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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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### Poor Deformed Goost.

He Was Wicked, But He Saved "Litty Mas"

"No soup!" exclaimed my mother. The table was spread for one of those enormous dinners in which Southern households exulted before the war; the guests were arriving, and my mother was in her chamber pinning some fresh roses in her bosom, when Aunt Sileny, the fat cook, waddled in with this appalling announcement. "What has become of the soup?" "De bes' gumbo dat I make des year! In de pot. Hed tree days' work wid it! Dat Goost—jes' creep in, 'li' de pot to be's head, 'n' drunk lob ob it 'n' spill de rest!" "Oh, Goost!" said my mother, calmly. "Can't you give us any other soup, Aunt Sileny?" "Din' want ter gib strange gemmen hasty scrambles. Ef I had dat nigrah"—and Aunt Sileny grumbled her way back to the kitchen. My mother went on pinning her roses, which were not so soft a pink as her pretty cheeks, and I stood close at her side admiring her, when the twins burst in, their Scotch kilts and plaid sashes covered with mud, followed by Tilda, the nurse. "Mother, Goost rolled me in the chicken yard 'cause he said we'd tell he'd been suckin' eggs!" "Please, Miss Emmy, I hed dem all ready," began Tilda, "foh de company." My mother put her hands to her ears. "Leave the room, every one of you! Change their clothes, Tilda. Was ever a woman tormented? That boy is possessed with—What is the matter with you, William?" turning to meet my father who stood in the doorway. He was a tall, grave man, of whom his children stood greatly in awe. But my mother, little, vivacious, animated, with all the enthusiasm of the French blood that was in her veins, was the idol of the house. My father held up his new hat, but yesterday a glossy beaver, but now battered and muddy. "I find that this was worn last night by that boy Augustus, and"— "Goost again! My mother threw herself into her easy-chair in an attitude of resignation. "Oh, go on, William! Don't mind me. There seems to be a hailstorm of miseries setting in. My umbrella is up!" "Isadore, do be rational. This negro must be punished or sent away." "Punished! Why, there is not a day that he is not cuffed and beaten about the kitchen and stables! Coachman, hostler, waiters, all take their turn at him. The blows fall upon him as if he had an alligator's hide. Sent away! Where? Who would take him as a gift? For mercy's sake, take that out of the room and don't mention Goost's name to me again!" I was standing by the window, and I remember that I looked at my mother in her soft, shimmering silk, pearls about her breast, and then down into the garden, where Goost, the deformed negro stable boy, squatted lazily in the sun, and thought what a shame it was that she should ever have to see or think of such a fellow. As to any idea that he was a human being and bound to us by any tie, it never impressed me, nor, I am sure, her. My father, Dr. Champney, was a physician in a large town on the border of one of the slave-holding States. As only the river separated us from the State of Ohio, any shrewd slave who wanted to be free had but to cross the stream in a bateau to escape. Hence, few remained but those who were contented with their lot. The latter generally were old house-servants, "uncles" and "maumers," who were looked upon as a part of the family, and so treated. Among our share was this boy Goost, a deformed and seemingly worthless negro. He stole, he drank, he seldom by any chance spoke the truth. "Champney's Goost" was at the bottom of half the mischief in town. He would disappear for days and creep back a mass of rags and mud, to beg for some new clothes and to present himself for his rations. There was, too, a vindictive malice in his tricks, which showed that in his dull, ignorant soul there was a bitter hatred of the whole family. But nothing would induce him to go to Ohio, or to be free. He evidently was of the opinion that the world, or the Champneys, owed him a living. While I was looking out of the window into the garden, Aunt Sileny and Tilda both took time from their labors to go out and berate Goost, to which Tilda added some vicious blows on the ear. She might as well have beaten the horse-block at the gate. Goost did not budge nor wink while she struck him, but as she turned away he shot a malignant glance after her. Then Jean and Ted, the boys who waited passed him in their natty dress suits and white aprons, and each of them

