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louse newly refitted and refurnished. Evitable done to make guests comfortable. that thought so much about the object tronage respectfully solicities money among us.

| Subscribe for the Journ

My Luck in a Tunnel.

I am an old miner. Not one of the nowaday stripe, but on old forty-nine Californian miner. I have been engaged in all description of mining transactions, except the new-fangled one of mining stock in companies - "feet," I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partners en-

gaged in the summer of 1852. One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions.

I raised myself to my feet again, and picking up the bucket was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper, which had been placed under the stone caus ng my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper folded in letter form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up, and proceeded to examine it. I was written with pencil, in characters very irregularly and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform them that I have been attacked and mertally wounded by my two partners who wish to obtain my money. Failing to discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a 'blazed' tree twenty five paces due north of this a bag containing five thousand dollars in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me, is the hope of-ANDREW FORREST.

that the letter in my hand was a genupartners to raise a laugh at my expense. sat down on a log and turned the mat-At last I got up, and pacing off the required distance in the direction men tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ ;" and I immediately went to work to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging; and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No. I was in the right place. but where was the ravine?

A tap on the shoulder aroused me from my meditation, and on looking up I saw my two partners, who loudly abused me for having neglected the preparations for their supper. As an excuse I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of finding it. To my surprise, they were as much exciteed by its perusal as I had been, and looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48, said:

"I think there has been a rayine here, but it has been filled up by the

On close examination we decided that his suspicion was correct, and after some consultation we determined that the next morning we would com-

Morning came, and we repaired to the spot with pick and snovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down in any one place. The result was that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of

We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day Jack promised that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt down to the river, and regarding the buried bag of dust, I pleasant position. made no objection to the plan, and dug On opening the bag we found about

regardless of anything else. I had dreamt of it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked -! digging, and my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust, and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the ex-

and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, on one afternoon, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and jound my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner burried alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observations of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy for the rest of the day, so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was. How long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read a dozen times statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being's lungs, but, like almost everybody else, had merely wondered at the time and then forgot the figures.

How much would I have given then to have been able to recall them! The next thought was. How can I proceed to extricate myself? This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with a shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was extremely likely that all which I could be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from I stood for some minutes after read. above. This was pleasant. I racked ing the letter like one awakened from my brains to devise some means of lib-Leaning against the wall in utter de-

ine document, and read it over and over spondency, I was about to throw myagain, thinking I might get some clue self on the ground and await my fate. from the handwriting to the real au- when I observed quite a current of wathor. It might be a trick got up by my ter, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At No, the place where it was found, and first I was alarmed, as I thought it the purely accidental discovery, render- might loosen the earth above, and ed such a surmise very improbable. I bring another mass down on my head. The next moment the thought struck ter over in my mind for some time. me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient tioned in the letter, I came to a large earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl through it? If it only succeeded in making an airhole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my rescue. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easiily direct it by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel. The air at this time was quite hot and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish for want of oxygen. After I had cut a channel for the water to flow towards the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and was delighted to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel, I forced it through the moistened earth as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enable to push it still further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then, placing my pick-handle against it, I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water, and I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger the opening grew; lump upon lump was washed away by the stream until the channel became large enough for me to place my head in and halloa lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my my head back I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found it was the one we were in search of, wash it, leaving me to dig in the tun- and which, but for the accident, I nel. In that way, they thought, we would never have found. Wishing to might at least "make grub," while surprise my companions, I concealed it. searching for the hidden money. I and redoubled my cries. In a few thought the idea foolish, but as they minutes they came running up the hill had entered so eagerly into my views and soon liberated me from my un-

Saved by a Lark.

six years old. We had worked about three weeks, filled with stores of hidden wonders. and make him a little visit.

One morning, in the harvest time Patty was alone at the door. Outside all was bright and sunny. Through the air came the softened hum of the distant reapers. Patty thought she would like to go out and see papa; and so in another moment the little feet were trotting across the fields. When she came into the wheat field she could see the men going down the side following the reaper, and leaving a shining row of bundles behind.

Patty tried to catch up, but they worked very fast; and by-and-by, growing tired, she sat down on a sheaf of wheat. By her side the uncut grain wayed in the sunlight. An old beach tree cast a cool, pleasant shade-it was very beautiful there.

Suddenly a bird flew out of the wheat

she thought; and "In there" she went, looking with a pair of bright eyes eagerly about. And yes, there it was surely, a nest and three of the dearest, sweetest little birdies. Was there ever Such a nice place for a nest, too, Patty thought. It was like being in a golden forest in there, for the grain was high laugh, too, a waying, murmuring laugh and tossed its head back and forth, but never whispered to the dild of danger nor even told to the men coming rapidly along the story of the little girl hidden in its midst. The men came on, drawing steadily, and the knives cut-

ting sharp and sure. What was it that made the farmer stop his team all at once? Did he and he had seen a lark fluttering wildly willingly hurt the least of God's creataround so as not to hurt the birds."

