

The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LIV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1880.

NO. 41.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF

BELLEFRONTE.

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower.

ALEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN B. LINN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

Office on Allegheny Street.

CLEMENT DALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

Northwest corner of Diamond.

YOCUM & HASTINGS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

High Street, opposite First National Bank.

W. M. C. HEINLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

Practices in all the courts of Centre County. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

WILBUR F. REEDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty.

J. A. BEAVER & GEPHART,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

Office on Allegheny Street, North of High.

W. A. MORRISON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court House.

D. S. KELLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

JOHN G. LOVE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFRONTE, PA.

Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson.

BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, &

A. STURGIS,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Repairing neatly and promptly done and warranted. Main Street, opposite Bank, Millheim, Pa.

A. O. DEININGER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBER AND CONVEYANCER.

MILLHEIM, PA.

All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Mortgages, Releases, &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch. Office on Main Street.

H. TOMLINSON,

DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF Groceries, Notions, Drugs, Tobaccos, Cigars, Fine Confectioneries and everything in the line of a first-class grocery store. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Main Street, opposite Bank, Millheim, Pa.

DAVID I. BROWN,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

TINWARE, STOVEPIPES, &c.

SPROUTING A SPECIALTY.

Shop on Main Street, two blocks east of Bank, Millheim, Penna.

J. EISENHUTH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

MILLHEIM, PA.

All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty. Office opposite Eisenhuth's Drug Store.

MUSSER & SMITH,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wa. Paper, Coach Trimmings, and Saddlery Ware, &c. All grades of Patent Wheels. Corner of Main and Penn Streets, Millheim, Penna.

JACOB WOLF,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

MILLHEIM, PA.

Cutting a Specialty. Shop next door to Journal Book Store.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,

MAIN STREET,

MILLHEIM, PA.

A. WALTER, Cashier. DAV. KRAPE, Pres.

A. HARTER,

AUCTIONEER.

REBERSBURG, PA.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MY OLD FRIEND.

You've a manner all so mellow,

My old friend,

That it cheers and warms a fellow,

My old friend,

Just to meet and greet you, and

Feel the pressure of a hand

That one may lean on,

My old friend!

Then, dimmed in youthful splendor,

My old friend,

Your smiles are still as tender,

My old friend,

And your eyes as true a blue

As your childhood ever knew,

And your laugh as merry, too,

My old friend.

For though your hair is faded,

My old friend,

For your body has aged,

My old friend,

Old Time, with all his lures

In the trophies he secures,

Leaves young that heart of yours,

My old friend.

And so it is you cheer me,

My old friend,

And to know you still so near me,

My old friend,

Makes my hopes of clearer light,

And my faith of surer sight,

And my soul a purer white,

My old friend.

Bachelor's Luck.

"Who is living in Swan's house? I see it is occupied," said Mr. Forsyth to his servant.

"Mr. Ernest Simpson, and his wife and mother. He is just married, I believe," was the reply.

"Strange," he muttered, "that I should come home to find them here, at all places in the world. I knew this morning that the young fellow must be in some way connected with Ernest Simpson. The likeness is unmistakable. There comes a woman now. I wonder if it can be his mother!"

A large woman with a fresh-colored face and with a bundle on her arm entered the gate and hurried up the walk with the air of one very much at home.

"Yes, it must be she; yet who could have believed that Sophie Martyn would become such a great, blowsy creature? Twenty-five years work great changes!"

The fact was, it was Mrs. Simpson's dress; but how was Mr. Forsyth to know that? For five years he had been traveling after a fashion of his own. Five years had wrought great changes. Of his old friends and associates some were dead, others moved away, and the rest were so immersed in business, so interested in their own particular pursuits, that they had little time or thought to spare for him.

"The like coming back from the dead to find one's place filled and one's self forgotten," he said sadly. And now to all the rest was added the unwelcome discovery that the wife and son of Ernest Simpson, the man who had done him a cruel wrong and marred his life, were living next door to him. Some time he stood at the window drumming softly upon the pane and looking idly out; suddenly his face lighted up.

