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NO. 1.

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A BIRD'S SONG.

Down in the tangled meadow
Beside the dusty way,
A wee, sweet bird is singing
Through all the long, bright day,
As long as the sun is shining,
It scarcely seems to be
Worth while to keep repeating
Its bit of melody.

And in the short lulls, only,
Of more pretentious song,
When momentary silence
Comes o'er the favored throng,
Floats on the air that cadence,
So tremulous and low,
That 'tis must hush softly,
Or lose its gentle flow.

And yet the tiny singer
Keeps singing bravely on
Through changing sun and shadow,
Till the sweet day is done
And if more favored songsters
Sing better far than he,
Tis love his song makes vocal
With its perfection be.

Love Passages.

Cupid, I adore thee! There is a charm—
Turn up your lip, old Sourcerer! we care
not. We, the young, the gay, the healthy,
the happy! Wisdom!—physic!—no more
fling them both to the dogs, say I. Wis-
dom! I am tired of it. What is it?
A mourning dress—water grub!—a
pair of goggles to the eyes of the ardent
youth!—a lame fool!—a peddler's pack full
of invaluable things, but then so heavy!
Wisdom is a school-master, with a ferule
and a frown, a broad-brimmed hat, and a
voice that makes the ears ring. It is al-
ways hammering away at your ears and
your conscience. You are circumscribed
within narrow limits. You must not, for
your life's sake, go out of bounds. You
must not look at the sunshine, nor pluck
the fruit, nor laze in the stream, nor smell
the opening flowers. This is wisdom. It
makes avarice a habit and suspicion a duty.
It checks the ardor of youth, extinguishes
the fire of hope and saddens even the bright-
ness of virtue. Who has it? The old,
the wrinkled, the sick, the superannuated—
they who have drained the dregs of pleasure!
It is the lesson of rashness, bought
by disappointment; and it teaches distrust,
melancholy and despair.

Give me hope, youth, love! And
this brings me back to my subject.

Cupid—laughing, rosy, blooming boy!
How the sweet mischief troubles men and
women, beardless imp! gray beards, prudes,
scholars, philosophers, statesmen; and as
for poets, such as Frederick!—Jove! it makes
my heart ache. Poor Frederick! One of
my peculiarities is a strong tendency to dif-
fer in opinion from other people upon al-
most every possible subject. I never mounth
the matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of
roast beef, and plain pudding. Now, I
detest them. Nothing could be more gross,
earthly, stuffy, besides, no man fond
of such stuff does, ever did, or can sit
down to such a meal without running into
excess. Then come custard, ice-cream,
fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise
with a distended stomach and a heavy
head, and stagger away with brutish ap-
athy. I am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit
—sweet harmless things of nature. No
lamb bleeds for me. No stately ox is slain
that I may feast. Old mother earth sup-
plies my slender appetites. The deep, deep
spring, clear as crystal, the innocent vege-
tables, ethereal food. Thus I am light as
air. I am keenly susceptible to every mor-
al and natural beauty, which few enthu-
siastic beef-eaters are.

I differ from everybody in another thing.
I believe in love at first sight. We ought
to be able to tell in a week whether a
woman would do us a wife. The judg-
ment of true love is intuitive; a glance and
it is done. A man of genius has in his own
imagination a standard of the object of his
love—an unexpressed model—the proto-
type of which exists somewhere in reality,
although he may never have seen or heard
of her. This is wonderful, but it is true.
He wanders about the world, impervious to
all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting
beams of beauty, till he reaches the right
one. There are blue eyes, they are tender,
but they touch not him. There are
red, they are piercing, but his heart re-
mains whole. At length, accident flings
him into contact with a creature, he hears
the tone of her voice, he feels the warm
streams of soul shining from her coun-
tenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought
sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze
is kindled, and—they fall in love.

