

The Journal.

Falter & Dehinger, Proprietors

B. O. DEININGER, Associate Editor

Milheim, Thursday, Nov. 22.

Terms—\$1.50 Per Annum.

Milheim on the L. C. & S. C. R. R. has a population of 6,700, is a thriving business centre, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles, in which the Journal has a larger circulation than all other county papers combined.

Advertisers will make a note of this.

A POOR RELATION.

How Kindness is Rewarded—in Stories.

Eveleen Blake was a school teacher.

Rather a laborious and ill-paid life it was for a girl of nineteen; but the little heroine knew she had her living to earn somehow. There wasn't an inkling of romance in her life, except what she had unconsciously absorbed out of novels in the circulating library. Her two sisters were both married—Mrs. Simon Sykes and Mrs. John Smith—and each of them looked out industriously for Number one.

"Eveleen has had an education," said Mrs. Sykes. "Let her take care of herself. Of course one wants to be sisterly, and all that sort of thing, but when dear Simon married me, he did not intend to marry the whole family."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Smith. "She can't expect us to support her."

Eveleen was mending a pair of gloves one October afternoon, by the window, when Mrs. Simon Sykes walked in with a great rustling and smell of patchouli. Mrs. Simon Sykes—neé Blake—was tall, large and rosy. Eveleen was on the petite scale, with long, limp gray eyes, very little color, and straight brown hair, which shone like satin, in the jewel rays of the setting sun.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Sykes, "how good that leopard smells, and I'm tired out with my walk."

"Would you like a cup of tea," said Eveleen.

"Well, I don't mind," said Mrs. Sykes, unpinning her shawl, "that is, if you've a bun or biscuit or something to nibble with it. Tea, alone, gives me the heartburn."

So Eveleen went industriously to work and brewed a cup of tea, and brought out a plate of rusks, which were to have made her own frugal evening meal.

"But I can eat a biscuit or two," thought self-denying little Eveleen, as she watched the rusks disappear before Mrs. Simon Sykes' appetite.

"I've had such a turn," said Mrs. Sykes as she held out her cup for a second replenishing.

"A turn?" said Eveleen inquisitively.

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Sykes; "a visit from a poor relation. I dare say she will be here next, but I advise you to send her about her business, as I did?"

"Who is it?" asked Eveleen, in surprise.

"It's Mary Ann Blake. Wants something to do. Expects me to take her in, and give her a home until she can obtain a situation."

"There's the little hall bed-room that you don't use," hinted Eveleen, who had a sort of instinctive sympathy for the houseless and homeless.

"I want that for Mr. Sykes' relatives when they come to town," said Mrs. Sykes. "He's got a single brother with property, and a married sister, with no children, who is very well off indeed; and if I don't want it, I don't propose to open a free asylum for every old maid that comes along."

"But what will she do?"

"Do! Why, do as other folks do, I suppose. Go to a lodging-house. There's plenty of them, I'm sure."

"But if she hasn't got any money?"

"Then she has no business here," said autocratic Mrs. Sykes. "Why didn't she stay where her friends could take care of her?"

"Perhaps she hasn't any friends."

"Then she certainly must be an undeserving character," said Mrs. Sykes, shaking the crumbs down upon Eveleen's neatly swept carpet. "Oh, here's Selina Smith, as true as the world."

Mrs. John Smith came fluttering in—a thin, sharp-featured little woman, with snapping black eyes, and a new hat, all-a-quiver with aristocratic asters.

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith, "you're here, are you Debby? How do, Eveleen? Well, since you're taking tea, I'll have a cup. Heard the news?" as she sat herself down.

"About Mary Anne Blake? Yes of course," answered Mrs. Sykes, with a toss of the head. "She's been to see us; but I sent her about her business."

"Well, she certainly can't expect us to provide for her," said Mrs. Smith, beginning to scrabble up the

reserve of biscuits that Eveleen had brought out with a sing. "Smith's salary ain't large, and I've a good-sized family of my own. I told her pretty plainly that as far as I am concerned, she needn't expect anything. I do hate these genteel beggars! And if she should come here, Eveleen, I hope you will give her the cold shoulder. Hush! there's a knock now. If it should be her!"

