oh, desert of the heart!

In our fresh youth, when all things are new-born,
Before we love, in our impatience, old,
We mourn our fate as though we were forlorn;
Then, also, how thou seemest vast and cold!
Oh, desert of the heart!

We long for love, we think the heavens are rude,
The future looks all cloud and storm and rain,
And fierce against the barriers that exclude
Our bliss we strike, but seem to strike in vain,
Oh, desert of the heart!

Illusions! Run, oh frank and bounding youth!
There at two paces is the bush in flower:
No more the desert, but for age, in sooth,
Is there a white-rose bush, or jasmine bower,
Oh, desert of the heart!

Bitter delays and longings unattained!
Oh! say, beyond the sands and frowning mountains,
Dim in the distance to our weak eyes strained,
Is there not hid some Valncuse with its fountains,
Oh, desert of the heart?

GRACE MORTIMER.

More than fifty years ago a farmer named Atwood, a widower and childless, resided on an extensive farm on the borders of Sherwood Forest, on the Nottingham road.

His residence was isolated, being two miles distant from any human habitation; and he, though now on the verge of three-score years, was as hale and hearty, to all appearances, as the generality of men at forty.

He was reputed wealthy, having constantly in his employ some three or four sturdy field laborers.

At the time of his wife's death, and some two years preceding the incidents embodied in our story, he had taken home to reside with him an orphan niece from Shropshire, named Grace Mortimer.

Grace was a young lady of handsome features and commanding figure, every expression of her face bespoke intelligence, courage, and decision of character; which last qualities were the admiration and boast of the kind old uncle Farmer Atwood.

The uncle was reputed wealthy, and a gang of thieves who had their headquarters in the neighborhood, had more than once tried to rob him. On the last occasion they had assaulted the house when the girl was alone, with some female servants, but had been repulsed, Grace who knew how to handle a gun, shooting one of them in the arm.

From this time forward Farmer Atwood never suffered her to remain behind on occasions of his visiting the fairs, without leaving a sufficient number of his men to insure her protection; but often he took her with him, thereby rendering precaution doubly sure.

On one of these occasions at Nottingham, Grace made the acquaintance of a dashing young silversmith, who professed to be carrying on a large business in Manchester.

He paid the most flattering attentions to her during the two days they remained at the fair, and finally asked permission of the uncle to visit them at the farm, which proposition was the more readily acceded to on account of some hints thrown out by him in regard to his own personal wealth and family influence.

Agreeable to arrangements, some two or three weeks after this, Mr. Joseph Pennington, such was the name given by the Manchester suitor made his appearance at the residence of Farmer Atwood, and was cordially received both by the old gentleman and his niece. During his stay he made rapid advancement in the confidence and esteem of the family, and used frequently to take long rambles with Grace through the adjacent country.

On one of these occasions they had extended their walk to the very borders of Sherwood Forest, when he turned suddenly upon her, and with a terrible meaning flashing from his dark eyes, spoke as follows—
"Grace Mortimer, is it possible that I am so changed that you do not recognize me?"

Grace gazed up into his face with a vague expression of alarm, but made no direct answer to his appeal.

"Look at me wretched girl; look at me well! Look at this maimed arm, the work of your hand!"

And rolling up his sleeve he displayed a frightful scar just above the wrist, where she had shot him.

In an instant the terrible truth flashed upon the poor girl's mind, and with a cry of helpless terror, such as might have awakened the pity of a fiend, she sank swooning at the brigand's feet.

Without using the least effort to restore her to consciousness, he caught her in his arms and bore her into the forest.

When Grace recovered from her swoon she found herself in the midst of a rough company, in a low vaulted apartment, lighted by a miserable oil lamp and a single wax taper.

WHISPERING.

Ask the offenders to go whispering for a half hour, or hour, and at the end of that ascertain who have succeeded, letting them raise their hands. Command their success; give them a little rest and let them try another period.

Have a period set apart for speaking by having a large card marked, "Study Hour," on one side and "Needful Speech" on the other. At the end of each hour turn this card.

Keep an eye on the noisy ones, and give them a separate place to sit, not so much as a punishment as to prevent their troubling others.

Keep a record of those who whisper much, and class them as "Disorderly," and lower their standing for good behavior. This needs to be handled with care.

Detain those who are noisy and try to influence them by a kind personal talk.

Give extra employment to those who seem to have time to whisper.

Make a great distinction between those who whisper about their lessons and those who whisper about mischief,

which ensued between them. Grace cast her eyes around her for a moment, just long enough to take in the surrounding objects, and beheld on every hand a heterogeneous collection of stolen property scattered about her.

