SENTINEL & REPUBLICAN

MIFFLINTOWN.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1893.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S teams are among the finest seen in Washington in many days.

JUDGE FELL of Philadelphia, is a candidate for the Republican nomination of Supreme Judge.

CLEVELAND acts as if blood is no thicker than water by refusing to appoint any of his relatives to office.

SOME one says the way to solve the Indian question is to marry Indian women to white men, and white men to Indian women.

A DEMOCRATIC Georgia politician says, Georgia is entitled to 2400 government officers, and they will have them or know the reason why.

THE wind storm in the Valley of the Mississippi, last Thursday, damaged property to the extent of $2,000,000, and many people were killed by falling houses.

THE pressure of democratic politicians are bending the line of resolutions that President Cleveland laid down for the government of appointments. Wait till the solid south strikes the line.

THE act of Congress requiring railways to adopt automatic couplers, will entail a large expenditure of money. It is said a pair of couplers for a car, cost $20 by the time it is attached to a car.

A woman on Sixth Avenue, New York, created a profound sensation, one day last week, by drawing a revolver and firing at a strange man, who stepped up and spoke to her. She was sent to jail on the failure of obtaining $1000 bail.

SIZE and weight and appearance of people, and brains are as unequally distributed as wealth, but no one has come forward to put a number seven shoe on a number ten foot, or to propose a general redistribution of size weight, appearance and brains

COLONEL ELLIOTT FITCH SHEPPARD, editor of the New York Mail and Express, died suddenly at his home in New York City, last Friday, while under the influence of ether in the hands of the doctors, preparatory to undergoing an operation for stone in the bladder.

HARRITY! Harrity! has been to Washington, to see the President, and that makes the cold shiver run along the political spinal column of the erring brethren who want office from the powers that be at Washington. Harrity is the man in Pennsylvania whose whisper in the President's ear goes further than that of any other Pennsylvanian. If you want a government appointment, go to Harrity and get his endorsement.

Herrors of Shipwreck.

The Philadelphia Inquirer relates the following: The full details of the fearful tragedy on board the Norwegian ship Thekla, which was wrecked at sea, while bound from Philadelphia to Havre, in which one of the crew was killed and eaten by his three comrades, who were crazed by the fearful pangs of hunger, have just been received at this port.

The ship Thekla sailed from Philadelphia on December 1, and up to the 20th had good weather. After that the vessel, being in mid-ocean, encountered disastrous gales. Two of her masts were cut away to prevent her from capsizing. The ship became a mere wreck, and fearing she would go to pieces all hands prepared to take to the boats, but every beat but one capsized as it was being lowered.

SOON LOST TO SIGHT.

Those who could, jumped into the remaining boat. Among these were Captain Hanson and eight others. The boat was then shoved off and was soon lost to sight. Nothing has since been heard from these men. These who remained behind climbed into the rigging.

At first it was impossible to see who was left on board the wreck, owing to the continual rolling of the vessel, and the thick and blinding spray which was dashing over her, the men having a hard time to prevent being washed overboard.

At length it was found but four men were left out of a crew of twenty. The survivors were Olef Anderson, Christian H. Jakobsen, Alexander Johansen and an unknown Dutchman.

It was on the morning of December 22 that the four men found themselves sitting in the scuttle of the ship with nothing to eat or drink. They were unable to sleep owing to the waves dashing over them.

On Tuesday, January 3, the sea calmed down, the weather being clear. Dew had fallen. To help quench their thirst the sailors licked the moisture from the topmasts and the manilla ropes. The Dutchman had become desperate from hunger hunger and cold. To prevent freezing to death the men climbed from the scuttle to the forecastle and back again.

DECIDING THEIR FATE.

Towards noon when unable to stand the terrible pangs of hunger longer, it was proposed that one of the four should die that the others might live. Lots were drawn, a piece of linen being torn in four strips, one being shorter than the rest. It was agreed that the one drawing the short piece should die, and it was thus decreed that the Dutchman should perish. The victim quietly turned his face from his comrades. Andersen stepped behind him and locked his arms about his chest. Jakobsen held the man's legs while Johansen stabbed him in the back.

