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IN A JAR.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"The days are shortening," sighed Friend Decker, as he folded up his spectacles and replaced them in their tin case; "or else my sight isn't what it used to be. Well-a-day, one can't expect to be young always. Is it thee, Leah? I did not look for thee so soon."

Leah Decker came into the room like a breezy young whirlwind. She had none of the repose of manner which is at present so much in vogue. Born and bred a Quakeress, there was nothing of the Quakeress about her, except her quaint Scripture name.

"Yes, it's me!" said Leah, shortly. "Did thee go to Friend Anastasia's?" she inquired of the old man, readjusting the big pine logs, so that they should burn brighter for Leah's benefit.

"Oh, yes, I went there!" "I hope she is better of her rheumatism?" "Yes, she is better. But—but—she will not buy the apples, father. Mean, stingy old thing!" cried Leah, wrathfully flinging her coal scuttle bonnet on the table. "She says she can buy all she wants at fifty cents a barrel of old Jacob Joyce. So she can, perhaps—wretched, gnarly, wormy knots, not fit for the pigs. Ours are apples! She says thee asks an exorbitant price."

Friend Decker slowly shook his head. "Friend Anastasia is under a misapprehension," said he. "Eighty cents a barrel is what they are paying at the cider mill. Only one does not like to see such beautiful, rarely-colored fruit ground up into baleful spirits to set men's brains on fire."

"Much she would stop to think about that!" said Leah, still ruffled. "I am sorry," said Friend Decker, mildly; "I need the money very much; and I think she would have been better satisfied with my apples than with Friend Jacob Joyce's."

"And after all that, 'flashed out Leah, the spirit of indignation still rife within her, she had the impudence to ask me for a jar of that plum-sauce I made. She says Friend Mary More told her how nice it was, and—"

"And," quietly interposed her father, "thee said, I hope, thee would be glad to oblige her?" "No, I didn't," bluntly answered Leah. "I said that I gathered the wild plums myself in the Crook Woods, and cooked them after Aunt Mahala's receipt; and that there were four jars, and that I wanted to keep them for thee; especially since thy health had failed and thy appetite was so variable."

"I am sorry, dear," said Friend Decker. "Friend Anastasia is very old, and old people are apt to be fanciful about trifles. Moreover, she's our kinswoman, a degree or so removed, perhaps, but—"

"Then why don't she do something for us?" flashed out Leah, "besides giving us good advice and tormenting us with her fault-finding! I didn't mean to mention it, father, but she told me out and out that she had adopted Moses Sawyer, and meant to make him her heir."

"Well, daughter why should she not?" composedly questioned the old man.

"It is a bright clear morning, albeit a trifle frosty," said he. "I think I may walk as far as the Lennox farm without aggravating my cough."

And under his arm he carried a neat parcel.

Old Anastasia Ackerly was winding yarn before the fire when he came in. She greeted him not without a shadow of suspicion.

"Had he come like a spy into the enemy's quarters?" "I hope thee is well, Friend Anastasia," said he. "I have brought thee a jar of my daughter's will-plum sauce. Perhaps it may tempt thy appetite."

Anastasia Ackerly colored. "It ain't of no consequence," said she. "I dunno as I care so much about sweet things, only there used to grow wild-plum brush on the hills at home, and mother used to boil the plums with molasses. They was dreadful sour, and there was a flavor about 'em I hain't never tasted since. And when Mary Moore told me how good Leah's was, I kind of notioned I should like a taste of 'em, but Leah said she hadn't none to spare."

"Leah was mistaken," said Friend Decker. "In our house there is always something to spare for an old friend like thee!"

Anastasia's yellow, old face was oddly mottled with crimson for a moment. "I didn't know that you looked on me as a friend!" said she, sharply.

"Thee ought to have been certain of that."

"There was ugly things said about how the Lennox property was managed," said Miss Akerly.

"Nothing was said by me, Friend Anastasia," observed the Quaker. "And as far as in me lies, I am anxious to be at peace with the world."

