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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, NOVEMBER 25., 1886. NO. 46.

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Caesar's Virginia Turkey.

Caesar Alexander Shakwell, a colored citizen of Bridgeville, owned no turkeys, and his richer white neighbors had put theirs in special security as Thanksgiving Day drew near. Mrs. Shakwell kept nagging Caesar about a turkey until he determined to have one before another sun set, at any cost. He sat down before the fire in the twilight to study out some plan of action on the important question.

It came to him quite readily, it appears, for all at once he found himself carrying it out. He had noticed a loose board on Col. Fairgrove's back fence the day before. The Fairgroves were easy-going people, not much given to hammer and nails, and they would be sure to have a turkey in a coop in the backyard getting ready for the annual feast.

Sure enough, the board fell off at the bidding of his brawny arm, and there in a pen in the corner was the bird of his hopes. The slats of his coop dropped before the same potent force, as though they had been mere ravelings. It was no trouble at all to tie his legs, cover his body with an old bag and slip quietly away with him. Once at home Caesar Alexander put him in a barrel and laid heavy sticks of wood on the open top.

Then he called to his wife to come and see him and to quit 'jorin' him about their Thanksgiving dinner.

She appeared, looked at the bird with eyes like saucers, and then grew very grave.

'Whar did ye git him?' she asked, with something like awe in her voice.

'Worked for 'im, o' course,' said her gentle spouse, with a sneer. 'Knoved at the time dat I was to git 'im; but you had to hev yer fill o' jorin' and complain' at me for a worthless nigger. Knoved it was no use to tell ye. Ye wouldn't b'lieve me till he come.'

Mrs. Shakwell looked at her husband, a fresh well of admiration springing up in her heart. He was a superior creature, to be sure; she would never doubt it again.

Before going to bed Caesar Alexander went into his small yard, lifted a stick or two of wood from the turkey's barrel and took a long and fond look at his prize. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned with quaking knees, expecting to face the village constable; but dark as it was he could see that the hand belonged to a gentleman of his own color, though one with whom he was entirely unacquainted—a kind of old fashioned lookin' nigger, he said when telling the story afterward. Reassured to find that it wasn't the law he had to confront, he put considerable bravado into his voice as he said:

'Who are ye, anyhow; and what d'ye want in a gemman's yard at night? It's forenent the law to creep aroun' honest folks' houses on the s'y that way.'

'Caesar! Caesar!' said the other, without appearing in the least intimidated; 'I am one of yer ancestors from 'way back, and I can't come to yer in daytime because I've been dead a long time.'

Here Caesar's teeth chattered and his legs gave way under him.

'Brace up!' said the ancestor, slapping him on the shoulder. 'Brace up! I'm here for yer good, not for yer harm. I want ye to kerry that turkey back. Ye've done some thing to disgrace the name of Shakwell, and I won't stand it. The constable will be down onto ye to-morrow mornin' fore 9 o'clock if ye don't, an' there'll be a neighborhood scandal about this bird that'll make the whole race o' Shakwells shake in their graves. Caesar! for the sake of your proud and honorable ancestors take that bird back, and to-morrow take yer gun and go to the woods and git one o' the turkeys yo yer fathers—an' it's a bird that no nigger ought to turn up his nose at, either.'

Here the 'ancestor' sniffed delightedly at something invisible, something in his memory apparently, and then went on:

'It's a bird that no man owns; it's de true Vahginiah turkey. 'Tisn't a feathered bird; 'tisn't a fowl at all. It wears fur and has fifty teeth, a bristly tongue, a long prehensile tail—you see, Caesar, yer ancestor had larnin'—and plantigrade feet, Caesar, it has plantigrade feet.'

'Ugh! said Caesar, too dazed to utter an intelligible word.

The 'ancestor' continued: 'Its feet has as many toes on each foot as a man and long sharp claws on every toe except its inside one. It uses dat as a thumb. It is a marsupial turkey, Caesar.' Here the ancestor smiled at the towering proportions of his own learning, but presently talked on.

'Alive it has an odor ye can't mistake, a roasted he smells better nor a flower garden. He's a bird worth givin' thanks over. Now, take dat ole, droopin', white folks' turkey back to

Last Week's Tempest.

Vessels and Men go Down on Lake Michigan.

A STORM THAT HAS DONE VAST DAMAGE EAST AND WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI, ON LAND AND WATER AND BRINGS WINTER.

The first great gale and snow of the season began in Dakota on Tuesday and swept eastward to the lakes. Seven lives are known to have been lost by wrecks on Lake Michigan and many marine disasters are believed to have occurred. The snow has largely obstructed travel in the Northwest, where the railroads have been blocked by the snow.