"It was the bird that saved her !" When the first excitement was over and Patty had been safely carried home in her father's arms, and the men were going down the field again, leaving a wide, uncut space around the lark's nest, somebody -it was a great, rough looking man-said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, and his voice grew husky, "God bless the birds,"

There's President Harrison, who died so soon after he got into the White House. They all say he died from excitement, nervous prostration, and all that. But the man who waited on him said he died from too much dinner. "He had been in the White House but a few days when he told the waiter he had brought from Indiana to get him what he called a regular old-fashioned North Bend dinner That was Mr. Harrison's home in In diana, and his order meant cabbage, pickled pork, fresh roast pork, peas, cucumbers, and sweet-potatoes, with corn-meal fritters for desert. That was en a day that Mr. Webster had a long talk with him. Mr. Webster was in his Cabinet, and he said: 'Harrison if these office-seekers don't fill you that dinner will.' Well, sir, he never saw a well moment after that dinner. He had indigestion, headactes, and swimming in his head, and they say his mind wasn't right till he died. It might have been something else, but I believe it was that dinner

Patty lived in the country, in a white house with green blinds. There was a nice yard, with smooth cut grass and green trees where the birds would sit singing on the boughs. Patty had a swing, too - one that papa put up-of good strong rope, that would go up ever so high in the branches. Patty was

A short distance back from the house and gardens stood three great barns, But she liked best to go with mamma in early spring into the woods to gather flowers, and search for ferns and soft, reen mosses; or in the autumn, to go into the fields where papa was at work

near by, singing a rich, clear song. Patty clapped her hands in delight.

"Perhaps there is a nest in there," anything so funny as those downy little heads with the tiny bills wide open ? the machine leading them, the horses

know that his little daughter was in danger? No, indeed; he thought she was safely cared for at home. But he was a noble man, with a large, kind heart over the grain. So, as he would not ures, he said to the man : "Here, Tom, come and hold the team. There is a nest somewhere near the old tree vonder. I'll hunt it up, and you can drive

Ah, what a cry of surprise papa uttered when he found his darling Patty sitting there! How fast his heart beat when he thought of the danger she had been in ! And how it thrilled and softened as he caught her up in his arms, and covering her face with kisses said,

What Killed President Harrison.

SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

TIT FOR TAT.

BY ALEX E. SWEET.

'You are not going out to-night a gain, are you, Henry ?' 'Yes, my dear.'

'And where are you going, if I may 'Oh, I am only going-to spend the evening with a few friends. I will take

the front door key along, so you will

not need to get up on my account.' Mrs. Schmelzer sighed.

'This is the fifth night you have been away from home and left me here alone,' said Mrs. Schmelzer, bitterly. 'I don't see why people get married at all if that's the way they do. It I was only an old maid I could at least go to bed to sleep. I would not be obliged to lay awake half the night waiting to It's really too bad, Henry, too bad !'

'Emma, you surprise me,' replied the

young husband, with great dignity. 'It is about your own conduct that ou should be surprised. How would you like to be troubled in such a heartless manner night after night?' said Mrs. Schmelzer.

'If I was a married woman,' retorted Mr. Schmelzer, 'I should think it very natural that my husband should go where it pleases him best, and if I was displeased at anything he did, I would speak to him in quite a different tone, for you are not adopting the means to make home pleasant for your husband. 'Is there really any way by which home can be made pleasant to a hus-

band ?' 'I suppose there is, but I don't think I have ever prevented you from going out whenever you felt like it.'

hree o'clock in the morning.'

'You can stay out as long as you please if you have any good reason for doing so.'

'I wouldn't stay away from home for anything in the world. O, Henry, you the cliff houses, a series of steps had can't have any idea of how tedious it is when you are away.

'Why don't you read? If you don't want to read you can sew shirts. That's what my mother used to do when my father staved out at night : but I must go. Good night, dear,' and off he went.

more reproaches about his staying out so late. He went out almost every evening. One day he was brought home in a carriage. He had sprained his ankle. The injury was very severe. The doctor said he would be confined to the house at least two weeks. At first he suffered severe pains, and his wife did all in her power to relieve his sufferings. She put cold applications to his swollen limb, and alleviated his agony by reading to him. He immediately began to improve. While he no onger suffered physical pains, he was obliged to remain in his room, as the ankle was too weak to bear his weight. in a solid granite wall was accomplish-Now was the time for Mrs. Schmelzer to carry out a little plan she had nur-

One evening she appeared in the coom of her husband dressed to go out. She had a rose in her hair, and had otherwise made herself as attractive as, pos-

ter's. You need not get up for me. You can go to bed. I'll take the door key along and let myself in.'

