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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

MILLHEIM, PA Madisonburg, Pa.

W. H. REIFSNYDER, Auctioneer. MILLHEIM, PA. DR. J. W. STAM, Physician & Surgeon MILLHEIM, PA R. JOHN F. HARTER,

of family. In truth, riches had taken unto themselves wings and flown away from the Callender's a year before, so that Ralph, instead of becoming junior partner in an old and prosperous business, saw nothing before him but what his two hands could earn, and being totally unprepared for such a prospect, he had to take a little time to get used to it, and to find out which way to turn. Meanwhile he had drifted to this suburban town, and waiting to find a situation as clerk or accountant, did copying to support himself and boarded at Rhet-

Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office ocupied by the late firm of Yocum & Hastings. His glance followed her as she bent over her plants, her garden bonnet dropping back from her bright brown hair, and his fingers sought instinctively a little ring that hid in his vest pocket. The old Callender pride had come to this, that he only waited for the barest chance of being able to earn a living before he offered heart and hand to pretty Rhetta Wood, whose

> color his words a little when he said, presently, to Rhetta, as he watched her: 'When I make my fortune, you shall have green-houses and hot-beds,

Rhetta, blushing oyer her trowel. 'Oh! have you ever seen his place, Mr. Callender? It's over on the west

gardener throwing away-slips and cuttings and roots that he thins out. Perfectly lovely things !' 'Why don't you ask him for them?' 'Ask him ?' and Rhetta caught her

breath at the very idea of her doing os friendship, and at the close said, with audacious a thing. 'Why, I wouldn't the air of one who meant to do her du-

'No; how could I? Rose Porter er.'

and I went to the same school, and when she rides by and sees me she all the dishes washed, but still Ralph ton all the spring.

S.WOODS CALDWELL Good sameple rooms for commercial Travelers on first floor. he gave it to Rhetta. She blushed again with a strange dull pain gnawing at

'I wish I could get some slips of Celonel Porter's geraniums, 'she said ; 'he has so many kinds, and I have only this little pink one. And I want a root of day-lily very much, and some tea-rose cuttings, and a double Genoese violet; a blue salvia too, and- Oh,-Mr. Callender, look! There is Rose Porter now driving up the street in her pony phaeton. Ish'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 sud. den 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.'

Ralph Callender paused and gazed reflectively at the ground. He was reealling that gay holiday season when Rose Porter and his sister were the belles of their set. He could have counted his friends then by the hundred, and now-'Poverty does make a difference,' he thought bitterly. All who had it in their power to aid him turned the cold shoulder. He was simply a poor man seeking employment, and he felt at odds with the

Rhetta, grown suddenly shy, pulled away the dead leaves from a pink root mate friends. It seemed to remove Ralph far from her quiet, even life, and to set him where she had no part.

The basket phaeton was now seen returning down the street with is pretty occupant, who stopped her ponies oppositè the cottage with such an evident intention to speak to Ralph Callender that he at once went out of the garden and stood in the road at her side. Rhetta saw them shake hands in the most frienly manner, heard Rose's musical laughter and sweet voice, though she could not distinguish the words; and in a few moments more, to her surprise, Ralph stepped into the phaeton, sat down by Rose, took the reins in his Rhetta seemed to say: 'She is an old an old, lonely woman. friend, you see !'

But when he did not come home to dinner she thought it strange. Her father and Aunt Dorcas made no comment, for Ralph had often been absent at that hour when seeking for employment. Rhetta did not mention that he her? drove away with Rose Porter, but a neighbor, who had watched them, came in during the afternoon and spoke of it with great interest. Aunt Dorcas at once felt a great interest too, and Rhetta found it so trying to listen to their remarks and surmises that she slipped out of the house to her garden, and did hard weeding in her flower beds for two hours without sparing herself. But she heard every step that passed by on the sidewalk, and knew that Ralph Callender did not

The afternoon waned restlessly away. He would surely come back by suppertime; and Rhetta, in a fresh gown, with pansies at her belt, hummed little songs as she moved about setting the table for Aunt Dorcas.

'I wouldn't put on that dish of honey" said Aunt Dorcas-'not till you see whethor he's coming.'

'Oh, he'll come,' said Rhetta; but she stopped singing.

Mr. Wood came in, washed his face and hand at the sink and sat down in his place at the table. Aunt Dorcas passed him a cup of tea.