Swamped in the Breakers.

SEAMEN DROWNED FROM SINKING VESSELS ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 17.—While the storm was at its height this morning the barge Dixon, which was one of the tow of the steamer Justice Fields, foundered off Kewanee, on the western side of Lake Michigan, about one hundred miles north of this city. Two seamen were drowned. A few hours later the Emerald, another of the barges in tow of the fields, got into the breakers and quickly swamped. Five of her crew were swept away and lost. Brevier, the mate, was saved in an unconscious condition. The gale blew so terrifically that the steamer was unable to save the barges.

During a terrible gale and snow-storm last night the schooner P. S. Marsh, loaded with coal, ran on the beach near Graham's Point, in the Straits of Mackinac, between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. The captain signaled at ten o'clock this morning that she would soon go to pieces. Help has been sent for, but it will be impossible to do anything to help the vessel to-day on account of the big seas, to which she lays broadside and which are momentarily growing larger. Another schooner is ashore across the point four miles from St. Ignace.

An Early Blizzard.

HEAVY SNOW FROM DAKOTA TO LAKE MICHIGAN—TRAVEL IMPEDED.

CHICAGO, Nov. 17.—No such storm as that of to-day has been known throughout the Northwest so early in the season for many years. In this city a steady rain has been falling since 7 o'clock last night and prevails generally between here and the Mississippi river, west of which there is a heavy snow and howling blizzard, seriously delaying telegraphic communication in all directions. At St. Paul the snow was continuous yesterday, growing heavier after midnight, and this morning the people found the streets so badly blocked that travel was next to impossible. The blizzard began in Dakota and swept east and south through Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Northern Illinois and Michigan. At Sioux Falls, Dakota, the snow continued for eighteen hours and the temperature fell to zero. On the Illinois Central Railroad, between Fort Dodge and Sioux City, the cuts are filled with snow and snow plows have been sent out to clear the tracks. Trains are impeded on many roads and the blizzard is moving eastward, bringing the snow and falling thermometer with it.

At St. Paul at 9 o'clock to-night the storm had raged forty-eight hours and showed no signs of abatement. Street cars have not been running in either St. Paul or Minneapolis to-day and trains on all railroads are from three to six hours late. While the storm seems to be general throughout the Northwest it is most violent in Southern Dakota. A Sioux Falls special says that more snow has already fallen than during the entire season last winter. The wind is blowing a heavy gale from the north and the snow is drifting very badly. Trains on nearly all the roads are abandoned. The temperature is at zero and falling. There is also strong electrical disturbance. Other points state that the storm is no less severe.

A train with one hundred passengers on board is snowed in eleven miles west of Canton, Dak. The passengers are being fed from a small station near by. The Milwaukee Railway is lined with dead engines in snow drifts.

FOR WHAT SHALL WE BE THANKFUL.

Some Old, Oft Repeated Questions, and Their Unfashionable Answers.

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the sorrowing. 'Grief abideth with us, and in our hearts is the bitterness of continued trouble.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the poor. 'The earth overflows with plenty, but we are destitute. Cold and hunger is our portion, and want is our companion all the days of the year.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the hopeless. 'The days go on, but they bring us no joy. The sun and moon traverse the heavens without warming our chilled hearts or lighting our dark pathway.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the disappointed. 'Wherever we turn, there, waiting to dishearten us, lurks disappointment. When we rise he it is that causes us again to fall.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the tempted, the mistaken, the fallen. 'Our temptations have overcome us; our mistakes have destroyed us; our sins have crushed us. For us there is nothing left but wretchedness.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the baffled. 'When we strive we fail; when we pray no answer comes; when we hope our hopes are never realized; when we love our loves are lost to us.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the bereaved. 'Death has robbed us and left us moaning. Our sore hearts cannot take up the cry of rejoicing, for we weep un comforted.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the sick. 'We suffer and know no ease. We are full of anguish night and day.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the persecuted. 'Our enemies outnumber us; our burdens are greater than we can bear.'

'For what shall we be thankful?' say the weary, the wounded, the forsaken, the heavy of heart. 'For us there is no rest, no happiness, no help. Weariness is our portion and burdens our inheritance. We have no cause for rejoicing from the beginning of the year to the end.'

For these, for all these, it is written: 'Rest in the Lord, Oh, rest in the Lord. Wait patiently for Him and He shall give thee thy heart's desire.'