As the blood flowed from the gaping wound, it was eagerly licked by the frenzied slayers. For days they lived upon the flesh of their ship mate, until the German bark Hermann took them on board. At Hamburg they were placed in jail to await trial for murder.

An Old Indian.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 23.—Having reached the remarkable age of 125 years, Indian John the once famous chief of the Columbia River Indians, who has outlived the last of his tribe, has been committed to the poor house. John was always the friend of the whites, and once, during Indian troubles warned settlers in advance, saving the ancestors of many prominent citizens of Portland from massacre. He was in vigorous health until 80 years old.

Catching a Bad Injun.

A Western exchange relates the adventure of guide, trapper and scout Beidler in catching a bad Indian.

"I went down into the Big Horn country ten or a dozen years ago, looking for a Crow Injun that had killed a man. It was dead of winter with three feet of snow on the ground, and there wasn't no railroad in them days. 'Pears like a long way to go for an Injun, but we had to do it. If we let up on 'em they give us no end of trouble. There was a little bunch of cavalrymen going down the river at Fort Keogh, and I kept along with them till I got to the Big Horn, where I had to turn off to the south. My trail, if I could have saw it, ran along the bottom, close to the Little Big Horn River. I could see the river for it was flowing lively, and I had enough sense to keep out of it. I had a parcel of good dogs, plenty of crackers and enough whisky to make out with, and so I got along all right. My Injun was one of Quick Snake's Band and I knowed pretty well where they was campin.' He didn't make no trouble. Fact is, I stopped all night with him in his tepee, and if it hadn't been for his old crook of a squaw I should have had a good night's rest, but she looked at me twice in a way that made me think that it was a good thing to keep awake, and I am glad now I done it, for long about 2 o'clock, I should reckon, I heard somethin' a-movin', and I concluded to sorter wriggle out of my blanket. I did'nt do it a minute too quick neither, for just as I was well to one side, she was whacking away with a knife. I had a lot of blue matches and a tallow wick in my pocket, and while she was feelin' around and cuttin' I struck a light and took a look at her. You can bet she looked funny when she see me standin' there. She gave a grunt and I held out my hand for the knife. She see there was nothing to do but to turn it over, which she done by just droppin' it. Then I tied her up, hands and feet, and rolled her up in her blanket and laid down again. Long before sun-up I started off with my man. His name was White Smoke and he was'nt a bad Injun to heart.

"We had got well along on our way back to the Yellowstone when we came in sight of a bluff that stoop out over the trail. It was a bunch of rock. There was one big rock about 20 foot high, and back of that, on t'other side, there was another small rock, which the big un hid from our sight. The trail turned short around the rock, so that we could only see the little one after we had made the turn around the big one, and then the little one was right over us. Well, sir, we made the turn, and right there, standing on the little rock straight before us was the biggest lion I ever see in the mountains. He probably knowed we was comin' by the smell of us, and he was standin' there all ready with his tail up and his eyes burnin.'

"You think quick when anything like that happens, and I am sure I thought of everythin' except how to get rid of that devil, but it jest shows you what cowards they are, that he didn't jump the instant he see us. Ef he had that would have been the end of it. He waited jest one second too late, for in that second I had got my gun. I lifted the gun and he gave a jump. The bullet struck him, but they are like painters, they die hard. He fell on the sledge and right on top of White Smoke. Before I could wink my eyes that Injun was flung ten foot out in the snow and the beast was at him again. I could'nt fire, of course, for it was a question of who I'd a hit, and while I was making up my mind what to do, he suddenly dropped the Injun and sprang for me. I wasn't ready to fire and I couldn't get at my knife. What saved me was the snow, for he could'nt get no purchase to spring, and he fell short. Then I blazed away twice and he didn't make many moves after that. But his vells was dreadful, and the way he flung his tail around through the air was a sight to see. My dogs and the sledge had gone off, and there they was, mostly a quarter of a mile away. They didn't want to come back, for they knowed the critter and they didn't like to be aroun' where he was. I got hold of 'em at last, and when I fetched 'em back the lion was dead. So was White Smoke.

An Undertaker Killed.

