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The Millheim Journal, PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY R. A. BUMILLER. Office in the New Journal Building, Penn St., near Hartman's Foundry. \$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE. Acceptable Correspondence Solicited. Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor. A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance. VOL. 60. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 26., 1886. NO. 33.

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In Rhetta's Garden.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

It was only a little spot south of the house, but violets blossomed sooner there than anywhere else, and great bursting pinks made the air spicy while other people's were only in bud. There were daffodils in the grassy border, and blue bells, and blue spider-lilies. There were two rose bushes, one cinnamon and one damask, while double sweet gillyflowers sowed themselves and came up every year along with mignonette and chrysanthemums. It was a sweet, fragrant, old-fashioned little garden, which Rhetta's mother had tended and taken pleasure in, and now it was Rhetta's. There she worked all her spare half-hours, sowing and watering, weeding and transplanting, till her little hands were brown, and her cheeks like her own cinnamon roses. Aunt Dorcas, in the kitchen, used to wonder 'how on airth that child could be so content all alone out in her posy bed!

of grass blades, and when it was done he gave it to Rhetta. She blushed again over it, and went on talking about flowers. 'I wish I could get some slips of Colonel Porter's geraniums,' she said; 'he has so many kinds, and I have only this little pink one. And I want a lot of day-lily very much, and some tea-rose cuttings, and a double Genoeese violet; a blue salvia too, and— Oh, Mr. Callender, look! There is Rose Porter now driving up the street in her pony phaeton. Isn't she lovely?' As the jaunty basket phaeton moved slowly by, a bright, pretty face glanced from it, smiling cordially at Rhetta, and then was over spread by a look of sudden recognition and pleased surprise at sight of Ralph Callender, who took his hat off respectfully. 'Why, do you know her?' asked Rhetta, amazed. 'I find I do. She and my sister Sally became great friends two years ago at Newport—or was it Nahant? And Miss Porter spent the holidays at our house the next winter. I thought it must be she, when you described her.'

den, and leaned against the plum tree with a strange dull pain gnawing at her heart. It seemed like days and weeks since Ralph drove away with, smiling, pretty Rose Porter. And she herself has begun to think of him as somehow her own. That very morning, under that very tree, there had been in his looks and in his tones touches of tenderness that had filled her heart with subtle happiness. But now it was all over; in an instant she had lost him. Rose Porter had taken him away, and though he might come back he would never be the same Ralph again. She felt a girlish certainty of that. The little bright dream was over. At first she did not blame Rose. Very probably she had loved him two years ago, and had been influenced to give him up on account of his poverty, and now, regretting the step, had come to reclaim him. 'Well, I can take my turn, and give him up too,' thought Rhetta, with great hot tears springing to her eyes. 'Only I can never drive after him and bring him back in a phaeton.'

A WHALE HUNT.

Pursuing the Gigantic Fish in a Boat Containing Two Large Guns—The Destructive Whale Bomb's Work.

A Santa Cruz correspondent of the San Francisco Alta California writes: The quartermaster of the Aggie returned from a cruise to Monterey this morning, and is glowing with the consciousness of his bravery in participating in a whale hunt that resulted in a capture. The Monterey Whaling Company is about the oldest institution of the kind on the coast. The business office, store room, and eating and sleeping apartments of the company are in a white abode building in the western suburbs, and a half mile further south is a high cliff, whereon is located the company's lookout. He is armed with a powerful glass, and a tall mast is rigged with ballards for hoisting a signal when game is sighted. The hunting tools consist of three of the regulation double pointed boats in use by whalers the world over, five long oars to each boat, two hundred fathoms of line smoothly coiled in tubs in the bow, and two guns to each boat. The larger of the two has the proportions of a young cannon and is mounted on a pivot. The missile discharged from it is a steel bar, four feet in length, and provided with a folding barb, that opens out when the harpoon buries itself in the whale's interior. This takes the place of the old time harpoon, and is much more certain and effective. The lighter gun is fired from the shoulder, and looks like a large sized fowling piece. It is an inch and a half bore. It is used to put the finishing touches on the whale after the harpoon has made him fast, and the method is to fire an explosive bomb into a vital spot. The bomb is an inch and a half in diameter by eighteen inches long, the butt-end being winged with rubber tips, after the manner in which an arrow is feathered, to secure guiding power. It was early in the morning when the white signal fluttered to the top of the staff of the mast on the cliff, and, having previously obtained permission to join the hunt with Captain Marino, the quartermaster was speedily seated in the sternsheets, awaiting the signal to shove off. This was soon given, and six miles to the northwest the three boats came up with their game, which proved to be an unusually large specimen of the California gray variety. The gigantic fish rolled lazily about on the top of the water, all unconscious of impending danger, and did not even deign to notice the approach of the boats that came up on either side and behind her. A hundred feet away the men lay on their oars, and Captain Mariano sighted over his swivel-gun. The men bent over their oars, with every muscle ready to pull or back water at the slightest hostile movement on the part of the enemy. It was a moment that seemed an age of awful suspense to the green hand, but suddenly the captain had a fair mark presented, and pressed the trigger. The boat quivered under the shock accompanying the report, and the eye could plainly catch the flash of the harpoon as it cleaved the air and buried itself out of sight somewhere in the right shoulder. Attached to the steel missile was the stout manilla line coiled in the bow, and it bore the appearance of a flash of brown lightning as it zigzagged through the air after its powerful motor. The whale hardly seemed to comprehend the trouble that had overtaken her at first, and it was fully half a minute before she emitted an angry snort and started for the bottom at a rate that made the line smoke and emit sparks as it ran over the bows. Both the captain and the boat steerer peered uneasily into the clear depths as the line stopped running, and a minute later the former shouted: 'Back all! Back hard!' The five ash blades bent and quivered with the strain put on them, but it was none too much, as the boat was scarcely a dozen feet away when the huge bulk of the infuriated whale rose to the surface and spouted twin columns of brine high in the air, a bucket or two seeking the back of the reporter's neck for a resting place as it descended. Before the animated waterspout could repeat the dose the boat was out of range, both of the fire-

