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WOING HIS WIFE.

Although Farmer Tucker had long dreamed of a visit to Chataqua, when he found himself at the Mecca of devout excursionists, the branny man was tempted to doubt his own identity. The holiday surroundings were wholly unlike anything to which he was accustomed in his prosy New England home; the rich, crowded program offered was in striking contrast to the dull monotony of farm life. When this son of toil first entered the auditorium, and saw the rustic amphitheatre crowded with thousands of people listening breathlessly to the full, sweet tone of the grand organ, his cramped selfish heart was strangely touched and expanded. For an instant the wish crept in that he had asked Jane if she would like to come, too. But there was not much time for his own thoughts, for as the music ceased, a white-haired gentleman arose and announced the name of an orator who is well known from Maine to California.

"Well, now, it beats all to think I'm going to hear the man I've wanted to hear for more than twenty years," Farmer Tucker whispered to himself. The lecturer commenced his brief address with one of his inimitable descriptions. The story was of a man who applied for a divorce, and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife as he had done before marrying her, instead of resorting to the measures he had proposed. It included also an account of a late visit when the happy husband withdrew his application, and, fairly dancing with glee, assured the lawyer that his experiment had worked like a charm. "Sally had become an amiable and affectionate wife as a man could ask to have." His representation of the scene drew forth long applause, but Samuel Tucker's interest was of too serious a nature to permit his joining in the laughter. As if unconscious for a moment of the multitude about him, he said, in an undertone: "I'd be willing to take my oath that wouldn't work with Jane. All I have to say is, that man's wife was different from mine; I'd as soon think of feeding serrep to a mummy as to begin sparring again with her."

At length he quieted his conscience with the determination to prove that his estimate of his wife was correct. "When I go home," he said to himself, "I'll just show the woman some little attentions, and I'll see they won't have any more effect on her than they would on the old bay mare. Jane's bound to be sullen and obstinate, and I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it."

On reaching home the resolution was not easily carried out. When Mr. Tucker planned some gallantry toward his wife the very thought made him feel so unnatural and foolish that postponement resulted, but the Sabbath offered an opportunity so convenient that he improved it.

The farm was nearly a mile from church, yet Samuel Tucker had for years been in the habit of driving home alone, leaving his wife to attend the Sunday school and then walk home as best she could through mud or dust. Great was Mrs. Tucker's astonishment, therefore, on the Sabbath after his return, to find him waiting for her at the close of the Bible service. The faintest suspicion that he had driven back to church for her did not cross the good woman's mind; she supposed he had business with some of the brethren, and hesitated whether to walk on as usual or to suggest waiting for him, when the farmer called out: "It's just as cheap to ride as to walk." Silently the woman took her seat in the buggy and silently they drove home, much to the husband's satisfaction, for it seemed to him a proof of the woman's dull, unappreciative nature. "She didn't act pleased, but was only dazed like, as I knew she would be," he muttered, as he went about his midday chores.

At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praise-worthy act, and felt so comfortable that he resolved to repeat the experiment. So on the following Sabbath Jane again found her husband in waiting, and, as she mounted the high buggy, ventured to utter a half-audible "thank you," and to ask Samuel if he had been waiting long. To which Mr. Tucker replied that he had just reached the church, and didn't know but what he might find she had started on foot. This reply seemed to Jane a positive assurance that her husband had really returned for the sole purpose of taking her home; and her chilled heart glowed with warm unknown feelings. She longed to tell her husband how much she appreciated his trouble, but imagined it would sound "so foolish" that she kept her pleasure to herself.

The third Sabbath was rainy, and as she washed the breakfast dishes Mrs.

In a Watery Grave.

Terrible Disaster to the Steamer Algoma.

ONLY FIFTEEN OUT OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SURVIVE TO TELL THE AWFUL STORY—A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

From the HARRISBURG PATRIOT.
DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 11.—An Owen Sound, Ontario, dispatch says: As far as can be learned the passenger list and crew of the Algoma comprised over 120 persons. The Canadian Pacific officials are very reluctant to disclose the facts. It is, however, believed that a large number of passengers were taken on at Sault Ste. Marie. General Manager Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific will say nothing definite as to the number lost, while other officials freely state that fully one hundred have gone down with the vessel. The latest list of the saved makes the total 15.

STORY OF THE ACCIDENT.
The following account of the steamer disaster is given in a special from Port Arthur to the Winnipeg Free Press:
The steamer Algoma cleared from Owen Sound about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 5th inst., with freight and passengers for Port Arthur. Nothing of any account occurred during the voyage to Sault Ste. Marie, which time was made on Friday.