It sometimes happens that for one mo-
del in the imagination of this man of ge-
nius, there are accidentally two or three
prototypes in real life; or rather he has two
or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to
have more models than one. They lead
him astray. They involve him in diffi-
culties. They play the mischief with
him.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenolo-
gists ought to know that it is no affair of
his. If a school-boy have the organ of de-
structiveness, you may whip him for kill-
ing flies, but you must not wonder at him.
If a youth—but this brings me back again
to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these
models Fred had; a great many, no doubt.
He was a sad dog, a Don Juan, a sort of
Giovanni in London, and he bid fair to be
a Giovanni in—but that was his business.
Oh, the sweet woman! It is almost incredi-
ble. He must have dealt in magic. It
was a perfect blessing to be near him; to
catch the light and heat of the thousand
gazes, which fell upon him—and of
which you caught a few stray ones—
though only by accident. Lovely women
fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He
had clusters of them. They all loved him,
and he loved them all. His soul was as
large as St. Peter's.

"What are you thinking of, Fred?" said I.
"Caroline," he answered.

"She who sailed yesterday for England?"

"Yes—love her."

"And she?"

He arose and opened a eschirore.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair
lay curled charmingly in a rose-colored en-
velope. It did look pretty. But—

"Has Caroline B—such light hair?" asked
I. I never knew—I always thought
of my serving only yesterday that—surely,
surely, you have made some mistake—
see, what is that written on the bottom of
the paper? "Julia!"

Fred hastily looked again into the little
pigeon-hole, and drew forth another rose-
colored envelope, another and another.
I smiled. So did he.

"What a vile, narrow prejudice it is,"
said Fred.

"What?"

"The man who can love only once. I
have loved twenty, fifty, nay, a hundred
times. I always love some one. Some-
times two at a time, sometimes twenty."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not
love! Love is sole, absorbing, pure, con-
stant, immutable."

"Hark ye," said Fred, "I seldom cease
to love. Adding another angel to the list
does not infer the striking out of any of
the others. There is no limit. A man of
soul loves just as he happens to be placed
in relation to women. I am warmed by
them as I am when I stand in the sunshine.
Because I have a garden here, when the
beams of the god of day fall on my should-
ers with a pleasing ardor, must I not feel
the warmth when I stand in your garden
yonder? It is the great principle—should
the object of my early love die, must I be
ever thereafter dead to the most exquisite
of human passions? Death is only absence.
I know twelve pretty women. They are
better than men. Nature made them so.
They are all different, all excellent, all di-
verse. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf?
Shall I deny that their voices are sweet,
their hearts tender, their minds clear, and
intelligent? No, I love them all—Julia,
Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henriette, Eliza,
I never think of them without sensations
of delight."

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder,
he looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

"The deuce!" said he. I had withdrawn,
of course. I am a bachelor myself—cur-
rent lectures are not in my way. I have
troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did
not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not
come home to tea. I did not get up next
morning to breakfast. So I could not
know what was the result. Mrs. B. is one
of the loveliest women I ever met. I be-
lieve I have two or three models myself.
It is pleasant enough, but then—every rose
has its thorn."

"Only think," said she to me, her eyes
moistened with tears, her cheek crimsoned
with shame, her heart palpitating with dis-
tress, "twelve! He loves twelve, he says."

"A whole jury!" said I.

"It is monstrous!" said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers?"
said I.

"Or six," said I.

"Or six," said she.

"Too good for him," said I taking her
hand.

"Or three," said she.

"Or one," said I, drawing her towards
me and kissing her soft lips. She was my
only sister and I always loved her. The
plot was arranged. Frederick had medi-
tated a journey of two days, but was cal-
led back by an anonymous note, at nine
the same evening.

"All women are so scarce. We hired the
uniforms at the tailor's. 'I am a thunder-
struck!' exclaimed Henry to me. 'The
world is at an end. The sun is out. What!
Kate—my dear Kate!' Tears gushing
from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol, and I pointed
it at his head. I wrenched it from his
grasp.

"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it
may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the room
sat Mrs. B.—at her feet a richly-dressed
young soldier who kissed her hand, re-
ceived from her a lock of hair, swore he
loved her—and left her with an ardent
embrace.

"An suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed. "See, there is
another. How familiarly he seats himself
by her side—takes her hand—"

"I shall strangle to death!"

"Patience!"