"That's an idea! I'll do it. Forsyth will jump at it to do so," he said.

Whatever the idea was, he immediately proceeded to put it into execution. A few minutes later he left the house and took his way down town.

"Why, good morning, Tartuffe. Glad to see you; sit down; I'll be at leisure in a few minutes."

When the busy lawyer was at last able to pay some attention to his visitors, Mr. Tartuffe began without preliminary: "Forsyth, I have been thinking over what you said yesterday, and I have a proposition to make. Suppose we make an exchange."

"Make an exchange?" repeated the puzzled lawyer.

"Yes; you can take my house and I take yours, for a year. Your family are desirous of coming to town, and I want to leave it. Take the house as they stand. It will save the bother of my moving."

"Well," mused Mr. Forsyth, "that's an idea, certainly, and it strikes me favorably, but I must consult my wife first, of course. Why do you wish to leave town, though?—you've just got here. You ought to get married, and settle down quietly."

"Get married!" repeated the other, with an expression of scorn; "what woman would have an old man like me, except for his money?"

"Old man, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Forsyth; "why, you're just in the prime of life, and there isn't a young man in the city who can boast a more splendid physique. Besides, you need not marry a school-girl, you know. I know just the woman for you, about your own age, a widow with one son."

"The idea of my marrying a widow!" ejaculated Mr. Tartuffe in silent wrath, as he took his way homeward.

As he ascended the steps, the red-faced dressmaker seated by the window in Mrs. Simpson's room, exclaimed: "There goes Mr. Tartuffe!"

"What did you say his name was?" said Mrs. Simpson rather eagerly.

"Simon Tartuffe. He's a rich old bach. You had better set your cap at him. But I'm afraid 'twouldn't do no good, for they do say he's a woman-hater."

Mrs. Simpson made no reply, but resumed her work with a thoughtful face.

"Moi, er, here is a letter for you," said Ernest's wife, entering the room. Mrs. Simpson read the few lines it contained, and then said: "Aunt Elizabeth is ill; an attack similar to the one she had three years ago, and she wants me to come and stay with her."

"Oh, dear, how sorry I am!" we exclaimed Jennie, "I don't know what she had done without you."

One afternoon, a fortnight later, Mr. Tartuffe stepped from the train at Briardale station, and without stopping, took his way up the village street to his new home. For the next few days he fairly lived out of doors, exploring the country for miles round, walking, driving, fishing and boating. One afternoon, toward sunset, as he lay stretched at full length under a tree at the brink of the river, the sound of oars attracted his attention, and looking up he saw a small boat coming rapidly toward him. It was propelled by two ladies, one of them evidently a young girl, yet in her teens; the other, a splendidly developed and still very handsome woman.

"There comes Bob in his wherry, cousin

Lizzie; let's have a race!" exclaimed the younger of the two.

Mr. Tartuffe raised himself upon his elbow as he caught sight of it.

"Strange!" he muttered, "but I could swear I had seen that face before somewhere or some time; yet it is like a dream."

Mr. Tartuffe rose and walked homeward. "That's the sort of a woman I thought Sophie would make, and in fact, there is something in her face that reminds me very much of her."

The next Sunday Mr. Tartuffe went to church and occupied the Forsyth pew. In front of him were three ladies and two gentlemen. Two of the ladies were young and pretty, and in one they recognized the Katie of the boat. The third was elderly, and as plainly the mother of the two.

"And that must be Bob and the father," said Mr. Tartuffe to himself; "and now where is cousin Lizzie?" The question was no sooner asked than it was answered by the appearance of that lady. She entered a new jacket across the aisle and opposite to the family that Mr. Tartuffe had been so closely observing. He studied the sweet face and the costume, so simple in its appointments, yet perfect in taste. At the close of the service the gentlemen whom Mr. Tartuffe had taken to be the paterfamilias came up and introduced himself as a neighbor and old friend of the Forsyths.

