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COMING BACK.

They say if our beloved dead Should seek the old familiar place, Some stranger would be there in-stead, And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be In other homes, but this I know— Could my lost darling come to me, That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone, Ofttimes the winter winds have blown, The while her peaceful rest went on, And I have learned to live alone;

Have slowly learned from day to day, In all life's tasks to be my part; But whether grave or whether gay, I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way, And friends are round in time and tried; They have their place, but hers to-day Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath, And joy to doleful wail or woe, To take my darling home from death And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream: It fills my heart with wild unrest; Where yonder cold, white marble gleams She still must slumber. God knows best.

The Way To Win.

Edward Stone stood impatiently upon the top step of Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the faintest sign of life anywhere around—the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rung several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of the upper window.

"Young man, go round to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunshine falling on her round white arms and uncovered head.

Sitting down her broom she ushered him into a medium-sized, plainly furnished room which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of its owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flakes of dust from the lapel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself:

"Tell your master that his nephew Edward Stone is here."

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and with a demure "yes, sir" the girl vanished.

A few minutes later an elderly gentleman entered with intelligent, strong-featured features, and a shrewd look in the eyes, which seemed to take the mental measure of his visitor at a glance.

"Well, sir, what is your business with me?"

"I am your nephew."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"

"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong able-bodied young man wanting a lift! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! What have you been doing?"

Edward's face flushed with anger at this unceremonious language, but feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative, he gave no other indication of it.

"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No, it's only five hundred; not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rear and educate a family on five hundred a year; and if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not able to go into business on your own account. When I was at your age my income was less than three hundred dollars, and I saved half of it. What is the business you wish to engage in?"

"Stationery and books. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only lend it; I will give you my note with interest."

"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars; and I warn you that it will prove a poor investment at that I can give you some good advice, though, which if you follow will be worth a good many times the amount you asked. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that," said Edward with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative.

"I'll take it to you anyway."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the store, save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do, learning the meantime you possibly care in regard to the business you wish to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And, better still, it will be yours, earned by your own industry and self-denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again."

"You'd rather have my money than advice, I dare say," added Mr. Stone, as Edward arose to go; but we'll be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew, the train you were to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."

"Polly!" he called out, opening the door into the hall.

serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand her in good stead; she may take it into her head to marry a poor man, as her mother did before her. Eh? my girl?"

Mary's only reply to this was a smile and blush. Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he made, but the quietly cordial greeting of his young hostess soon put him comparatively at rest.

At her father's request—who was very fond of his daughter's accomplishments—Mary sang and played for her cousin, and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced. Edward refused the five dollar note tendered to him at parting for his traveling expenses.

The old man smiled as he returned the note to his pocketbook.

"He's a sensible chap, after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after the guest. "It's in him, if it only could be brought out. We shall see, we shall see."

"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable young man she had ever met.

Three years later Mr. Stone and his daughter passed in front of a small but neat, pleasant-looking shop, on the plate-glass door of which were the words:— "Edward Stone, Stationery and Book-store."

It being to early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I got your card, nephew, said the old man with a cordial grasp of the hand, and called around to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time I gave you that little lift you asked me for three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it though."

"Not at present, thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell it at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't that I have done, though I've saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years, and so, was not only able to pay the money down, but had fifty dollars besides."

"Bravo! my boy," cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand that made our hero wince. "I am proud of you! You're bound to succeed, I see, and without anybody's help. I told your cousin Polly that when she was eighteen I'd buy her a house in the city, and that she should furnish it to suit herself, and have all the servants she wanted, and I've kept my word. Come around and see us whenever you can. You'll always find the latch string out."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended—a very pleasant thing about assisting him in any other way, during the twelve months that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered until he began to think of removing to a larger place. His uncle had given him several liberal orders, as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until Christmas eve. Entering the room where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said:

"I mustn't delay any longer the little lift I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned."

Edward glanced from the five thousand dollar check to the lovely face at his side, and then to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind, uncle—far kinder than I deserve."

"But what, lad? Speak out would you prefer it in some other form?"

Edward's fingers closed tenderly and strongly over the hand he had taken in his.

"Yes, uncle—in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a good deal, nephew. Polly, have you been encouraging this young man in his presumption?"

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

"Then go, my daughter. I give you unto worthy keeping, and if you make your husband's heart as happy as you your mother did mine during the few short years that she tarried by my side, he will be best indeed."

But in regard to Lightning.

It is never too soon to go in the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricity they are most dangerous, and the fluid obeys a subtle attraction which acts at a great distance and in all directions. A woman told me of a bolt which came down her mother's chimney from a rising cloud when the sun was shining over head.

