

# The Millheim Journal

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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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A man cannot be a prosperous Christian without settled seasons of prayer.

Opportunities to pray will be found when the heart is intent on the exercise.

Sin always begins with pleasure and ends with bitterness. It is like a colt which the little boy said was very tame in front and very wild behind.

We should enjoy our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.

When we speak of obedience we should always speak of faith first. Faith is the first and fundamental act of obedience. Faith is the mainspring of obedience.

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if you enjoy clothing, buy for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Socially, politically, and religiously, the civilized world is in a terrible unsettled condition. Everything appears to be in a state of unrest. There seems to be no well stated limit to anything.

Conversion is life from the dead. It is the healthfulness and growth of functions that were entirely extinct, in contradistinction from the notion that it is an education of the heart—a mere training of an inherent principle.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improper severe labor, or erring habits in life.

Let us have none the less emotion, none the less morality, but from top to bottom, within and without, throughout and without end, let us have righteousness. Then our emotions will be read, our morality will be love, and our righteousness will be holiness.

Translate the sense of Scripture into our lives, and expound the Word of God by your works. Interpret it by your feet and teach it by your fingers. That is, let your workings and your walkings be Scripture exposition, as living epistles read and known of all men.

Trouble must have great possible lites blessing in it, or it would not be so common in God's world. Surely we need not dread it so when it brings in one hand the peaceable fruit of righteousness and in the other the joys of consolation for so many sorrowing souls.

## LOSING AND LIVING.

Forever the sun is pouring its gold

On a hundred wounds that beg and borrow;

His warmth he squanders on summits cold;

His wealth on the homes of woe and sorrow;

To withhold his largeness of precious light

Is to bury himself in eternal night.

To give

Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all;

Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;

Of beauty and balm it is prodigal.

And it lives in the light it freely loses.

No choice for the rose but glory or doom.

To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.

To deny

Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rays to the land.

The land its sapphiry-streams to the ocean;

The heart sends blood to the brain of command.

The brain to the heart its lightning motion;

And over and over we vie our breath.

Till the mirror is dry and images death.

To live

Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide

To help the need of a human brother;

He doubts the length of his life-long ride

Who gives his fortunate place to another;

And a thousand million lives are his

Who carries the world in his sympathies.

To deny

Is to die.

## Little Love.

crept gradually into her manner. Still the

love was there.

"Once, in a moment of confidence, she

came to me, and asked, 'Do you believe

Mr. Hewberry likes anyone better than me?'

Fred says he does—that he remained by

his side all the time at the party last night. I

wish I was old enough to go to parties!

I wish I were indeed I do—

"What, Hattie?" I asked, as she hesitated.

"I wish Cora Cushing didn't live in this

world—indeed I do! nodding her head

decidedly, while striving to force back the

tears.

"Oh, Hattie! this is dreadful!" I said,

drawing her within my arms.

"Well then, I wish Mr. Hewberry and

I lived somewhere else, where Cora Cushing

wouldn't come," she sobbed.

"I assured her that Joe did not love Cora

Cushing; that Fred was only leasing her

place; and that she was glad that she was

called suddenly away by the severe illness

of his nearest relative, an uncle.

"There was only time for a hasty Good-

bye, my little love! Make haste to grow

fast, and be a tall girl when I come back,"

he said, kissing her.

"His going was so sudden, she did not

seem to realize it. I was glad that it was

so. But how I pitied the little thing when,

day after day, as she had done for years,

she sat and watched!

"Time passed on; the pretty child grew

to be a beautiful maiden. Youths gathered

about her, and friends ceased to talk of

Joe. Other names were mentioned as

his had been; yet none could win an answer

from her. I knew for whom her love

was kept.

"The waiting, yearning look in her eyes

gave way at last, and a joyous light broke

forth. Joe was coming back. A letter to

her brother Fred brought the glad tidings.

He wrote:

"I've a secret to tell you, dear boy! But

no; I'll keep it for a surprise, in which you

will rejoice for my sake, I am sure. In a

few days I shall be with you." "Joy!"

"Again, as in her baby days, Hattie be-

gan her watching. Oh, I knew her heart

was singing a joyous song, though the

sweet lips gave forth no sound.

"She stood in the porch, waiting his com-

ing, clothed in fleecy white, roses in her

hair, and a bright smile playing on her

face.

"Hattie!"

"Fred came towards her. The boy's

face had lost its usual look of merriment,

his voice his careless tone.

