

Millheim on the L. C. & S. C. R. R. has a population of 600, is a thriving business centre, and controls the trade of a large radius of over eight miles.

A Story of the Sea.

The good ship "Americus," engaged in the East India merchant service, was on her homeward passage. Her crew was jubilant at the prospect of soon reaching home; but probably no one aboard the ship was in better spirits than the skipper's pretty daughter, Mable Stanford.

Suddenly, like a thunder bolt from a clear sky, a dark cloud of wrongs and suffering, which had been hanging over the ship, broke upon them. All at once the power, sending broken hearts and death into their midst, chilling the hopes of the crew and driving the captain and his daughter nearly distracted with grief.

Mable Stanford was the general favorite of that ship's company. None could help liking and admiring her pleasant ways, and she, all unconscious of the fearful web she was so innocently weaving, did her best to make the voyage pleasant.

Among Miss Stanford's ardent admirers, and one whom she seemed especially to favor, was the second mate, young Frank Heywood, who loved her with all his heart. It was whispered among the crew that they would make a fine match, but the skipper did not look upon the would-be union in that light; it was generally known that he would prefer the first mate, Warren Gregg, who was also a suitor for his daughter's hand.

Warren Gregg, the first mate, was a man not far from thirty, who had followed the sea from his boyhood, and was considered a first-class seaman. He was a little below medium height, with a stout, thick frame, and frank, open features, which frankly belied his true disposition. This was his second trip as mate on the "Americus," and though he had succeeded in winning the good will of the captain, he was generally disliked by the crew for his haughty and overbearing ways.

Heywood's story was received with shouts of derision. The circumstantial evidence was too overwhelming against him for any one to have the least suspicion that his seemingly inconsistent story was anything but a false fabrication, gotten up for the occasion.

As soon as order could be restored, the captain stepped forward with a pair of mauls, and, placing them on the doomed man's wrists, said—

"Before God and man, Frank Heywood, I believe you guilty of murdering my son. Therefore I secure you in irons, and order that you be kept in close confinement until we reach port, when you shall be delivered over to the proper authorities to meet the punishment which you so richly deserve. Here," he added, turning to his crew, "some of you take Mr. Heywood below."

"Oh, father don't!" cried Mable, who had been a silent spectator of the terrible scene. "He did not do it! I know he did not!"

"Tut, tut, girl, no more of this!" said her father, sternly. "Men, do your duty!"

A couple of the sailors stepped up to obey their superior's orders, when with a low cry, Mable sprang forward between them and her lover, as if to shield him from the grasp.

Without a word the captain, in spite of her tearful entreaties, rudely snatched his daughter away.

Heywood, chancing to look up, caught sight of the mate, Warren Gregg, standing but a short distance off, an exultant look of fiendish satisfaction gleaming in his unusually expressive eyes. It was plainly a look of scornful triumph, and as the sailors placed their hands upon his shoulder, the young man fully realized the peril of his situation, and from what source it was due.

cry for help, and then a splash in the water from off the lee bow. He quickly turned to ask the supercargo, who but a moment before had been standing by his side, the cause of the noise, when he saw that the young man was gone. Then the truth instantly flashed into his mind and he shouted in a startling, exciting tone—

"Man overboard!"

It seemed but an instant from the giving of the alarm before the captain and crew were on deck, and the lights being quickly brought, rushed to the place whence the helmsman heard the cry. When to their surprise they saw the second mate, a wild and haggard look upon his face holding in his hand a heavy, murderer-looking club.

"What means this?" thundered the skipper, as thoughts of foul play flashed upon his brain.

Amazed and startled, Heywood was silent.

"Who is lost?" cried the captain, in the next instant. But before any one had time to answer him his eyes told him. "My God! 'tis Lewis!" and that red-handed villain has murdered him! Quick, men! hoist all the lights and man the boats! Let everything be done that can be, as quickly as possible. He may be living, and if you save him this shall be a good night's job for you. Work, work, for your lives!"

The orders of the grief-stricken captain were readily obeyed. But, though lights were hoisted, and boats sent out in every direction nothing could be found of the lost one. So at last it was given up as a hopeless case; the men returned to the ship, when Frank Heywood was seized for the murder of Lewis Stanford.

No more sleep visited that ship that night. The sorrowing father paced the deck till daylight, and in the cabin below, his daughter was sobbing for the death of her only brother and for him accused of that terrible deed.

