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**Millheim Journal.**

RATES ON APPLICATION.

## I SEE THEE STILL.

I see thee still!  
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,  
Calls thee in beauty from the dust:  
Thou comest in the morning light,  
Thou'rt with me in the gloomy night;  
In dreams I meet thee as of old—  
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,  
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;  
In every scene to memory dear.  
I see thee still!

I see thee still!  
In every hallowed token round;  
This little ring thy finger bound,  
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,  
This silken chain by thee was braided;  
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,  
Sweet sister, thou didst cut for me;  
This book was thine—here didst thou read;  
This picture—ah, yes! here indeed  
I see thee still!

I see thee still!  
Thou art not in the grave confined—  
Death cannot claim the immortal mind;  
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,  
But goodness dies not in the dust;  
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie—  
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die!  
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;  
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,  
I see thee still!

I see thee still!  
Thou art not in the grave confined—  
Death cannot claim the immortal mind;  
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,  
But goodness dies not in the dust;  
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie—  
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die!  
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;  
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,  
I see thee still!

## "SAUCY EYES."

She came smiling across the fields,  
Her arms laden with hawthorn bloom.  
Harold Carleton, as he saw her, thought  
Her the very incarnation of spring, she  
was so young, so fresh, so full of ex-  
uberant vitality. Yet she was only a  
cottager's daughter, apparently, for her  
dress, though neat, was cheap. She  
glanced up at him as she passed, with  
her great, eloquent eyes, half-sly, half-  
mischievously.

Harold was fresh from Cambridge,  
and at eighteen thought himself quite in  
another sphere, even in point of age,  
from the rustic of thirteen. He was  
disposed to be patronizing.

"What's the hurry, little Saucy  
Eyes?" he said. "Stop and give a fel-  
low a kiss."  
"My name isn't Saucy Eyes, and you  
know it. Gentlemen," and she empha-  
sized the word, "when they speak to  
me call me Miss Kent."

She had stopped to say this, and she  
now walked on with head erect, and the  
air of a born princess.

"Whew!" whistled Harold, "but I've  
made a mess of it. No cottager's  
daughter has an accent like that. Who  
the deuce can she be? A regular little  
spit-fire, though."

He ventured to ask the landlord about  
her, at the small inn where he lodged.  
He had come to this picturesque, hilly  
region on a trout-fishing excursion, and  
knew no one there.

"O, that's the minister's daughter,"  
was the reply. "Had her hands full of  
hawthorn, you say? Yes, there's plenty  
of it about here; one of the few places  
there is. We've miles of hedges. Miss  
Kate was taking the bloom home to de-  
corate the parlor. She's a rare one for  
flowers. You should see her decorate  
the church at Christmas. All the  
young ladies give way to her in that,  
though she is but a child as yet."

"If she grows up as pretty as she is  
now she'll make many a fellow's heart  
ache," said Harold, philosophically, as  
he helped himself to another brook-  
trout; and in five minutes more, so ex-  
cellent was the dinner, he had forgotten  
all about the child.

A week sooner than he had expected,  
He was fond of a little amateur garden-  
ing at times, and was just now bending  
over a moss-rose bush, hoe in hand.  
His back was toward Kate, and she,  
supposing him to be the gardener, called  
out:

"O, Adam—that's your name, I hear—  
—please ask Mr. Carleton if he can  
spare you for a couple of hours this af-  
ternoon. It's Dr. Kent's at the rectory."

Harold glanced mischievously at the  
pretty face half hidden by the tall lil-  
ies, which she had stopped to smell as  
she was speaking. Here was a chance  
for some sport. Kate had never, prob-  
ably, seen the new gardener, who had  
only come two days before. Why could  
not he personate the old fellow? It  
was fortunate for him that he had an  
old coat on, he thought.

So calling Adam he took the old man  
into the plot giving him a crown for  
hush money, and in the afternoon made  
his appearance at the rectory, and  
knocking at the back door, asked for orders.

"O, Adam, is it you?" cried Kate,  
coming forward. "Let me show you  
your work. I'll put on my garden hat  
and be out in a minute."