"I do not know whether you have ever heard Forsyth speak of Emory Taylor?"

"Indeed I have, and in the highest terms," responded Mr. Tartuffe, cordially shaking the proffered hand. "I am exceedingly happy to make your acquaintance."

"I must make you acquainted with my family," Mr. Taylor said, as his wife and children joined him, and then followed an introduction to the different members.

"Where is Cousin Lizzie?" asked Mr. Taylor, looking around.

"She was in haste to get home, for fear her aunt might need her; there she goes now," pointing up the street, where a stately figure was fast disappearing from view.

"Our roads lie in the same direction; may I have the pleasure of accompanying you?" said Mr. Tartuffe to Katie.

"If you will make yourself very agreeable, and not expect to be entertained in return," she said, flashing a saucy glance at him.

A fortnight ago Mr. Tartuffe would have considered the whole thing an unmitigated bore, but the last few days had wrought a wonderful change in him. He exerted himself to be entertaining, and succeeded admirably. When they reached the gate, Katie said:

"And now for your reward. Do you like croquet?"

"I have always detested it hitherto," he said coolly, "but with you for a partner, I do not doubt I shall soon become a complete votary of it."

"Very pretty, but you cannot impose upon me with your gallant speeches. However, I am to have a small croquet party to-morrow afternoon, and wish you to make one of the number. Cousin Lizzie Simpson shall be your opponent, and, I assure you, you will find her to be a most worthy opponent."

"She is the lady who sat opposite to us in church."

"Yes, I saw her with you in a boat the other afternoon," he said, quietly.

The croquet party was a success, and Mr. Tartuffe proved no despicable player after all.

"That was a very close game. Cousin Lizzie, you must look out you will lose your laurels. Another stroke would have finished you," exclaimed Bob.

"I should count it no dishonor to be beaten by such a foe," she answered, smiling.

Here tea was announced, and the guests turned their footsteps toward the house. Mr. Tartuffe found himself walking along with Katie and her cousin Lizzie.

"Miss Simpson, do you excel in everything you undertake?" he began.

"Why, no, certainly not," she said, opening her eyes in surprise.

Here Katie glided away from them to the rest of the party.

"Hush, Katie!" she said, softly, laying her fingers on her lip. "He thinks Cousin Lizzie is unmarried; don't you enlighten him for your lives."

"But do you think it quite right?" remonstrated Katie's sister, Greta.

"Of course it is, so long as her husband is dead."

One bright afternoon, some months later, Lizzie Simpson stood by the window in her room looking out with a troubled face. It had gone on too long already. I must tell him the truth and take the consequences. Just then a carriage rolled up to the front of the house, and Mr. Tartuffe alighted. Hastily tying a veil over her face, Mrs. Simpson went down to meet him. It was with a very love-like air that he assisted her into the carriage, and his manner caused her to shrink with a premonition of what was coming. A little smile crept into the corners of his mouth, and at length, laying his hand upon hers, he said, quietly, "It is of no use, I am not to be diverted from my purpose. Lizzie; I love you with a love which I believed nothing could create in my heart again. I want you. Will you come?"

She trembled like a leaf, and for a moment strove to speak in vain; then she said: "Mr. Tartuffe, I have a confession to make which may alter your feelings towards me. I have been a widow for fifteen years."

He looked at her kindly for a moment; she resumed hurriedly:

"I thought you knew, of course, at first, and then it grew rather hard for me to tell you; and I kept hoping you would find out your mistake. Indeed, I had not the slightest intention of deceiving you."

He smiled and drew her closely to him.

"Is that all?"

"No; it is only the smallest part of my confession, Simon," she cried vehemently; "it is possible that you have never recognized me?"

"Sophie!" he exclaimed. "Ernest Simpson's wife!" His face was pale, but he only tightened his clasp, while he looked into her eyes as if he would read her very soul.