"Dearest colonel!" exclaimed Julia.

"The other was only the lieutenant,"
whispered John.

"I am blessed with too few such faithful
friends as you."

I held Fred still with the grasp of a
giant.

"That I love you I can not deny. A
woman of soul loves just as she happens to
be placed in relation to men. She is warmed
by them as I am when I stand in the sun-
shine. It is the great principle."

"Loveliest of thy sex," said her coun-
panion.

Fred burst forth leveling both pistols at
the colonel. He pulled the triggers, but
they did not go off. Pistols loaded with
sawdust seldom do.

The colonel uttered a scream and fled.

"Madam!" said Fred, swelling with in-
dignation, "have you any more of these af-
fectionate friends?"

"Only eight, my dear husband. Why,
what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!"

"Hear me," said Mrs. B., solemnly.

"When we married, I intended to devote
my life, my actions, my heart to you. From
you I expected the same. I can see no dis-
tinction in our relative duties toward each
other. Love must exist on both sides, or
on neither. Whatever may be the opinion
of a heartless world, a man of true genius
and of true virtue makes his wife—"

"I am not to be preached to, traitress,"
said Fred. "I leave you now forever; but
not till I take vengeance on my new mili-
tary acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two
officers, with their chapeaux off, were heard
giggling and laughing in a most unwill-
ing manner.

Fred soon discovered the truth and I read
him his moral.

Husbands all, remember that wives have
equal anguish and shame with yourselves
in receiving a share of affection, though
they do not possess your despotic power in
extorting it. The slightest dereliction,
even though only the carelessness of a mo-
ment on the part of a wife, stamps her for-
ever with ignominy and pain; while the ab-
surd customs of society allow to a man a
greater latitude, in slighting, neglecting and
deceiving her whose happiness is in his
keeping. Of these customs, "the man of
true genius" will never take advantage.

—Three Petaluma men were re-
cently hunting on Puite Creek, Lake
county, Cal., and killed thirty-two
deer. They took 100 pounds of honey
from a crevice in a cliff.

The Two Deacons.

Between eighty and ninety years ago
there lived in Connecticut river valley two
farmers, one of whom was named Hunt
and the other Clark. The former, in early
life, had been a man of strong will and
somewhat hasty and violent temper. Some-
times he had been seen beating his oxen
over their heads with the handle of his
whip in a manner to excite the pity of the
bystanders. An when exasperated with his
excused himself by saying that he had the
most fractious team in town. By and by
an alteration took place in the temper of
Farmer Hunt. He became mild, forbear-
ing, and what was most remarkable, his
oxen seemed to improve in disposition at
an equal pace with himself.

Farmer Hunt joined the church and was
an exemplary man. His neighbors saw the
change—both in himself and his team.
It was a marvel to the whole town. One
of his townsmen asked for an explanation.
Farmer Hunt said:

"I have found out a secret about my
cattle. Formerly they were unmanage-
able. The more I whipped and clubbed
them, the worse they acted. But now
when they are unmanageable I go behind
my load and sing 'Old Hundred,' and
strange as it may appear, no sooner have I
done than the oxen go along as quietly as
I could wish. I don't know how it is, but
they really seem to like singing."

In the course of a few years the two far-
mers were chosen deacons of the church,
and they both adorned their profession.
About the time their election a grievous
famine prevailed in the valley, and the
farmers generally were laying up their
corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor
man living in the town went to Deacon
Hunt and said:

"I've come to buy a bushel of corn.
Here is the money, it's about all I can
gather."

Deacon told him he could not spare
a bushel for love or money. He was keep-
ing double his usual quantity for seed-corn
the next year, and he had to stint his own
family. The man urged his suit in vain.
At last he said:

"Deacon, if you don't let me have the
corn, I shall cure you."

"Curse me!" replied the deacon, "how
dare you do so?"

"Because," says the man, "the Bible
says—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Deacon Hunt,
"there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes, there is!" replied the poor man.
"Well," said the deacon, "if you can
find any such text I'll give you a bushel of
corn."

