

# The Millheim Courier.

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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF

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Sources of Quinine.

The importance of an adequate supply of this valuable medicine—quinine—always on hand, independent of interruption from war, revolution, and short signed legislation in South America, cannot be over-estimated. Many an English magistrate and English soldier has owed his life to quinine. In Bengal it is familiar to the natives as "quinian," and we have rarely found the smallest objection made to it on the score of caste when dispensed by English hands.

A plentiful supply of the unadulterated article, might be the means of checking, in some measure, the ravages of the epidemic now known as the Burdwin fever. To Englishmen sent to punish Looshahs or Nagas on the Eastern frontier, and to sportsmen and explorers as a prophylactic, quinine is as essential a part of their equipment as a water-proof coverlet or a single-poled tent.

Whether quinine will ever be manufactured on such an extensive and profitable scale as to take the place of opium in China may fairly be doubted. But the very last report from India shows that the plantations of the Government are thriving; that a large distribution of plants to the public is still going on; that the crop raised in the Neigherries alone was 114,000 pounds, some of which was exported to England, and that, after due provision for establishments, collection, buildings, roads and repair, there was a clear net profit on the transaction of some \$35,000.

A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. But the alcalde said, "How, then, can I fulfill justice?"

A laborer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang one of them."

A small quantity of diluted vitriol will take stains out of marble. Wet the spots with the acid, and in a few minutes rub briskly with a soft linen cloth till they disappear.

ONE-EGG CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of milk, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, and flour enough to make a batter.

TURN UP the big toe as hard as you can for a cramp in the leg, and rub the skin where the cramp is briskly. This remedy is the best possible for a cramp.

SOME ONE in Connecticut has discovered a true and only remedy for chills and fever. Scatter cayenne pepper in your shoes.

FIDGETY LADY: "But what am I to do? I can't ride with my back to the engine." Insolent Youth: "Better speak to the driver. He'll turn the engine round to oblige you."

## BETTER THAN ALL.

A moderate share of wealth is good.

To cheer us on our way.

For it has frequently the power

To make December May;

And so its beauty, so its health,

Or genius at our call,

But a happy, cheerful, loving heart

Is better still than all.

A heart that gathers hope and faith

From every springing flower.

That smiles alike at wintry storm

And gentle summer shower;

That blesses God for every good,

Or sunshine great or small.

Oh! a happy, loving, hopeful heart

Is better still than all.

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money which her husband had left in the house.

She kept an indignant silence.

They told her they would shoot both herself and servant and burn the house over their dead bodies if she persisted in her obstinacy.

The cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against her temple did not daunt her, for she indignantly refused to show them where the money they sought was hidden.

It was only a moment before they pounced upon the key above the fire place, and directly the iron chest was unlocked and the money stowed about the persons of the robbers.

Then they ordered her to prepare them some supper.

She went about it with a desperate scheme rushing in her brain.

A day or two before her husband had brought home a large quantity of strychnine for poisoning the rats, and this deadly drug she put into the coffee she presented to her guests.

They sat down to the table in high glee, cracking their coarse jokes, and having their loaded pistols beside their plates.

Their masks they did not remove.

Fortunately for the success of Marian's plan, the men were thirsty, and drank greedily.

"May God forgive me!" she cried to herself. "He knows I am acting wholly from a sense of duty."

The meal was not half over before one of the men was seized with violent convulsions, and rolled on the floor in agony; and in a few moments the three lay together in the agonies of death.

At last the fearful stillness and rigidity of death crept over them, and Marian rushed out of the house to call assistance.

Not far from her door she met a mounted officer.

She told her story in a few disjointed words, and the officer leaped from his horse at the sound of her voice, and hastened to give her a supporting arm.

"Marian," said he, "do you not know me?"

She uttered a piercing cry, and sank senseless at his feet.

Lieutenant St. John, for it was none other than her old lover, lifted her up.