"Humph!" said the old woman. "Well, there ain't no use makin' up to me now. My will was drawn up long ago, and Moses Sawyer is my heir."

As she tore off the newspaper wrappings she stopped suddenly.

"Father," cried she, "there is a piece of thick, yellowish paper rolled up and put inside this jar that came from Friend Anastasia's! What does thee suppose it is? Father, father, it's a will!"

She ran eagerly with it to Friend Decker. He looked dubiously at the outside.

"This is right, Leah," said he. "Friend Anastasia's heart has softened toward us. This is doubtless the will she mentioned—the will in favor of Moses Sawyer. She has sent it to us to destroy. Nay, daughter—nay," as Leah eagerly caught it up and hastened towards the fire; "give it to me. It is not for us to make or meddle. I destroyed she should have destroyed it herself. I shall take it back to Friend Johnson, the executor."

"Father," cried Leah, "thee never would give back the will?" "Does thee think it would be a right and honorable thing to destroy it, Leah?"

"If she wanted us to do so, father?" "But we have no right to presume anything of the sort, daughter," reasoned Friend Decker, buttoning it up under his coat. "Nay, nay! I do not fret." For Leah, overcome by the sudden blaze of hope, the after darkness of despair, had burst into a flood of tears. "It will be well with us—never fear."

Judge Johnson, the great man of the neighborhood, received the paper with some surprise.

"December 6th," he said. "Hum!—ah! this is the latest document she has executed. Oh, yes, I remember it very well! I drew it up myself. But why did you bring it here, Friend Decker?"

The old man briefly explained the circumstances.

"Old people are apt to be capricious," said he. "Doubtless the trifling matter of the plum sauce pleased her, and she sought to reward us. But I should never take base advantage of Friend Moses by burning the will."

"But why in the name of common sense should you burn it?" cried Judge Johnson. "Are you in the habit of having estates left to you every day, that you dispose of them so readily?"

General Marmaduke.

The Battle of Osage During Which the Present Governor of Missouri was Taken Prisoner.

The "Battle of the Osage" was fought in the latter part of October, 1864. There were two engagements, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

During the morning fight the present Governor of Missouri, General Marmaduke, was taken prisoner. I was a participator in the charge made by the Union forces, and an eye-witness of his capture, although his identity was not known for a half hour afterwards.

The country for miles in the Osage region is unbroken prairie; the ground undulating; the hills and hollows seeming to run parallel. It was, therefore, a model battle ground, and in reading the accounts of the English campaign in Soudan, I was reminded vividly of our pursuit of the Confederates through Missouri.

Just after crossing the dry bed of the Osage river, we heard skirmishing, and soon came in sight of the enemy, formed in line of battle, and waiting for us. I was Captain of Company H, Tenth Missouri Cavalry; Colonel Bentine, commander, and General Pleasanton, brigade commander. My position was on the left, as we drew up in line. During my four years' service I had seen many wonderful sights, and had been in some very close quarters. But never had I seen nine thousand horsemen drawn up in battle array, and the sight was certainly a thrilling one. I believe I am safe in saying that since the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt, modern warfare had not seen the like.

The enemy were well supported by their artillery, and as I looked across the intervening space I could see the mouths of the cannons. While we sat on our horses waiting for orders, Generals Pleasanton and Curtis came riding down between the lines. As they passed me I heard Pleasanton say: "We must come together now."

These words, and the ominous looks of the cannon, assured me that a serious moment was at hand. I had six hundred dollars about me, and I put it into an official envelope. I then directed it to my sister, and gave it to our surgeon, with the request to forward it in case of my death, or as the boys were in the habit of saying, in case I did not "come out."

At last the bugle sounded the charge. The long lines surged in and out, but no advance was made.

Again the bugle rang out on the still air, and again the lines wavered.

Then suddenly a rider on a white horse burst through the ranks and rode at the foe. Like an avalanche we followed. In the excitement every fear vanished, and we rode through the enemy's ranks, dispersing them right and left. They had fired one volley and had no time to reload.