'All right,' responded Henry, cheerfully, griting his teeth as she closed the door. That's a very nice arrangent, for woman to leave her husband at home and go cavorting all over the neighborhood. What shall I do to amuse myself ?'

Fortunately a fresh magazine had a rived that afternoon so the evening fleeted without his noting the flight of

Mrs. Schmelzer did not get home un til yery late, but her husband did not reproach her. He was too proud for

Next night she was off again, and so for several consecutive evenings Schmelzer had to sit up, and he found t very tedious. At last she went to a ball. She wass accompanid by her brother. She arrived at home simultaneously with the milkman. On opening the door she saw her husband white

'Madame,' he said, sternly, 'you have been absent all night.' 'Yes,'responded Mrs. Schmelzer,coolly: 'the ball did not break up until 'the

sma' hours anent the twa.' Mr.Schmelzer was already very much exasperated, but springing that old gag upon him aroused him to a perfect

'Do you know,' he said in a hoarse voice, smashing the water pitcher to smithereens, 'that you have been out prowling around every night for a week while I have been confined to the house

your language.'

'If I were a married man,' said Mrs. Schmelzer, 'I would think it very natural that my wife should go where she likes it best. If you are displeased, you pleasant for me.'

'What !' exclaimed Mr. Schmelzer.

stay in more than I do.'

'That is so; but a woman is tied up He listened with the profoundest interin the house the whole year around, as est to the story of Bogardus and Car-

week or so with that sprained ankle.' 'So you are playing for even ?' 'Just so. I hated to do it. It almost

through. hear you come tumbling up the stairs. | care not to sit on that ankle. I was and fire at it. I could hit it every time. wrong and I'll own up.'

> until you are well.' 'And then when I go out you'shall go along with me, as is right and proper.' And he kept his word .- From the German in Texas Siftings.

> > Arizona Cliff Dwellers.

A Star reporter encountered at the depot Deputy Sheriff Johnny Crowley of Wilcox, Cochise county, who referred to a recent pilgrimage he made to the Rio Bonito country in pursuit of a band of cattle thieves. He describes the country visited as being almost destitute of inhabitants, portions of which have never been invaded by white intruders except, perhaps, by desperate men whose crimes have driven them to seek the safety which this terra incognita grants. In one of the deep canons 'That is so, but I never stay out until of the Rio Bonito, perched upon one of its sides, some 70 or more feet from the river surface, Mr. Crowley discoveredla number of deserted habitations of the prehistoric cliff dwellers. From the bottom of the canon, looking up toward been hewn, or cut, in the precipitous which the now extinct race were enhouses consist of caves excavated in the wall, the external openings being large enough to admit the passage of a man From that time on, Henry heard no in a stooping posture. Each house has only one room, ranging in size from 10 to 20 feet square. The front of the dwellings, or that side which looks down upon the canon, is about one foot in thickness, and is in all cases pierced with small orifices, which may have been designed for purposes of ventilation, or possibly used as portholes through which the inmates defend themselves from attack. As in all probability the builders of these eeric habitations were entirely unfamiliar with the use of the high explosives now in vogue the means by which the herculean labor of making less excavations ed becomes a question of much interest. -Tucson Star.

An Old-Fashioned School-Master.

A hundred and fifty years ago, among the German settlers of Pennsylvania. there was a remarkable old school-mas-'I am going out, dear Henry, to atter, whose name was Christopher Dock. stumbled, and as he disappeared over tend a little social gathering at my sis- For three days he taught school at a the precipice I cotched the fainting gat little place called Skippack, and then in my arms an hurried down the re for the next three days he taught at with her to her home. For a long time Salford.

Whenever one of his younger schol-

ars succeeded in learning his A B C.

the good Christopher Dock required the father of his pupil to give his son a penny, and also asked his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat in honor of his diligence. To poor children in a new country these were fine rewards. At various other points in his progress, an industrious child in one of Dock's schools received a penny counted a member of the school, but limb that had gone clar thr only as on probation. The day on body, an' his horse war dead, away do which a boy or girl began to read was morning after the first reading day, would give a ticket carefully written or illuminated with his own hand. This read : "Industrious-one penny." This showed that the scholar was now really received into the school.

There were no clocks or watches the children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading out of the Testament until all were there. But every one who succeeded in reading his verse without mistake stopped reading, and came and sat at the writing-table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called Lazy Scholar.

The funniest of Dock's rewards was that which he gave to those who made 'Henry, I am very much surprised at no mistake in their lessons. He markthis O 1-St. Nicholas. 18 12 16 Millheim, Pa. Millheim, Pa.