### stepped out of his way to kick him.

He did not move, but grumbled out oaths. Even I began to feel that Goost had had measure in this world. My mother had gone down and the grand dinner was now in progress. I was watching the procession of dishes from the kitchen along the gallery below, when I saw Nix run out. Nix was my Uncle Bob's little boy, about five years old. The whole family really thought that no such beautiful child had ever been born. Uncle Bob, with his wife and boy, lived in New Orleans, but were with us now on a visit. "Nix! Nix!" I cried. "What are you doing there?" "But Nix did not hear her heed me. He flew straight down the path and pushed Goost's head up. "Make a lap!" he ordered, and in a moment had snuggled down, white skirts, lace and all, onto the negro's knees. They sat talking, apparently on the most intimate terms, when Nix bounded off, darted into the house, and brought back a plate of Aunt Sileny's famous kisses. He was proceeding to ram the snowy glistening sweetness down the cavernous mouth before him, when—could it be?—Goost remonstrated. "Take 'em back, litty mas! Dey'll scold you. I don't wan' see you scold. Take 'em back." Goost's hoarse croak had actually a sweet tone in it! But Nix compromised by gobbling up all the kisses himself, like a little glutton, and then commanded Goost to "Gimme ride!" The man turned over, on his hands and knees, helped Nix to climb to his back, and then crawled away, trotting or galloping, as the baby ordered. Just at this moment Uncle Bob came into the garden. Now Uncle Bob was a hot-tempered man, and he had warned my father that "it was dangerous to keep that half-idiot in the place." He jerked Nix off his back and angrily ordered Goost "never to touch or speak to the child again." Then he came up under the window to the gallery. I wondered to see Goost follow him. "Mas' Bob," he said, humbly, "don't say dat, foh God's sake! Lemme gib de chile ride. I bin gibin' him ride ebery day. I won't hurt him. I—I likes to gib him ride. Show him how we do it, litty mas!" He dropped down on his hands and knees, and looked up like a hungry dog begging. It seemed pitiful to me, because I saw that Nix was the only one of us who had ever taken any notice of him, and that he loved the baby. But Uncle Bob, I suppose, did not stop to think. He kicked Goost once, twice. "Don't dare to touch the child again!" he said. At that Nix flew to Goost where he lay, and threw his arms about him. "Stop 'at! Bad papa!" he screamed. "Goost good! I love Goost!" hugging the woolly black head. His father took him in, screaming, and Goost got up and looked after them. When he saw me, he said: "I wouldn't hev hurt dat chile, Miss Annie." I thought the tears were in his eyes, but he suddenly went off, turning hand-springs like a wheel and yelping just like a dog. Uncle Bob, Aunt Belle and Nix went home next week, and my mother and I went with them for a visit. The day before we started, Goost came up to Uncle Bob, smiling as if he had just taken a gold medal for good conduct. "Mas' Bob, I tink I'll 'long to you now. Mas' William say I no 'count. Ef you lemme, go wid you, I take mighty good care ob Mas' Nix." Uncle Bob was in good humor that day, so he only laughed. "Thank you, Augustus. But I wouldn't rob your Master William of your services. I have enough of your sort in the sugar-fields at Lafourche." "Very well, sah!" and Goost (his real name was Augustus Imperator) disappeared. We went by boat down the river. It was an immense boat, the Messenger, with three cabins all gilding and glass and gay hangings. There was a party of our friends going down to New Orleans, and mamma and Aunt Belle wore their pretty gowns, and there were music and dancing in the saloon every night. Nix, of course, was the darling of every body. One day Tilda came up, her eyes round and wide, leading him, his clothes all soot and grime. The Captain followed her. "We unearthed a miserable stowaway in the hold, Mrs. Champney," he said, "and your little boy recognized him and insisted upon hugging him." "Goost!" said Tilda. "Ah, ciel!" gasped my mother. Uncle Bob began to scold. The Captain offered to put the negro off at the next landing, but mamma interposed. "I couldn't drive a faithful dog away," she said. "It is the child that he loves. He can do no harm. Let him go with us."

### ILL BELIEVED ON RAILROADS.

The Humorist's Graphic Account of the First Train.

