"Saints, sinners and the Beecher family," has been printed as the remark of the late venerabls Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass. Possibly the following anecdote of the father, which had from his eldest son, Rev. Wm. H. Beecher, may illustrate the peculiarities of his family. The old gentleman had lost his second or third wife, says the Cleveland Plaindealer, and was resolved to marry again. Hence, at a family gathering in Cincinnati he said "My children, heretofore I have married altogether to suit myself, but now I am willing to marry to suit vouif you can think of any suitable and proper peason who will have me." The children put their heads together and concluded that a certain Mrs. Jackson, who kept forsaken sections of country to be found east of the Mississippi. Through this valley, then given up to lumbering, Charles Minot, who used to conduct the Erie road sometimes for a large boarding house in Boston and was almember of Edward's church, ran through Bradford-which then boasted would make him a capital wife, and it was arranged for Rev. Edward to negotiate with Mrs. Jackson After waiting a week or so the old gentle-Boston, driving to Mrs. Jackson's house, calling for her and unfolding at once the object of his mission. The good lady was thunderstruck, protested that she had no idea of marrying was impossible. To all of which the old doctor replied that he was equally surprised. The arrangement had heen made in Cincinati. Edward was to prepare the way, and he had made his arrangements to preach in Andover and Amherst and to attend the May anniversaries, and expected, of course to take her with him as his wife. At this point the good lady expressed herfelf as shocked that Edward had never spoken to her on the subject; nor would it have made any difference if he had, for, as to marrying again she could not and would not-not even the venerable and celebrated Dr. Lyman Reecher! After a moment's pause the doctor said : "My dear Mrs. Jackson, I am sorry you have so much feeling about it but I will stay with you a day or two and we will talk the matter up," to which the lady responded that her house was full, she had no suitable room for him, and could not entertain him. "Oh, never mind, then," said still further down. He sunk one of his wells him. "Oh, never mind, then," said the doctor, "I will go round to fifty barrel producer. Another and another Edward's and come and take tea with found the oil field for which he had so long you." And sure enough at ten time been searching. Every well be sunk gave him rich returns. The news of his success ras there and set next to Mrs. Jackson at the table. It was one of those large boarding houses on Beacon street at which the lady of the house presided as a sort of matron, and to the teatable of which the boarders kept coming and going for two or three hours. Of course the old doctor became impatient, and kept whispering to Mrs. Jackson, "I want to see you alone !" "I must see you alone!" "Can't you see me alone?" At length Mrs. Jackson left the table with him and they went to a room by themselves. What then occurred God only Knows, but the story is that the good lady protested, expressed her amazement, and even said, "You must be crazy; the subject is too serious and solemn to be thought of without prayer to God." "Have you not prayed about it?" said the doctor-"Praped about it? No." said Mrs. Jackson; I have not thought of such a thing. "Let us pray," was the solemn response of Beecher, and they knelt down and prayed. Of course, the Almight was argued with; what a good wife Mrs. Jackson would make him; what a blessing it would be to her how much good she could do in the holy cause; what a disappoint ment if she did not marry him. Then observing her to be in a melting mood, he reached out his band, took hold of hers, and said "Amen." Yesand amen it was. The Grand board ing house was broken up, to the surprise of all Boston, and Mrs. Jackson

MEASURING AND WEIGHING.

became Mrs. Lyman Beecher, making

him a "capital wife," indeed.

The following system of apportionit g, for household purpose, in the absence of scales and measures, will no doubt prove useful:

One quart of flour weighs one pound; A tablespoonful of salt will weigh about one ounce.

A pint of water or mi'k will weigh about one pound.

About six veloce of this light, will fill a common sized teaspoon.

## JOB MOSES' MILLIONS.

STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE BRADFORD OIL FIELDS.

How a Rochester Pill Man Found Financial Success-Pushing the Drill in the Valley-Going 200 Feet Deeper.