Harold presented rather a curious ap-  
pearance as he followed Kate down the  
long walk. His usually elegant attire  
had been exchanged for a jacket and  
trousers of coarse jeans, and his dark  
curling hair was covered by a red wig,  
similar in color to Adam's fiery locks.  
He had assumed the same shuffling gait,  
also.

"Here is your work, Adam," said  
Kate, "tie up the roses, and then weed  
this bed of hyacinths; train this wista-  
ria, and, if you have any more time,  
come to me for further orders."

Harold bowed awkwardly, while a  
mischievous gleam shot from the brown  
eyes as he proceeded to tie up the way-  
ward roses.

"This is getting interesting," he ob-  
served. "I wonder what my next or-  
der will be. By George, but Miss Kate  
quizzes it well! What a perfect little  
beauty she is! Whew! how hot it is!"  
He wiped the perspiration from his  
heated brow.

"I begin to understand how the origi-  
nal Adam must have felt when command-  
ed to earn his bread by the sweat of his  
brow. There, the wistaria is tied up.  
Faith, mum," he said, as Kate reappear-  
ed, "I was just comin' to see whatever  
else there was to be done."

"How nice you've made things look!"  
cried Kate, as she glanced at the roses  
and wistaria. "But it's warm work, isn't  
it? Adam's your name, I believe. I am  
glad," affably, "to make your acquaint-  
ance, Adam."

"Faith, mum, but it is that same as  
you say," replied Adam, drawing his  
straw hat further down over his eyes, still  
more to hide his face.

his whole heart was in her answer:  
"Did you wish to see him, miss? For  
it's myself as will be after sinding the  
likes of him to you?"

"No," said Katie, decidedly. "Stop  
talking and go to work. I am afraid you  
are getting lazy," and Katie walked off  
with her most queasily step.

"Whew!" whistled Harold. "She's  
too bright to be caught in that way.  
Thinks Adam will tell on her. Getting  
lazy, am I? Well, it isn't because I don't  
work hard enough," with a doleful gaze  
at his blistered hands, as he set vigor-  
ously to work, adding: "Even as Adam, I  
must win the good opinion of my Eve."

The next afternoon Katie went to call  
on a friend, and Harold discontentedly  
watched her departure. It was so pleas-  
ant to know that she was in the sum-  
mer-house or about the grounds that he  
did not like to have her go away.

He did not notice her return, nor that  
she came to the arbor soon after. But  
when he had finished his last order he  
threw himself down on a mossy seat, and  
tossing his wig off, began to fanning  
himself vigorously with his straw hat.

"I can't wear that contorted wig any  
longer!" he exclaimed. "Its color even  
is enough to set me on fire. Now this  
is refreshing. Beppo, you scamp, bring  
back that wig. What if your mistress  
should come? Must I chase after that  
dog this scorching day?"

Beppo, Katie's dog, had run off with  
the wig, as the reader has conjectured,  
and on chase being given to him, rushed  
to the summer-house and laid the wig at  
his mistress's feet.

"Why, Beppo, what have you there!"  
she cried. "It looks like the scalp of  
old Adam. I wonder if—"  
And she broke into a fit of ringing  
laughter as she met the astonished Har-  
old face to face.

"Mr. Carleton!"  
"Miss Kate!"  
Then, unable to resist it, he also broke  
into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, so you're not Adam," said Katie,  
demurely, at last.

"No, but I will be if you'll only be  
my Eve!" he cried, with a touch of his  
old boyish impudence. "O, Katie! Miss  
Kent, darling, I've learned to love you so  
dearly—say you will. We'll make another  
paradise where we can be happy to-  
gether, and I shan't be obliged to work  
so hard," breaking into laughter as he  
saw Katie's roguish look, and wiped his  
dripping forehead.

"Very well," said Katie, "I'll think of  
it. But you must remember that it was  
not a woman who made trouble in the  
garden this time." And she added arch-  
ly, "But I'll forgive you for deceiving  
me, if you will forgive me for—"  
"For what?" asked Harold, as she  
hesitated.