BRIDGEVILLE, Del., March 21.—An upset hearse, a coffin flying through the air, an undertaker with his neck broken, and the shrouded remains of a negro, bespattered with mire, sticking bolt upright from a mud-hole in the middle of the road, was the startling and somewhat weird climax of a funeral this afternoon. The hearse that had set out for the cemetery with one corpse within, crawled back to town with two inside.

The colored corpse which turned a somersault out of the casket and struck such a dramatic and uncanny attitude in the roadside, was that of 85 year old Isaac Riggin. Undertaker S. P. Short was seated upon the hearse seat when the procession began moving towards the cemetery. Hardly had it reached the outskirts of the town when the horse he was driving took fright and ran away. Suddenly the horse swerved from the road and the hearse crashed into a tree.

The coffin was sent flying into a mud-hole 10 or 12 feet away, off burst the lid, and the dusky corpse in gruesome apparel tumbled out in upright posture before the horrified eyes of the mourners. Undertaker Short was hurled upon his head upon the ground, his neck being instantly broken. It was fully 15 minutes, before those in the carriages, who had driven helter-skelter after the runaway hearse, could recover sufficiently to pick up the old and the new dead and extricate the coffin from the mire.

The undertaker's body was placed alongside the negro's, the quieted horse reharnessed to the broken hearse and the little procession retraced its way sorrowfully. Short leaves a widow and several children. Riggin's burial has been postponed.

Lynched in Iowa.

On the 22nd of March, William Frazier, of Carbondale, Iowa, was lynched for killing his wife and sister-in-law, and for cutting off one leg of his baby.

He was about 45 years of age. A few days before the murder his wife left him on account of his drunkenness and abuse, and taking her baby went to Hiteman to stay with her sister, Mrs. Harry Smith.

Frazier learned where his wife went and followed, walked in and plunged a knife into his wife's heart, struck his sister-in-law in the breast killing her almost instantly, and then proceeded to cut off the leg of his baby. Neighbors heard the disturbance and instantly gave pursuit to Frazier, who made for the woods.

When the pursuers came up he had a knife in his hand, but the sight of a revolver seemed to unnerve him and he threw down his weapon, saying: "I killed her. She refused to live with me."

"What did you cut the child for?" demanded one man. "It could not have hurt you in any way."

"I was crazy and did not know what I was doing," replied Frazier, who began to cry in a maudlin way.

The men with their captive, then began to March to Albia, where the jail is situated. As the men tramped along, crowds of citizens who had heard of the murders, began to come up, and from their demeanor it was soon evident that they did not intend that Frazier should ever reach the jail alive. "Let's lynch him," suggested one, and the idea at once caught the grim fancy of the crowd, which was growing larger every moment.

Just at this time Deputy Lewis came up and took charge of the prisoner, who was almost paralyzed and fainting from fear. Great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead, and his eyes were bulging from his head. His knees trembled, so great was his fright, and he begged the deputy to get him to jail as soon as possible. Step by step the officers and their prisoners advanced, and Fraizer felt somewhat encouraged, feeling the jail might possibly be reached before the mob could make up its mind what to do. His feeling of security was of short duration, however, for soon a miner stepped up to Deputy Lewis and said gruffly: "We want that man."

"He is in the hands of the law and you can't have him," responded the deputy.

No other words were spoken for the miners sprang upon the officer and tore his prisoner from him. Although the deputy fought manfully he was absolutely helpless. Frazier gave vent to despairing shrieks and prayers, intermingled with curses, but they were unheeded. The mob, quiet a moment before was suddenly transformed into a lot of demons, and in their anger nearly tore the wretched murderer to pieces. As he was dragged along the ground, the crowd kicked and beat him with every imaginable weapon that came handy, and when he at last reached the tree that was to do duty as his gibbet, he was nearly dead. In an instant a rope was tied around the neck of the wretch, and he was swinging from a limb.

As soon as it was certain Frazier was dead the mob quietly dispersed, the miners going to work again as though nothing had happened. A few persons lingered around, watching the body as it hung in ghostly silhouette against the dark gray sky, and there it hung until deputy Lewis came and had it cut down.

Causes of Fire.

From the Lancaster Journal.

Moistened tin turnings and chips have been known to take fire.