The Initial Trip Was Rather Slow for These Times, and Had Some Drawbacks. Perhaps there is nothing in the line of discovery and improvement that has shown more marked progress in the last century than the railway and its different auxiliaries. When we remember that much less than a century has passed since the first patent for a locomotive to move upon a track was issued, where now we have everything that heart can wish, and, in fact, live better on the road than we do at home, with but thirty-six hours between New York and Minneapolis, and a gorgeous parlor, bedroom and a dining-room, between Maine and Oregon, with nothing missing that may go to make life a rich blessing, we are compelled to express our wonder and admiration. To Peter Cooper is largely due the boom given to railway business, he having constructed the first locomotive ever made in this country, and put it on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The first train ever operated must have been a grand sight. First came the locomotive, a large Babcock fire-extinguisher on trucks, with a smoke-stack like a full-blown speaking-tube with a grill around the top; the engineer at his post in a plug hat, with an umbrella over his head and his hand on the throttle, borrowing a chew of tobacco now and then of the farmers who passed him on their way to town. Near him stood the fireman, now and then bringing in an armful of wood from the fields through which they passed, and turning the damper in the smoke-stack every little while so that it would draw. Now and then he would go forward and put a pork-rind on a hot box or pound on the cylinder head to warn people off the track. Next comes the tender loaded with stic, white birch wood, an economical style of fuel because its bark may be easily burned off while the wood itself will remain uninjured. Beside the fire-wood we find on the tender a barrel of rainwater and a tall, blonje jar with a wicker-work around it, which contains a small spring of tansy immersed in four gallons of New England rum. This the engineer has brought with him for use in case of accident. He is now engaged in preparing for the accident in advance. Next comes the front brakeman in a plug hat about two sizes too large for him. He also wears a long-waisted frock coat with a bustle to it and a tall shirt-collar with a table-spread tie, the ends of which flutter gayly in the morning breeze. As the train pauses at the first station he takes a hammer out of the tool-box and nabs on the tire of the fore wheel of his coach. The engineer gets down with a long oil can and puts a little sewing machine oil on the pitman. He then wipes it off with his sleeve. It is now discovered that the rear coach, containing a number of directors and the division superintendent, is missing. The conductor goes to the rear of the last coach, and finds that the string by which the directors' car was attached is broken, and that, the grade being pretty steep, the directors and one brakeman have no doubt gone back to the starting place. But the conductor is cool. He removes his bell-crowned plug hat, and taking out his orders and time card, he finds that the track is clear, and looking at a large, valuable Waterbury watch, presented to him by a widow whose husband was run over and killed by the train, he sees he can still make the next station in time for dinner. He hires a livery team to go back after the directors' coach, and calling "All aboard!" he swings lightly upon the moving train. It is now 10 o'clock, and nineteen weary miles still stretch out between him and the dinner station. To add to the horrors of the situation, the front brakeman discovers that a very thirsty boy in the emigrant car has been drinking from the water-supply tank on the tender, and there is not enough left to carry the train through. Much time is consumed in filling the barrel again at a spring near the track, but the conductor finds a "spotter" on the train and gets him to do it. He also induces him to cut some more wood and clean out the ashes. The engineer then pulls out the draw-head and begins to make up time. In twenty minutes he has made up an hour's time, though two miles of hoop-iron are torn from the track behind him. He sails into the eating station on time, and while the master mechanic takes several of the coach-wheels over to the machine shop to soak, he eats a hurried lunch. The brakeman here gets his tin lanterns ready for the night run and fills two of them with red oil to be used on the rear coach. The fireman puts a fresh bacon-rind on the eccentric, stuffs some more cotton batting around the axles, puts a new lynch-pin in the hind wheels, sweeps the apple-peelings out of the smoking car, and he is ready. Then comes the conductor, with his plug hat full of excursion tickets, orders passes and time-checks; he looks at his Waterbury watch, waves his hand, and calls "All aboard!" again. It is upgraded, however, and for two miles the "spotter" has to push behind with all his might before the conductor will allow him to get on and ride. Thus began the history of a gigantic enterprise which has grown till it is a comfort, a convenience, a luxury, and yet a necessity. It has built up and beautified the desert. It has crept beneath the broad river, scaled the snowy mountain, and hung by iron arms from the canyon and the precipice, carrying the young to new lands and reuniting those long separated. It has taken the hopeless to lands of new hope. It has invaded the solitude of the wilderness, spiked down valuable land-grants, killed cheap cattle and then paid a high price for them, whooped through valleys, snorted over lofty peaks, crept through long, dark tunnels, turning the bright glare of day suddenly upon those who thought the tunnel was two miles long, roared through the night and glittered through the day, bringing alike the groom to his beautiful bride and the weeping prodigal to the moss-grown grave of his mother. You are indeed a heartless, soulless corporation, and yet you are very essential in our business.—Bill Nye, in the Chicago News.

### A Clever Ruse.

A French nobleman played a game at cards with a foreign count. The latter won, and the Frenchman pulled out ten thousand francs and handed them to the winner, who quietly secured them in his pocketbook and went home. Early next morning a gentleman of aristocratic bearing and decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor, was shown into the apartment of the foreign count, who was asleep. "Monsieur," he said, in tones trembling with excitement, "you hold in your hands the honor of a whole family." "Indeed!" "Kindly tell me, was it you who played with M. de X?" "Yes." "You won ten thousand francs?" "Quite correct." "And he paid you?" "Yes in bank-notes. I have them here." "Well, sir, the notes are false." "Is it possible?" "It is, alas, too true! Last night we were apprised of the nefarious practices of our relative, and this morning I started off at daybreak to call here, and ask you, in heaven's name, to exchange those notes for ten others which I have brought with me." The noble foreigner, out of consideration for his visitor's grief, exchanged the notes. But, on returning to the club the same evening, he was not a little surprised to meet his opponent of the previous night, and what was still more surprising, the latter proposed to have his revenge. The foreigner curtly refused, and the other insisted, which led to an explanation. The count drew from his pocket the fresh notes he had received in the morning. The French nobleman, quite stupefied, examined them carefully, and found that they were false. The gentleman with the decoration turned out to be a notorious thief and swindler, who had thus contrived to net ten thousand francs in genuine bank-notes.