'Where's Callender ?' he asked, looking around. 'Why, haven't you heard?' said

Aunt Dorcas. 'He drove off with Rose Porter, and we haven't caught sight of him since.' 'The Porters are old friends of his,

said Rhetta flushing up. 'Hum! hum!' muttered her father,

as he drank his tea from the saucer, in which he had cooled it. Aunt Dorcas now questioned the

girl as to all she knew about this old ty by all, no matter how mercilessly: 'Well, like as not they'll make a match of it. Birds of a feather flock togeth-Supper was over, cleared away, and

bows and smiles; but that isn't being Callender did not come, As it grew acquainted. She is as beautiful as a dark, Mr. Wood strolled off to chat princess. It is time for her to be at with the neighbors, and Aunt home now; she has been in Washing. Dorcas, putting on her bonnet and black silk shawl, went to the weekly He was busy weaving a true-love knot comment, went up into her little gar- went quietly into the house.

A WHALE HUNT. Pursuing the Gigantic Fish in a Boat Containing Two Large

> A Santa Cruz correspondent of the San Francisco Alta California writes: The quartermaster of the Aggie returned from a cruise to Monterey this leviathan dashed away at a terrific morning, and is glowing with the rate, burying the boat's bow between consciousness of his bravery in participating in a whale hunt that resulted inches high, but the speed was such in a capture. The Montery Whaling | that scarcely a drop entered the boat. 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 hallards for hoisting a signal when game is sight-The hunting tools consist of three

Guns-The Destructive

Whale Bomb's Work.

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 emmitted 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 The five ashen 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

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 two walls of water fully eighteen 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 and practice of the Jeffersonian princia 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.

Judges in Satin Gowns. The judiciary all wear big, flowing gowns, made like a bishop's gown, of black satin, writes the Picagune'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 sternly -in their official character, mind, for in private life some of them are the most delightful and gracious of mendown 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 elo-

quence 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 CANDI-DATES.

Hon, Chauncey Forward Black for Governor. Hon. Chauncey Forward Black, the Democratic candidate for Goyernor, 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 a manifest liking for the whirl and excitement of politics, he did not become much of an ac-

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 1761 to 731 for George H. Irwin, of Dauphin. In 1880 he was a member of the CincinnatiConvention, 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 ples. He is the President of the organ-

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ceived the nomination for Lieutenant Governor, comes of Scotch-Irish parentage, and was born at Orangeville, Columbia county, Pa., on April 29, 1839. First Lieutenant, Aug. 5, 1861; to Capone 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 34 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 sayed 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 serying his second term as Chairman of the Alleghany 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 in-(Continued on 4th page.)

The Milheim Sournal.

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-likes. There were two rose bushes, one cinnamon and one damask, while double sweet gillyflowers sowed themselves and came up every year along with mignon ette and chrysauthemums. 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

But Rhetta was not so oiten alone of late, since they had taken a boarder. Ralph Callender found that the pleasantest path to the house lay through the little flower-garden, and when his jobs of copying failed to occupy his time, what could be more natural than to use his lessure helping the blushing gardener? It was he who carried away all the weeds, divided the white peony roots and reset them, and dug more thoroughly than Rhetta ever could around the dear old rose-bushes. Over their work they fell talking, as young people will, and already Rhetta's father began to watch them a little anxiously above his spectacles as he sat on the porch, while one of the neighbors had remarked privately to Aunt Dorcas that it was a pity young Callender was not a man of fortune as well as

It was the day they had been transplanting touch-me-nots, and Rulph had thrown himself down under the plum tree for a respite, while Rhetta pulled the faded blossoms from a primrose. He might have been misanthropic enough at that moment if he had chosen for the last line of copying lay upon his table finished, with not so much as a hint of an order for any more. Worse than that, a clerk's place he had been hoping for had that very morning been given to another. If he had got it, he could have spoken to Rhetta at once.

bonnie face was all her dowry. But he could not help letting love

and gardens laid out on terraces. 'Like Colonel Porter's ?' laughed

'I think I have passed it," answered the young 'man, indifferently. 'Big tree, three terraces, ribbon beds, and a

peacock, on the lawn; is that the 'Yes isn't it splendid!' exclaimed Rhetta. 'I always go that way when I

take a walk by myself; and oh! how I do long sometimes for things I see the

'Don't you know them ?-the family,

of grass blades, and when it was done den, and leaned against the plum tree

over it, and went on talking about 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 certain-

> 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 reclain him.

