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SWEET SABBATH BELLS.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell,
Thy mellow notes I love to hear;
I was a boy when first they fell
In melody upon mine ear.
In those dear days long past and gone,
When sporting here in boyish glee,
The magic of thy Sabbath tone
Awoke emotions deep in me.
Long years have gone, and I have strayed
Out o'er the world, far, far away,
But thy dear tones have round me played
On every lovely Sabbath day.
When straggling o'er the mighty plains,
Spread widely in the unpeopled west,
Each Sabbath morn I've heard thy strains
Tolling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the rocky mountain crest
Where christian feet have never trod,
In the deep bosom of the west,
I've thought of thee and worshipped God.
Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again
To hear the cherished call to prayer,
There's less of pleasure now than pain
In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bell, ring on!
Once more I've come with whitened head
To hear thee toll. The sounds are gone!
And ere this Sabbath day has sped
I shall be gone, and may no more
Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bell!
Dear church and bell, so loved of yore,
And childhood's happy home, fare well!

HOW GODFREY HORTON CHOSE A WIFE.

"Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back in his chair and put his feet upon the mantle-piece, "when is the wedding to be?"
"Whose wedding?"
"Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which is it?"
"I do not know, I am sure."
"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a most constant visitor, and all our set are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."
"How do you know either of them will have me?"
"Don't be absurd, old boy. You, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune need not be overbashful. Come be frank—which is the favorite sister?"
"Well, frankly, then, Henry, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her flashing black eye and queenly manner, but Jennie seems, although the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles; and let me enter at what hour I will, they are always well dressed and apparently disengaged. To be sure, I always in the mornings, have to wait some time before Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly and notice the internal economy."
"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."
"Go there in disguise—as a washerwoman, for instance."
"Good! I will!"
"Will you go there as a washerwoman?" cried Clayton.
"Not exactly; but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."
"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower; who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in very fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place, after nearly ten years' mourning, and although a kind, indulgent parent, had no objection to his daughters' marriage, and indeed, had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a stepmother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband; and Jenny, who was younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same person. All his attractions were ascribed, by her to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her very heart. It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast-room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough tumbled braids of last evening's elaborate coiffure gathered loosely into a comb, wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron little white collar and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining room door: "will you see him?"
"No," said Jenny.
"Yes," cried Laura, "send him up."
The servant departed to obey the last order. In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white and he wore a beard and moustache of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow, he placed the large basket he carried on the table, and opened it.

"I have a bunch of blue flowers here," he said, taking them from the basket, "that will suit your golden hair, Miss," and he held them before Jenny.
"It is my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Jenny, quietly.

A Fair Show.

"Mrs. Caroon, you are charged with disturbing the peace," said his Honor to a woman weighing 180 pounds and who had a head as round as a cannon ball.
"Me disturb the peace! Now, then, who could have told such a lie about me!" she exclaimed in virtuous indignation.
"It is here recorded that you climbed a line-fence seven feet high, dropped into a neighbor's yard, and then and there did beat, wound, bruise and assault one Mrs. O'Rourke."
"Me! Me climb a seven foot fence! Me beat Mrs. O'Rourke! O grave where is thy sting! Judge, you don't know me."
"Well, I think this is our first meeting."
"You don't begin to know me! Why, I'm the most peaceful, docile and sweet tempered woman in Detroit. I'll give anybody \$50 to prove that I ever hurt a fly. It must have been some other Caroon—indeed it must."
"I'll call the witness. Mrs. O'Rourke, please step forward."
Mrs. O'Rourke was a small woman, with a peaked nose and a look of silent sorrow on her face. She had her head tied up with a red-bordered towel, and there were two long strips of court plaster on her face.
"Witness do you recognize the prisoner?"
"Y-yes, I think I do."
"Does she live next door to you?"
"Yes."
"State what occurred yesterday."
"Yes, my dear, Mrs. O'Rourke added the prisoner, "state what occurred yesterday. Tell the court what loving friends we have always been, and how gently I nursed you all the time you had the bilious fever."

"Well, she'd been slandering my husband," said the witness, as she turned to the desk.
"Slandering your husband—your kind, faithful husband! Mrs. O'Rourke, how can you—how can you!"
"She had also talked about me, and yesterday morning, when I saw her out in the yard, I told her she must quit it. At that she climbed the fence."
"Climbed the fence! O, my dear Mrs. O'Rourke, think of a woman like me climbing a fence. Please take it back."
"She climbed the fence and said she would make mince meat of me, and if our dog hadn't bitten her in the leg I guess she'd have killed me."
"Those hurts were received at her hands, were they?"
"Yes sir, besides several pinches on my arms."
"O, Mrs. O'Honor—oh, Judge O'Rourke, it's all a mistake!" cried the prisoner. "This woman eats opium, and it was all a hal-hallu—hallucination or whatever you call it! Look at me your Honor! See how calm and peaceful and docile I am! I wouldn't take the life of a bed-bug, to say nothing about almost murdering the nearest friend I have on earth. Mrs. O'Rourke come over till I hug you."
"There is no hugging in this case," remarked the court. "Mrs. Caroon, you are fined ten dollars or sent up for sixty days."
"O, sir, and I'm so docile!"
"Can't help that. Please retire to the corridor."
"I can't—I can't. It's all a mistake and I must go home! Judge, I'm a docile woman."