Job Moses was a country boy, born somewhere up about Leroy, N. Y., who drifted into Rochester, while still in his teens, to make his fortune. In 1862 he had made it, and a big one, out of a patent pill that he or some one else had invented. About that time Oil Creek was in its glory, and the newspapers teemed with accounts of the fortunes to be made out of oil. The stories fired the magination of the Rochester pill man, and he determined to try his hand at the new

Up in the northern part of McKean county, this state, and the southern part of Cattaraugus county, N. Y., lies a valley which was hen and is yet one of the wildest and most profit, but mostly for pleasure and glory, had or some reason built a branch road which three houses, a blacksmith shop, a school house and a tavern-and terminated at the little lumber camp of Gilesville.

Job Moses looked over the field, studied the naps and finally made up his mind that the valley through which Minot's little railroad ran was underlaid with one vast sea of oil. man became impatient and started to As time passed on he became as certain as fate that his conclusions were right. One day he showed up in Bradford, leased some thousands of acres, and soon had a well under way. The simple minded natives, who had thought him eccentric from the first, set him down as a lunatic when he told them that the earnings of the railroad which ran past their door would soon be increased twenty and couldn't think of such a thing ; it fold, and to this opinion they clung for many

> PUSHING THE DRILL When Moses began pushing the drill in the valley many of the oil kings of to-day were unknown and unheard of. John D. Rocka-feller, Oliver H. Payne and Bill Thompson had not yet matured their plans. Dan O'Day and H. L. Taylor would have looked upon \$1,000 as a fortune. Peter Grace and Capt. J. J. Vandergrift had not yet returned from the war. Col. Dyer was on a farm down in Maine. The Nobles, now the Standard Oil company of Russia, weré making barrels in Pittsburg. Lem and Ike Willets were cutting logs up in Allegany county, and Charley ing was working for them at \$40 a month. The Fishers and Phillips had their fortunes to make, while Joe Craig was not yet out of the primer, and John McKeown was still dressing tools along the creek.

For twelve years Job Moses, with dogged resolution, sunk hole after hole in his leases, but with no show of oil. Then he woke up one morning to find that the thousands he had made out of pills in Rochester had van-ished into the holes be had been punching in the woods and fields about Bradford, and that he was a poor man. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he went to New York, and with an eloquence born of earnestness succeeded in obtaining from the capitalists who gave him a hearing money with which to continue his search. This was in 1875. Once back on his field of operations a new idea struck him. Up to that time he had drilled 200 feet deeper, and was rewarded with a spread abroad and the tide of oildom turned slowly toward Brodford. A year later\_it had increased to a flood, and the fact was freely admitted that no such field had ever been struck before. Lands which two years before had been almost worthless sold for more than a prince's ransom. But Moses had it all under lease and was able to make his own terms. His thirteen years of waiting netted him millions. He lives in New York now, enjoys life, and always has a spare \$50 to loan to any of the boys who happen to get broke in the metropolis.—Philadelphia Times.

Getting Rid of a Bedfellow.

There will be an immense crowd assembled in this city on the occasion of the national encampment next September, and there will unquestionably be a large number of people crowded into a single room. For the benefit of such as may find themselves in unpleasant company, I will relate the measures I took to protect myself on the occasion of the California encampment. The notel was crowded, and I was obliged to share my bed with an unknown gentlemen from Petaluma. The clerk introduced us, and I soon perceived that the gentleman had not only looked upon the wine when it was red, but also drank it. I determined to have my full share of the bed, and in order to obtain this end, upon retiring I strapped a sharp spur to my heel. When my convivial bedfellow rolled between the sheets I began to kick about as if sleeping restlessly. The spur was brought into frequent contact with the cuticle of my friend, and must have produced severe laceration. He stood it nobly for some time, but finally arose, got into his clothes as well as he could and made for the door. At the threshold he turned back and shook me by the shoulder to awaken me. "Sir," he said, "before I go away I want to tell you that if you were a gentleman you would cut your toe nails."
--Globe-Democrat.

Science and Sewer Gas.

