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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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A Letter and a Telegram.

"I don't never waste words," said old Mr. Brown, in a hard, drying voice, "and I hain't good at letter-writin', but I reckon this will cut it!"

"It's a pity you write it so hard, father," said his young daughter, trembling; "it'll hurt her to the heart; she didn't never mean to borrow that \$300, and then cheat you out of it."

"She didn't, eh? Then why hain't the money back in my pocket, safe and sound! It's a year last Christmas since she pestered me about it, and I hain't seen hide nor hair on't yet; if that hain't a clear case of cheating, Fanny, I'll like to know what ye call it!"

The girl stopped churning a moment, and wiped a surreptitious tear from her eyelid before she answered:

"Call it nothing, father, but had luck when Sister Mary borrowed that money to lift the mortgage, she expected to pay it back; but you know as how Brother John he was took with the rheumatics, and the over-oil came, and the crop was ruined and then she couldn't pay; that's all, and God knows it's enough!"

"Twasn't my fault," snapped her father, fiercely, as he pounded on the kitchen table to give vent to his anger. "I never put it in the agreement to 'low for overflows, and rheumatics, and sich like, and I never would ha' lent her the \$300 if it hadn't been for your sniffin' and pesterin'." And now ye hear gal, not another dime o' my earnings shall they ever smell, and I'll never forgive—"

The girl sprang up from the churn, crying, "No, father, don't say it—don't, don't say it, father; you'll be sorry some day when it's too late; besides you're a church member, you know!"

"You're right 'bout that," said Mr. Brown, perversely; "I'm a church member, and don't owe nary a person a red cent, and the Bible says, 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and I'm going to have it!"

He pounded the table again with his fists, after a fashion he had of wanting to pound something or somebody when he felt particularly aggressive. But the sound of his voice had scarcely died away, when there came a knock at the door, and one of those ominous, yellow envelopes, marked with the impress of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was handed in. Mr. Brown took it, and looked it over in a helpless kind of fashion before breaking the seal. "How much to pay," he asked the boy, and passed over to him the change with trembling hand; though it was characteristic of the man that even then, with the knowledge that the telegram must contain terrible news, he was careful to count the dimes as they dropped back into his pocket. Oh, those cruel telegrams! Do the company ever remorsefully count the breaking hearts that are left in the wake of their messengers? Mr. Brown was a hard man, and loved his money-bags over well, but somewhere beneath the rough outward crusts there was an abiding affection for his children that needed something like the stirring of the soil around the violet-beds, to loosen the selfish bonds, and give his love a human voice. And when he read these words, "Mary died this evening: come at once," a great, sudden anguish filled his breast, and silently handing the dispatch to Fanny, he walked from the kitchen and shut himself up in his own room, where years before death had made sunny visits. He did not cry out or fall, or make any sign that he was grief-stricken, but he was hurt to the soul, and a great remorse made him sick and faint. He had never put it in the agreement about sickness, overflows, and bad crops, as he had just said; neither had he "put it" that Mary, in her young blooming marionette days, should die—his first born? How could he bear it? and it was all the harder because of the cruel words he had uttered while she lay dead at home. Did he say he would never forgive her—did he really—really say that? Fanny had tried to stop him, and brought it to his mind that he was a "church member" and a Christian. As if a father ought to be merely a Christian in his own child. Why hadn't he given her the money? Might have done so five times over and never missed it. And the old man groaned remorsefully, as with these thoughts in his heart, his gaze wandered over the great fields where the cotton would soon be a shimmering, fleecy sea, bringing new treasures to his hoarded gains, and making no hearts happy save his own.

Those few, poor, stunted acres of John's and Mary's! Swamped by the overflow last spring, stock drowned, and John, wading waist deep, fighting with the waters, laid up with the rheumatics.

Suppose he had given 'em a thou-

sands dollars!

Oh, the sting of remembering evil when it is too late to turn evil into good. And then there was that unkind letter. Did his child read those cruel words with the dying light in her eyes, or would it be left for the stricken husband to be treated to the short, stern homily!