She continued, with choked voice:

"For ten years I believed you false and treacherous. It was not until he lay on his dying bed that he confessed the truth to me, and I knew how cruelly you had been wronged."

"I absolved you from all blame years ago. As soon as I heard of Ernest's marriage the truth flashed across me at once that he loved you himself, and had been the sole cause of our estrangement. I cut myself for a blind fool when I realized that I had been but an unsuspecting tool in his

hands. Can you wonder that I had hated him, and with a bitterness that I cannot remember that he is dead, and that he was but a human after all," she interrupted.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," he bowed his head sily, and, after a pause, with a rather mischievous look, he said: "Do you know why I left the city and came to Briardale?"

"No," she replied, wonderingly.

"I was running away from you. But you have not answered my question yet; is this Mr. Tartuffe that I see in my arms?" suiting the action to the words, and dropping the reins as he did so. Fortunately the horse was well trained.

"If you wish it," was the low reply.

When the rare June days came and his rose-scented breath and dazzling skies, Mr. Tartuffe took his bride home. Together they stood at night upon the verandah and watched the moon as it rose, flooding the whole earth with its silver.

"What can be more beautiful on earth?" Lizzie said softly.

"Are you satisfied with your home—our home?" he asked, looking down upon her lovingly.

"Perfectly; and you?"

"I came to Briardale, anticipating one happy year, instead of which I have obtained bliss for a lifetime."

Vineyards in Switzerland.

Did you ever see them build vineyards in Switzerland? The operation is a curious one, and would, we fancy, make an Illinois farmer open his eyes. We had for some time been amused by watching the methods employed from a window, well knowing that we could never see anything of the kind again. The locality was originally the slope of a ravine, through which a vivacious little torrent leaps from the mountains; and is, even now, so steep that we looked apprehensively to see the adventurous workmen tumble off. When we saw the men clearing away the debris of years, and inaugurating the undertaking by a new line of stone wall alongside the frisky little stream, we could not imagine their object. The next step was a series of these same walls, built at right angles with the first, and finally, one parallel with it, which also served as a defence against the public, being built close against the roadside. By this time the affair presented the appearance of a new work of stone, among an acute inclined plane. After several weeks of steady work—these people never hurry—our curiosity had reached its highest pitch—the one being that of a playground for the neighboring school-boys, and the other that it was the foundation of a new marine pension—when one morning our attention was attracted to a squad of men, each carrying a pane of stone on his back, who were slowly approaching the scene of action. The mystery was solved, and this was the way they built vineyards in Suisse! Day after day, and week after week, did this apparently hopeless task continue. To judge by the long intervals between the arrivals, the soil must have been brought from a great distance but at length the task was finished and the walls were quite covered. They are intended for keeping the prospective vineyards from sliding down into the ravine; and now it only remained to grade it. This delicate operation was completed by men who laid flat against the steep face of this novel arrangement, and smoothed and graded at their leisure, afterward planting the vine-stems in the same calm and equable manner, unless circumstances which others would consider unfavorable.

New and Stale Bread.

The nature of the difference between new and stale bread is far from being known. It is only lately that the celebrated French chemist, Boussingault, instituted an inquiry into it, from which it results that the difference is not the consequence of desiccation, but solely of the cooling of the bread. If we take fresh bread into the cellar in any place where it cannot dry, it becomes crumbly, but the crust is no longer brittle. If stale bread is taken into the oven again it assumes all the qualities of fresh baked bread, although in the hot oven it must undoubtedly have lost part of its moisture. M. Boussingault has made a fresh loaf of bread the subject of minute investigation, and the results are anything but uninteresting. New bread, in its smallest parts, is so soft, clammy, my, flexible and glutinous, (in consequence of the starch during the process of fermenting and baking being changed into mucilaginous dextrine) that by mastication it is with greater difficulty separated and reduced to smallest parts is less under the influence of the saliva and digestive juices. It consequently forms itself into hard balls by careless and hasty mastication, and deglutition, becomes coated over by saliva and slime, and in this state enters the stomach. The gastric juice being unable to penetrate such hard masses, and being scarcely able even to act upon the surface of them, they frequently remain in the stomach unchanged, and like foreign bodies, irritate and incommode it, inducing every species of suffering—oppression of the stomach, pain in chest, disturbed circulation of the blood, congestions and pains in the head, irritation of the brain, and inflammation, apopleptic attacks, cramp and delirium—

The Bagdad Date Mark.

