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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

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TWO OF A KIND.

'Bargains, eh?' said Mrs. Pilkington. 'Guess I'll have a look at 'em.' Of all things, Mrs. Pilkington was least able to resist a bargain.

The old Pilkington farm house at home was crammed full of 'bargains' possible and impossible. The bureau-drawers overflowed with 'bargains' which were of no use to anyone; the trunks were packed full of 'bargains.'

And here, on the crowded curbstones of Grand Street, the swinging pasteboard sign of 'Great Bargains Within!' attracted her attention, hurried though she was with the manifold errands which yet remained incomplete.

She had a lot of damaged table-linen under her arm, and some cheap hosiery in her bag, and a dozen towels with miss-printed border in her pocket, and here she was crowding into the Grand Street store to buy a blue-spotted pongee neckerchief for eighteen cents!

'It'll do for Sara Janetta to wa'ar around her neck of a cool eyenin!' said Mrs. Pilkington, 'and eighteen cents is really very cheap for real pongee.'

Mrs. Pilkington lived in a little brown roofed farm house on the Housatonic river, and her main errand up to town had been to buy a 'store carpet' for her best room floor, and to exchange an old sewing-machine for something of a newer order.

Her cousin, Mrs. Bruce Babbitt, who had spent the summer months at the farm, and made the most possible trouble for the least possible pay, had also engaged to hunt her up a 'help' from the nearest intelligence office, and have the same on hand when the 'five-four train' left the Grand Central Depot that afternoon!

And sure enough, when the lady from the country arrived, red and panting, at the depot, with disheveled hair, bent bonnet, and shawl dragged all awry, a modest young girl stood at the door with a card bearing the name of 'Mrs. Bruce Babbitt' in her hand.

'Is it Mrs. Pilkington?' said she. 'You ain't the new sewing-machine, be you?' said Mrs. Pilkington, rubbing her nose with a puzzled air.

'Nor yet the eighteen yards of carpet from Stoney-bridge and Bounce's?' 'I am Phoebe,' said the young woman. 'Phoebe, at nine dollars a month, if I am lucky enough to suit you, ma'am?'

She was a pretty, blue-eyed lass, with a fresh complexion, and a neat gown of green and white seersucker, and she wore a bonnet of her own trimming, with a cluster of butter cups on the side.

Mrs. Pilkington looked dubiously at her. She had prepared herself to expect a stout, red-handed drudge. It did not seem possible that this delicate little apple-blossom of a girl could be a servant-of-all work!

But there, sure enough, were her credentials, and the bell, even then, was clanging for the closing of the gates.

'Come on!' said Mrs. Pilkington, and she rushed through, dragging Phoebe after her. 'It's strange, though, that the carpet and the sewing-machine ain't here.'

'Did you expect carpet and a sewing-machine, ma'am?' Phoebe asked, respectfully.

'I bought 'em and paid for 'em,' said Mrs. Pilkington, impressively, 'and I don't see why they ain't here.'

'Perhaps they will be sent by express,' suggested Phoebe.

'I declare to goodness, I never thought of that!' said Mrs. Pilkington.

And she skurried through the crowded car to find a seat.

It was the dusk of a chilly May evening when they reached Blackbird's Hollow, and alighted in the midst of dense pines and sighing tamaracs.

'If Pilkington hadn't remembered to come and meet us, I shall be mad!' said Mrs. Pilkington, stretching her neck forward the better to survey the glimmering curves of the road.

'And Pilkington is always forgetting! My goodness, gracious me! what's that!' as Phoebe stooped to recover something which she had inadvertently let fall.

'My handkerchief, ma'am!' Mrs. Pilkington made a grasp at it.

'Your handkerchief!' she screamed. 'Mine, you mean—minx! thief! good-for-nothing!—my pongee handkerchief that you have stolen right out of my bag! Well, I never!'

She shook Phoebe vehemently. Phoebe began to cry in mingled terror and resentment, and just then up drove the farm wagon at a gallop.

Mrs. Pilkington pushed Phoebe into the back seat, and followed her with lightning haste.