"For not letting you know before that  
I guessed your secret. I knew from the  
beginning that you were not Adam. That  
first day when I pretended to be smell-  
ing the lilies I had seen you were, at  
least not a gardener."

"And you let me work all this time?  
And it so hot," with a crestfallen look.  
"Yes, you deserved it for your trick.  
But I am glad you can work and obey or-  
ders; you may have to do so some  
time, you know."

"Every man has, they say, when he  
falls in love," he retorted.

## Hints to Mothers.

When your daughter performs a task  
in an ill-fashioned manner, always say,  
"There! I might as well have done it my-  
self in the first place," and then take the  
work out of her hand and do it your-  
self. This will encourage the girl not to  
try to do the thing next time she is set  
about it.

Never permit your son to have any  
amusement at home. This will induce  
him to seek it in places where you will  
not be annoyed by the noise.

There is no place like home. Impress  
this truth upon your children by making  
home as disagreeable and unlike any  
other place as possible.

Never neglect the lock on the pantry.  
Some boys have probably turned out  
first class housebreakers all on account  
of this judicious treatment in early child-  
hood.

Never permit your children to contra-  
dict. Let them know that that is your  
peculiar prerogative.

In childing your children's faults,  
never forget to mention how much bet-  
ter the Jones children behave. This will  
cause your little ones everlastingly to  
love the Jones children.

Take frequent occasion to tell your  
children how much more favored their  
lot is than yours when you were a  
girl. It is always pleasant to children  
to be constantly reminded of their obliga-  
tions.

Don't let your son indulge in any kind  
of outdoor games. Keep him to his  
books. It will make a great man of him  
some day, if he should happen to live.

Your girls should never be permitted  
to romp. Let them grow into interest-  
ing invalids, by all means.

Be gentle and courteous before com-  
pany; but if you have a temper, let your  
children have a taste of it as often as  
convenient. A mother should never  
practice deception upon her brood.

Talk slightly of your husband to  
your boys and girls. This will make them  
respect their father.

Tell your child he shall not do a thing  
and then let him tease you into giving  
your consent. This will teach him what  
to do on subsequent occasions.

Make promises to your children, and  
then neglect to keep them. This will  
lead your children not to place too much  
reliance upon your word, and shield them  
from many disappointments.

When your boy gets comfortably seated  
in the easy-chair, take it from him.  
This will induce him to appreciate a good  
thing when he grows older, and stick to  
it—a seat in a crowded horse car, for ex-  
ample.

## The Mosquito and the Gnat.

Entomologically, the mosquito is classi-  
fied as a gnat. But it is only the theo-  
rist in natural history that entertains  
this opinion. In far southern climes the  
more able bodied members of the order  
are called gallinippers, and if any scien-  
tist should insult one of them by calling  
him a gnat would be promptly impaled  
by aproboisic, and dried and hung up in  
a museum of natural history, labelled  
"Home; species, scientist; dried and  
inutritious, but insolent." The French  
call her "cousin." Pronounce the word  
in French, slowly, lengthening the last  
syllable, and the vesper hymn of the in-  
sect will be recognized. The more strict-  
ly scientific name of "diptera," or two-  
winged, has, however, given general  
satisfaction to the society. No case has  
yet been noted where a well-bred mos-  
quito has objected to the classification.