Bagdad is noted for a curious kind of mysterious malady, which affects everybody in the city, whether he be a citizen or a stranger. It is a sore called a "date mark," because after it has healed it leaves an indelible mark about the size and shape of a date. It generally makes its appearance upon the face, lasts a year and then disappears. The cheek of nearly every man and woman in Bagdad shows the movable mark. Sometimes it settles upon the nose and then the disfigurement is great, sometimes on the eyelid when blindness is the result. Strangers are attacked even after a brief residence; but fortunately, if they are adults the sore is more apt to come on the arm. In every case the attack runs its course for one year. No treatment, no ointment, nor medicine has the slightest effect upon it. Once the sore appears the sufferer knows what to expect, and may as well resign himself to his fate. The Arabs say that every one that goes to Bagdad must get the "date mark" or if he does not get it while in the city, he will be followed by it—have it sooner or later, he must. Dr. Thom, of the American Mission, states that he has examined the ulcer microscopically, and found it to be composed of a fungoid growth; but nothing that he had ever tried had proved remedial.

Lessons in Woodcraft.

1. Notes of the barred owl and loon in the fall within twelve hours. In the fall we get weather follows the cry of the tree-frog.

2. Bark grows thickest on the north side of trees. Girdle a tree if you wish to tell which is north.

3. The center of rotten stumps affords dry stuff for kindling fire in drizzling rain.

4. A torch which will last many hours is made from half-inch strips of cedar bark bound together in faggots two feet long or more.

5. To hold a boat in a swift current, set the pole, oar or paddle on the bottom at an oblique angle with the side of the boat resting against it. Very little strength will be required.

6. To mend a birch canoe cut a patch of bark large enough to cover the fracture; sew it on with an awl and stout cord of hemlock roots; then apply a piece of natural spruce gum to the seams or joints with a glycerine brand used as a soldering-iron is used.

7. To carry a fish of two pounds weight and upward, place it between hemlock boughs of the proper length, tied together at both ends and in the middle, with bark, roots, or cord. It will keep fresh and sweet a long time, is easily cured, and will not soil what it touches.

8. To mend a broken oar or paddle, bore the fractured parts so as to make a neat joint; pass a wooden plug through both, and serve neatly with twine to cover the joint. Or, having made a joint, as above, bore two gimlet holes two inches apart; double four feet of wire so that the ends will pass through the holes in the same direction; then whip or serve neatly with the wire, and finish with a service of twine.

9. For night shooting, chalk the gun-barrels lengthwise from breech to muzzle; or, make a foresight by lashing a V shaped stick to the muzzle. By bringing the object within the V, a good bead can be drawn.

10. When a tree brushes off wisps of hay from a load, the hay falls on that side of the tree toward which the cart is going. In summer hay is carted from the field to the barn, unless stacked when cut. In winter it is carted out from the barn to stock employed in cutting logs, wood, etc. Salt or wild hay is most generally stacked. It can be distinguished from field hay by the taste and smell.

11. An excellent moccasin, nearly waterproof, is made from the hind leg of a moose, cut above and below the hock, the hock forming the heel. It is wholly without seam, except where sewed up at the toe. If laced with the hair on it, it is very warm when worn in dry snow.

12. A table is easily constructed by taking a turn with a rope around each trunk of three or more trees or saplings conveniently near together; haul taut, make fast, and lay boards