'Not that way!' she cried, grasping at the reins, as Ezra would have headed for the highroad. 'Drive straight to Squire Pulteney's. This gal's a thief! I'm going to have her arrested before she is a day older!'

'Eh!' said Ezra, staring from his mother to Phoebe, and then back again. 'She's stole my spotted pongee handkerchief—my handkerchief that I bought at a bargain on Grand Street this very morning!' shrieked Mrs. Pilkington.

'It's—it's my handkerchief,' faltered poor Phoebe, feeling as if she were in a terrible nightmare from which there was no awakening.

'A likely story!' clamored the enraged housewife. 'I've always heard of the wiles and tricks of these city minxes, but I never realized it until now. Drive on, Ezra—drive quick! She shall be lodged in the county jail this very night!'

'Are you sure you ain't mistaken, mothe?' said kind Ezra, compassionating the look of pallid misery in the young girl's face.

'Mistaken, indeed!' sniffed the old lady. 'Drive on, I say! Don't lose any more time, or Squire Pulteney will have gone home for the night.'

She herself took possession of the reins and she spoke and chirruped to the horses.

'But, mother—' pleaded Ezra. 'Even as he spoke, however, poor Phoebe, driven wild by vague terror and an instinctive desire to escape, had flung herself from the wagon to the ground.'

'Stop—for heaven's sake, mother, stop!' shouted Ezra. 'Don't you see that her dress is caught in the wheels?'

The little horse stopped. He always stopped, on general principles, whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself and the very slightest 'Whoa!' would invariably bring him to a dead standstill.

Ezra sprang from the wagon to disentangle the helpless figure in the dust and Mrs. Pilkington scrambled after with a vague idea that Phoebe might yet get up and try to run away.

As she jumped down her satchel fell prone into the road, and bursting open the overstrained latch, disgorged its contents on the dewy grass of the roadside, first and foremost among which was—a spotted pongee handkerchief.

'Good Land o' Moses!' piously interjected Mrs. Pilkington, 'if there ain't the dratted old pongee handkerchief, arter all!'

And she stared helplessly, first at its prim and undisturbed folds, and then at Phoebe's handkerchief—exactly the same in color, pattern and fabric.

'She ain't a thief, arter all!' said Mrs. Pilkington, her whole nature overflowed by the rising tide of remorse. 'Poor child! and I'm afeard she's hurt a-tryin' to run away from nothing at all!'

Phoebe's ankle was slightly sprained, that was all, and by this time she was able to smile and answer kindly Mrs. Pilkington's numerous questions and condolences.

'Can I ride home? Oh, of course I can!' said she, in reply to Ezra's interrogations. 'My ankle is only the least bit lame.'

Old Farmer Pilkington was anxiously looking out for them, when, considerably later than he had expected, the wagon drove up and Mrs. Pilkington made haste to explain everything to him.

'And ain't it queer,' said she, 'that me and Phoebe should both hev bought pongee handkerchiefs just alike on Grand Street? If ever there was bargains, they be! Half a yard square, real China goods, with a hem—'

'Fiddlesticks!' said old Mr. Pilkington. 'If there's anything I hate, it's bargains!'

Little Phoebe Primrose stayed on at the farm. She liked the daisies and red clover, the sound of running brooks, the smell of the cow's breath. And Ezra Pilkington liked her.

The President's New House.

Preparations Being Made for its Occupation Next Fall.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—The President has taken steps toward preparing his recently purchased residence, on Georgetown Heights, for occupation. It is understood from the architects, who have to-day taken out the permit to improve the place, that it will be ready by October. The house will be enlarged and remodeled to conform to what is known as the colonial style of architecture. There will be a high pitched roof, with dormer windows and projecting eaves, the whole being in harmony with the location.

It is a lovely site and the cottage will be the most picturesque of the neighborhood. A good many people drive by it daily and would stop, too, and carry away pieces of the house or fence or something if the place were not well guarded.

Miscellaneous News.