A rat gnawing at a box of grease-dipped friction matches ignited the lot.

A running belt which sagged into a mass of greasy waste set fire to the heap by friction.

A flood burned one factory by causing a pair of iron fillings to oxidize so rapidly as to become intensely heated.

A match carelessly dropped beneath a lace curtain was stepped upon, ignited, and instantly the drapery was ablaze.

A lens exposed to the sun's rays in an optician's window frequently acts as a burning glass before being noticed.

A cock chafer crawled from an oil receptacle to a gas jet, where the creature's oily body took fire, and, falling spread the flames.

A stream from the firemen's hose, started a second fire while putting out the first, the water having penetrated an adjoining building containing quicklime.

A nail glanced from a carpenter's hammer into the conveyor of raw material in a jute factory, rubbed against the drum and produced a spark which set fire to the place.

Women Farmers in the West.

There are in Wayne county, Mich., 220 women who own, occupy or work farms. Of these 56 are married; 28 are single and 136 are widows. The total number of acres of land owned, occupied or worked by women in Wayne County is 16,744.

If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cents.

Died in Washington.

J. Frank Stoner, died at Washington, D. C., about 2 o'clock on the morning of March 26, 1893, after an illness of four days, of inflamation of the bowles, aged 32 years.

He read law in this town under Judge Lyons, and after a brief practice at the bar, accepted a situation in the census department at Washington. During the time of his service at the Capital of the nation, he entered Columbia Law School, and graduated there with the class of 1891. He was engaged in census work when he was stricken with the disease, that so quickly terminated his hopeful and promising life.

On Thursday morning his parents who live a mile from town were informed by despatch of his illness. Mrs. Stoner, his mother, took the first train she could ready, and arrived at the bedside of her stricken son that night about 10 o'clock. The appearance of his mother revived him, but it was only a momentary, mental, joyous lifting up, that could not shake off the physical ailment, that had put the seal of death upon his earthly career, and when the joy of seeing his mother subsided, he rapidly sank, and died in less than four hours. Previous to the arrival of his mother he had been informed that he could not live. The information did not startle him. He expressed himself as resigned and ready to give up the world and its ambitious projects. The pomp and circumstance and gay and festive life of the Capitol City faded from his sight as a useless bauble, and his mind came back to the home of his nativity, in the highlands of Pennsylvania. It was the oasis where his body must rest. He He did not wish to be buried at Washington. He was back again in the vale where he was born with his father and mother and brothers and sisters. Even the spring of crystal water at his father's house was not forgotton, and he would have them bury him six miles out the valley from his father's home in the Mennonnite cemetery, where his deceased kin folks lie awaiting the call of the resurrection day. He appointed Frank Elliott, Esq., Frank Pennell, Esq., Wm. Hoops, Esq., Mr. Samuel Stoner his brother, Mr. Samuel Rothrock and Mr. Frank Sieber, pall bearers. His body was brought here on Friday evening and immediately taken to the home of his father Mr. John Stoner.

The funeral took place Sunday afternoon, and was attended by many people. Rev. John R Henderson of the Mifflintown Presbyterian church, assisted by Rev. Andrew Beashor of the Dunker church conducted the services, and each delivered a funeral discourse in the Mennonite church where the remains were interred.

CENSUS CLERK STONER'S DEATH.

Washington Post, March 24:—The announcement was made at the census office yesterday morning of the death of J. Frank Stoner, of the farms and homes division. To his office associates and friends in that division, by whom Mr. Stoner was held in high esteem for his uniform urbanity and many estimable qualities of head and heart the announcement came as a sudden and painful shock. He was at the office Saturday, and left it at the close of business at 4 o'clock, a young man of 30, apparently in excellent health. He was taken suddenly ill early Monday morning from stomache and intestinal troubles. Peritonitis soon set in, resulting in death, early Friday morning.

His aged mother who had been summoned by telegraph arrived here a few hours before her son's death, and with his remains left yesterday afternoon for her home in Mifflintown, Pa. where his funeral will take place A beautiful floral design, representing a broken column, the tribute of his office associates accompanied the remains.

His office associates held a meeting yesterday afternoon, presided over by Mr. T. C. Kelly, acting chief of the farms and homes division, and adopted the following resolutions of condolence and sympathy, which had been prepared by the committee.