They went into the house, when the poor
man went to the old family Bible; turning
to Proverbs xi. 26, he read: "He that
withholdeth corn, the people shall curse
him; but blessings shall be upon the head
of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come
along," said he, "and I will be as good as
my word."

He took him to the corn-house, meas-
ured out a bushel of corn, and helped the
man to put it into his bag, assisted him to
put it on his shoulders, and just before his
departure, being somewhat of a wag, he
said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"I say, neighbor, after you have carried
this corn home, go to Deacon Clark and
curse him out of another bushel."

Almonds in California.

Almonds have been raised for years in
California, and could, doubtless, be raised
in other States with a mild climate if the
attempt should be made with intelligence
and persistence. It is strange that the al-
mond is not more widely cultivated in this
country, for it is a profitable crop, and we
annually import large quantities from the
Southern States of Europe. A native of
the East and Africa, especially of Barbary,
the tree from twenty to thirty feet high,
now grows completely wild throughout
Southern Europe. In Northern Germany
and Britain, it is planted for its beautiful
flowers, produced most plentifully, and re-
sembling those of the peach in form and
color, but generally paler, sometimes even
white. The flowers precede the leaves,
and add much to shrubberies in March and
April. Even when frosts kill the germ of
the fruit the flower is not affected. The
almond has numerous varieties, but the prin-
cipal kinds known to commerce are the
bitter and the sweet. Much as the latter
is used for dessert, it contains very little
nourishment, and of all nuts is one of the
most difficult of digestion. The almond is
pressed for oil, and employed variously in
the household, the bitter containing less
fixed oil than the sweet almond. The bit-
ter almond is strongly narcotic, derived
from the presence of hydrocyanic acid, and
said to act as poison on dogs and some of
the smaller animals. Its distilled water is
very deleterious to man, and taken in a
large dose, will cause almost instantaneous
death.

Intelligence in Birds.

The Central Prison at Agra is the roost-
ing-place of great numbers of the common
blue pigeon; they fly out to the neighboring
country for food every morning, and re-
turn in the evening, when they drink at a
tank just outside the prison walls. In this
tank are a large number of fresh-water tur-
tles, which lie in wait for the pigeons, just
under the surface of the water and at the
edge of it. Any bird alighting to drink
near one of these turtles, has a good chance
of having its head bitten off and eaten; and
the headless bodies of pigeons have been
picked up near the water, showing the
fate which has sometimes befallen the
birds. The pigeons, however, are aware
of the danger, and take two or three
hurried glances at it, then fly off to re-
peat the same process at another part of
the tank till its thirst is satisfied. I had
often watched the birds doing this, and
could not account for their strange mode of
drinking, till told by my friend, the super-
intendent of the prison, of the turtles
which lay in ambush for the pigeons.

Chrome Tanned Leather.

There are, or have lately been, on exhibi-
tion in Glasgow, Scotland, samples of
leather prepared with chrome, and without
the use of any tannin whatever. It is
claimed that the chrome process, invented
and patented by a Dr. Heizerling, is not
only cheaper and more expeditious than the
usual methods of tanning, but that it pro-
duces a leather "stronger, more durable,
more pliant, and less porous to moisture."

The chrome-tanned leather exhibited was
made into belting, harness, boots, and other
articles; and it may be well to suggest that
our leather manufacturers should scrutinize
what may be learned regarding the result,
and if the report is favorable it will go hard
with our inventors but they will better the
improvement.

The Memorable Year's Daughter.

In the memorable year of 1814, when
the allied armies were concentrated about
Paris, a young Lieutenant of Dragoons was
engaged with three or four Hungarians,
who, after having received several smart
strokes from his sabre, managed to send a
ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest
with a thrust from a lance, and to leave
him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a
boatman and his daughter had been watch-
ing this unequal fight with tears of des-
peration. But what could an old unmar-
ried man do, or a pretty girl of 16! However
the old soldier—for such the boatman was
—had no sooner seen the officer fall from his
horse than he and his daughter rowed vig-
orously for the opposite side. Then, when
they had deposited the wounded man in the
boat these worthy people crossed the
river again, but with faint hopes of reach-
ing the military hospital in time.