**Beaver in a Deep Hole.**

**The Store Order Question Assumes an Entirely New Phase.**

**The Address of Beaver's Employees Causes Much Indignation Among the Knights of Labor—Will the Beaver Store Orders be Taxed as a Circulating Medium?**

The apology for the store orders or "trade coupons" used by the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company, of which General Beaver is president, sent out by David Haines as master workman of Labor assembly 2,333 of Bellefonte, has aroused much ill feeling among the Knights of Labor in that region. The circular is signed by a number of the workmen of the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company, and, under an arrangement with the Republican state committee, has been mailed to every Labor assembly in the state in circular form and in large numbers. This circular says: "It is a wicked and malicious falsehood that any employee of the company was ever offered or ever received store orders in payment for wages. The Hoyt

### KNIGHTS OF LABOR OFFENDED.

The circular is the first political paper ever distributed to the Labor assemblies of the state, and it has offended Knights of Labor generally, independent of their particular views of General Beaver's candidacy. Word has been received by members of the assembly in Bellefonte of the circulars having been refused circulation among the assemblies, simply because they were a flagrant violation of the established law of the order forbidding the introduction of any partisan politics in the assemblies. The partisan circular thus sent out has called out a counter statement from some fifty members of Labor Assembly 2,333 embracing both Republicans and Democrats, in which they deprecate the introduction of politics in the order, and especially dissent from the statement that the assembly could in any way sanction the use of store orders in payment of labor, and they arraign Master Workman Haines for violation of his official obligations in signing and issuing a political circular. On the subject of the trade coupons used by the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company, the counter circular says: "We further declare that the invitation in that paper to Knights of Labor to apply to Assembly 2,333 for a vindication of the pay system of the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company is entirely unauthorized by any action of that assembly and would certainly meet with the answer from that body that one of the fundamental principles of the order is that nothing but the lawful money of the country should be used for the payment of working people and that the use of store orders for that purpose is a fraud upon labor and a violation of the law." "In conclusion we assert, from reliable information, that this paper vindicating the store order system was circulated through the mail for signatures at the instance of a Republican politician working for the Republican state committee, and, such being the fact, it can be looked upon only as a political scheme, and its circulation among Knights of Labor can be viewed in no other light than as an attempt to prostitute their order to a political purpose. Any member of the order desiring information concerning the trade coupon system can have it in plain terms by applying to the undersigned members of L. A. 2,333." The foregoing is signed by James Schofield, J. A. Williams, R. Hutchison, Harry Siebert, Grant J. Pafer, John Lucas, James Sharp, John Hull, William Rhoads, William Stratton, Wm. Wolf, John Davis, John Williams and some forty others, and as it is in the line of the clearly defined duties and obligations of the Knights of Labor on political questions, it has the general approval of the members of that large organization in Bellefonte and throughout the state.

**The Bellefonte Circular Disavowed.**

The Wilkesbarre *Newsdealer*, the reorganized organ of the laboring men, contains interviews with Thomas Dillard, president of the Miners' and Laborers' Amalgamated Association and William H. Hines, the author of the company store bill of 1879, in which they say in substance that the circular letter sent out by thirty-three Bellefonte workmen cannot be approved by organized labor, that an increasing battle has been waged for years against the insulting, swindling and oppressive company store system and the recent decision of the supreme court declaring the company store act of 1881 unconstitutional, makes it imperatively necessary that the workmen shall stand united against store orders of any kind. They say that Powderly's opposition to company stores correctly voices the opinion of laboring men.

**If Not Store Orders they are Taxable.**

The store order dispute in Pennsylvania has been transferred to Washington, by an appeal of the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company, of which General Beaver is president, from an assessment of the ten per cent. tax on the trade coupons of that company that the law imposes upon all circulating medium that is represented as money. When the partners made their public explanation over their own signatures, they declared that the trade coupons are not

### SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

Those who have unsettled accounts with S. R. Gettig, Grenoble's grain house, are notified to call on him at said place, Coburn, Pa., for settlement at the earliest possible date.

"What and when to eat," is the title on an exchange. The "when" never gave us any trouble in our eating, but we have been compelled to do a sight of skirmishing after the "what."

A little girl on seeing a peacock for the first time remarked what a beautiful bustle it had.

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