He went back to the kitchen, where Fanny sat crying over the telegram. "Look up the house," he said in a hurried way, for fear his voice would falter; "we'll go at once. I'll hitch up while ye get ready." And when they had started on their long journey he quite broke down in talking over the past and telling Fanny little things here and there that no one would have supposed he had remembered.

"Mary was allus a dutiful da'arter," he said, putting into broken sentences the grief and remorse that overwhelmed him; "after her ma died, and she wasn't knee-high to a duck, she was like a second parent to the little uns; nussed 'em through the measles, and when they was well, took it herself, and laid as quiet on the bed for fear o' giving trouble as if she warn't a child."

He didn't tell her of how, when the second Mrs. Brown was installed as mistress, Mary became the drudge and maid-of-all-work, and was nurse to a half-dozen more little Browns, who, like their mother, ruled her with a rod of iron. Nor of Mary's marriage with a sturdy, young fellow, who, for the lack of a little timely help, and the pressure of a large family, was kept with his nose to the perpetual grindstone. He did not tell how Mary pinched and worked, and sat up till late hours, and struggled to help her family, until in consequence of doctor's bills and babies, and poor crops, John was forced to give a mortgage on his house, when her (the father) might have lifted them out of their poverty. He might even have given them a better house; the oldest inhabitant could not remember when the ugly, ramshackle affair had been built. Some ancient ancestors had put up a couple of rooms, then added on a few more, until, with patching and propping up, John's inheritance was an offence to the eye. Mr. Brown thought bitterly of all this through the long journey. Too late, too late seemed written in words of fire on every tree and shrub. At last the house was in sight; a poor, miserable place enough, but now, in the month of June, sweet with climbing roses and honeysuckle that the mistress's hand had trained to the porch.

"Who-o-o, Dandy." The children were in the yard; with a shout they ran to the gate, and as the old horse stopped, somebody rushed down the steps, and with a cry, "Why, father, why Fanny," Mary in her famous clean calico and apron, and cheeks like roses, with the pleasure and excitement of the visit, was in her father's arms—her father, who held her as he had never done before, and kissed her with the tears running down his face.

"My child," he said presently, "you were dead, and are alive again. Thank God!"

"Why, father?" questioned Mary again, "what on earth is the matter?" And she looked with frightened gaze at her sister, vaguely wondering if her father were stricken with some sudden insanity. For answer, Fanny drew out the telegram from her pocket, and gave it to Mary.

"It's all a wonderful mistake," exclaimed the elder woman, glancing it over, and hugging father and sister excitedly again. "We have a neighbor, Mrs. Mary Harris, who died last evening; she has a brother living somewhere near you, and by the way, his name is Brown—Richard Brown—your name father. They carried you the telegram instead of him. What a pity he won't hear of it, so as to get there to the burying."

And so, between hysterical sobs and smiles, and everybody talking at once, and asking questions that no one dreamed of answering, they went in under the bower of roses and honeysuckle, and presently John hobbled from the field on crutches, and the story was told all over again.

And when Mary slipped out into the kitchen to get an early supper, old Mr. Brown followed her and there, and she was folded tight in her father's arms again, while the tears streamed down both their faces. It was as if she had been raised from the dead.

"My child," whispered the old man, "I hain't been the best of fathers to ye; I hain't shut my eyes and my heart when I ought to ha' been the one to help ye; never ye mind 'bout that money; don't ye say one word 'bout it, and we'll knock this old rattletrap down to-morrow, and I'll show ye how to build a house!"

And so he did, and a very comfortable house it was, where John did not have to stoop when he went in and out of doors. And would you believe it? The letter, all the more harsh for being so brief, never did reach its destination. Old Mr. Brown's chirography was of a very inferior sort, and the postmaster couldn't puzzle out the address, much as he desired so to do; then the letter was forwarded to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, and in due time was returned to Mr. Brown who quietly and satisfactorily consign-ed it to the flames.

An Eel That Couldn't Be Held.