Taylor's Best Shot.

James Taylor was born in the neighborhood of Tye River Mills, Va., in should address me in a different tone. 1805. He will be 80 years of age on You should endeavor to make home Sept. 10, and never swore an oath, never tested intoxicating liquors, never chewed tobacco, but is an inveterate smoker. 'Make my home agreeable to me,' re- He never rode on a steamboat or railplied Mrs. Schmelzer, 'and perhaps I'll way train, and has not been three miles from home since 1861. He was the 'But you didn't have a sprained an- father of five children, three boys and de,' interposed the astounded husband. two girls. Both daughters are dead.

much as you have been for the last ver, and with a smile he shrugged his shoulders, saying : 'Thar, stranger, you're comin' to the pint now. Why when I was young,' broke my heart to treat you with such and he stopped to think; 'when I was apparent neglect, but I only wanted to young, about 20, I guess, I could outmake you appreciate what I had gone shoot any man in the valley. We used to swing an apple on a string, an' 'Emma, come to my arms. Take mountin' our horses, gallop like mad I could knock an apple off a post nine 'This is all I want. I will not go out | times out'n ten fitty yards away, an' I could take the bill off a bird in a tree as

> feather. That's a fact.' 'What do you regard as the most skilful shot you eyer made ?' we asked. 'You mean the best one I ever made;

clear as a whistle an' never disturb a

yes, an' I might say the happiest o' my We nodded in the affirmative. 'Well strangers,' he began, 'I'll tell you all about it. It was years ago, though; I was 21 then an' but few peo-

ple lived hereabout, an' what did war a good way apart. Down in t'ther end of the valley lived John Angleford who had a darter, and I loved her like mad, but, some way or tother, she didn't kinder want to hitch to me. About three miles away lived another man who had a son, an' she tuk to that boy. This made me kind of jealous like, an' bim an' me used to fight often. But I didn't give in; I'd made up my mind to get that gal if I could. One day in the fall o' the year-I'll never forget that day-I shouldered "Old Faithful" that's my musket, and went up inter the mountains to see what kind o' game ins of was abroad. Well, I reckon I'd been abled to make their entry and exit to on three hours, without seein' of a and from their places of abode. The thing, when all of a sudden I heard a scream that almost froze my blo heard it agin, and I knowed it man's holler; so I jes cucks "Old Faithful" an' starts through the bushes. But afore I got to the opening I heard horses' hoofs aclankin and aclatterin over the stones. I hurried right on to the openin', an' thar I seed what it war all about. I seed it at a gli Old Angleford's horse was a tearing along as if the old boy war arter him an' thar war. Sary Jane, her face as white as chalk, a clinging to his back for dear life,an' right betwix'hor an' the horse's head, his claws driven into the flesh of the horses' neck, atryin' to reach the gal, war the biggest catamount I ever

myself, steady now; aim right, an you'll win the gal.' Jes'as that ar horse with the screaming gal got opposite to me I blazed away for the catamount's head. I knew it war life or death to one of the three on 'en: out I didn't miscalenlate: I never did. The load went into that ar catamount's head, an' he rolled she had a ragin' fever and kept a call "Is he come? Is he come?' Nobody could tell what it meant. You see men them days would go off an' stay for days a huntin,' so the absence o' old Struther's boy didn't make anybody think strange. Well one day she cum to, an' the first thing she asked about war if Al. Struthers had cum home. Thinks I, there's somethin' quar somethin' wrong about this, so I'll see. Away up thar war the catamount h jumped on Sary Jane's hoss I for from his tather and two eggs cooked by him-ugh! what a sight I seed. That his mother. All this time he was not he war, stark dead, a stickin on an oak on the sharp pointed rocks below. the great day. If the pupil had been give the poor fellow decent burial. The diligent in spelling, the master, on the only way I could account for his death war that Sary Jane's screamin' frightened his hoss, an' runnin' in among th trees be got caught on the sharp pint o'

'Your time's come, John, says I to

Here he refilled his pipe and said : 'Come in strangers, and I'll show you

We followed him into the cabin. 'This are 'Old Faithful,' he said taking down an ancient-looking gur from the rack and patting it aff ately, 'what done the business for An' this,' he continued, unrolling musty looking parcel, 'are the skin o' the tarnel varmint that brought about the happy change in SaryJane, an thar pointing out to a white-haired old lady, who sat rocking and smiling in a corner of the room, 'am the old gal herself,'

Notice.-The new Process Holler our language.'

'You are surprised, are you? Do

time the boys and girls must have had

NOTICE.—The new Process Rolle
Flour, manufactured by J. B. Fishe
the perfect scholar. Fancy what a
time the boys and girls must have had you suppose I am going to stand this trying to go home without rubbing out man & Co's new store, Main street,