The boat passed White Fish Point about 1 o'clock in the afternoon on Friday. The wind was at that time blowing a stiff breeze from east north-east.

At White Fish Point sail was made and the boat proceeded on her way under a full head of steam, the wind increasing in violence, accompanied by snow and sleet.

At 4 o'clock Saturday morning the wind shifted to the northeast and a violent storm raged. The sea was running mountain high, and the boat was tossed about like a cork. Fifteen minutes later the order was given to take in all sail and put the wheel hard a starboard to bring the ship about and head out on the lake again on account of the snow and darkness. While the ship was coming about she struck the point known as Point Greenstone, on Isle Royale, about fifty miles from Port Arthur and one mile from the passage of the Island light-house, which has been abandoned since the first of the month. After striking the first time the boat urged ahead, being driven by the wind. A second shock occurred shortly after the first. The vessel struck the reef violently at the fore-side of the boiler, and she immediately commenced to break up.

Most of the passengers and a number of the crew were in bed at the time, but were rudely awakened by the shock, and the scene that followed beggars description. Water poured in through the broken vessel and over the bulwarks, putting out the fires in the furnaces and extinguishing the electric lights.

The screams of women and children were heard above the fury of the storm. The crew hurried hither and thither, doing what they could in the darkness to render assistance; but their efforts were of little avail, for in less than 20 minutes after the vessel struck, the entire forward portion of the boat was carried away, together with the cargo and human freight. Several clung to the rigging and life-line the Captain had stretched along the boat, but were soon swept away by the sea and swallowed up by the angry waves.

The stern of the boat was steadily dashed up on the rock, and those who were not too much exhausted by fatigue and benumbed by the cold crept to the after stowage and sought its welcome shelter. Less than an hour after striking all was over. The survivors remained from the time of the disaster—4 o'clock Saturday morning—until Monday morning at 10 o'clock, exposed to the inclement weather with but little food and clothing.

TROLLING FOR ALLIGATORS.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE WHICH BLEW A BLOODY REPTILE INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.

(N. Y. Sun.)
We found him after a three days' hunt: Just above the mouth of a creek flowing into the St. John's River was a small bay, or lagoon, and as we rowed softly into this we caught sight of him. He was the biggest, ugliest-looking alligator ever seen in the state of Florida. He was two-thirds out of water on the sandy shore, and on the part of his body thus exposed we could see the marks of a dozen bullets. It was evident, from his size and wrinkles, that he was an old denizen—a boss among alligators. How many darkies, pigs and calves he had picked up during his career could only be guessed at, but he was sized up as having taken in his full share of this world's goods.

We were after his Highness. Among our party was a machinist, who had invented an infernal machine. It was a clock-work arrangement to explode gunpowder, and we had been hunting for some autoer, monopoly or tyrant to try it on. We looked upon the alligator as the personification of all three individualities and corporations, and we wanted to strike a telling blow for freedom.

As soon as we discovered his hiding place we dropped back to the river, and the machinist prepared his surprise. The clock was set to run for half an hour, and the entire machine, properly charged, was encased in a large neck-piece of beef brought from the hotel kitchen. The beef was wound with wire, and then we were ready. The idea was that the alligator made his home in the lagoon, and that he was not likely to leave it under ordinary circumstances. A negro was landed and sent through the bushes to scare the old monopolist out of his sleep and off the shore. This was a feat easily accomplished, although the reptile seemed mad and insulted as he took to the water.

We then rowed into the lagoon, a stout fish-line was tied to the beef, and we began trolling for alligators. Using the oars very softly, we rowed back and forth across the lagoon, with the beef drawn along on the bottom. From the time the clock was set to the moment we entered the lagoon was full fifteen minutes. When we had used up five minutes of the other fifteen things began to look discouraging. Somebody besides the alligator might get blown up. We had exactly eight minutes left when the machinist called out:

"He's got it! He's got it! Pull for the shore!"
Somebody or something had grabbed the baited line with such eagerness that the man had to let it go. He had taken the precaution to attach a float, and as we stood on the shore we saw this float make a circuit of the lagoon. His Royal Nibs had got it, and if that infernal machine was of any good he would soon be made to feel real unhappy.

We got back on a rise of ground about thirty feet from the water and waited. The four or five minutes seemed twenty, and we were beginning to despair, when the alligator suddenly breached like a whale, and at the same moment the explosion took place. There was a horrible muzz. Meat and pieces of meat splattered the sand and bushes, and about half the tail was blown thirty feet into a tree to lodge there. The smell for the next ten minutes would have discounted all the skunks in Ohio, and we had to push back a quarter of a mile and wait for a cold wave to carry it off.