The thirst of a given mosquito may be  
estimated accurately by her vertical an-  
gle of inclination. The thirstier she is,  
the more the head is depressed and the  
tail exalted. The Jones' Falls mosquito  
stands comparatively horizontal on her  
legs; the Eastern Shore species has a  
steeper slope, while the New Jersey  
variety stands vertical, head downward  
among her legs, like an umbrella handle  
amidst its ribs. She does not sing, but  
wafts softly earthward and settles down  
to business. Her proboscis is a very  
wonderful, though highly objectionable  
instrument. It contains six lancets and  
a suction tube in a sheath—one of them  
has an exceedingly fine saw, something  
like a corkscrew, of unknown use, and a  
tube full of acrid juice for inflaming the  
wound and increasing the flow of blood.  
She makes her own diagnosis and does  
her own probing. She never uses the  
induction balance to locate the scene of  
her operations—she knows just where  
the cavity is. She never holds a con-  
sultation, never calls in another surgeon  
to use the knife, but does all her own  
cutting, and inserts the drainage pipe  
herself, and issues all the bulletins which  
it is proper to lay before the public. She  
may, while roosting on the mos-  
quito bar, mention casually to another  
practitioner that the patient slept well  
during the operation, with slight in-  
crease of temperature, but no greater  
acceleration of pulse than was properly  
due to the infiltration of the acrid ejections  
of the proboscis; the establishment of  
a small pus cavity on the instep and  
another on the wrist she rather flatters  
herself has been effected. The chances  
that the patient will wake up, slap wild-  
ly, apply friction to the wound, and use  
profane language on the next opera-  
tion, she considers very great—but that  
she adds calmly, is a very small matter.  
Professional etiquette forbids her to say  
more.

## The Sweet By-and-By.

Dr. Bennett says "the story of the origin  
of the hymn, 'The Sweet By-and-By,' is  
a short one and soon told. From 1861 to  
1871 I resided in Elkhart, Wis., where I  
kept an apothecary store, and during that  
period was associated with Joseph P. Web-  
ster, a music teacher, in the production of  
musical works, I composing the words and  
he the music. Our first production was  
'The Signet Ring,' our second 'The Beat-  
itudes,' our third 'The Sunday School Can-  
tata,' and our fourth and last 'The Great  
Rebellion.' It was in the fall of 1873, when  
we were at work on 'The Signet Ring,' that  
we composed 'The Sweet By-and-By.' It  
was composed for that work, and published  
first in it. And this was the way we hap-  
pened to compose it. Webster was an ex-  
tremely sensitive and melancholy man, and  
very prone to think that others had slighted  
him. He was always imagining that some  
old friend had spoken to him coolly, and  
then dropping into bottomless despondency  
about it until some casual meeting after-  
ward dispelled the illusion. After awhile  
I understood this weakness so well that I  
knew how to take it, and it gave me no  
trouble at all. On the contrary, I used to  
add him in getting over these spells,  
generally by putting him to work, which I  
learned by experience was sure to relieve  
him. So one day in the fall of 1874—I  
could give you the day if I had the copy-  
right here—I was standing at my desk in  
my drug store, writing up my books, when  
in came Webster looking uncomforably  
blue. I knew at a glance what ailed him,  
but said to him pleasantly, 'Webster, what  
is the matter with you?' 'Ah,' he said,  
nothing much. It will be all right by-and-  
by.' 'That is so, I said, 'and what is the  
reason that wouldn't be a good subject for  
a song—By-and-by?' With that I snatched  
up a piece of paper and went to writing,  
and within fifteen minutes I handed him a  
paper with these words written on it:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we may see it afar,  
And the Father stands over the way  
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

"We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest,  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,  
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

"To our beautiful Father above  
We will offer the tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that follow our days."

"There, I said, 'write a tune for that.'  
Webster looked it over, and then turned to  
man named Bright in the store, and said,  
'Hand me my fiddle over the counter,  
please.' The fiddle was passed to him, and  
he went to work at once to make a tune.  
And I hardly think it was more than thirty  
minutes from the time that he came into  
the store that he came into the store that he  
and I were singing together the words and  
music just as you see them here, on the  
nineteenth page of 'The Signet Ring.'  
We liked them very much, and were sing-  
ing our song, off and on, the rest of the  
day. Toward evening, Uncle John Crosby,  
as we used to call him, my wife's uncle,  
came into the store, and we sung it to  
him. He was deeply affected by it, and  
when it was ended the spirit of prophecy  
came over him and he said, 'That piece is  
immortal.' And he was right."