What writes of a young girl who was killed while passing under a telegraph wire, on the brow of a hill, while she was hurrying home before a storm. The sad accident at Morrisania, when two children were killed; should warn every mother that it is not safe to let children stay out of doors the last minute before the storm falls. People should not be foolishly about sitting on porches or by open windows whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge, which falls with deadly effect. It may or may not be safe to stay out; it is safe to be in the house with the windows and doors closed. The dry air in a house is a reader conductor than the damp air outside, and any draught of air invites it. A hot fire in a chimney attracts it, so to speak, and it is prudent for those who would be safe in safety to use kerosene or gas stoves in summer, and avoid heating the chimneys of houses. People are very ignorant or reckless about lightning. I have seen a girl of eighteen crying with fear of lightning, and running every other moment to the window to see if the storm was not abating, unconscious that she was putting herself in danger. If every one would hurry to shelter as soon as a storm cloud was coming, and if they would shut the doors and windows, and keep away from them afterwards, and from wires, stove pipes, mantels, heaters and mirrors, with their silvered backs, which carry electricity, and keep away from lightning rods and their vicinity, and from metal water spouts, with good rods on their houses they might dismiss the fear of lightning from their minds, so far as it is a thing of reason and not impression.

What Brains Bring.

Our best authors have, as a rule, made very little money. Some of them, like Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes, have an independence without work. Emerson and Whittier live very simply and plainly, and this fact explains why their earnings support them. Hawthorne was very poor until he had been appointed Consul at Liverpool; Poe was always in pecuniary distress, and would have been pressed by circumstances had his habits been provident. Mrs. Stowe made by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, in the same time, had a larger sale than any other work since the invention of printing, not much over \$10,000, although her publishers got rich by the world-renowned anti-slavery novel.

The most capable and industrious *littérateur* can seldom earn more than \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year at the extreme, while unquestionably clever, energetic fellows are obliged to content themselves with from \$1,500 to \$2,000. A glance at some of our best known and most popular authors, resident in or near New York, will show that the ink they use is far from golden. The veteran William Cullen Bryant was moderately wealthy; but he had not grown so by his poetry or by any of the works to which he had lent his name, but which he had not written. He owed his fortune to his partial ownership of the *Evening Post* for the last 35 or 40 years. Worth probably \$500,000 or \$600,000 at the lowest, and getting \$50,000 to \$80,000 per annum from all sources, it may be doubted if this entire literary work would have yielded him \$20,000. Bryant's love of dollars is wholly disproportionate to his professional capacity to earn them. He began writing in his slow, deliberate, painstaking way, and he has now for 65 years—he did the "Thanatopsis" at 18 and has never quite equalled it since—and yet at no time could he have got \$4,000 or even \$3,000 per annum by the direct use of his pen. While the publisher has prospered the poet might have starved.

Parke Godwin, Bryant's son-in-law, is a brilliant *littérateur* as well as journalist, and is perfectly independent. He owes his independence, however, to his interest in the *Evening Post*—he has had no connection with it, editorially or otherwise, for several years—not to his literary talent. The books he has published have returned him a few thousands of dollars, and his lectures in the past have helped out his income; but he would have been poor deprived of what the *Post* has brought him.

Richard Grant White was one of our most popular authors—his books of travel have been very widely sold—and he has been remarkably diligent with his pen from early youth. As a lecturer he had been extremely popular—he cleared \$10,000 year before last by the lyceum—having made more as a lecturer than as an author. His reputation as a traveler and a describer of travels did not please him, notwithstanding it has been profitable. His high ambition was poetic and he was a poet, but the great regard he had for his pen as a traveler. We doubt if his "Life of Goethe," excellent, paid him for any part of his great labor. At a liberal estimate, if the times were what they have been, Taylor might have been worth \$70,000 to \$80,000, much of which he obtained from dividends on his five shares of *Tribune* stock. Taylor drew a journalistic salary of \$5,000.

Richard Grant White may be considered a successful author of a quarter of a century, and his Shakespeare has gained him the title of scholar on both sides of the sea. It is undeniably the ablest work on the dramatist that has been produced by any American, and he is a man of large and varied culture. He studied law, and medicine after graduating, not with a view to practicing, but for the sake of increasing his knowledge. Now, bent on literature, he was his own contributor to the daily press and the magazines; he frequently writes editorials for the *Times* and *Evening Post*, notwithstanding he holds a position in the Custom House at \$2,500 a year.