"It's a good thing we're here to advise her," said Mrs. Sykes as Eveleen went to the door. "Eveleen is so unsuspicious! Anybody could impose upon her."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Smith complacently. "And—but dear me, it is Mary Anne!"

Both sisters shuddered frigidly at the approach of a tall, nervous-looking female, in poor black, followed by Eveleen, who drew out the softest easy-chair for her accommodation, and gently untied her wispy bonnet-strings.

"Do sit down," said Eveleen; "I am sure you are tired. Let me give you a cup of tea at once."

"Yes," said Mary Anne Blake, looking apprehensively from Mrs. Simon Sykes to Mrs. John Smith. "I am tired. I've been walking a good way."

"I hope you got a situation," said Mrs. Smith icily.

But Mary Anne shook her head.

"It was very foolish of you coming here at all, wasting your money on an expensive journey," said Mrs. Sykes.

"Why couldn't you go to Aunt Pamela?"

Now Aunt Pamela was the rich old aunt who so systematically ignored her nieces and kept her money in bonds instead of investing it in Mr. Sykes' wholesale grocery, or Mr. Smith's insurance company.

"I did," said Mary Anne dejectedly, "but she declined to assist me."

"Stingy old harridan!" said Mrs. Sykes, with energy.

"She has a right to do as she pleases with her own, I suppose," said Eveleen, who was making some fresh tea for the pale guest.

"No she hasn't," said Mrs. Smith. "People get so miserly."

"Sykes thinks we might some day clap her into a lunatic asylum, and put the money into the hands of trustees, for the use of her relatives," said Mrs. Sykes.

"I don't know about that," said Mary Anne Blake. "I only know that she wouldn't give me anything. And I do not know what to do. You are my cousins. Perhaps..."

"Oh, indeed, we can't do anything for you," said Mrs. Sykes, becoming more frigid in her demeanor, while Mrs. Smith drew herself up and set her thin lips together in a thread of carmine. "Better get back as fast as you can," added Mrs. Sykes.

"By all means," said Mrs. Smith, with a toss of the artificial asters. "And do tell that old lady that she is a dear better able to provide for you than we are."

"No," said Eveleen gently. "Cousin Mary Anne shall stay with me. There's plenty of room on my little iron bedstead for two, and I can go out with her, looking for a situation, after school hours."

"Eveleen, you're crazy!" said Mrs. Simon Sykes, uplifting both her hands.

"You're a fool!" politely added Mrs. John Smith.

But the stranger's lips quivered.

"God bless you child!" said she, rising up and putting aside the veil of worn lace that dropped on her face. "And now, girls, I might as well tell you that I am your Aunt Pamela."

"You? Aunt Pamela?" shrieked Mrs. Sykes.

"Yes, I."

"But—you are rich!"

"People say so."

"Then," gasped Mrs. Smith, "why do you come here in the guise of a beggar?"

Last week two of our physicians, Drs. Neff and Jacobs, were called to see the unfortunate boy, and their examination of him showed that his mind at intervals was not right.

The boy was being questioned by the physicians as to his reason for his queer proceedings, in a rational manner gave them as follows: The horses he harnessed up intending to take them away; two of them he intended to leave at Pleasant Gap, these his father would be apt to find there and return home with them and thus give him (the boy) time to proceed to Centre Hall with the remaining two and sell them, as they had more horses than were needed.

Relative to the horse that stood harnessed all night in the sled, he said he intended to take grain to Bellefonte and sell it for what money he could get, and then leave, and that he did not wish to hitch in a wagon, as that would have required two horses, which was too much trouble; and about the fire in the barn, he said he only wanted to see what they would think and say about it, if it was burned.

As to the provision that disappeared from the cellar, the boy said he did not use any butter or cream and that the things were of no use anyway, and hence, he fed them to the pigs. He further said he knew these things were not right, but that he could not help it.

As to the provision that disappeared from the cellar, the boy said he did not use any butter or cream and that the things were of no use anyway, and hence, he fed them to the pigs. He further said he knew these things were not right, but that he could not help it.

Best offer ever given. Money refunded up to return of organ and freight charges, less 10% for prompt payment. If unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five days, organ warranted for five years. Send for extended list of testimonials before buying a piano.