The infernal machine was a success. It had exploded to the very minute. It had begun from way back in the alligator's system and given him a surprise party which tickled him to death.

A SHORT HOMELY ON CHILDHOOD.
"Now, Bobby," warned the old gentleman, as the family sat down to dinner, "you mustn't bother Mr. Featherly with foolish questions. In the presence of older people little boys should be seen, not heard."

"I was only goin' to ask him one," said Bobby, with an injured air.
"All right, Bobby," laughed Featherly, very much amused, "go ahead. You mustn't be to hard on Bobby, Mr. Hendricks," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "little boys are all alike; the world to them is full of the strange and inexplicable! And, after all, what are we but children of a larger growth? Er—what is it, Bobby, that you want to ask me?"
"I was goin' to ask you about your eyes."
"My eyes?"
"Yes, Pa says that a silver dollar to you looks as big as a cartwheel."

His Dead Son Alive.

The Prayers of the Righteous Availeth Much.

After Many Years a Father's Reputation is Cleared of a Terrible Suspicion by His Mourning Boy's Return.

From the PATRIOT of Nov. 12th, '85.
MIFFLINTOWN, Pa., Nov. 12.—At the extreme western end of Juniata county, near Waterloo, at a point where the counties of Huntingdon, Franklin, Perry and Juniata join each other, there lives a family by the name of Divinney, over whom a cloud of murder has been hanging for many years.

Porter Divinney was in the habit of having frequent quarrels with his young son, sometimes becoming so angry that he threatened the lad's life. Several years ago while the father and son were engaged at work in the field, his father ordered the boy to go on an errand, but he refused. The father became very much enraged and beat his son, telling the lad that if he did not obey he would kill him. The son took his departure from the father in a melancholy mood, and was not seen or heard of in the community from that time.

About two years after the above occurrence a party of sportsmen, who were hunting on the mountains near near Roxbury, Franklin county, came upon the charred remains of a human being, and suspicion was at once aroused that the bones were those of young Divinney, who had so mysteriously disappeared. Upon the discovery being made the father appeared to be frantic with grief, and at once made information against his cousin, W. H. Knox, of near Blair's Mills, Huntingdon Co., charged him with the murder of his son, and Knox was arrested and lodged in jail at Chambersburg, Franklin county. Knox declared his innocence, and a number of prominent citizens went to Chambersburg in his behalf and proved an alibi, showing to the satisfaction of all that he was not in the neighborhood at the time the crime was supposed to have been committed, and he was released from custody. The opinion was expressed that Porter Divinney was guilty of murdering his own son, and almost the entire community heartily acquiesced, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Divinney was taken before a Justice, and although what appeared to be ample circumstantial evidence was given to hold him on the charge of homicide, the Justice deemed it insufficient, and he was also given his liberty.

Although the Justice declared him innocent, the citizens still looked upon and believed him to be the real murderer.

Divinney had always been regarded as a man of a very wicked disposition, but from the day of his acquittal before the Justice his neighbors refused to be friendly with him, and in their minds looked upon him as a murderer, although he time and again showed by his great grief that he was at least entitled to a doubt of being guilty of the terrible crime. It is said that the boy's mother even was moved by the mountain of evidence to doubt the father's innocence.

Life and its burdens of wickedness became unbearable, and Divinney sought refuge in the spirit of God, at a religious revival held at Waterloo, casting his load upon Him whose love passeth all understanding, and since that time the repentant man has lived the life of a consistent and conscientious Christian. He has publicly prayed to God for the deliverance of his son, so that the community would be satisfied that he was innocent of the charge of murder. But notwithstanding his prayers, the dark suspicion of murder was still in the minds of the people. At home it is said the father and mother of the boy, although living under the same roof and eating from the same table, would rarely speak to each other.

Years passed by, and the people still believed that the bones found on the mountain near Roxbury were those of young Divinney, and that the father was the murderer. One day last week, to the surprise of all and to the great joy of the grief-stricken parents, the son who was mourned as dead made his appearance at the old homestead, alive and well, but grown almost to manhood. The mother could hardly believe that he who stood before her was the son who left home so suddenly and mysteriously many years ago. But he gave so full an account of his departure and wanderings since that eventful day when his father and he quarreled in the field, that all doubts in the mother's mind were set at rest, and the father, mother and long-lost son embraced each other and gave praise to God amid a throng of neighbors for the safe deliverance of their beloved son, and the removal of the terrible charge that had clung to the father for so many years.