Their right wing was completely cut off from the main body and surrounded. Having no other alternative they surrendered, and we were soon busy dismounting them and hurrying them to the rear. On my way back with a crowd of prisoners, we met General James Lane going to the front. He stopped, and pushing his way through the crowd of guards and prisoners, walked up to a tall, fine-looking Confederate, held out his hand, and said: "How do you do, General Marmaduke?" The man shook his hand warmly, and after a few words General Lane walked away taking General Marmaduke with him.

Degrading American Labor.

The Republican Party the Pioneer in Legislation Against the Workingmen.

The Beaver platform in Pennsylvania, 1886, says: "We deprecate the nefarious work of importing foreign pauper labor, criminal and contract labor, and demand the passage of a national law summarily and positively prohibiting such importation under any pretext whatever."

It is a curious fact, not generally known, that the first and only law ever passed by Congress expressly authorizing the importation of foreigners under the contract to perform labor for a stated time in place of our American workmen, was put through the two Houses when the Republicans had an overwhelming majority in each. It is true, also, that the record fails to disclose any opposition to that atrocious measure on the part of Republicans in either house. Its champion in the Senate was the Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, and in the House the Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois.

The bill is entitled "An Act to Encourage Immigration." It passed both Houses July 2, 1864, on a conference report signed by Sherman and Anthony on part of the Senate, and by Washburne and Windom on the part of the House, the Democratic conferees refusing to sign, and it was approved by the President July 4, 1864, which was the last of the session.

The managers of the bill exhibited hot impatience to put it through before the close of that session. June 27, on motion of Mr. Sherman, "all prior orders" of the Senate were postponed, and the bill was taken up and passed, the ground of haste being as stated by the Ohio Senator, that "wages were very high" in this country, and we needed importation on that account.

In the House J. M. Stevens had moved to go into Committee of the Whole on one of the great appropriation bills, but withdrew his motion. Washburne's earnest appeal, and the pauper, alien, contract labor-bill was passed without a word of manly opposition from the Republican side, the Democrats being so few in that House that they could not enforce the demand of Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, for a call of the yeas and nays.

The bill itself, aside from the outrage it proposed to inflict upon American workmen, in putting their labor in competition with that of imported aliens, is a prime curiosity. As it appears in the Statutes at large, section 1 authorizes the President to appoint a Commissioner of Immigration, subject to the directions of the Department of State, at a salary of \$2,500, with three clerks, &c. The remaining sections, except section 2, provide for a United States emigrant office in New York City, with one Commissioner, who is authorized to make contracts with railroad companies, &c., to carry imported workmen to their destination; for exempting such alien laborers from military service; appropriates \$25,000 for carrying the law into effect, and specifies the number of clerks to be employed, salaries, tenure of office, &c. The sting is in section 2, which is in the following words:

"All contracts that shall be made by emigrants with the United States in foreign countries, in conformity to regulations that may be established by the said Commissioner, whereby emigrants shall pledge the wages of their labor for a term not exceeding twelve months, to repay the expenses of their emigration, shall be held to be valid in law, and may be enforced in the courts of the United States, or of the several States and Territories; and such advances, if so stipulated in the contract, and the contract be recorded in the Recorder's office in the county where the emigrant shall settle, shall operate as a lien upon any land thereafter acquired, until liquidated by the emigrant, whether under the homestead law when the title is unsummated, or on property otherwise acquired by the emigrant; but nothing herein contained shall be deemed to authorize any contract contravening the constitution of the United States, or creating in any way the relation of slavery or servitude."

Everybody knows that swarms of aliens have been imported into this country under contract since the passage of that act; that they have worked their appointed time at wages utterly ruinous to American workmen, and then returned to their squalid homes in Europe. They came with no intention of becoming citizens of the United States. The perpetrators of this grievous outrage against American workmen find their apology in the Republican law above quoted, and which may be justly styled the pioneer act in legislative assaults on American labor.