In the morning Heywood was arraigned before the crew on charge of willful murder. Nothing seemed lacking to substantiate his guilt. His quarrel with young Stanford, and the circumstances under which he had been found after the alarm, together with his appearance at the time, seemed sufficient to prove his guilt.

He stoutly protested his innocence, saying, in explanation of his conduct that he had harbored no ill feelings against Lewis, but had been ready to forgive and be forgiven. As to his being found with that murderous looking club in his hands, it was accidental. Feeling a little anxious about the weather, he had left his bunk to go upon deck, and was just in season to hear the cry that had caused the alarm. Hastening to the spot, he stumbled over something in his path. It was the club which he had in his hands when they discovered him a few moments later, with the wild look upon his face, caused by the fear that some horrible crime had been committed.

Heywood's story was received with shouts of derision. The circumstantial evidence was too overwhelming against him for any one to have the least suspicion that his seemingly inconsistent story was anything but a false fabrication, gotten up for the occasion.

As soon as order could be restored, the captain stepped forward with a pair of mauls, and, placing them on the doomed man's wrists, said—

"Before God and man, Frank Heywood, I believe you guilty of murdering my son. Therefore I secure you in irons, and order that you be kept in close confinement until we reach port, when you shall be delivered over to the proper authorities to meet the punishment which you so richly deserve. Here," he added, turning to his crew, "some of you take Mr. Heywood below."

"Oh, father don't!" cried Mable, who had been a silent spectator of the terrible scene. "He did not do it! I know he did not!"

"Tut, tut, girl, no more of this!" said her father, sternly. "Men, do your duty!"

A couple of the sailors stepped up to obey their superior's orders, when with a low cry, Mable sprang forward between them and her lover, as if to shield him from the grasp.

Without a word the captain, in spite of her tearful entreaties, rudely snatched his daughter away.

Heywood, chancing to look up, caught sight of the mate, Warren Gregg, standing but a short distance off, an exultant look of fiendish satisfaction gleaming in his unusually expressive eyes. It was plainly a look of scornful triumph, and as the sailors placed their hands upon his shoulder, the young man fully realized the peril of his situation, and from what source it was due.

before the surprised and startled crew had time to recover from the shock of the unexpected and mysterious warning, when again the mate's voice, sounding so much like the dead, was heard, giving this time the surprising expression—

"'Twas Warren Gregg! 'Twas Warren Gregg! 'Twas Warren Gregg!"

To attempt to portray the astonishment and startled amazement of officers and crew, would be a failure. Their actions were beyond description. One and all stood in blank astonishment, staring unconsciously, perhaps, upon the first mate, who, like the guilty wretch he was, trembled from head to foot, a deathly pallor overspreading his features, until maddened to desperation by the terrible accusation, his pent-up guilt, which he could hold no longer, burst forth into a wild, frenzied cry—

"Who dares to accuse me?"

The quick eye of Heywood, if not other, saw the guilt Gregg so plainly showed, and prompted by self-interest, he exclaimed—

"I do!"

"Liar!" hissed the trembling wretch, and then with a horrible oath, he bounded upon him, murder plainly written upon his every look and action. But the sailors quickly interposed, when he turned upon them, and a fierce struggle ensued.

"Secure him!" cried the skipper, as soon as the crew had succeeded in overpowering him. "We will keep both in irons, and wait further developments."

But though everything was done that could be to ascertain the cause of those strange cries from the sea, the day passed without solving the mystery, and the superstitious sailors all believed that the dead had spoken. And their belief was strengthened when there was heard at different intervals the following night the same voice, only more sad and mournful, saying this time—

"Warren Gregg, a murderer! a murderer! a murderer!"

The next morning Gregg called the Captain below, to whom he made a full confession of his crime, saying he had killed Lewis, mistaking him for young Heywood; and then, upon his bended knees, the guilty wretch begged for mercy. The only reply he received was to wait until he reached port.

Gregg's confession, of varying Heywood of all guilt, he was freed at once; and partly to atone for the injustice he had done him, the captain gave him the berth of first officer.

One morning, a few days later, Gregg was missing, and as no trace of him could be found, it was supposed that he must have got upon the deck during the night, when unseen and unheard, he had thrown himself into the sea. That to escape punishment of man he had gone to receive the judgment of his Maker, with a spotter crime upon his already blackened soul.

The voice from the sea was not heard after the murderer's confession, and soon the superstitious mariners ceased to speak of it, having solved the mystery to their satisfaction, by deeming that the dead had already spoken in vindication of the character of the innocent victim.

In the due course of time port was safely made.