"Any one that lifts that eel out of the tank may have it," said Eugene Blackford to a crowd of persons who stood in Fulton Market before an open aquarium, watching a large eel moving gracefully about in the water. A hardy looking fisherman, who had probably caught many eels in his time, asked Mr. Blackford if he was in earnest, and being assured that the offer was made in good faith, he tucked up the sleeve of his pilot jacket, and after briefly explaining to the crowd the precise manner in which an eel should be grasped to prevent it gliding through the fingers, he plunged his hand into the water to practically illustrate how the thing was done. He seized the eel very artistically, but, with a sharp explosion of blasphemy he let it go again before he had brought it to the surface. The eel swam around indifferently. It had evidently grown accustomed to such experiences. The fisherman followed it with his eyes. "It stung me bad," was the only explanation he cared to offer to the wondering spectators. Just then a whistling boy came up, and looked at the eel because the others were looking at it.

"I don't see anything uncommon in him," he said, contemptuously. "I've ketch'd bigger ones than that."

"Say, Bob," said the fisherman, struck with an idea, "pick that eel out of the tank and follow me down South street with it, and I'll give you a quarter."

Without stopping to make any inquiries as to the legitimacy of the offer, the independent lad grasped the eel. He liberated it immediately, and uttered a yell that brought in the policeman who twirls his club just outside the fish market, to see what the matter was.

Later in the day many persons touched the eel and tested its curious powers. After the contact some shrieked, some laughed, and some looked frightened, but none essayed to meddle with it a second time. New comers continued to touch it, until Mr. Blackford, fearful that its vitality might be exhausted, put it into a high closed tank, and pasted this legend upon the glass: "Gymnotus, or electric eel." The tank contained several "hell benders," and the eel shocked them very much, and caused them to spring around in the liveliest manner. It was given to Fish Commissioner Blackford by Mr. Doland Barns, who received it from the Amazon River. Capt. Barns brought it with him in the steamship Finance. It is rather a handsome creature, and a great point in its favor is that it keeps its mouth always shut, except at meal times, and seems to breathe through two rows of holes on its head and neck. It is about 2½ feet long and rather disproportionately thick. It has a heavy fin, like the keel of a boat, running along the belly the entire length of the body. The throat is of orange color, and the head, though short and clumsy, is ornamented with two little flaps that look like ears. It can administer an electric shock as powerful as that of a small battery. A man touched it with a steel fish knife, and he felt the shock as forcibly as if he had touched it with his bare fingers.

An Oriental Smuggler.

"Of all smugglers," remarked the Custom House inspector, "I recommend to the Chinks and Japs. They've got more brains and originality than any other smugglers four times over. A few months ago a tea packet came in and I was assigned to it. Well, a friend of mine—a 'fend,' as they call 'em—gave me a tip that there was opium paste on board, which the sailors were going to smuggle ashore. You see, opium paste pays a duty of \$10 a pound. I was on the boat the moment she touched the pier and examined every sailor that went off. I hadn't been aboard a very long time when a Chinese grocery pedlar came down the wharf. He had a big open basket on his arm, in which there was green stuff and cans of tomatoes and such like. I didn't suspect him, but to be doubly sure I walked with him to the forecastle where he commenced to peddle off his truck. He sold the vegetables and counted the money carefully he got for them. Then he sold the cans of tomatoes for a quarter apiece. I thought he was rubbing it in: so I told 'em of 'em on the quiet they weren't worth more than a dime. The next moment the air was blue. They jumped up, fired the cans into his basket, shook their fists under his nose, and wanted their money back. He wouldn't give it to them, and they went for him. He was making a good fight when one of them drew a knife. I had a heavy cane in my hand, and I knocked the knife out of the fellow's hand and made the pedlar go up the ladder and off the boat. He thanked me and went away talking Chinese, and as I supposed, cursing the crowd.