"You have been hardly treated my boy,"
said the old man, "but here am I, who have gone farther still, and
come home."

The silent and fixed attitude of Lieuten-
ant S. showed the extreme agony of his
pains; and the hardy boatman soon dis-
covered that the blood which was flowing
internally from the wound on his left side
would soon terminate his existence. He
turned to his youthful daughter.

"Mary," he said, "you have heard me
tell of my brother; he died of just such
another wound as this. Well, now,
had there only been somebody by to suck
the wound, his life would have been saved."

The boatman then landed, and went to
look for two or three soldiers to help him
carry the officer, leaving his daughter in
charge of him. The girl looked at the
sufferer for a second or two. What was
her emotion when she heard him sigh so
deeply, not that he was resigning his life
in the first flower of his age, but that he
should die without a mother's kiss.

"My mother! My dear, dear mother!"
said he, "I die without—"

Her woman's heart told her what he
would have said. Her bosom heaved with
sympathy, and her eyes ran over.

Then she remembered what her father
had said; she thought how her uncle's life
might have been saved. In an instant
quicker than thought, she tore open the
officer's coat, and the generous girl re-
called him to life with her lips.

Amid this holy occupation the sound of
foam fell to the other end of the boat.
Judge of her father's surprise, as he came
up with the two soldiers, when he saw
Lieut. S., whom he expected to find dead,
open his eyes and ask for his deliverer.

The boatman looked at his child and saw
it all. The poor girl came to him with
her head bent down. She was about to
excuse herself, when the father, embracing
her with enthusiasm, raised her spirits, and
the officer thanked her in these prophetic
words:

"You have saved my life; it belongs to
you."

After this she tended him and became his
nurse; nothing would he take but from her
hand. No wonder that with such a nurse
he at length recovered. Mary was as
pretty as she was good.

Meantime Master Cupid who is very
busy in such cases, gave him another
wound, and there was only one way to
cure it—so very deep it was.

The boatman's daughter became Mad-
ame S.

Her husband rose to be a Lieutenant
General, and the boatman's daughter be-
came as elegant and graceful as any lady
of the court of Louis Philippe.

A Wife's Devotion.

A rare example of constancy, courage
and devotion combined has just been fur-
nished by a brave young peasant woman,
born and bred in a remote hamlet of the
Vosges France. Marie Hagart, this heroine
in humble life, bade adieu to her husband
some months since, and saw him start for
the great city of Paris in the hope of ob-
taining employment there. But almost
upon his arrival in the capital he fell ill,
and being without either funds or friends,
was taken to the Hospital de la Pitié. The
news of his illness reached this hamlet,
where his wife lived in course of time, and
the latter, listening only to the promptings
of her heart, determined to join her sick
husband at once. She was utterly desti-
tute. To travel by rail was therefore out
of the question, so she started on foot with
a baby in her arms, just two francs in her
pocket, and a journey of one hundred and
three leagues before her. Braving hardships
of every description, sleeping by the road-
side or in the fields, and living on what
scraps of food she could obtain on the way,
she passed onward, nothing daunted, for
the city where her husband lay sick. She
had lost her way several times, her clothing
was in rags, her shoes were gone, but her
courage remained undiminished, until re-
cently, when, footsore and weary, she sank
down herself at Chartin, when she sank
down in the streets overcome by her suffer-
ings, exhausted from want of food, exclaim-
ing faintly, "Mon Dieu! I can go no further."
Mother and child were conveyed to the
public station, revived, warmed and tended,
after which the poor woman related, in a
few simple words, her touching story,
seemingly astonished that those who list-
ened to her should have been moved to ex-
pression of admiration for her conduct. Kindly persons
offered the young woman the assistance and
shelter her forlorn position required, but her
solicitous thought was to obtain news of the
man for whom she had traveled so far.

The police Commissioner undertook to sat-
isfy her on this point, and a few hours later
she learned that he whom she had walked
so many leagues to see had expired in the
hospital ward twenty-four hours before her
arrival.

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usual methods of tanning, but that it pro-
duces a leather "stronger, more durable,<