To these, to all these, the promise has been given. To these, the words from a plain old sermon come with power to heal: 'There is heaven to be thankful for. Whatever sorrows be-leave us here, whatever fatal mistakes darken our lives, whatever irredeemable losses befall us, we may yet rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him in the little life that remains; for in the serene air of heaven, when existence ceases to be a lesson and becomes vivid life, there and only there shall He give us our heart's desire in its immortal fullness. Here knowledge is defiled, love is imperfect, purity the result of fiery trial, wealth rusted into covetousness; but in heaven is the very native country of pure knowledge, perfect love, utter sinlessness, and riches that neither mot nor rust corrupt, that bless and curse not.'

Another Storm Predicted.

It seems that another storm period will occur next month, if Professor Foster knows anything about such things. He publishes his prediction of a great storm period, extending from December 4th to 17th, during which will occur some of the most destructive winter storms of recent years. Heavy snow and high winds will greatly impede railroad travel and he advises the railroads to prepare for blockades that will occur in the western states about December 5th and reach the eastern states December 9th. He suggests that many lives and much property can be saved from loss by making preparations for the severe weather of this storm period.

NO CHANGE NECESSARY.

There is a millionaire in town who has a great reputation of meanness. Most millionaires have that reputation, but most of them are mean to their friends and relatives and others. This man is mean to himself as well. This millionaire was interested in some of the recent failures, and made some sweeping losses.

'Oh, it's awful! awful! I'm ruined, quite ruined!' he said to a fellow sufferer.

'I am sorry, but, after all, there's no great thing in your favor.'

'What is that; I can't see it.'

'You won't need to change your mode of life at all.'

The excessive smoking of tobacco, it is again claimed, causes loss of eyesight. Are men's eyes poorer than women's?

KIDNAPPED.

There was nothing new in the plot of the desperate villain who sought to extort money from Mr. Ross by stealing his son Charley. The kidnaping of children for the sake of gain or revenge has been practiced for hundreds of years. There are doubtless to-day in this country a score or more of Charley Ross cases, but as the parents are not rich and prominent, and the search not aided by legislative action and the united press, they are seldom heard of by the great public.

The case of Willie Albright, an English lad, was full of strange adventures. He lived at Sheffield with his parents until five years of age. His father was employed in a great factory there and his mother was a dressmaker for the neighborhood. They lived in a cottage in the suburbs of the town, and at the age of four the boy was permitted to run about the neighborhood a good deal. At five, when he was kidnapped, he was sent to the stores to make purchases, and knew all the streets leading to the factory in which his father worked. One day in 1861, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he was sent to a store three blocks away after some buttons. Before he reached it a strange man accosted him and asked his name. He then gave Willie some sweetmeats and asked him to go and look at a Punch and Judy show in the town, promising to return with him in a half hour. The boy eagerly set off with him, and was taken to the railroad depot and placed on a train in charge of a middle-aged woman, who gave him some more sweetmeats and was very kindly spoken. She said the show had moved away and they were going after it, and the novelty of the child's position prevented him feeling any anxiety. When the detectives came to take the case up, as they did two days after the boy disappeared, they got no clue whatever. Although he had walked a mile or two hand in hand with the abductor along crowded streets, nobody remembered seeing the pair. They had gone openly to the railroad station, but no one there had noticed them. The woman and a child in a compartment, but could give no description. As the Albrights were poor and lowly, no great stir was created, and no great effort was made by the detectives to restore the boy to his parents.

The boy was taken from Sheffield to Liverpool, being so well treated on the way that he had no thought of his home. At Liverpool he was told that his name was John Manton, and that the woman was his mother. When he disputed the point he was soundly whipped. His hair were cut close, his dress entirely changed, and a liquid was rubbed on his skin which turned it dark. Except when he asked to go home, or denied that his name was John Manton, he was kindly treated, and after he had been beaten seven or eight times he accepted the new name, and ceased to refer to his parents. Young as he was this was a stroke of policy on his part. He realized that he had been stolen from home, and he kept repeating to himself that his true name was Willie Albright, and that he lived at Sheffield.