George William Curtis, one of the daintiest and yet a strong and positive intellect, has been for years engaged in the periodical publications of the Harper's, and the political editorials of the *Weekly* and the *Editor's Easy Chair* of the *Monthly*, and until recently wrote the discursive, elegant essays which appeared in the *Bazar*, under the signature of "Old Bachelor." His salary from the Harpers is \$10,000 a year, which is one of the largest paid in the city. He had but \$4,000 until 1869, when the death of Henry J. Raymond, and the desire to supply his place, induced Curtis to decline to become editor of the *Times*, preferring to remain with the old firm. Its members heard of the offer, though not his salary to the figure named—as much, no doubt, from fear of losing him as from a sense of generosity. Curtis is a native of Providence, R. I., well bred and well educated.

Machine Guns at Sea.

Though the German admiralty has decided that every German man-of-war shall in the future carry at least one machine-gun, mainly for use against attacking torpedo boats, though, of course, such a weapon would be also well suited for a multitude of other purposes for which light guns are generally used in navy warfare, the particular pattern or machine-gun to be adopted has apparently not yet been definitely selected. At least two German establishments have designed and constructed machine-guns which have passed successfully through a series of preliminary trials and which, it is reported, will now be tried in competition with one another and with several foreign pieces, such as the Nordenfett and Hotchkiss guns, the latter of which has now been adopted by the navies in France, Holland, Greece, the United States, Chili, the Argentine Republic, Russia and Denmark. The machine-guns of German manufacture are some of them Krupp's and others from the Wittener steel foundry. The Krupp weapon is in form of a revolving cannon, consisting of four barrels twenty-seven inches long, with a calibre of one inch. The projectile weighs half a pound, while the charge consists of fifty grammes, or very nearly two ounces of powder, the whole cartridge, including the case, weighing 355 grammes, or twelve one-half ounces, while the total weight of the gun itself is 359 pounds. The Wittener naval mitrailleuse has also four barrels, and like the Krupp revolving cannon, throws a bullet weighing a trifle over eight ounces, while the charge consists of seventy grammes, or two and one-half ounces, of powder.

Gloves.

Skins with hair on were frequently used in the Middle Ages, as according to the passage of Musconians quoted by Casaubon, they had been by the ancients. They are frequently mentioned as having been worn by husbandmen of England. Casaubon notes the circumstance that the rustics of our day made use of gloves. There is nothing in that passage to show that he was speaking of this country; he may very possibly have seen it in France. In England, at any rate, "the monastery of Bury allowed its servants 2 pence apiece for glove silver in autumn," (Pegge Misc. Carr.) and at a later date, in Linnehan's account of the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, 1575, the rural bridegroom had "a pair of harvest gloves as a sign of good husbandry." Upon the coronation of Petrarch at Rome as the "prince of poets," gloves of otter-skin were put on his hands, the satirical explanation being given that the poet, like the otter, lives by riparian. The modern ladies' glove of four-and-twenty buttons has had its prototype for in the fourteenth century the nobility of France began to wear gloves reaching to the elbow. These gloves were, at times, like the more familiar stockings, which they must have much resembled, used as purses. Notwithstanding their length, it was always looked upon as decorous for the lady to take off her gloves in church, where ecclesiastics alone might wear them. The custom still obtains in the Church of England at the Sacrament, though it is plain that it had not arisen in this connection in the first instance, since in the Roman ritual the communicant does not handle the consecrated wafer. It was, perhaps, regarded as a proof and symbol of clean hands, for to this day persons sworn in our law courts are compelled to remove their gloves. There is probably, too, some relation between this feeling and a curious Saxon law, which forbade the judges to wear gloves while sitting on the bench. The gloves of the judges were, like those of the Bishops, a mark of their rank. The portraits of the Judges, painted by order of the Corporation of London, in the reign of Charles II, and hanging in the courts of Guildhall, represent them with fringed and embroidered gloves. It was probably not in reference to the Judges that a cant term for a bribe was a "pair of gloves." When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor he happened to determine a cause in favor of a lady named Croaker, who displayed her gratitude by sending him a New Year's gift of a pair of gloves, with forty angels in them. Sir Thomas returned the money, with the following letter:—"Miss:—Since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the lining, I utterly refuse it."

Into the Darkness.