"That's what you are sent up for. Fall back."
Bijah escorted her to the corridor, and they had scarcely disappeared when he cried for help. Two officers rushed in and found the docile woman holding him against the wall and kicking his shins until his heart ached. She was pulled off, but it took the three to get her into a cell, and when the key had been turned she cried out:
"Cowards of the law, you dare not give a docile woman a fair show at you!"

Many Ancestors.

A child was born in Denver, Colorado, not long since, of Nova Scotia parentage, who can boast of fourteen living ancestors. The child's name is Meek. His father's name is Arthur E. Meek, now of Denver, Colorado, a son of William Meek, of Canning, Kings county, and grandson of John Dimock, of Berwick, Kings county. The child has a father, mother, two grandmothers, four great-grandfathers, and four great-grandmothers, all of whom are living and well. Their entire ages are 861 years. Mrs. Tupper, widow of the late Dr. Tupper, who furnishes the information, is a relative of the hero of this paragraph.

A Kangaroo Motion.

He came out of the side gate with a kangaroo motion to his legs, and an expression of countenance that would have frozen a tramp into a solid block of ice in six seconds. Then he turned, and while he held to the fence with one hand he shook the other at the house in a wild, strange manner. Then he stood on one foot and felt of the other as tenderly as if he was caressing a newborn rose. "Was it all there?" He seemed to doubt, and that same wild expression floated over his countenance as again and again he waved his arm around his head and shook his fist at an unseen enemy.

A white scared face appeared at a window. And the man danced up and down on his leg and cried out:
"Never! Never again on earth!"
A white hand behind the glass beckoned to him, but he waved his arm and replied:
"I won't! I'll send up six men with blocks and tackle!"
The white face was pressed against the pane and the blue eyes had a beseeching look, but the man hobbled along on the grass and growled out:
"I'll smash the infernal thing with an axe!"

Then a lady appeared in the door and seemed to want to explain something, but he threw down his hat with an awful whack and interrupted her with:
"I tell ye I'm going down town to have this foot amputated, and, when you see me clumping around with an old wooden pedestal you'll remember that I told you we ought to turn the house around instead of trying to move that old cook-stove into the back kitchen!"

Poorer in Cash.

The American ship Mariposa, owned by her master, Manson, sailed from Liverpool on the 9th of January, side by side with the British ship Thomas Stevens. Each was loaded alike and bound for this port. This circumstance prompted the captains to make a wager of \$1,000, Manson claiming that he would arrive at this port, discharge, take on another cargo, and dip his ensign to the Thomas Stevens before she crossed the imaginary line of the Golden Gate. The American arrived here about eleven days ago, and by strenuous efforts did discharge and load within a week. Determined upon winning both gold and glory, no expense was spared, and seamen were offered \$150 for the run back to Liverpool, and were given checks for this amount in advance. Last Sunday night the Mariposa procured her complement of sixteen men besides her officers. Everything was ready for departure. The Britisher was still upon the blue and vasty deep, and all was joy and good nature on the Mariposa.

A Pagoda of Flowers.

At a recent floral festival in California a pagoda of flowers was exhibited in the construction of which not less than two thousand roses were employed. Most artistically were they arranged, shading from the deepest dyes of crimson at the base to the purest white at the summit. The roof was composed solely of roses, being laid in rows of first one rich color and then another. Its floor was a bed of tiny golden black ferns, and among them stood a globe of fishes, swimming, all unconscious of the superabundance of their surroundings. Here also were shown red Japonicas full, large, and beautiful, plucked from a bush which since January last is said to have borne one thousand flowers.

The Desert Land Tortoise.

A tortoise which is as large as a good-sized bucket, is a native of the arid regions of California and Arizona. One being dissected it was found that it carried on each side a membrane, attached to the inner portion of the shell, in which was a pint of clear water, the whole amount being about a quart. Professor Cox was of opinion that the water was derived from the secretions of the giant barrel cactus, on which the tortoise feeds. This cactus contains a great deal of water. The tortoise is found in sections of the country where there is no water, and where there is no vegetation but the cactus. A traveller suffering from thirst could, in an emergency, supply himself with water by killing a tortoise. They are highly prized by Mexicans, who make from them a delicious soup. They are often-times attacked by foes both for their water and also for their flesh. They are overcome by the foxes and killed by being dragged for miles over the country at a pretty rapid pace. Mr. Redding afterwards stated that he was on the Gallapagos Islands in 1849, where he assisted in capturing ninety-two land tortoises, varying in weight from 450 pounds to 500 pounds each. These they brought to San Francisco, where they sold them for more money than the whole of the ship's cargo of lumber made. They were two months on board, yet they neither ate nor drank anything, though food and water were offered them. When killed, however, considerable quantities of water were found in each of them. They lived on the high lava rocks of the islands, where there are no springs or streams, and the only dependence of animal life for water is necessarily upon the irregular and uncertain rain showers.