extinguishing apparatus and the terrible flukes that soon commenced to thrash the water into foam. Her contortions were so violent that the Captain could not get in a shot with his bomb-gun, which he raised and lowered half a dozen times without pulling the trigger. Finally the flukes quit their thrashing, and like a flash the leviathan dashed away at a terrific rate, burying the boat's bow between two walls of water fully eighteen inches high, but the speed was such that scarcely a drop entered the boat. This gait was kept up for a good ten minutes, and then the speed commenced to slacken, and the wounded monster swam easily and quietly on top of the water. The living tug came to a total standstill at last, and pulling around to a broadside position the Captain was given his opportunity. The second explosion was followed by the whistling of the rubber-winged bomb, which buried itself in the great mass of blubber with a dull kerchug. Scarcely had the smoke cleared away from the bow before the muffled boom of the bomb exploding in the historical residence of Jonah sounded the death-knell of the poor old whale. The victim's huge bulk grew animated again, but for only a moment. The flukes thrashed violently for a few seconds while the waterspouts became tinged a warm red. Struggles and spouts became more and more contracted, until, with the last final effort, the inwardly-wounded monster rolled over and expired. The other boats made fast, and a hard pull of three hours landed the prize on the beach near the try-pots.

Lieutenant Governor. He was, indeed, an aspirant for the nomination as Congressman in the York and Cumberland district in 1874, but was defeated by Hon. Levi Maish, the gentleman who placed him in nomination for Lieutenant Governor in the State Convention of 1882. By that body he was placed second on the Pattison ticket on the first ballot by a vote of 176 to 73 for George H. Irwin, of Dauphin. In 1880 he was a member of the Cincinnati Convention, and voted for Judge Field at first, but changed his vote to General Hancock. He went through in 1882 with the rest of the Democratic ticket. Mr. Black is credited with being the author of a revival of the so-called Jeffersonian system of politics, which consists in the establishment of societies throughout the country for the study and practice of the Jeffersonian principles. He is the President of the organization of that name in York county, at the capital of which he resides. For many years before he was made Lieutenant Governor nearly all the platforms adopted by Democratic State Conventions were his handiwork, and he always attended the Conventions well provided with planks of all sorts. His counsel was sought by the leading men of the party, and his acquaintance has been extensive with the prominent men of the country of all shades of political opinion. Mr. Black married the daughter of Hon. John L. Dawson, who represented the Fayette district in Congress and was a prominent politician in his time. In personal appearance he is tall, of good physique, and bears a strong resemblance to his distinguished father. Colonel R. Bruce Ricketts. Colonel R. Bruce Ricketts, who received the nomination for Lieutenant Governor, comes of Scotch-Irish parentage, and was born at Orangeville, Columbia county, Pa., on April 29, 1839. He was educated at the Wyoming Seminary near Wilkesbarre, and was reading law when the Rebellion broke out. He promptly entered the Union service, and having assisted in recruiting a battery of artillery, was mustered in as a member of Battery F, First Pennsylvania Artillery [Forty third Regiment], on July 8, 1861, and promoted to be First Lieutenant, Aug. 5, 1861; to Captain, May 8, 1863; to Major, December 1, 1864, and to Colonel, March 15, 1865. Battery F was furnished during the month of August, 1861, with horses and equipments and four smooth bore pieces. As early as September 12 following it was ordered to join Gen. Banks' command at Darnestown, Md., and from that date on was in active service constantly until the close of the war. For a time the battery was divided into two sections, one under Lieutenant Brockway, and the other under Lieutenant Ricketts. The latter had its first engagement December 20th with a body of the enemy's artillery and cavalry, which was attempting the destruction of Dam No. 5 on the Upper Potomac. For more than three full years from that date, Ricketts was always in the front, and his battery became one of the most famous in the Union Army. In almost every one of the great engagements of '62, '63, and '64 in Maryland and Virginia, and in scores of minor conflicts, it was prominently engaged and at Gettysburg