While sewer gas is not said to have caused the diphtheria which carried off Gov. Beaver's little son, the examination of the executive mansion recently showed that the gas could reach the sleeping apartments. Essence of pepermint placed in one of the soil pipes was readily detected by the odor in the rooms. When the Princess Alice lost one of her children and then died of diptheria herself there were loud complaints in England that the deaths were due to the lack of drainage of the palace she occupied in her German home in Hesse Darmstadt. It was said that many deaths in royal or princely families were due to the bad air of costly castles and palaces built in an age when sanitary science was un-known. Sanitary science in the hands of scene persons who profess it is only a means of leading into houses the deadly gas which it ought to lead out.—Pittsburg Times.

Treasury Department Deaths. The records of the treasury department they that eleven persons on its pay roll have died since January of this year, a greater number than for a like period of any previous year. It is claimed that several of these deaths resulted from the lad southery condiion of the building .- Chicago Timea.

About the latest is a glass bottomed beat. used, according to a correspondent of The Inter Ocean, to gaze down upon the beauties of the bottom of the sea at Nassau.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE. TO

Long ago, long ago, in this valley of woe, The white mists were silver, the sunshine was gold: Long ago, long ago, every dew drop aglow Was the purest of diamonds of value unteld.

Long ago, long ago, every floweret low Looked out from the grass like a star from the

Long ago, long ago, every streamlet aflow In a volume of perfectest crystal went by,

Now the silvery mist is water, I wis, To which the grand power to climb upward is given; The sunshine of gold is a wave of light rolled On the earth through the open portal of heaven The dew in the grass now shineth, alas!

In my altered eyes like an angel's tear; And the deep waters roll, the type of a soul,

Right on to the sea of eternity near. The flowers in the grass, they die and they pass. From life unto life, as to us it is givent. The mist and the dew, stream, flower, and light too, Like souls are sent down but to climb back to

-Harper's Weekly.

THE TOWERS OF BILENCE. A Visit to the Burial Places of the Par-

sees-The Vultures. A hundred yards distant through the trees

intervening is one of the gloomy Towers of Silence, fully in keeping with its gloomy name. As visitors are not permitted to approach nearer than 100 feet, we are directed to a small working model under a lilac just off the garden. Here, with the aid of a reference card, we examine the internal arrange ments of the tower. It is a roofless, circular building of stone

and painted white, 300 feet in circumference and about sixty in height; thirty feet from the base on the side facing the garden is a small entrance, just large enough to admit the bearers and body, closed by double iron doors. These doors open on the main plat-form, which is paved with large slabs of stone and divided into three rows of shallow open receptacles, into which are placed the naked corpses to await the coming of the vultures. The first, or outer row, is for males (adult), the second for females and the third, or inner, row for children. These three rows correspond with the three moral precepts of the Zoroastrian religion—good deeds, good words, good thoughts. Between the rows are foot paths for the bearers to move about. In the center of the tower is a great well 150 feet in circumference and forty to fifty feet in depth, into which the dry bones are thrown after being denuded of flesh. From this great well toward the cardinal points of the compass diverge four underground drains, each of which has at its terminus, about thirty feet away, a small well. The bottom of each of these small wells is covered with a thick layer of sand. Pieces of charcoal and sandstone are also placed at the end of each drain. Thus the rain water coming from the great well and bringing with it the decomposed osseous matter passes through two sets of filters for purification before entering the ground, thereby observing a tenet of the Zoroastrian religion-that "mother earth shall not be defiled."

A corpse is carried into the tower by two bearers, called Nassasiars, who alone are privileged to enter; the clothes are then removed, the body placed in one of the receptacles and the bearers withdraw. Now is the opportunity for the vultures to fulfill the duties of their office. Upon the approach of the procession hundreds of them arise from the tops of the palms, which have become withered and dead from contact with their carniverous bodies, and hover in a circle above until the bearers have gone. Then like darts they descend—a boiling, seething mass of carrion, each particle of which, intent only upon precedence, is quarreling and fighting with the other in its horrible work. In an hour or two the corpse is entirely stripped of its flesh; the bones are then left until perfectly dried by the heat of the tropical sun, then thrown into the well, where, in course of time, they crumble to dust. Accor the teachings of Zoroaster, earth, fire and water are sacred, and in order to avoid their pollution it is strictly enjoined that the dead sodies shall not be buried in the ground or thrown into the sea. -Buffalo News.