In the centre of the room six men were sitting around a table playing at cards, while her false lover, Pennington, was busily occupied in changing his fashionable garments for the coarser description worn by the robbers.

None of them paid any attention to her, and soon after they passed out of the room, leaving the taper burning on the floor.

Grace heard them lock and bar the door, and soon after pass away.

Then in the silence and solitude of her narrow prison she noted the swiftly consuming taper grow fainter and fainter till it finally expired altogether, leaving her in total darkness.

She raised herself to a sitting posture, and at that moment she detected for the first time a minute ray of light resting on her hand. She removed her hand, and all was again in darkness; she restored it again, and the welcome ray of light was still there. She now became fully satisfied that the outer world was not very far removed from her.

On examination she discovered a small opening in the rock overhead, of about a foot in diameter, upon which rested a flat stone, placed there no doubt to conceal the aperture from observation. She strove to remove it with her hands, but the stone seemed firmly planted.

Finally, with one almost superhuman effort she succeeded in moving the barrier so far aside that she found no further obstacle to her escape.

Trembling with fright and exhaustion, she crept through the open space, and throwing herself on the bare rock above, her beautiful face upturned in the clear autumn moonlight, she fervently thanked God for her timely and unexpected deliverance.

She next looked about her, and perceived that she now stood on the summit of a vast ledge of limestone, with huge forest trees around her springing out of the mossy fissures of the rock.

In a moment she became satisfied in her own mind that the entrance of the cavern was just beneath her. Going the other way she went through the forest till she came to a traveled road. It was then in the gray of morning, and in a few minutes her attention was arrested by the sound of approaching wheels, and she made up her mind to appeal to the person, whoever he might be for protection.

At length the team came up, and Grace accosted the driver. She stated in a few words as possible who she was and what had happened to her, and begged him to conceal her if possible somewhere in his wagon, for fear that Pennington and his associates might follow and overtake her. No sooner did the driver understand that she was a niece of Farmer Atwood's than he asked her if she did not remember him.

"Do you?" cried Grace, with a thrill of pleasure. "You are one of those very persons who came to our relief one time they attempted to rob my uncle's house."

"The same," answered the driver; "so you may as well climb into the vehicle now as at another time and so give us an opportunity to conceal you from observation."

Grace thanked the loquacious but kind-hearted driver, who now assisted her in mounting to the cart, the body of which was filled with a great number of boxes, baskets, and casks. A whiskey barrel, with one of the heads knocked in, seemed the only unoccupied thing in the wagon; and Mr. Sharp, with an aptness worthy of the name of Sharp, hoisted it up with the remark that the bung-hole was in the other end.

"Now, young man, if you don't mind it, I'll just cover you over with this whiskey barrel, so if any one comes they'll see the sound head with the bung out, an' they'll think I'm just taking it to market to be filled. A pretty good idea, young 'oman," he said.

Grace assented, and suffered her protector to place the empty barrel over her head, thumping it two or three times to be sure that it gave forth the right sound after which he resumed his seat once more and drove on. He had not proceeded far, however, when he apprised Grace through the bung-hole that two men were in pursuit of them, and that she must keep up a good heart and lay snug.

In a few moments the clatter of horses' hoofs, was distinctly audible to her above the heavy sound of the rumbling vehicle. The next moment she heard the strong voice of Pennington commanding the driver to halt.

"An't please you," quickly returned the driver, "it's a whiskey barrel I am taking to market to be filled. If the young 'oman be there, you are in search of, she must have got through the bung-hole somehow!"

"I think if she was in there she would find her way out," answered Pennington, with a meaning laugh, "But evidently she has taken the other road, and as time presses, we must bid you a very good morning, Mr. Driver."

And with this, Pennington wheeled his horse, and drove on with his companion, well satisfied that they had sold the driver, instead of being sold themselves.

The driver cracked up his horses, and began to whistle as though nothing had occurred. When the team reached the brow of the hill, he stopped his horses with a sudden jerk, and clapping his hands to the barrels raised it up, and then pointing down into the valley, said—

"See, Miss Mortimer, there be a host of men there, and Farmer Atwood at their head!"

With a thrill of joy she recognized her uncle, and springing to her feet before the driver could restrain her, waved her hand aloft, and shouted with all her strength.

In a moment the people below saw and heard her, and a simultaneous shout went up from the valley.

When they came together, she told him in a few words as possible, the story of her abduction and escape, and her friends eagerly forming themselves into a triumphal procession, the cart being in the centre, marched to the office of the magistrate at Nottingham.

Again the story was repeated; and on being assured by her that she could guide them to the place, a young baronet, named Hoppood, who had taken much interest in the affair, as well as in the handsome vivacious face of our heroine, volunteered to lead a company of cavalry to the spot, if Grace would accompany him on a palfrey and point out the way.