A year later Frank Heywood and Mable Stanford were united in wedlock, and the congratulations of all their friends. But the strangest and best part of it all was, that among the wedding guests was Lewis Stanford, the bride's brother, who, instead of having perished on that night, as was supposed, had, by the aid of a box which had been thrown overboard among some other things, managed to keep afloat till morning, when an outward-bound ship had picked him up; and after considerable difficulty, he had succeeded in getting home in season to attend his sister's wedding.

The cup of happiness was full to overflowing, and in their great joy the crimes and misdoings of the evil-minded mate were forgiven and forgotten.

Years afterward a flock of young Heywoods would gather around their mother and ask her to repeat to them the story of that fearful ordeal of a life when their father saved himself from an ignominious death by his powers of ventriloquism which, unknown to his accusers, he possessed, and used with such a satisfactory result.

Don't Talk Too Much. Few people have reason to regret that they have talked too little. Forbear to sport an opinion on a subject of which you are ignorant, especially in the presence of those to whom it is familiar. If it be not always in your power to speak to the purpose, it certainly is to be silent; and, though thousands have remembered with pain their garrulity, few have reason to repent their silence.

KOCH & STROUSE'S Philadelphia Clothing Hall, Market Street—Lewisburg, Pa. Is the Head Quarters for Ready Made Clothing.

A larger stock can be found in our store than in any other in Union county, and our prices are from 15 to 40 per cent lower than those of other stores.

PHILADELPHIA CLOTHING HALL, opposite Lewisburg National Bank, LEWISBURG, PA.

BEATTY PIANO, ORGAN, best, 12 stops, \$55. Pianos only \$30. Circ. Free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

BUSH HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. F. D. McCullom, Proprietor.

Only First Class Hotel in the City. Charges moderate. BELLEFONTE BREWERY. LEWIS HAAS, Proprietor.

DAN. F. BEATTY Parlor Organs.

TREMENDOUS FALL. Prices of Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers and Rubbers.

JACOB KAMP'S SHOE STORE. LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Men's Boots, only \$1.75. Men's Boots, very best, only \$2.50. Men's Carpet Slippers, only 50.

Give me a Call. JACOB KAMP. The Boot and Shoe Man of Lock Haven.

BEATTY'S C. F. KLEBERG FONGUE Parlor Organs.

DAVID I. BROWN, TIN-WARE, STOVEPIPE & TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING AND FRUIT CANS.

BEATTY PIANO, Grand Square and Upright, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

DAVID I. BROWN, TIN-WARE, STOVEPIPE & TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING AND FRUIT CANS.

BEATTY PIANO, Grand Square and Upright, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO. Large and complete stock of Hardware, in all Branches. STOVES! STOVES!

At Spring Mills. We have the Largest Stock of Cook Stoves ever seen in Pennsylvania. Come and see our KEYSTONE COOK STOVE.

J. W. CORNELIUS, ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER, MARKET STREET, Lewisburg, Penna.

PHOTOGRAPHERS. Life Size Portraits. And Pictures painted.

BEATTY Piano & Organ, Best in Use. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

WINEY PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS. Adopted by all the queens of fashion. BEATTY PARLOR ORGANS.

HARDWARE. JAMES HARRIS & CO., Dealers in Hardware, No. 5, Brookerhoff Row, BELLEFONTE, PA.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS. Simplicity, Durability, PROMPTNESS, AND PIANO LIKE ACTION.

CAMERON HOUSE, LEWISBURG, PENNA. G. S. BURR, Proprietor.

Medicines, Toilet Articles, Drugs, &c. J. ZELLER & SON, BELLEFONTE, PA.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

THE MOST POPULAR. Because the most reasonable store in Bellefonte is that of S. & A. LOEB.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

HARRISON WRITING INKS AND MUTILAGE. The best in the Market. Jet Black Scaevol Ink a Specialty.

HARRISON INK CO. 159 Broadway, N.Y.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

WANTED. We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county to sell our Clubs among families, factories, &c.

VICTOR Sewing Machine. \$7.50 SAVED! Buy the IMPROVED VICTOR Sewing Machine.

Watches and Jewelry. ROMANIAN GOLD so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870.

Watches and Jewelry. ROMANIAN GOLD so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870.

Watches and Jewelry. ROMANIAN GOLD so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870.

Watches and Jewelry. ROMANIAN GOLD so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870.

Watches and Jewelry. ROMANIAN GOLD so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870.

Watches and Jewelry. ROMANIAN GOLD so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870.