He carried her in his arms to her house, and laid her on a lounge, while the servants busied themselves in restoring her to consciousness.

She sat up at last, and saw that it was indeed St. John, alive and well, who stood before her.

Assistance having been called, the officers of justice took the stolen money from the bodies of the robbers, and then stripped the masks from their faces.

The last mask they removed, exposed to view the distorted, blackened countenance of Gabriel Mercer.

Marian saw through the whole thing at once.

Her husband's covetousness had become aroused by the possession of money, and he had taken this method of stealing it, doubtless flattering himself that the cunning fraud would never be discovered.

Of course Marian Mercer was horrified when she knew that she had brought her miserable husband to his death.

St. John took upon himself the business of caring for Marian.

He gave her into the hands of his mother, who nursed her through her long and dangerous illness, and won her love and gratitude.

And when again she rose to health and strength, St. John led her to the altar, and by loving kindness rendered her the happiest of his sex.

Booth and the Lord's Prayer.

When the elder Booth was residing in Baltimore, a pious, urbane old gentleman of that city, hearing of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although always deprecating the stage and theatrical performances. A large company sat down to the table, and on returning to the drawing room, one of them asked Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He slowly and reverentially rose from his chair, trembling with the burden of two great conceptions. He had to realize the character, attributes and presence of the Almighty Being he was about to address. He was to transform himself into a poor, sinning, stumbling, benighted, needy supplicant, offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light and guidance. Says one of the company who was present: "It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes turned tremulously upward, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken a word. The silence could be felt; it had become absolutely painful, until at last he spoke. It was broken, as if by an electric shock, his rich toned voice syllabled forth: 'Our Father Which art in Heaven,' etc., with a pathos and fervid solemnity which thrilled all hearts. He finished; the silence continued; not a voice was heard or a muscle moved, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (the host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, seized Booth by the hand. 'Sir,' says he, in broken accents, 'you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will be grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time, I have repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before, never!' 'You are right,' replied Booth; 'to read that prayer as it should be read, caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Not one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small or language so simple. That prayer itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible and stamps upon it the seal of divinity.'

The Renegade.

I was the acknowledged belle of Clinton, a small village bordering on the Western wilderness. I could outshoot any one, even the old woodsmen that thronged our village. My mother was kept in perpetual alarm by my daring exploits; in fact, as the old trappers said, I was cut out for a backwoodsman's wife. I had two lovers then; one was Harry Cleverly and the other Mark Rutson. Harry was a splendid specimen of an American backwoodsman, with a heart as true as steel, and to my inexperienced eye, he was the very personification of manly excellence.

Mark Rutson was contrary to him in every respect. Handsome he was, but on his face wore such a hypocritical expression, that I actually detested him.

He seemed aware of my dislike, and assuming an air of injured innocence, he pressed his suit with the utmost zeal.

One evening as I was riding out enjoying the mountain scenery, I approached a little eminence on which there was a thick growth of underwood; as I passed it Mark Rutson rode out and joined me. He pressed his suit with his usual fervor, his hypocritical face looking, if possible, more repulsive than ever. He finally offered me

## The Wreck.

In the year 1841, the steamer Erie, was burned in Lake Erie, with a large amount of money on board.

In the summer of 1853, twelve years after the burning, W. B. Bishop built a derrick fifty feet high and placed it on the hull of the old steamer Madison and went to the scene of the wreck, which was sunk between Silver Creek and Dunkirk, and was gone but 48 hours when a storm arose and drove the Madison ashore on the beach above the breakwater.