In the light of this law there is something like grim irony in the declarations on this subject found in Republican platforms of late years.

"That fallible person, the printer," says the Boston Transcript, "has much to answer for. Think of a composition by the immortal Beethoven being announced at a programme as 'Fifteen variations with fudge,' as it was at a concert the other evening!"

Chauncey F. Black's Canvass.

Nailing a Campaign Lie that He is Addicted to the Intemperate Use of Liquors.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 4.—The political canvass on the Democratic side was formally opened to-day. The Hon. Chauncey F. Black, nominee for Governor, Col. R. Bruce Ricketts, candidate for Lieut. Governor, the Hon. B. F. Myers, and B. M. Nead, Esq., of this city, started this morning on a trip that will cover the southern tier of counties, part of the middle tier, and reach out to the northwestern counties.

A delegation of leading citizens of Cumberland county arrived in the city on an early train to serve as an escort, and though the departure was fixed for 7 1/2 a. m., there was quite a crowd of enthusiastic Democrats at the depot to give the party a send-off. The trip through the Cumberland valley was a series of ovations. The first stop was made at Mechanicsburg, a thriving little city of 10,000 inhabitants. It was 8 o'clock when the party arrived. They were received with cheers by a large crowd with a brass band. The stop of ten minutes was spent in handshaking. At Carlisle the stop was limited to five minutes, and it took all that time to walk through the vast crowd that had gathered to see the Democratic favorites. There was a brass band there also. At Newville another brass band was in waiting and the three minutes stop was spent in handshaking and congratulations.

At Shippensburg the greatest enthusiasm was manifested, and at Chambersburg, when the party left the train, a vast crowd had gathered. Carriages were in waiting to take the party to the hotel and a procession was formed which, headed by a brass band, led the way to the National Hotel. The candidates held a reception in the parlor which lasted some minutes, after which in response to the calls of the crowd that blocked the street for a square, Mr. Black appeared on the piazza and spoke briefly. He said that the purpose was not to talk much on this trip, but to mingle with the people and get acquainted. There was a matter personal to himself which he desired to say there because that which it answered originated there. He read from a Republican paper the report of a Prohibition meeting had in Chambersburg at which one of the speakers said that he "held proofs of Mr. Black's intemperance and would herald them all through the campaign."

"To this statement I oppose here and now," said Mr. Black with great emphasis and deliberation, "that for more than three years I have not touched, tasted, or handled liquor, spirituous, vinous, or malt. I am a teetotaler, and the help of God I expect to remain so to the end of my life. I have no doubt the gentlemen said what he believed to be the simple truth, and that he will not repeat it when informed of his error, but should he be still unsatisfied, and should he produce a sworn contradiction of the statement I here make and publish it to my defamation, I'll engage to send his witness to the penitentiary as rapidly as the law can be made to work."

He added that while he is a teetotaler he didn't assume the right to restrain others in their appetites so long as they remained within the law and didn't interfere with the property and peace of the community.

Col. Ricketts briefly acknowledged a call for him, and Mr. Myers made a brief speech. Then the reception in the parlor was resumed and continued until dinner was announced. At 1 1/2 p. m. the party took carriages and started on a drive over the mountain to McConelsburg.

A Little Fun.
A girl may have plenty of bustle and still be lazy.
A lady whose husband frequents saloons does not usually admire a full beard.
It's pretty hard luck. In summer we have horse-flies, and in winter we have snow-flies.
"There's very little change in men's trousers this fall," remarked a tailor as he failed to collect a bill.
After much research and investigation we are convinced that the boarding-house chickens are most all hatched from hard boiled eggs.
A Yankee editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them in arrears will be seized with a remittent fever.

A comical incident is related of an eminent English nobleman who was presiding at a press dinner. He concluded his few feeble remarks by proposing the "health of Gutenberg." Some one pulled his coat tails and whispered that he was dead. "I regret," continued the nobleman, "to announce that intelligence has just been received that Gutenberg is dead."

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