10 MEN BLOWN TO ATOMS.

MACCAINSVILLE, N. J., July 2.—A terrible explosion occurred at the Atlantic Dynamite Company's works at Kenyille Station, this place, at a quarter to 8 o'clock this morning, whereby ten men lost their lives. The disaster occurred in the mixing establishment, which was totally destroyed, and the earth surrounding it torn up to a considerable area. The men were preparing to mix for the day's work and were all in the building. The works of the company are scattered over 300 or 400 acres of ground, and there are between 30 and 40 buildings on the premises. The company employs about 100 men. In the vapor or mixing-house about 15 men are usually employed. The mixing house consisted of two semi-detached brick buildings on the side of a hill. Two or three of the other buildings are also of brick, but most of them are small frame sheds. This is probably one of the most extensive manufacturing plants of its kind in the country.

There was nothing left of the establishment, and nobody left to give the origin of the explosion, every man at work in the building having been killed. Some of the bodies of the men were blown to pieces, and the parts gathered up can only be identified by pieces of clothing that remained on them. Some of the pieces of the bodies were found on trees, and others many yards from the scene of the disaster. All the buildings in town were damaged by the explosion, scarcely a pane of glass being left unbroken, and not a dish in any of the houses left in its proper place.

The explosion caused the wildest excitement, women running about screaming and searching for their husbands, mothers for their sons, and sisters for their brothers. The cries of the bereaved people were heartrending in the extreme. Hundreds of people from near and far flocked to the scene. Some came a distance of ten and twelve miles, attracted to the place, they say, by the concussion of the explosion which they experienced at their homes. Nearly all the bodies were got together by noon and taken to their homes.

The people at High Bridge, about 12 miles distant, say the rumbling sound of the explosion resembled that of an earthquake, their residences having been shaken by it and the furniture moved. The force of the explosion was even felt at points twenty miles off. The money loss will be heavy.

Crops Seriously Damaged.

The Effect of the Drought in the West and Northwest.

MADISON, Wis., July 5.—Crops in this vicinity are much damaged because of lack of rain. A drought, which has continued two months, has so injured crops that the yield in every way will be much diminished. Winter wheat is well headed, and is turning yellow in some places. The hot weather has rather injured the berry in filling. Small grain sown this Spring stands thin, and will head with a short growth of straw. Corn cooks fairly well. Reports from the tobacco fields say the crop is being greatly damaged by drought. The hay crop will be light.

GALENA, Ill., July 5.—The protracted drought is seriously affecting crops in this section. Spring wheat is considered a total failure in a majority of the townships not visited by rain. Corn fields and upland pastures are in a deplorable condition. Hay is scarcely half a crop in this section, and early potatoes are despaired of.

ABERDEEN, Dak., July 5.—Hot winds and unusually warm weather have prevailed in this vicinity for the past week, doing much damage to wheat. In some places the yield will not be more than half a crop, unless rain falls within a day or two the crop will be almost a total failure. During the last two days the thermometer registered 106 degrees in the shade.

DES MOINES, Iowa, July 5.—Crops in this vicinity are very far advanced, but suffering greatly from drought. Small grains are burning up with heat, and corn needs rain very much. Within a radius of 50 miles it is very dry, as no heavy rains have fallen in several weeks. The thermometer registers 104 degrees in the shade.

Forest Fires Raging in Michigan.

MACKINAC, Mich., July 7.—Destructive forest fires are raging along the line of the Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette Railroad and much alarm prevails among the farmers. Everything is as dry as tinder. The ground is parched and the surface pulverized like dust. Crops are burning up for want of water. Young fruit trees are dying for the same reason, and the outlook is indeed serious if rain does not fall soon. The weather is also frightfully hot, the thermometer registering 107 degrees in the shade, the hottest experience here. Thirty thousand cords of wood of the Vulcan Furnace Company have been burned at Newberry and the furnace will probably shut down in consequence.

The Pennsylvania Tack Works at Norristown Seized by the Sheriff.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., July 5.—The heaviest failure occurring in this town for many years is reported this morning, and involves the Pennsylvania Tack Works and Capt. C. P. Weaver, Treasurer of the concern. The seizure includes all the property of the Tack Works, all the personally of Captain Weaver, and the skating rink, which has just been transformed into a most beautiful theatre at great cost. The Tack Works are owned by a company, with John Ralston, President; C. P. Weaver, Treasurer, and H. P. Weaver, Secretary. There are other claims amounting to about \$40,000 against the works, and these are liable to be pushed at any time. Captain Weaver is one of Norristown's most progressive citizens, and is well and favorably known, and the failure of the works is attributed to an unsuccessful attempt at combination.