The following year, 1854, Wells and Gowen engaged Captain John Ledger to build a derrick to raise the hull of the Erie, and herewith is the captain's story of her raising:—"I built the derricks and placed them on the schooner Manolia, Captain Hindman, and the brig Boston, Captain McArthur. We got all fitted out and went into Lake Erie on the 15th day of June, the tug Hamilton Morton, Captain Hefford, towing us. We reached the spot where the wreck was sunk, which was made of rough boards, and the body was placed in it and taken to Silver Creek and thence by rail to Boston. The tug came to Buffalo and got John Green, another diver, and he arrived on the 19th. When he was ready he went down in the same armor and took with him a large chisel, hammer and an inch and one-half auger. With these tools he cut a square hole on the starboard and one on the port side of the keel and keelson forward, just about the foremast, and then ran a line, and brought the end to the surface. By this line we hitched a three-quarter inch wire chain and sent down our main purchase, which was fivefold of one and one-quarter inch wire chain. The running part was brought up on deck and through a snatch-block and a luff upon luff to the capstan and hove taut. Then we commenced aft, about twenty-two feet from the stern, and cut the same size holes as forward, and had commenced to reeve our purchase, when a storm arose and we had to leave the wreck. The tug had an anchor in tow, but the line parted, and we were left at the mercy of the waves. We commenced rolling and tossing in the trough of the sea and made terrible work. The guys parted the cross-spans of the after derrick and it fell and smashed in the cabin of the Manolia, setting it on fire and injuring the cook.

"Just as we extinguished the fire the forward derrick fell and both vessels came together with a crash and sea-sawed one another until they came near sinking. We got the topsail and standing jib on the Boston and the jib on the Manolia and squared away for Buffalo. When we got down in the bay we could not make the harbor, so we run down the river to Tonawanda, and there made fast to the dock. After repairing damages we went to sea again, the same tug towing us. We arrived at the wreck the 14th of July and commenced operations again, and this time we were successful. Our diver went down and made fast all the purchases, and when everything was ready he went to the bottom and broke up pieces of shot-gun and rifle barrels, all twisted out of shape, and over twenty-seven nail kegs of gold, silver, brass, iron and copper all melted together. The contents of the kegs were sent to the mint at Philadelphia. Over \$30,000 in gold and silver pieces, not mutilated, but as good as the day they were coined, were taken out. Human bones were found in plenty forward about the heel of the mast, and also any amount of big nails which immigrants generally wear in their boots. After taking out everything that was of any value, we were towed to Buffalo and the hull was pulled out on the ways and sawed to pieces. Between the outside plank and the ceiling we found several hundred dollars. The best part of the keel and keelson, that which would split straight, was taken out and made into cases which sold for twenty-five cents apiece. In searching the wreck I found a young lady's gold ring with her initials on it. I held it in my palm for some time, and then I handed it to her mother, and she said her daughter, who was lost on the steamer, had a ring so marked, and I handed it to him. His old gray locks shook and he was overcome with grief. He turned to me and said:—"My friend, here is a package of money which I present to you for your kindness in advertising and saving for me a relic of my daughter." This I declined to take, as I knew I had done my duty."

The Jewsharp.

There is a small and aged two-story building in Greenwich avenue, New York, whose unpainted clapboards are brown and weather beaten. A few feet above the sidewalk is the picture of a gigantic jewsharp, and below it the name of John Andrews. Going up a rickety flight of stairs to the second story, a San reporter entered the small front room, and there found John Andrews, maker of the jewsharps, surrounded by the implements of his art. For it is an art to make good harps, as Mr. Andrews will tell you. There are only two men in the United States, it is said, that can make them, and there are those who say that Mr. Andrews himself is the only man who can be called rightly an artist in the business. He is a smooth-faced, slender man, with keen gray eyes and gray hair that curls upon his head, not all unlike the hair in the portraits of Lord Byron.