Whereas we are shocked by the news of the sudden and unexpected death of our friend and associate, J. Frank Stoner; Therefore:

Be it resolved: That we, the employees of the fourth division, United States Census Office, take this method of expressing our profound sorrow, and of testifying to our appreciation of *Mr.* Stoner's many admirable qualities of head and heart. During the three years we were associated with him we had abundant opportunity to become impressed with the high ideals he always kept in view. His every action was governed by the loftiest motives of honesty and honor, and in his relations with others, he was kind, considerate and just.

Resolved: That copies of these resolutions be sent to his parents, to whom we tender our deepest sympathy, to the journals of Mifflintown, Pa., his native place, and to the Washington Post.

T. C. KELLY,
W. M. HARDCASTLE,
FRANK A. KIRBY,
E. A. DAVIS,
J. M. RIEMAN,
WALTER W. BATARD,
C. G. WAYLAND,
E. S. HOLMES, JR.,
Committee.

Girls Useless in Egypt.

In Egypt, and in many other heathen countries it is the custom to throw away girl-babies. They are cast into the rivers or fed to wild animals. Of course, this is very terrible for us to think about, and, lately, some good people have found a way to prevent the slaughter in a measure. An order has been formed, called the Order of the Holy Childhood. Each member gives one cent a month, or twelve cents a year. With this money which amounts to a great deal, if there are many members, missionaries are sent to Egypt and to all countries where they destroy babies, with instructions to buy all the little children they can find. A baby girl rarely costs more than two cents, and the missionaries buy hundreds just in time to save them from a watery grave. The children are then sent to Christian institutions and are brought up to be civilized women.—N. Y. Ledger.

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Long Sleep of Some Creatures.

All animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night. So do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies, and spiders do this. If they were to sleep only for the night, the blood would keep moving in their veins and they would breathe But in this winter sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the springtime. The warm sun will wake them all up again. They will come out one by one from their hiding places.

However, there are some kind of animals that hide away in the winter but are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little and once in awhile they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat.

Now isn't it curious that they know all this before hand. Such animals always lay up something to eat just by their side when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this; for the same warmth that wakes him, wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake, yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready, the first moment he awakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter. But with some animals it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years! When they were brought into the warm air they came to life, and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were sixty rings in the trunk. As a tree adds a ring every year, the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right and acted just like any other toad!

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it.

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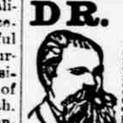

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Mifflintown, Pa.

LEGAL

PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS THE HON. JEREMIAH LYONS, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 41st Judicial District, composed of the counties of Juniata and Perry, and the Hons. J. P. WICKERSHAM, and J. L. BARTON, Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas for Juniata County have issued their precept to me directed, bearing date the 21st day of March, 1893, for holding a court of Over and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace at Mifflintown, on the fourth Monday of April 1893, being the 24th day of the month.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables of the county of Juniata, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and over remembrances, to do those things that their offices respectively appertain, and those that are bound by recognizance to prosecute against the prisoners that are then or may be in the Jail of said county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

By an act of Assembly, passed the 9th day of May, A. D., 1854, it is made the duty of the Justices of the Peace, of the several counties of this Commonwealth, to return to the Clerk of this Court of Quarter Sessions of the respective counties, all the recognizances entered into before them by any person or persons charged with the commission of any crime, except such cases as may be ended before a Justice of the Peace, under existing laws, at least ten days before the commencement of the session of the Court to which they are made returnable respectively, and in all cases where any recognizances are entered into less than ten days before the commencement of the session to which they are made returnable, the said Justices are to return the same in the same manner as if said act had not been passed.

Dated at Mifflintown, on the 21st day of March in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three.

SAMUEL LAPP, Sheriff.

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All persons are hereby cautioned not to trespass on the lands of the undersigned in Walker, Fermanagh and Fayette townships: A. S. Adams, John McMeen, James McMeen's heirs, Robert McMeen, William Stouffer, G. H. Sieber, Charles Adams, E. E. Atkinson.

October 28th, '91. 1y.

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.

| | WESTWARD. | | |