Seventy Persons Poisoned at a Picnic.

COULTEVILLE, Ill., July 6.—Seventy persons were poisoned here yesterday by eating picnic ice-cream. Four have already died, and more are in a precarious condition.

How the Cholera is Spreading.

ROME, July 6.—In the last 24 hours there have been 10 new cases of cholera and 10 deaths from the disease at Brindisi, and in the remainder of the province 296 new cases and 71 deaths.

VIENNA, July 6.—Cholera is spreading at Fiume.

The Army Worm in Berks County.

READING, Pa., July 6.—The harvesting of the wheat crop has commenced in this county. Grain that has been prostrated by the storm and rain in many fields has been very badly damaged. Some of the farmers report that from 25 to 50 per cent. of their crops have been destroyed. Considerable damage has been done by the army worm, and the loss in some localities will average 50 per cent.

Down to a Watery Grave.

Peter Collins, a Mute, Caught in a Whirlpool while Swimming.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 6.—Peter Collins, a mute, whose parents reside here, was drowned this morning at Nayang Falls on the outskirts of the city. He went in swimming and was drawn into a whirlpool near the head of the falls. He was 15 years of age, and had been a pupil at the Philadelphia School for Deaf Mutes for four years past.

In Forty Feet of Water.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 6.—Fredrick Tutbill, aged 21, a shipping clerk for Cousens, Clemons & Co., of this city, was drowned while swimming in Lake Winola, near Scranton, yesterday afternoon. A young man named Hines, who had entered the water with Tutbill, was some distance from the latter when he called for help. Before Hines could reach him Tutbill went down. His body lies in 40 feet of water.

A Bather Seized with Cramp.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., July 6.—Patrick Gouldin, while bathing in the Schuylkill at Betzwood on Sunday morning, was seized with cramp and drowned before assistance could reach him. His struggles were seen by an Italian laborer, who spread the alarm. Gouldin was a nephew of Contractor McKenna, who operates a quarry near Betzwood, and was employed by him as foreman. He was 23 years old. The body was sent to his late home, No. 1718 North Twenty-seventh street, Philadelphia.

Packed in Ice Alive.

Fortunate Rescue of a Supposed Corpse from Being Frozen to Death.

READING, Mich., July 7.—Mrs. Lucinda Faste, of Woodbridge township, while on her way to the Fourth of July celebration here last Saturday, fell unconscious from her seat in the carriage and was to all indications dead. Medical assistance was called, but all efforts to restore her proved futile and she was given up, although not having every appearance of being dead. The body was laid out and taken back home for burial. Arriving there, ice was procured in which to pack the remains, and they were so packed for more than 30 minutes when an old physician, Dr. Neelich, called on the bereaved family. He was so struck with the life-like look of the "corpse" that he expressed doubts of her death. The body was quickly taken from the ice and the doctor went to work to establish the fact of her living. He opened a vein in Mrs. Faste's arm yesterday and the blood flowed freely. In a short time the lungs began to work, and the funeral preparations were abandoned. The patient now lies apparently asleep. Her house is filled with curious neighbors, and the local physicians are much puzzled over the case. It is said by the neighbors that Mrs. Faste's mother once had a similar experience; that she lay in a trance for many days, and when she came to evinced a full knowledge of everything which had gone on around her.

Treatment of Slaves in Brazil.

About one fourth of the slave population in Brazil work in the cotton fields. They labor from four o'clock in the morning until twilight, stopping an hour and a half for breakfast, and an hour for dinner. The rest of the slaves are carpenters, blacksmiths, machine hands or infirm patients. Though slavery still exists in Brazil, it is perhaps less unendurable than that which exists in certain other countries, inasmuch as a good man has a chance of getting on and ameliorating his position. He may become a felter, and then he would have a separate place to live in; or he is put to work about the house or garden, while the most intelligent boys are made to learn some trade and often turn out good blacksmiths, stone masons etc. At half-past seven the bell rings to leave off work. Until nine they can do as they like; then the second bell rings, and they are locked in their quarters for the night.