especially it did brilliant service in assisting to repel the fierce, terrific onslaught of the Confederates upon the right of the Union lines. In this battle Colonel Ricketts lost forty horses and twenty-seven men, and the ground on which his guns were planted is among the historic spots of this great contest. He was under fire one hundred times, and engaged in 57 battles. At the close of the war Colonel Ricketts returned to Wilkesbarre, and has since been engaged in managing his large lumbering estate at which is known as North Mountain in Sullivan county. He has been an active and consistent Democrat ever since he reached manhood, but has never been an office-holder. William J. Brennen. William J. Brennen, the nominee for Auditor-General, was born in the South Side, Pittsburg, about 84 years ago. His parents, Irish working people, were among the early settlers there. He received a common school education, and was apprenticed and learned the trade of a machinist. He followed that trade until 27 years of age, and saved money to fit himself for the legal profession. He read law with Colonel J. K. P. Duff, his present partner. He was a delegate for Tilden at the St. Louis Convention of '76, when but little more than 21 years of age. He has been a delegate to several Democratic State Conventions, and is a member of the State Committee now, and is serving his second term as Chairman of the Allegheny County Committee. He was counsel without compensation for the coal miners charged with conspiracy over in Washington county; is a cousin of Gilbert Rafferty, the coke operator, is unmarried and a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks. (Continued on 4th page.)

Judges in Satin Gowns.

The judiciary all wear big, flowing gowns, made like a bishop's gown, of black satin, writes the Piquette's Washington correspondent. To see nine of those mighty, dignified and awesome gentlemen, strung out all in a row in their big arm chairs, all glaring stercorally in their official character, mind, for in private life some of them are the most delightful and gracious of men—down on a poor little mouse of a lawyer is a spectacle that had always a fascination for me. I used to go in again and again to delight in this tableau. Naturally I scraped acquaintance with the doorkeeper, and one day, as I was slipping out, he asked me in a hospitable way why I didn't stop longer. I told him frankly the speeches were so dull, and then besought him to let me know some day when a really eloquent lawyer was going to make a fine speech. He threw back his head and began an uproarious laugh, recollected that sound travels, looked scared, clapped his hand to his mouth, and, when duly composed, answered: "Bless your soul, man, they don't make fine speeches in there—they expound the law." And I humbly admit that, for the first time in my life, I became aware that in the Supreme Court of the United States the judiciary listen to the law—no eloquence nor rhetoric. Once a lawyer, as green as I, got up to address the supreme bench. He began with quotations, flourishes and gush of pathos. One of the "Mr. Justices" stopped him. "We want nothing but the law, sir," he said.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

Hon. Chauncey Forward Black for Governor. Hon. Chauncey Forward Black, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is a son of the late Judge Jeremiah S. Black, and was born at Somerset, in this State, in November, in 1839. He was educated at the Monongahela Academy, in West Virginia, and afterwards attended Jefferson College, in Washington county. He was under instruction at Hiram College at the time the late President Garfield was a student there. A friendship was established between the men, and their relations were most cordial up to the time of the death of the late President. Young Chauncey studied law with his father, and in 1861 was admitted to the bar of Somerset county. He practiced but little, the profession of the law not suiting his tastes. Literary work was more suitable to his tastes, and Mr. Black began as a correspondent for several of the daily newspapers. For six or seven years he was a regular contributor to the columns of the New York Sun, and his letters showing the inside movements of Pennsylvania politics always attracted considerable attention. Although he has not published any books written by himself, there are numerous publications from his prolific pen in existence under the names of other persons. Although he has an excitement of politics for the whirl and excitement of politics, he did not become much of an active politician until he was brought forward four years ago as a candidate for