One Scientific Man Not Infallible. I was born in Philadelphia, and when five years old received an accidental cut in the eft eye, from a sharp missile in the hand of a playmate of my own age. The injury was not a fatal one, and if the doctors had let me alone it is probable that I should have had the use of two good eyes for the rest of my life. After the wound healed it was covered by a slight scab, which the physician said must be removed by the use of nitrate of sil-ver. This he applied in so large a quantity that the eye was seared as with a hot iron, and the sight went out forever.

A fierce inflammation was set up, passed to the other eye, and with two blazing furnaces under my forehead I spent two years in a room dark as night, on a diet of gruel. mush and molasses and rice, with almost daily doses of medicine, cuppings, leechings and bleeding administered after the heroic method of that time, the eyes kept constantly wet with a solution of sugar of lead. When I came out of the prison it was with a small fraction of the right eye, for the solution had left a deposit, which, uniting with the lymph from the inflammation, had formed opacities in the corner, which in time blotted the sun from my sky and shut out from me the beauty of the world.—Rev. W. H. Milburn

A Counterfeit Ball Ticket. The Arion society has added a curiosity to the Arion society has added a curiosity to its collections. It is a counterfeit ball ticket. The imitation is of the coupon, which was de-tached from the big ticket for presentation at the door, and was the work of a well known designer of this city, whose facility with the pen is great. He made it on a wager that he would get into the ball without paying, and success crowned his ingenuity. The imitation is quite close enough to deceive any one in the rush of a crowd at the entrance to a public ball room, and the society values it much more than it would the \$10 whose loss it rep-

Ten or twelve years ago there was quite an epidemic of counterfeit tickets received at the Academy of Music during an Italian opera season. For weeks they were received undetected. When the forger was spotted he was found to be a lithographic engraver with more love for music than money to gratify it with. I think it was Maretzsk who was managing that season—or perhaps Strakosch. At any rate, whoever it was took the matter good humoredly and deadheaded the ingenious penman for the balance of the season.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Cure for Snake Bite.

The other day a herse in Irwin county. Ga., was bitten on the nose by a rattlesmake. He was bitten on the note by a rattlesmake. He was at once dosed with sweet milk and alum, and then three bottles of turpentine were heated and the moutes of the bottles placed in succession over the part bitten. It is said that the green poison could be plainly seen as it was being drawn into the bottles. This

mebody is working hard to New York to get up an exhibition of the portraits of society

	Nov,	R.	'86	
WESTWARD.	Ma			xp.
		M.	A.	14.
Leave Lock Haven		20	CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE	00
Flemington		24	9	05
Mill Hall		27	9	09
Beech Creek		38	9	25
Engleville	0	42	9	30
Howard		52	9	54
Mount Eagle		58 08	9	01
Curtin		10	10	12
Milesburg Bellefonte		22	10	35
Milesburg		32	10	42
Snow Shoe Int		35	10	48
Unionville		48	10	58
Julian		58	11	09
Martha		01	11	19
Port Matilda	5	08	11	27
Hannah	5	16	11	26
Fowler		19	11	39
Bald Engle		28	11	48
Vail		31	11	53
Arrive at Tyrone	5	42	12	05
EASTWAR		м.	A	м.
Leave Tyrone	7	10	8	10
East Tyrone		17	8	17
Vail	7	20	8	20
Baid Eagle		25	8	25
Fowler,		82	8	32
Hannah		37	8 8	36
Port Matilda		45	8	48
Martha Julian		58 02	8	59
Unionville		13	9	10
Snow Shoe Int		22	9	18
Milesburg		25	9	22
Bellefonte		35	9	32
Milesburg		50	9	47
Curtin		58	10	01
Mount Eagle		03	10	66
Howard		11	10	16
Eagleville	9	22	10	20
		26	16	35
Beech Creek		STATE OF THE PARTY.	000000000	2000
Beech Creek		38	10	50
Mill HallFlemington	9	38 12	10	54