"A little while after, the sailors came up and wanted to go ashore. I searched every one of them, and found nothing. They hadn't been gone more than a half hour when the pedlar came back. His eye was black, and his nose and mouth bloody and swollen. He said: 'Policeman, dam lobbie stealie foh, five can tomatoe. You helpe gettie back and takee had man to station-house?' I felt sorry for the poor devil, and told him we'd go and search the forecastle for his property. We looked around five or ten minutes, and were about to give it up as a bad job, when we found them hidden away under a piece of old sail cloth. He popped them in his basket, shook hands and thanked me a dozen times, gave me a handful of good cigars, and then went away. Do you know on account of that licking he had got I never dropped that in my racket at all? It was all a put-up job. He brought on board real cans of tomatoes; he took away tomatoe cans filled with opium paste. The sailors were in with him, and had put the real ones in their chests, and had replaced them with the smuggled stuff. There must have been thirty-five pounds, which meant a clear profit of \$350.

A CURIOUS LEGEND.

BY A TRAVELER.

For years there stood upon the old Doren property, a good long distance from the kitchen door of the mansion, a queer stone well. It was of carved stone, with grotesque heads and faces on every side, and behind it the head and body of some fiendish-looking thing—a sort of satyr—it seemed—with such fierce expression in its carved eyes that all children were afraid of it. A rustic shed covered the well. Ivy crept over it, and half hid the stone face. And it was certainly a very picturesque object.

There had never been either windlass or sweep; only a chain fastened to the roof of the shed, to which the bucket was attached; but the water was always so high that it was very easy to draw it in this way.

In connection with this well, however, something very remarkable had occurred. In the year 1644, when the house was first occupied by the family, a young girl, Kathrine Doren by name, the youngest daughter of the house, had gone to the well in the edge of the evening to fill a pail. She never returned. Her friends went in search of her, and found the pail on the well's curb.

It was thought at first that she was drowned, but this was not the case. However, she was never seen again. Her friends fancied she had been murdered; strangers believed that she had eloped with some lover; but no one ever knew what became of Cathrine Doren.

Meantime, her niece, a child at the time, grew up, married, and had a daughter, whom she named Kathrine, after her lost aunt.

Forty years from the day on which the first Kathrine had disappeared, this second Kathrine, then seventeen years old, went in the gloaming of an autumn day to the stone well to fill a china piteher.

Again the same thing happened; the pitecher was found on the well curb, and Kathrine was never seen again. The whole country was scourged; posters were pasted up in every town; advertisements inserted in every paper; but the mother died of grief without having heard any tidings of her daughter.

Since then, in every generation, the same thing had happened. Seven girls had gone to the well for water and never been seen since, and strange enough, each had been named Kathrine.

Yet so skeptical are the people of today, that no one really believed all that was said; and it was thought in the neighborhood that the Dorens were a race given to elopement, and that the girls took advantage of the legend of the well.

In the year 1844 the old house was a crumbling edifice, that rocked in the wind when it blew strongly; and the widow of the last Doren, to whom it fell on the death of her husband's father, hesitated about taking up her abode there; but she was poor, and really had little choice. So to the old house she went, with her one daughter, Kathrine—a girl of eighteen, blue-eyed, golden-haired and bonny.

The widow had heard the story of the disappearance of the girls, but had scarcely believed it, and had never repeated it to her daughter. Kathrine was in utter ignorance of it, and of the well. She ran about the garden, discovering new beauties at every turn, and at last actually danced with delight before the old stone well.

"Like a well in an old fairy story, mamma," she exclaimed, as she described it. "It makes me feel as though we really ought to find an old castle somewhere to match it. Just the well for a trysting-place."

"If I remember rightly, it has been an unlucky well enough for the Doren women," said the widow.

"Tell me the story, mother," cried Kathrine.

"No; idle tales like that are best untold," said the widow. "No doubt it is very good old water; but when you meet your sweetheart, I hope it won't be at the well, but under your mother's eyes, in the house here."

Kathrine laughed.

"The sweetheart must come first," she said; and began to help her mother to do the housework.

But she kept thinking of the well; and that evening, at dark, she took from the shelf in the kitchen a pitecher, quaint as the house itself, and without saying anything to her mother, ran down the garden path. It was two hundred years from the day on which her ancestress, the first lost Kathrine, has thus gone to the old stone well—two hundred years to the day and the hour, if this, the eighth Kathrine, had but known it. But she did not.