The ghost of a millionaire appears nightly to a widow and her daughter in the sacredness of their own apartment in San Francisco. When the spirit made its first call it attacked the furniture, tore down the picture and groaned for an hour, while the mother's hair stood on end and the daughter buried her face in the bedclothes. After waiting during what seemed an eternity for an interval of the disturbance, the widow in fear and trembling struck a match. Her amazement was unbounded. Everything was as she had seen it at retiring. The table that had apparently been turning flip-flaps for several hours, was standing in the middle of the room with the innocent expression it had worn when she last saw it. Every chair wore its tidy with the stiff dignity of a recruit on dress parade, and seemed to resent the suspicion that it had been assisting in a supernatural high-jinks. Not a vase or picture was broken, notwithstanding the fact that the air had apparently been filled with fragments of pottery and tatters of canvas. There was no sleep for the family that night, though the day broke without any repetition of the strange disturbance. Precisely at 9 o'clock the next night the mysterious knock was heard again at the back door, and again the mysterious visitor in bare feet walked through the house. His misery had apparently grown more acute, for at every step he heaved a sigh and occasionally groaned so woefully that the widow, in the hope of her wondrous commiseration was tempted to ask, "What is the matter with you?" The reply, it is alleged, came in the unmistakable voice of the departed millionaire, "Oh my soul! Oh! my soul!" The widow went to her Bishop and asked him to pray for her, but he intimated that she might be out of her head. When she went home a fresh surprise awaited her. Her rosary beads, which she had left hanging on her bed were gone. No one had entered the house during her absence but her daughter, and the young lady denied all knowledge of the missing article. That night, however, mother and daughter, as they lay in bed with quivering nerves heard their supernatural visitor toll the beads as if in prayer. This was too much for the widow's patience, and hastily striking a match and lighting the gas, she searched for the missing treasure. There was no trace of the beads or the mysterious devotee, however, though the ladies could still hear the beads and the sound of bare feet moving slowly through the door and into the darkness.

Snow at Great Altitudes Does Not Melt.

The reason why snow at great elevations does not melt but remains permanent, is owing to the fact that the heat received from the sun is thrown off into the stellar space so rapidly by radiation and reflection that the sun fails to raise the temperature of the snow to the melting point; the snow evaporates, but it does not melt. The summits of the Himalayas, for example, are perpetually snow-covered, and the snow which falls on them notwithstanding which, the snow is not melted. And in spite of the strength of the sun and the dryness of the air at those altitudes, evaporation is sufficient to remove the snow. At low elevations, where the snow-fall is probably greater and the amount of heat even less than at the summits, the snow melts and disappears. This, I believe we must attribute to the influence of aqueous vapor. At high elevations the air is dry and allows the heat radiated from the snow to pass into space; but at low elevations a very considerable portion of the heat radiated from the snow is absorbed in passing through the atmosphere. A considerable portion of the heat thus absorbed by the vapor is radiated back on the snow, but the heat thus radiated, being of the same quality as that which the snow itself radiates, is on this account absorbed by the snow. Little or none of it is reflected like that received from the sun. The consequence is that the heat thus absorbed accumulates in the snow till melting takes place. Were the aqueous vapor possessed by the atmosphere sufficiently diminished, perpetual snow would cover our globe down to the sea shore. It is true that the air is warmer at the lower level than at the higher level and by contract with the snow must tend to melt it more at the former than at the latter position. But we must remember that the air is warmer mainly in consequence of the influence of aqueous vapor, and that were the quantity of vapor reduced to the amount in question the difference of temperature at the two positions would not be great.

No Business street.

Mogador, a Moorish town of Morocco, presents few "tourist sights." But an English writer describes a negative one, the non-appearance of business in the streets. The windowless streets are all narrow, some long and straight. Private houses, merchants' warehouses, hostleries, all are of one generic type, save those found in blind alleys and slums. In business quarters there is little or no appearance of business. A caravan of camels is seen bringing merchandise from Timbuctoo; the procession, which moves slowly, gravely, with silent foot, heightening our sense of mystery, suddenly turns down a gateway scarcely wide enough to admit it, into the central court of a warehouse, and is out of sight. We follow through the archway, to find these ships of the deserted moored to the quay with freights of almonds, gums, ivory, gold dust and ostrich feathers, which might be of little value, for they are tied up in bundles of waste paper, and the paper is being its own covering. The outer feathers of the bales are broken and dirty. Imagine London with all its days out of sight in invisible warehouse squares! Such is the condition of commerce in Mogador. These camel trains are the poetry of trade, a living link to patriarchal and modern times. They have a look of immense sadness, as though willing to close their long-enduring history.

Steel Plates.

It is reported from Sheffield, England, that heavy orders are daily coming in from Scotch and East Coast ship-builders for eight steel plates. The introduction of steel into ship-building is causing an important and growing trade, to meet the requirements of which Sheffield manufacturers are introducing improved machinery in the large mills.

The estimated population of Ohio by the new census is about 3,200,000—a gain of about 540,000 since 1870.

Money by Telephone.

"Say, miss," said a rather hard looking customer to the young lady in charge of the central telephone office, one day last week, "say, miss, I'd like to talk with Mr. Joseph Snooks a moment."

The lady called Snooks and turned the instrument over to the guest.

"Hello, hello! Mr. Snooks!"

Snooks answered, and in the ensuing colloquy the lady could of course only hear the hard looking customer.