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect Nov 15. Leaves Snow Shoe 6.45 a. m., arrivesia

Bellefonte 8:25 a. m. Leaves Bellefonte 9:00 a. m., arrives at Snow Shoe at 11:00 a. m. Leaves Snow Shoe 2:50 p. m., arrives at

Bellefonte 4:55 p. m. Leaves Bellefonte 7:55 p. m., arrives at Snow Shoe 9:55 p. m. S. S. BLAIR, Gen. Sup't.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE R. R.-Time Table in effect Nov 15 86. WESTWARD.

			Mixed.			
		P	м.	A	M.	
Leave	Scotia	12	15	5	OK	
	Fairbrook	12	40	5	20	
	Penn'a Furnace	1	05	5	46	
	Hostler	1	15	5	50	
	Marengo	1	25	5	55	
	Loveville f			6	96	
	Furnace Road			6	16	
	Warriors Mark			6	25	
	Pennington	2	12	6	40	
	Waston Mill f			6	50	
	L. & T. Junetion			6	55	
	Tyrone			6	58	
	EASTWARD.					
		Mixed.				
		SOUL S	1	40.5		

L. & T. Junetion	2	51	6	55
Tyrone				
EASTWARD.		99		NP.U
EASI WAND.				
		Mixed.		
	P	M.	A	M.
Leave Tyrone	4	30	9	20
L& T. Junction	4	34	9	25
Weston Mill				
Pennington	4	55	9	48
Warriors Mark	5	05	9	58
Furnace Road	5	20	10	12
Loveville	5	26	10	16
Marengo	5	30	10	22
Marengo Hostler	5	40	10	88
Penn's Furnace				
Fairbrook	6	05	11	03
Scotts				

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. -(Phila. & Eric Division.)—On and after Nov 15, 1886;

WESTWARD.				
ERIE MAIL				
Leaves Philadelphia	11	20	p	11
Harrisburg		80		
Williamsport		10		
Jersey Shore		35		
Lock Haven		58		
Renovo		55		
Arrives at Erie	4	00	D	D
NIAGARA EXPRESS				
Leaves Philadelphia	7	40		D
Harrisburg				
Arr. at Williamsport		55		
Lock Haven		15		
Renovo		10		
Kane	9	03	D	72
Passengers by this train arrive				
in Bellefonne at	5	05	D	11
FAST LINE				
Leaves Philadelphia	11	10		

Harrisburg .....

Williamsport.... 7 10 p m Arr at Lock Haven.... 8 05 p m EASTWARD. LOCK HAVEN EXPRESS Leaves Lock Haven ..... Williamsport..... 8 10 a m arr at Harrisburg...... 11 30 a m Philadelphia..... 3 15 p m DAY EXPRESS Leaves Kane ..... Lock Haven ..... 11 15 a m Williamsport..... 12 35 a m arr at Harrisburg..... 3 43 p m Philadelphia.... 7 25 r m ERIE MAIL 

Philadelphis...... 7 50 a m

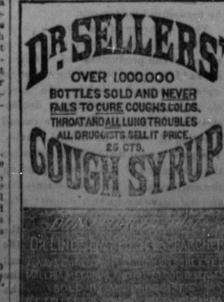
Philadelphis...... 7 50 a m

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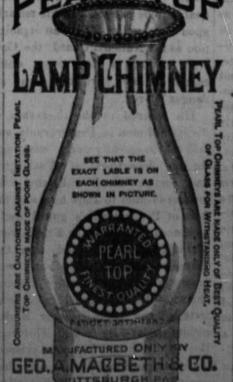
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