The lad when he left the parental roof wandered through the country until he landed in one of the Western

States, where he engaged work with a farmer and remained there until a few weeks ago, when he was made cognizant of the charge against his father, and he decided to pay his parents a visit, and thus relieve the odium that was weighing on the father's mind, and with this idea in view he arrived at the old homestead last week. It was truly a happy relief to the father, who had grown aged through grief. The family that has been despondent and gloomy for years is now a happy and united family. It still remains a mystery as to whom the remains found on the mountain near Roxbury belonged.

A Scientific Teacher.

How He Rather More Than Filled the Bill.

"Two years ago this fall," said Uncle Josiah Windless "there come along a young fellow with a pale yellow face and head, an a slick lookin', but slim figure, and wanted the position of the school teacher. I have sense lost the office, owing partly to a slight change, politically, in the surroundin' kentry, and partly to the dereliction of some o' my friends.

"Well, this was a nice appearin', polite young feller, an' I soon found 'em throwin' him some questions cal'ated to brisky sound his education, ef he had any, thet he knowed a plenty to teach in our derestrie, an' p'raps some o'er. I then tole 'im plainly thet although his mental equilibrium, like, was, in my mind, fully established, his physical mold of form harly denoted the necessary amount of muscle or wind fer the place.

"We'd been considerably bothered, I tole 'im, by hev'n' hed sich slender, unwholesome chaps, who had rashly undertook to run the school, get worsted in every encounter of importance they'd hed with some o' the more advanced scholars. Durin' the last term, on two or three 'casions, the onesidedness o' these contests hed resulted in the entire disruption, sorter, o' the school, an' the retirin' to the neighborin' woods o' the school-teacher.

"Nothing," I said, "seemed to tend to the disorganization an' general disquietin' o' the educational system of our community as to hev a teacher take hold o' it hed hed only mediocr attainments in back-headly, collar-an'-blow an' plum out-an'-out knockin' down an' fallin' onto. I candidly tole 'im that I's afeered he'd be widdled in a few round's even by some o' the younger an' less ambitious pupils. What could we, the School Board, hev to expect, then, when he's tackled, an' tackled he would be, by one or more o' the head scholars, weighin', after harvest, one hundred and ninety pound in their bare feet. There was pupils on the roll o' thet little country school, thet with one solid joit under the hat rim, could show him more stars than all the colleges an' observatories in the hull Western Reserve.

"He looked a leedle excited an' more earnest, like, at that, said right off he'd undertake it anyway ef he could hev a chance, as he was hard up an' wanted money bad to complete his the-ological studies. I smiled some ef the idee o' how them big six-foot students ud help pave his way to the ministry.

"Well, we concluded to give 'im a chance, as he knew somethin' already, an' was quiet an' willin' to learn more, an' we hoped this experience would, on the whole, at least not have a tendency to upset, but strengthen, rather, his purpose in life. The day-school opened; I made it a pht to go round to the school-house, long 'bout the middle o' the forenoon, determined rather 'n to hev, the clever young feller har't I'd take a han' myself. On enterin' the school-room I's surprised to at first see nobody but the slim young teacher, an' him very dejected an' anxious lookin'. Goin' a ways up the aisle, I seed two o' the ole time ringleaders o' school-house rackets settin' quietly in a corner pale an' streaked an' with headstid up, but very intent on their lessons.

"My friend," said the teacher, I'm a-feered you no doubt hed intended description o' these pupils, was, unwisely, very much overdrawn. B'lievin' implicitly, every word y' uttered, I come y'er determined to win er 't'd be the fault o' the referee. An' when these two fellers showed 'em thet's spillin' fer a fight, I give it to 'em without a single stipulation, an' the best I hed in the shop, never thinkin' but what they knew somethin' o' sparrin'. Yere ye see the result, sweepin' his arms languidly over the empty benches an' towards the two damaged but studious youths in the corner. O' course, he continued, "I knocked out the greenies too quick for common exercise, an' so doin' innocently got in on 'em so hard that they'll be no good to study, though now ever so keen, fer two weeks. The rest o' the school took to the woods before the close o' the fust an' only round."

"Sinkin' back into a dispirited heap, he wound up with: 'I'm feered I've busted the school up.'
"An' would ye believe it? We couldn't no more git a single scholar to go to school agin to thet feller than nothin'! So we finally hed to fire 'im with two hull months' unearned pay in his pockets."