To this Grace assented, and about three hours later the cavalry started on their expedition into the forest.

They had but little difficulty in finding the cave, and still less in forcing an entrance, and arresting four of the gang who chanced to be within. Among them they found a constitution and by-laws, with eight names attached to the document. A dot of blood was prefixed to one, signifying that the person had been murdered or dealt with foully.

The four were immediately taken into custody and carried to Nottingham, while a guard was stationed around the cave to make prisoners of the others on their return—Pennington and two of their number not yet having been taken.

They were trapped, however, that very night, and returned to Nottingham with their fellows in the morning to await their examination. Some weeks after they were brought up before the assizes, and on the testimony of Grace and others they were duly condemned to transportation for life.

From this moment Grace Mortimer became the rage and admiration of every one, even to the nobility.

She was petted by the old men, and toasted and flattered by the young; and if reports be true she became the innocent cause of more than one duel among the chivalrous young squires of the neighborhood.

But when a few months later it was proclaimed she was to be the bride of the young baronet, Sir Andrew Hoppood they had no further occasion to quarrel among themselves, and were rendered but too happy by being present at the marriage fete, and witnessing the handsome dowry which Farmer Atwood bestowed upon his beautiful niece.

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Artificial Diamonds—How they were Made.

Mr. Hannay, the Glasgow chemist, who succeeded in producing carbon crystals which by careful examination by experts, proved to be real diamonds, has at last explained the method by which he produced them. His experiments were bold, expensive and oft repeated. Out of eighty only three succeeded. Violent explosions were frequent, furnaces were blown to pieces, steel tubes burst, and as a net result he produced a few small crystals of diamond which would have but little monetary value. Furthermore, he confessed to having induced in himself a very weak state of the nervous system caused by working under such difficulties and dangers. The crystals were at last produced by a tube of coiled Loromoor iron twenty inches long, four inches in diameter, having an internal bore of only half an inch. In it were placed a mixture of 90 per cent. bone oil, 10 per cent. paraffine spirit, and about 62 grains of metal lithium. The open end of the tube was welded air-tight, and the whole was heated to redness for fourteen hours, a process which of course caused a tremendous temperature within the tube, the same process having exploded many tubes tried previously. After allowing the tube to cool and opening it, he found within a small mass adhering to the sides which was quite black. From this black mass he obtained the crystalline carbon. Paraffine spirit is made up of carbon and hydrogen, and it is supposed that the metal lithium went into union with the hydrogen leaving the gaseous carbon which, under the intense heat and pressure, was crystallized into the solid form which we call diamonds. If this experiment can be regarded as an indication of nature's process the temperature of the earth must have been at one time much higher than anything we can now produce artificially, with a pressure so enormous as to be almost beyond calculation. The earth which now affords habitation for man must have undergone wonderful changes since it was capable of producing the diamond.—*Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.*

Artificial Diamonds—How they were Made.

A Great Catch on Fish.

A great catch of weak fish, was recently made about two miles off Rockaway Beach by the steam smacks E. T. De Blois, Capt. J. A. Keene; Leonard Brightman, Capt. Elijah Powers, and J. W. Hawkins, Capt. J. Wawkins. These smacks are engaged in the menhaden or "moss bunker" fishery for the oil-rendering and fish-scrap works on Barren Island and were cruising off Rockaway in search of schools. About noon a vast school of what the fishermen supposed at first to be menhaden was discovered stretching along the coast for miles. To borrow their language, "the water was red with fish, but they didn't break the surface, as menhaden always do." The boats were lowered, the seines spread, and then it was discovered that the school was of weak-fish and not menhaden. "I have been in the business for twenty years," said the mate of the Brightman, "and I never saw anything like it before. The fish varied in length from one and a half to three feet, and in weight from three to seven pounds. The De Blois caught over 200 barrels, the Hawkins 150 barrels, and the Brightman 350 barrels. The entire catch was estimated at something over 200,000 pounds, which, at the ordinary market price for weak fish—seven cents a pound—would amount to \$14,000. But, of course, the market price could not be maintained in the presence of such a catch as this, and it was said recently that a strong effort was being made by the wholesale fish dealers of Fulton market to prevent the greater part of the fish from being put on sale. The Captain of the Hawkins, which landed at Pier No. 22, East river, foot of Fulton street, obtained a promise from a Fulton market dealer to take part of his catch, and then made overtures to Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, of E. G. Blackford & Co., Beekman street, to sell the remainder. As soon, however, as the Fulton market dealer learned of the offer to Mr. Blackford, he refused to take any of the fish. The captain of the Brightman, however, had better luck. H. M. Rogers & Co., of No. 11 Fulton market, engaged to take his entire catch of 350 barrels, and immediately put two men in charge of the boat. The Du Blois, meanwhile, had made fast to the bulkhead at the foot of Beekman street, and Captain Keene, failing to come to terms with the Fulton market dealers, engaged P. Owens, of No. 104 South street, who manages the peddling trade for the Fulton Market dealers, to dispose of his fish. A crowd speedily gathered about his boat, and the fish sold almost as fast as they could be handled at twenty-five cents a pair. The pressure of the crowd became so great at one time that police assistance was invoked, and Officer William Brown, of the steamboat squad, was detailed to stay on the boat.