On Sundays they cultivate their gardens, while the women wash clothes. If any of them choose to work on Sundays, they get paid for it, while on St. John's day it is the custom to give a small sum to each slave. Their food, of course, is provided for them, and is very simple, consisting of Indian-corn flour made with grease into some sort of pudding. Feijon is also an article of diet that is not confined to the slaves, but is made in every household in Brazil. It is a stew made of small black beans, with plenty of bacon in it, and sometimes the dried meat that is imported from the River Plate.

In fruit the blacks are well off; oranges, bananas & pineapples grow wild all over the country. Coffee forms their beyer age, and on wet days or very hot ones they are allowed the white rum of the country. This rum is made on the place from the sugar cane, and is the drink that can be had pure in South America. As the value of a slave depends upon his good condition the owner treats him well in self-defence. But nothing can be said in favor of slavery; and it is gratifying to know that even in Brazil it will soon be a thing of the past, as by a law passed in 1870 it was declared that after the year 1871 the children of slaves should be born free.

A LIFE FOR A CHICKEN.

Mrs. Webber's Beating Causes Eddie Wood's Death.

The police of Camden, N. J., were notified late last night that the lad, Edward W. Wood, of No. 731 Liberty street, had died from the effects of injuries received at the hands of a Mrs. Margaret Webber last week. The boy's father is a shoemaker and in poor circumstances. In order that his son might turn an honest penny to aid the family finances the father allowed him to drive the cows of his neighbors to pasture. The lad had been doing this for weeks, and night and morning had passed the house of Mrs. Webber, a German, who recently built a new house in which to live on the Liberty Park tract. The woman had become acquainted with the boy, and it is said was in the habit of occasionally giving him food. About ten days ago, in the morning, young Wood stopped at the house of Mrs. Webber. Her chickens had broken into the garden, and she directed the boy to drive them out of the inclosure. Wood, boy-like, picked up a stone and threw it at the fowls. The stone was too certain in its aim, and struck one of the finest of the flock, killing it instantly.

Mrs. Webber was watching the performance from her doorway, and seeing the slaughter of the hen flew into an ungovernable passion. She picked up a heavy stick lying in the yard, and seizing the boy rained a shower of blows upon his head. Her fury was not exhausted until Wood fell unconscious at her feet.

Some of the neighbors saw the beating and cared for the boy. He was taken home and had several spasms, continuing unconscious. Finally his reason tottered and he became a raving maniac, requiring the assistance of several persons to hold him during his spasms.

Mayor Pratt caused Mrs. Webber's arrest, and she gave bail in the sum of \$800. When the boy's death was reported at the City Hall last night the Mayor immediately ordered the woman's re-arrest, and she will be held to await the action of the Coroner.

Of Interest to Ladies.

The new treatment for ladies' diseases discovered by Dr. Mary A. Greig, the distinguished English Physician and nurse, which has revolutionized the entire mode of treating these complaints in England is now being introduced into the U. S., under a fair novel plan.

Sufficient of this remedy for one month, trial treatment is sent free to every lady who is suffering from any disease common to the sex who sends her address and 15 cent stamps for expense charges, etc.

It is a positive cure for every form of female disease and is the only one that is safe and sure to effect a permanent cure. Full directions accompany the package (which is put up in a plain wrapper) also price list for future reference. No trial packages will be sent after Aug. 1st, 1886. Address, GREGG REMEDY COMPANY, PALM BEACH, FLA.

A Tramp Killed.

MIFFLINTOWN, Pa., July 5.—Earnest Hoffner, a tramp, was killed here yesterday by Fast Line Express. He stepped from a freight train directly in front of the passenger train and was horribly mangled and instantly killed. Letters found upon his person showed that he was a member of the Knights of Labor, and also acquainted with the Chicago Anarchists, who caused the great riot in that city a short time ago. A self-acting dynamite revolver was also secured upon his person.

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