"Jewsharps," said Mr. Andrews, "jewsharps. Yes, sir; I know as much about them as any man in America, and more, I think, for I am the only maker in America. At least I have been for many years. But I am informed that there is a man in Thirty-sixth street that is doing something in it. I don't know who he is. My grandfather and my father were makers of jewsharps in Belfast, and I and my two brothers learned the trade as well in my father's shop. My two brothers are in Belfast now making harps, and my father is in Dublin; but he is an old man and does little at it, although he has a shop. In 1852 I came to New York with my kit of tools. I found a clear field for my work. There was not a harp-maker in the city or the country, nor was there much demand for harps. It was slow work for some time. I rented a little shop in Varick street, and little by little began to get work. After a time I had all that I could do, and business continued good until the panic of 1873. I stayed in Varick street thirteen years, and then moved to 83 Ninth avenue, where I stayed four years. I'd be there now, probably, but the building was pulled down and I came here."

"What is the origin of the jewsharp?"

"I can't tell you, sir," said the jewsharp man. "I have never seen a man that could. My father had a small book on harps, but it didn't give that information. All that I know is that it has been a favorite instrument in Ireland for many years. I remember long ago to have seen a famous painting by Collins, representing an Irishman playing the jewsharp. The best players that I have ever heard were Irishmen. In fact, about the only special customers I have are Irishmen. I mean those who order expensive harps."

"What do you call expensive harps?"

"The most expensive I ever made I sold for \$5 a pair. Here's a pair that I have just made for a special customer, but they are only worth \$1 the pair." Mr. Andrews carefully unrolled a small package in which were two large jewsharps. He placed both in his lips with the tongues facing each other, and, holding one with each hand, struck the tongues with his little fingers. The harps were in unison.

"That's the way they are played," said the harp maker. "The best players want a pair of harps in unison. Then they play with their little fingers. I can make a harp in any key, tune two harps in unison, and can't play a tune to save me. How do I change the key? Easy enough. Either by bending the tongue or changing the tips. You see these little balls of glass on the tips of the tongues. I'll file one a little. See? Now listen. He struck the harps. The one whose tip he had filed was a quarter of a tone sharper than the other. Then he filed the other a bit, and they were again in unison.

"Easy enough, you see," he said. "In fact it's too easy to change the tone. Bending the tongue does it, and when a player strikes too hard he bends the tongue. He bends it back, perhaps a little too far. It's as bad as ever, only the other way. Then he bends it the other way, and the first thing he knows he's struck a broken harp. What are my regular prices? They range from fifteen cents to \$1.25 apiece, and you can't get a gross any less than that. The difference in price is due to difference in size and finish. Some people, you know, want the most expensive things always; want silver-plated frames and gold-tipped tongues. That's all foolishness. A shoe-maker's wax for a tip is quite as good as a bit of gold. But if a man wants gold, I'll give it to him and charge him for it. You didn't think jewsharps were so expensive, you probably have in mind the toy concerns that you find in every toy store and can buy for a cent apiece. They are not made here, but in Germany and England. Birmingham turns them out by the barrelful. I never make such harps. My cheapest harp is the fifteen-cent one, with tinned frame, and I sell more of them than any other kind."

"How is a jewsharp made?"

"If my fire was not out I'd show you while we are talking. I buy all my frames. They are cast of malleable iron in the malleable iron-works in Spuyten Duyvil. I make my own patterns, and they cast them to order. I used to forge my own frames, but that takes too long. When I have a special order I sometimes forge the frame. Still it is a matter of experience, after all, and no man without experience can make a good harp. I can't always make a good one. If I have an order for a pair of my best harps, I make four or five. All of them will be good marketable harps, but not all of them will be alike in tone and quantity of sound. Out of these I pick the ones I want. It's like making violins. No violin-maker can tell what his instrument will be until it is done. It may be just what he wants. It may be a comparative failure."

"Are there good jewsharp players in the city?"

"I don't know of any that you might call really good players. There are men who think they are good, but they are not artists. No, I never knew of a public player. The jewsharp is not an instrument exactly fitted for public playing. How many do I make in a year? I can't tell you. I keep no accounts. When I deliver a pair of harps or a gross, I get my money or the customer doesn't get the harps. I sell by wholesale to only two or three houses. I will not sell to Tom, Dick, and Harry. The result is that people who want my harps know where to get them."