"Has the song been corrupted any by so  
many publications?"  
"A little. The tune is frequently writ-  
ten now in the key of G, instead of the key  
of A, which is no improvement. As to the  
words, I wrote a different repeat for each  
stanza. The first was 'We shall meet on  
that beautiful shore,' the second was 'We  
shall sing on that beautiful shore,' and the  
third was 'We shall praise on that beau-  
tiful shore.' As it is printed now, the first  
repeat is used for all three stanzas. Then,  
too, the Methodists have added two whole  
stanzas to the hymn. I can't repeat them,  
but I don't like them."

"Were not you and Webster Methodist?"  
"No, sir. We were both liberals, but  
not members of any church. Webster has  
never been connected with any church, but  
I had been a Methodist in my youth, and  
until I was nineteen years old."

"There is a story going around that you  
and Webster were drunk when you com-  
posed that hymn. Is there any truth in  
it?"  
"There is not. Webster was in the habit  
of drinking, but I know he wasn't drunk  
the day he composed that tune."  
"What has become of Webster?"  
"He died at Elkhart of heart disease,  
five or six years ago. His life went out  
like a flash. He was a married man, ten  
years older than I, and left four children.  
His daughter is traveling now, and singing  
'The Beatitudes.' Webster used to adver-  
tise himself as 'author of Lorena' until he  
wrote 'Sweet By-and-By,' but after that  
he never said any more about Lorena."

## Rules for Right Living.

Keep the body clean. The countless  
pores of the skin are so many little drain-  
pipes for the refuse of the system. If they  
become clogged and so denuded in their  
action, we must expect to become the prey  
of ill-health in some one of its countless  
forms. Let us not be afraid of a wet  
sponge and five minutes brisk exercise with  
a crash towel every night or morning.

Devote eight hours out of the twenty-  
four to sleep. If a mother is robbed of  
sleep by a wakeful baby, she must take a  
nap sometime during the day. Even ten  
minutes of repose strengthens and re-  
freshes, and does good "like a medicine."  
Children should be allowed to sleep until  
they wake of their own free will.

Never go out to work in early morning  
in any locality subject to damps, fogs, and  
mist, with an empty stomach. If there  
is not time to wait for a cup of coffee, pour  
two-thirds of a cup of boiling water on  
two teaspoonfuls of cream, or a beaten  
egg, season it with salt and pepper and  
drink it while hot before going out. This  
will stimulate and comfort the stomach,  
and aid the system in resisting a poisonous  
or debilitating atmosphere.

Avoid over-eating. To rise from the  
table able to eat a little more is a proverb-  
ially good rule for every one. There is  
nothing more idiotic than forcing down a  
few mouthfuls, because they happen to re-  
main on one's plate, after hunger is sat-  
isfied, and because they may be "wasted"  
if left! It is the most serious waste to  
over-tax the stomach with even half an  
ounce more than it can take care of.

Avoid foods and drinks that plainly  
"disagree" with the system. Vigorous  
out-door workers should beware of heavy  
indigestible suppers. Suppers should al-  
ways consist of light easily-digested foods  
—being, in the country, so soon followed  
by sleep, and the stomach being as much  
entitled as the head to profound rest. The  
moral pluck and firmness to take such food  
and no other for this last meal of the day  
can be easily acquired, and the reward of  
such virtue is sound sleep, a clear head, a  
strong hand and a capital appetite for  
breakfast.

The Postal Business of the World.  
A German paper has been compiling  
the statistics of the world's correspond-  
ence by post and by telegraph. The  
latest returns which approached com-  
pleteness were for the year 1877, in  
which more than 4,000,000,000 letters  
were sent, which gives an average of 11,-  
000,000 a day, or 127 a second. Europe  
contributed 3,036,000,000 letters to this  
great mass of correspondence; America,  
about 760,000,000; Asia, 150,000,000;  
Africa, 25,000,000; and Australia, 50,000,-  
000. Assuming that the population of the  
globe was between 1,300,000,000 and  
1,400,000,000, this would give an average  
of 3 letters per head for the entire  
human race. There were in the same  
year 38,000 telegraph stations, and the  
number of messages may be set down  
for the year at between 110,000,000 and  
111,000,000, being an average of more  
than 305,000 messages per day, 12,671  
per hour, and nearly 212 per minute.