A Great Catch on Fish.

A Boy's Grip for Life.

William Stonestreet, a twelve year old lad, had a narrow escape from a sudden and terrible death recently in Louisville, Kentucky. The boy says he was, throwing a base ball up against the side of his father's house, near Hancock and Lampson streets, when the ball lodged in the gutter at the top of the house. He immediately started up to get it, getting out on the roof through a hatchway. The house has three stories and an attic, the roof is rather steep and as the boy slowly edged over toward the gutter he felt a sinking at the heart. His little sister Mary was standing in the yard eyeing her brother, and calling out to him every instant to come down. He made some boastful answer, and continued his dangerous journey. He reached the edge of the roof, caught a firm hold of some projecting shingles, and leaning over seized the ball. Before he could arise from his stooping position, he felt the shingles to which he was clinging giving way with him. He clutched them nervously and began to draw himself up slowly. Suddenly the shingles gave way, and in an instant the boy seemed to be hurrying to instant death. The pavement was fully thirty feet below, and there seemed nothing to prevent his being dashed to pieces on the bricks. Just as he was rolling over the gutter he involuntarily seized hold of it and clung there desperately. The gutter was an ordinary tin affair, not very strong; nor was it bound to the roof very tightly. The sudden weight of the boy made the tin sag down, and a few of the fastenings gave way, leaving the boy hanging down over the abyss, with only a broken rotten piece of tin between him and eternity. William was now thoroughly aroused to his danger, and cried out for help. His sister ran into the house and happening to find a colored man there told him of her brother's danger. The man ran out and getting a long ladder which was lying in the yard put it up against the house. The boy was now almost exhausted. The perspiration was running down his face in streams. His eyes were dilated with terror and exhaustion, and it seemed impossible for him to hold on till the assistance came. The colored man ran up the ladder nimbly. Scarcely had he reached the top when the boy, who could hold on no longer, dropped into his arms. The colored man took him down and when the boy reached the ground he fainted. He was taken into the house and physicians were summoned.

A Boy's Grip for Life.

A Woman with a History.

Mrs. Beatty passed through Nashville, Tenn., recently, en route for Blue Ridge Springs, Va., her accustomed place for spending the summer, to Craggie Hope, where she will spend some time with her niece, Mrs. Murray, and family, of Memphis. Mrs. Beatty is a remarkable woman. She is a daughter of Governor John Adair, of Kentucky. At the age of 18 she married Joseph M. White, of Florida, who was elected to Congress from that State, and continued to represent it at Washington for twelve years, without ever going to the State or even asking the suffrages of his constituency. He declined to serve longer before each election, and finally was allowed to retire on the pretext that his wife's health required a change. He then went on an important foreign mission and remained abroad many years, whereby his gifted and beautiful wife possessed extraordinary advantages in sharing the honors of dignitaries in Church and State. She was honored by a private interview with the Pope of Rome fifty years ago without paying the usual homage of kissing his toe, and not only did he pledge ever to receive whomsoever she might see proper to commend and to remember her in his prayers, but he sent her some valuable presents, among which was an elegant diamond cross, with an exquisite representation of the Saviour in amethyst. Mr. White was a successful lawyer, and at his death left an estate of a half million dollars. Five years ago more had elapsed after his death when Mrs. "Florida" White, as she was known in Washington, married Dr. Beatty, of New Orleans. He died in about five years, when she retired to the privacy of her estate in Florida. There she remained alone with her two hundred slaves until the results of the war made changes necessary. When Mr. Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation she called them together and explained to them its import. They readily understood, for she had, with diligence, taught them to read and write. Although past 80 years of age she possesses her faculties quite perfectly. Her memory is excellent. When younger she and Mrs. President Polk were special friends. After the war she busied herself in the building of a Southern Presbyterian Church at Washington, and from one of her own sacrifices she gave a couple of thousand dollars realized on the sale of her diamond cross. It was a relic that she greatly prized, and she would not have parted with it, but, although she had educated several children, she was never a mother; hence there was no person on whom she could so satisfactorily bestow it as in giving it to her church.

A Woman with a History.

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