"Hattie, Joe came by the train awhile

ago—he paused, darting an anxious, search-

ing glance at his sister's face—and he

did not come. I'll not let him surprise you,

little sis. I've hurried home to tell you his

wife is with him."

"The light went out of eye and heart.

The blush faded quickly on the young face,

and, whiter than the dress she wore, was

the hand put forth to grasp the balustrade.

"Fred sprang forward to catch her faint-

ing form. Like a broken lily he bore her

in. And when Joe came she knew it not.

"For many days her gentle spirit hovered

between life and death. Sometimes

since, I've almost regretted that it passed

so away."

"She has never seen Joe Hewberry since

his marriage. Three years after, she sent

to his little girl, who bears her name, the

chain and locket she used to wear."

"Where is he now?" Mrs. Wallace in-

quired.

"I've not heard of him for years; I know

not if he lives."

"Thanks for your story, Georgie. But I

wish its ending had not been so sad."

"Then its lessons would have been less

powerful."

True. I must profit by it without delay.

I will send Bessie home with mother to-

morrow. The change will do her good, and

break the spell."

A few days after this, Georgie Clark

came to see Bessie's mother and said, with

a bright smile:

"I've come to change the ending of my

story of the other day. In fact, the end

had not then come. Here are Hattie's wed-

ding cards; her Joe has been a widower

over two years. Hear what she writes to

me:

"Forgive me for keeping my happiness

from you, my dear friend, but I have not

been able to realize sufficiently that this

great joy was for me to speak to others.

Now that it is so near, and he is with me,

surely must it be. You who have known

so much, must know all now. He loved

and was pledged to her before he knew me.

You will be glad to know this; I was.

Had I known it, it would have soothed

greatly the agony of bygone days."

"We were at Hattie's wedding yesterday;

a happier, lovelier bride I never saw."

## Working the Pioneer Racket.

"Yes, gentlemen," said a seedy-looking

customer with a long beard, who had rung

in on a party of tourists in the Baldwin

bar room the other evening, "I was the first

white American who set foot on the site of

San Francisco. Many's the night I've

roasted breakfast for supper, and slept with

my head on a blanket, right where this

hotel now stands. I owed the entire

country down to San Jose, and I

traded the whole business one day for ten

pounds of tobacco." "Five pounds," put

in the bar-keeper sternly. "I guess I know

how many pounds," said the oldest inhabi-

tant, somewhat abashed. "You said five

pounds last night," retorted the bar-keeper;

"and I've told you more than fifty times

that if you intend to work the pioneer

racket in this here bar, you must stick to

the same story. If you don't, I'll let

Joe Barker work the house instead; you

hear me?" And the relic of the good old

Argonautic days drifted sally off to the

lunch counter.

## "The Kissing Bush."

One of the gentle customs that has been

permitted to exist in English homes since

the time of the Druids finds expression in

what is known as the "kissing bush."

It is generally a neat bough of mistletoe,

and when the household decorations are going

up it is rarely ever forgotten, especially

where there are young men and maidens.

It hangs in the hall, and the charm lies

in leading your fair friend beneath it and kiss-

ing her. Among the middle class this fea-

ture of the holidays is never neglected, and

at friendly and family reunions it occasions

much merriment. In Elmhurst, however,

the tree has been discarded. The way to

do is not to lead your fair friend beneath a

tree and kiss her, but to kiss her where she

is; for nine times out of ten, when she

is under the tree, she'll change her mind.

Practically it is the thief of many such

an opportunity.

## Squealing.

In a late trial in Evansville, Indiana,

Wichel was sworn and put on the stand,

and began to explain to court, jury and

counsel, not to speak of a curious audience,

the mysteries of the game of draw-poker.

"Well, you see," said he, "the players

sit around the table, and the man next to

the dealer puts up his ante—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Mr. Brownlee.

"Your honor please, I don't under-

stand—"

"Nor do I," said the Court, warmly. "I

can scarcely believe that even men sinful

enough to play at cards for money would

put their own female relations upon a table

for sport.

"The jury groans aloud.

"I don't mean that," said the witness.

"When a man puts up his ante, he puts up

a certain amount of money as an earnest of

play. Then the cards are dealt. Those

who want to come in—"

"Oh, I see," said the court, with a bland

smile; "it resembles the old game of

"smitten," where the young men are kept

out of the room—"

"No," snapped the witness, "it ain't

that. When a man comes in he puts up

the amount of ante, and is entitled to a

draw."

"It is something like a lottery, and this

money covers autograph tickets?" suggested

Mr. Brownlee, with a look of profound curi-

osity.

"No, a draw means that if you have