She tripped along to the well, swinging the old blue pitecher in her hand. She reached it, and bent over the curb. A dim reflection of her own face greeted her.

"How high the water is!" she said. "I can reach it with the pitecher," and bent lower still.

But, failing to reach the water, she set the pitecher on the curb, and caught the chain which held the bucket.

On the instant it seemed to her that the stone satyr behind the fountain darted his head forward, and rolled his great eyes, and at the same instant strong hands seized her arms and dragged her downward.

The poor girl struggled and tried to scream. The water was in her eyes, her ears, and her mouth; the blood rushed to her head. Still the great hands held her, until suddenly she found herself leaving the water. She stood in a great cave of white stone, with stalactites hanging from the roof; and the thing that held her she could not see, for it was behind her.

The stalactites glittered like diamonds—they draped the entrance to another cave. This, however, as she was still pushed forward, she saw to be gorgeous with pearls and opals and sea gems of all sorts. In its midst, under a sparkling canopy, lay a beautiful young being, like a man, but more radiant, more splendid—a man whose eyes were jewels, whose teeth were pearl, whose lips were coral. He looked at her and smiled. And now for the first time the strange being who held her spoke.

"My prince," he said, "I bring you an eighth Kathrine."

And the girl, looking round, saw the stone features of the sculptured satyr behind the well.

"Kathrine!" repeated the being he addressed. "A pretty Kathrine, too—young, fresh, lovely. Katie, mine, welcome to my palace. All that you shall ask for can be yours, and you my queen."

There was a subtle power in his eyes. A strange mesmeric influence seemed to draw her towards him. It was like that with which the snake charms the bird.

But at the moment she heard a strange fluttering chorus of sighs, and looking about her, saw the figures of seven women, all old and bent, sitting at seven spinning-wheels. They seemed to be of stone; but as she looked they sighed again, and each turned into a white dove, that came fluttering towards her.

The breeze they made with their wings seemed to dispel the enchantment the man with the jewel-like eyes had cast about her.

"Let me go!" she cried. "In the name of Heaven, let me go home to my mother."

She forced herself into the outer cave, thence into the cold water of the well, calling on all the holy names she knew meanwhile.

Again her breath deserted her, the water rushed into her eyes and ears; but blindly feeling about, she caught the bucket that had dropped into the water after her. Above her, at the top of the well, the blessed blue sky was visible.

At that instant a head blotted it out. A man, a laborer, going home from his work, had passed there to drink; and the next moment she lay senseless and pallid on the grass beside the well.

When she came to herself she told her story. Some said that she had only had one of those visions which the drowning are said to have; and that the cold well had its source in some hidden cave, whither the water at times had power to draw any object on its surface; and some grew pale and shuddered, as they thought of the seven stone Kathrines at their stone spinning-wheels.

But the widow Doren never said what she thought; she only caused a mason to bring a great flag-stone to the well, cover it, cement it, and seal it up for ever.

A Genuine Mad-Stone.

Mr. Len Piles, a citizen of Sullivan county, is the owner of a mad-stone, says a letter from Vincennes, Ind. It is gray in color, full of pores, and almost as light as a piece of paper. It is a genuine mad-stone, and Mr. Piles keeps it wrapped in a piece of soft cloth. It was brought to the United States from Ireland many scores of years ago by Mr. Piles' ancestors. Great care has been taken of it, and it has been handed down from generation to generation. It is valued at \$400. Over 1,000 applications have been made by it. Two pieces of it were broken off, and are owned by parties in Louisville and Terre Haute. The record of the stone has been lost, however, as it has changed hands so many times. The stone has been in this country sixty years, and has never been known to fail to cure a mad dog bite, when properly applied. It has been in the Piles family for 200 years. The editor of a Sullivan paper says that parties who have been bitten by dogs living 150 miles distant from Sullivan have been brought to this wonderful stone and cured. The stone looks the same now as fifty years ago.

NOTICE.—The new Process Roller Flour, manufactured by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall, is for sale at D. S. Kauffman & Co's new store, Main street, Millheim, Pa.