> ty of that. The little bright dream

was over.

'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.'

And at that she threw herself upon the dewy grass and wept unrestrainedly. She was too young to be capable of the terrible, tearless sorrow with which an older woman may meet bereavement and heart-break. She only knew that everything had changed since morning, that Ralph had gone away, that she was very, very wretched, and that no one must know of it.

The fire flies flashed in the grass, the flowers were heavy with dew, the air was full of the fragrance of mignonette, heliotrope and roses, but Rhetta did not heed them. She only felt that and said nothing. Newport! Nahant: | night was kind to make such darkness And people like the Porters for inti- and solitude in the garden that no one could see her or hear her, poor miserable little Rhetta Wood crying for a lost happiness that had never really been hers. And now it seemed to her that Rose was cruel, from the midst of her wealth, her luxury, and her dozens of lovers, to come swooping down upon this one chance of bliss in a lifetime. For Khetta was sure that in all the years to come she should never, never marry. That was all over from this

The crickets hummed about her, the nightmoths brushed by her unheeded; the moon rose, but she did not know it. She was thinking how she should live all her life long in the little old house. After a while her aunt Dorcas would die, and she would be left alone with hands and drove rapidly away, with a her father. Then after a while he too backward glance and smile, which to would die, and she would live on there,

From this reverie she was aroused by the stopping of wheels, and cheerful voices at the gate. 'Rhetta! Rhetta!' shouted some

body in joyous, manly tones. She rose to her feet in the moonlight, bewildered and uncertain. Was sh dreaming, or was it really Ralph calling

'Rhetta, is that you under the plum tree? Come here for a moment to the

Yes, that was Ralph calling her. With girlish celerity she smoothed back her disordered hair, and ran to the gate. There he stood, his arms filled with flowers, which he loaded upon her, while Colonel Porter's coachman. who had brought him home, was almost staggering under the weight of an immense basket, full of bloom and fragrance, which he made haste to deposit on the garden walk.

'Everything is here,' said Ralph, gayly-'the geraniums, the day lilies, tea rose bushes, and the double violets. Roots, slips, cutting, all you wanted, you have them now, and I'll set them every one out for you.'

'Oh, how beautiful! how teautiful!' murmured Rhetta, very softly and gently. She was wholly overcome by this strange ending of her passionate grief.

The coachman departed, leaving the two lovers alone in the moonlit garden. Lovers they were, for Ralph drew Rhetta close to his heart, while he placed upon her finger the ring that had waited hidden in his pocket.

'You know what that means, darling?' he said, fervently. 'My way is clear before me now. Colonel Porter has given me a chance in his own busi. ness, beyond anything I dared to hope, You don't know how hard it has been for me to wait till I had a right to ask you to be my own little Rhetta always -always

Happy Rhetta! The moon ought to have laughed right out to see how her face had changed, it was so full now of smiles and blushes. Aunt Dorcas, hurr jing home an hour

later, eager to explain how she had gone to sit awhile with poor old Mrs. Davis, who had sciata, was taken all aback by hearing merry voices under the plum-tree, and finding Ralph and Rhetta there at work with trowels setting out roots and tying up plants. Rose Porter sent me all these !' exclaimed Rhetta, triumphantly-'all

his great basketful of loveliness and luxury, and we must set them every one out to night, because night is the best time, and they will get the dew.' 'For the land sakes!' ejaculated Aunt Dorcas. 'Don't ye want the lantern ?'

place for a fine blue salvia. ed; and then, as if she dimly compre-

of youth and romance might make it a thing to be desired to dig in gardens at Ralph Callender made no answer. prayer meeting. Rhetta, left free from unusual hours, she said no more, but

'Oh, the moon is as bright as day,' rose to the surface and spouted twin said Ralph, as he paused to choose a columns of brine high in the air, a 'Well! well!' the old lady exclaimbucket or two seeking the back of the reporter's neck for a resting place as it hended that something in the glamour descended. Before the animated waterspout could repeat the dose the tive politician until he was brought for- toxicating drinks. boat was out of range, both of the fire- ward four years ago as a candidate for

ization 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 Colonel R. Bruce Ricketts.

Colonel R. Bruce Ricketts, who re-

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 Pennsylyania Artillery [Forty third Regiment], on July 8, 1861, and promoted to be tain, 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 fall 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