Railroad Lands.

According to a report from the former secretary of the interior, Kirkwood, the following land grants were made to seven railroad corporations:

Atlantic & Pacific	40,690,650
Texas Pacific	14,309,760
Northern Pacific	48,275,040
Oregon branch, Cent'l Pacific	2,126,526
Oregon & California	3,701,760
Southern Pacific	5,511,264
New Orleans Pacific	903,218

This is an area larger than the New England and the middle states. Before the expiration of the time set in the granting acts the corporations actually owned 18,615,196 acres under the conditions of the grants. Since that time it is estimated that they have earned 14,261,844. There remains 82,500,000 acres claimed by these corporations and withheld from settlement, though not really due to the railroads under the strict terms of the grants.

"Take Som'thing."

A Michigan man who has a patent windmill went down to Tennessee last fall to see what he could do among the farmers of the State. Reaching a town in the central part of the State, he went to a dealer in agricultural implements and stated his desire to erect his machine and call attention to it.
"Well, it can be done, I guess," was the reply. "But how had I best proceed?"
"Well, you kin put her up over on the hill thas. I don't know who owns the ground, but if you treat the crowd, I guess no one will object."
"Very well."
"Next Tuesday is market-day, and ther'll be heaps of folks in town. You want to be around early and treat the crowd."
"Yes."
"Set the old things going, and ask the boys ever to drink something."
"Just so."
"You want to stand on a bar'l and make some explanation, of course, for it will be new to most of 'em. But don't talk too long. Make it about two minutes, and then treat the crowd."
"Yes."
"If you have to talk any more tell 'em there's another drink ahead."
"I see."
"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys ther'll be a row in the crowd. They shoot on sight. Keep your eyes peeled, and if you see any signs of a row ask the whole crowd to drink."
"Yes, but—"
"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place you can't hold the boys a minute. Keep your eye on the canines. If you see a yaller purp begin to bristle up, ask the crowd to step up and moisten."
"Yes, but by that time the whole crowd will be drunk," protested the agent.
"Sartin it will, and that's what you want, of course. That will give you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you, and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles I'll send the wind-mill by freight—provided there's anything left to send! Nothing like knowing how to handle a Tennessee crowd, my friend. Did you ask me out to take som'thin?"

Fast Railroad Lines.

The innovation of the Pennsylvania Railway in its fast trains between New York and Chicago suggests comparisons with lines abroad. The famous Flying Dutchman on the Great Western Railroad, England, makes the run from London to Exeter, 194 miles, in four hours and fourteen minutes. With four stops it attains a speed of almost 46 miles an hour. A train on the Great Northern Road makes the distance from London to Leeds, 187 miles, in four hours—almost 47 miles an hour, with four stops. The train carrying the Irish mail to Holyhead, over the London and North-western line, and dubbed "The Wild Irishman," has now sunk into comparative obscurity with its rate of a little less than 40 miles an hour. The morning express on the Great Northern Road makes only four stops along the line from London to Elyburgh, 395 miles, and flees over the whole distance in nine hours, with an average rate of 44 miles an hour; and on the Midland line the Scotch express runs the 425 miles to Glasgow with a speed of 40 1/2 miles an hour. These are the four swiftest trains in England, and, as will be seen, the Leeds express, with its rate of 47 miles an hour, is the fleetest of them all. Three out of the four trains probably beat the running time for the same distance on any other roads in the world. They are all, however, far outstripped for a shorter distance by the train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which leaves Jersey City at 4.10 P. M., and makes the run of about 88 miles to Philadelphia in 100 minutes, with one stop, at Trenton. The 52.8 miles an hour made by this American train is probably without parallel in the schedule time of any railroad company on the globe. On both the American and English railroads it must also be remembered that for short stretches of straight track, with good road bed and favoring grades, a speed of 60 miles an hour is not very uncommon.

An Ancient Academy.

The ancient academy in Germantown, Pennsylvania, entered upon its 121st year on May 1, and seven trustees were elected to fill the place of those retiring from the board of twenty-one members. The right to vote for trustees is conferred by the charter upon the proper officers of Germantown, though probably very few of them ever remember, even if they knew, the privilege they possess. At all events, when the polls closed on Monday evening only eleven ballots were found in the box. The seven retiring trustees were elected their own successors, as they have been for many years. It is said that the bell which rings the boys to their lessons came from England in the same ship with the famous tea which was dumped into Boston harbor. On the steeple of the academy building survives the wooden image of a royal crown by which the young rebels of Germantown used to test their skill with the bow and arrow during the Revolution, and which was the cause of several colonial town-meetings called to demand its removal.