"About Mary Anne Blake? Yes of course," answered Mrs. Sykes, with a toss of the head. "She's been to see us; but I sent her about her business."

"Well, she certainly can't expect us to provide for her," said Mrs. Smith, beginning to scrabble up the

reserve of biscuits that Eveleen had brought out with a sing. "Smith's salary ain't large, and I've a good-sized family of my own. I told her pretty plainly that as far as I am concerned, she needn't expect anything. I do hate these genteel beggars! And if she should come here, Eveleen, I hope you will give her the cold shoulder. Hush! there's a knock now. If it should be her!"

"It's a good thing we're here to advise her," said Mrs. Sykes as Eveleen went to the door. "Eveleen is so unsuspicious! Anybody could impose upon her."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Smith complacently. "And—but dear me, it is Mary Anne!"

Both sisters shuddered frigidly at the approach of a tall, nervous-looking female, in poor black, followed by Eveleen, who drew out the softest easy-chair for her accommodation, and gently untied her wispy bonnet-strings.

"Do sit down," said Eveleen; "I am sure you are tired. Let me give you a cup of tea at once."

"Yes," said Mary Anne Blake, looking apprehensively from Mrs. Simon Sykes to Mrs. John Smith.

"I am tired. I've been walking a good way."

"I hope you got a situation," said Mrs. Smith icily.

But Mary Anne shook her head.

"It was very foolish of you coming here at all, wasting your money on an expensive journey," said Mrs. Sykes.

"Why couldn't you go to Aunt Pamela?"

Now Aunt Pamela was the rich old aunt who so systematically ignored her nieces and kept her money in bonds instead of investing it in Mr. Sykes' wholesale grocery, or Mr. Smith's insurance company.

"I did," said Mary Anne dejectedly, "but she declined to assist me."

"Stingy old harridan!" said Mrs. Sykes, with energy.

"She has a right to do as she pleases with her own, I suppose," said Eveleen, who was making some fresh tea for the pale guest.

"No she hasn't," said Mrs. Smith. "People get so miserly."

"Sykes thinks we might some day clap her into a lunatic asylum, and put the money into the hands of trustees, for the use of her relatives," said Mrs. Sykes.

"I don't know about that," said Mary Anne Blake. "I only know that she wouldn't give me anything. And I do not know what to do. You are my cousins. Perhaps..."

"Oh, indeed, we can't do anything for you," said Mrs. Sykes, becoming more frigid in her demeanor, while Mrs. Smith drew herself up and set her thin lips together in a thread of carmine. "Better get back as fast as you can," added Mrs. Sykes.

"By all means," said Mrs. Smith, with a toss of the artificial asters. "And do tell that old lady that she is a dear better able to provide for you than we are."

"Then," gasped Mrs. Smith, "why do you come here in the guise of a beggar?"

Last week two of our physicians, Drs. Neff and Jacobs, were called to see the unfortunate boy, and their examination of him showed that his mind at intervals was not right.

The boy was being questioned by the physicians as to his reason for his queer proceedings, in a rational manner gave them as follows: The horses he harnessed up intending to

KOCH & STROUSE'S

SPRING ILLS and BELLEVILLE

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 in those of other stores. Any person in

need of clothing will save from a day's to a

week's wages by calling at the

PHILADELPHIA CLOTHING HALL,

opposite Lewisburg National Bank,

LEWISBURG, PA.

BEATTY, PIANO, ORGAN, best, \$25.

Look starting! See! Organ

12 stops \$65. Pianos only \$4.50, cost \$95. Cir-

Free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington 0-4-11.

1823. SEND FOR 1878.

New York Observer,

The Best Religious and Secular Family News-

paper. \$3.50 a Year, post-paid.

Established 1823.

427 Park Row, New York. 18

SAMPLES FREE.

BUSH HOUSE,

BELLEVILLE, PA.

F. D. McCULLOM,

Late Chief Clerk of the Robinson

House, PITTSBURG, Penna.

Proprietor.

Only First Class Hotel in

the City.

Charges moderate.

BELLEVILLE BREWERY,

LEWIS HAAS,

</div