After a couple of weeks lessons in tumbling and tight-rope walking were given to the boy. He was never permitted to go out alone or to converse with strangers, and it soon came natural for him to call the woman mother. In the course of a couple of months the past seemed a dream to him, and he would have forgotten all about it had he not kept repeating to himself: 'I am not Johnny Manton, but Willie Albright, and they stole me away from Sheffield.' He was in Liverpool six weeks before he knew the name of the city. When he had been taught how to dance, sing, tumble, and walk a tight rope—a matter of three months' time—he was taken around the country with a small show, which the woman owned in part. The novelty of travel was so agreeable that he almost forgot his situation, and was for two or three years quite content. There was no one to teach him how to read or write, but he was quick-witted, and could reason beyond his years. He had hopes that the show would some day reach Sheffield, and he would slip out and run home, but the people of course carefully avoided the place. Once, when they were showing at Doncaster, a few miles away, Willie observed a man whose face had a familiar look, gazing at him in an honest manner, and presently heard him say to a friend:

'The laddie keeps me thinking of the child who was stolen away from neighborhood Albright; but of course it can't be the one.'

The boy was about to call out that his name was Willie Albright, when the woman, who always kept an eagle eye on him, came closer, and intimidated him. The show then hurriedly packed up and left the place. The boy now realized more fully than ever that his right name was Albright, and that he had been stolen from home, but he also realized his hopelessness. He had been told that if he ever tried to run away,

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

The Limited Express Struck by Rolling Rocks.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 18.—The heavy rains of last night caused a most disastrous landslide from Mt. Washington, on the south side of the Monongahela river, the sides of which are almost perpendicular, and along the base of which the Pan-Handle Railroad is constructed. The Limited Express on the Pan-Handle Road, due in the city at 9.40, had reached a place just beyond the Point Bridge, one mile from Union Station, when a mass of rock came crashing down the hillside. The train consisted of three Pullman cars, in addition to several mail cars. The first sleeper was the Cincinnati, and the second and third from Indianapolis. The first mass struck the Cincinnati sleeper, crashing through the roof near the centre. This car had very few passengers in, and nearly all of them were up and in the lavatories. D. Arnheim, of this city, was standing in the aisle and was crushed beneath a huge rock. Mr. A. S. Bennet, of New York, was still in his berth and a mass crushed through the upper berth, carried it down upon him, and pinned him beneath it. The second car was struck in the centre, one huge rock going through from one side to the other, and tearing out nearly the entire side of the car. The other car was also badly crushed. Nearly the entire mass remained on the cars, and as the track was but very little obstructed the conductor ordered the engineer to pull out for the Union station as rapidly as possible. A telephone message had been sent giving information of the accident. By the time the train pulled into the station the entire force of employees was ready to assist in removing the injured from the cars, stretchers and all other requirements as well as a force of physicians, being on hand. The cars were in such a condition that they could be brought in, but the presence of mind of the conductor was most commendable. The injured were removed as rapidly as possible and conveyed to hotels near at hand and made as comfortable as possible. The accident caused great excitement. When the news was first announced the most exaggerated reports gained currency. The passengers gave some most graphic descriptions of the scenes in the different sleepers at the time of the accident, and the only wonder is that every one aboard was not killed or injured. The casualties thus far number eight, two of whom, D. Arnheim, of Allegheny, and A. S. Bennet, of New York, are likely to die. The scene where the accident occurred is one of the most dangerous along the line of the road, but it is so carefully watched, especially after heavy rain-falls, that no accidents to trains have occurred at that point for a number of years.

wild animals would pursue and devour him, and he was in mortal terror of a bulldog which followed the show. He therefore humbly obeyed all orders, and made no move to run away. He was about eight years old when he changed masters, being sold for a good round price to a man who called himself Prof. Williams. This man was a ventriloquist and juggler, and he took the boy to Australia with him, and gave him performances for a year or so. They then returned, and made the tour of Scotland and Ireland, and sailed for America. Albright was about eleven years old when he landed in New York. The Professor then took the name of La Pierre, though he was no Frenchman in look or speech, and traveled for a year. One day as they were filling a date at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the boy was sent to the postoffice with letters, and a curious thing happened. One of the four boys who had witnessed the performance the night previous made up to him in a friendly way, and asked his name.

'Johnny Manton,' was the reply.

'Yes, but that is your stage name. What is the other?'

'Willie Albright.'

'That's funny. A family named Albright live next door to us. They lived in England.'

'So did I.'

'Maybe you are related. I'm going to tell 'em about you.'

Two hours later a man and his wife called at the hotel and asked for the boy, and the mother had no sooner set eyes on him than she hugged him to her heart. The father was longer making up his mind, but he soon came to feel certain that John Manton was Willie Albright and the boy who had been stolen from him seven or eight years before. The parents had been in America three years, and had long before given up all hopes of ever hearing from the child. The professor made a great kick, as his bread and butter were at stake, but when he found the people determined to have justice done he slipped away in the night and was heard of no more.—N. Y. Sun.