

# The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LVI.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1882.

NO. 1.

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late W. F. Wilson.

BABY AND I.

Baby and I in the twilight sweet,  
Hearing the weary birds repeat  
Cheery good-nights from tree to tree,  
Dearest of all day's comfort see.

For weary too,  
We kiss and soo.  
He gives up his world—for me.

Baby and I in the twilight glow,  
Watching the branches to and fro  
Waving good-nights to the golden west,  
Welcome the hour we love the best.

We rock and sing,  
Till sleep we bring,  
Who folds him in her downy nest

Linger still in the twilight gray,  
After the radiance fades away,  
I watch my darling, so still, so fair,  
With thankful heart that to my care,

For happiness  
No words express,  
Awake God trusts a gift so dear.

As in his little bed I place  
My babe in all his slumbering grace,  
Heaven's starry lamps are lit on high,  
One, angel-borne, now dashes by.

And by their light,  
Through all the night,  
Celestial watchers will be nigh.

CHARLOTTE'S SECRET.

When Charlotte Castlemane was a school-girl of sixteen, she made the great mistake of her life; a mistake which was to cause her unutterable sorrow and remorse.

By nature Charlotte was intensely affectionate. She had been bereft of both her parents while a mere child, and her guardian being a cold, rather reserved man of business, the girl had learned to keep back such demonstrations as would have displeased him.

At fourteen she was sent away to boarding-school. At sixteen she fell in love—or thought she did—with Cliff Dallas, her music-teacher, a man of thirty, who used all the art he was master of to win the affection of this passionate-hearted girl, who he knew would come into possession of a handsome property in due time.

It was an easy task to win her, starved for love as she was. His low, tender words and his caresses seemed a foretaste of heaven.

By skillful maneuvering, he persuaded her into consenting to a secret marriage. Walking in the glamour of love, she doubted nothing, feared nothing.

Cliff Dallas, with his dark eyes and mysterious smile, was a sort of god upon earth to the foolish girl who could not look into the future.

At seventeen, with vows of eternal constancy, and many hot tears, she parted from her husband and returned home to her guardian.

Dallas returned to England shortly after; but it was understood between them that when she should have attained her majority, he would come to claim his wife.

Charlotte felt quite exalted and heroic. She entered society with a feeling of superiority to all the giddy butterflies about her.

A pretty girl and an heiress could not be long without suitors; and Charlotte had her share; but one after another was refused, until Mr. Morlowe, her guardian, began to think it rather singular that not one out of so many eligible young men had succeeded in winning the approbation of his ward. In truth, Mr. Morlowe would not have objected to shifting the responsibility of a lovely young lady and her property from his shoulders to those of a suitable husband.

Meanwhile, Charlotte had kept up a correspondence with Cliff Dallas, and once, being in America for a few months, he had called on her frequently, a fact which excited no comment, as he was known to have been her music-teacher while at Madame F's seminary.

It was soon after Dallas's second return to England that Charlotte met Charlie St. Omar. Charlotte was then about twenty, and St. Omar eight years her senior.

Until now she had never faltered from her old allegiance. Until now no man had seemed to her for a moment to be compared to Cliff Dallas. But as her acquaintance with this young fellow ripened, he grew into her heart unawares. There was something so true and loyal and manly about him—something so unlike the conventional society dandy—that she admired him in spite of himself.

And when rumor began to couple his name with hers, she shrank and trembled and wept in the solitude of her chamber, remembering that she was the wedded wife of another man.

Then came the news of the loss of an ocean steamer, with the name of Cliff Dallas on her passenger-list.

Charlotte read the newspaper accounts of the disaster with a terrible eagerness. Undoubtedly Dallas had been on his way to claim her. It waited but a month or two of her twenty-first birthday. Now Providence had freed her from the bond which she could only think of with loathing.

Almost at the same time Charlie St. Omar made her an offer of marriage, and she begged for a few days in which to consider the matter.

Then a great temptation came to Charlotte. She loved St. Omar, truly fondly, and deeply—a feeling utterly unlike the blind, senseless, school-girl passion which she had entertained for Cliff Dallas. Dallas was dead; their

marriage had been private; why need she tell Charlie of that old affair? Perhaps he would not love her if he knew all. She could not lose him. She would put the past behind her, and live only in the present.

Accordingly, when he came for his answer, she went straight to him, with luminous, wistful dark eyes, and clasped her slender hands about the tall brown head and drew it down on a level with her own.

"Dear, will you love me always the same?" she queried.

For all answer he held her close, and kissed, with the ardor of a young lover, the girl's shining black tresses, her questioning eyes, and her red mouth.

"Can anything come between us, Charlie?" she persisted.

"Only another lover, sweetheart," he said, laughing in sheer light-heartedness.

The shadow of a cloud passed over her face at his words as she recalled that other lover, but he was dead. No doubt of that. Cliff Dallas had no power to trouble them.

"What is it dear?" said Charlie, as he noted the change in her countenance.

"I suppose I ought to tell you," she began hurriedly, with averted eyes. "When I was at boarding-school, I—"

Charlie laughed, and kissed the words off her quivering lips.

"Never mind, Charlotte. I'll overlook all the love-affairs you had while at boarding-school, for I fancy that my own record of those days is not quite clear."

So Charlotte weakly allowed herself to be silenced; and Charlie, thinking that she referred to some girlish flirtation, dear to the hearts of boarding-school misses, gave the matter no further attention.

In the following September they were married; then followed two months of unalloyed happiness.

For Charlotte put all unpleasant memories aside, and devoted herself to her young husband who loved her so tenderly. Every day she became more assured of his goodness and manliness. Strong he was, and brave, and grand-hearted, yet as gentle, as sympathetic, as delicate as a woman in his feelings.

After the bridal tour they settled down in the old St. Omar mansion, which stood in the suburbs of the town.

It was a dreary November day and Charlie had gone into town, leaving his young wife alone.

The rain beat drearily on the windows and an east wind sobbed in a fitful way about the corners and down the chimney.

A feeling of gloom and nervousness crept into Mrs. St. Omar's heart; a feeling which she vainly endeavored to throw off.

Shadows were beginning to gather in the long drawing-room where Charlotte paced to and fro, listening for the sound of her husband's step at the door.

A tiny bronze clock on a corner bracket struck two silvery notes.

"Half-past four!" sighed Charlotte impatiently, as she threw herself down upon a sofa and leaned her head upon one arm.

Presently a loud peal of the door-bell startled the echoes in the great room hall, and after some delay, an unimpressive-looking footman in livery brought in, upon a little silver tray a note for his mistress.

At the sight of the address upon the envelope, Charlotte's heart gave a great throb. She had bare strength to motion the servant from the room; and, left alone, she sank shivering into one of the velvet-covered chairs, and started at the innocent-looking missive as if it had been a ghost.

When, at last, she gained courage to open it, she read these words:

"MRS. ST. OMAR.—Doubtless this note will be a surprise to you, as I was supposed to have perished with the other passengers of the ill-fated Claudia. You will not be interested to read in detail how I was saved and think of calling upon you. It is not, however, my intention to claim you as my wife; for you may as well know that ours was a mock marriage, and I had a wife in England at the time it was performed. Therefore you are truly free. You may have notes or jewels to the amount of five hundred pounds in readiness for me when I call to-morrow at three o'clock, or make up your mind that your husband shall know the whole story of our intimacy."

"CLIFF DALLAS."

The calmness of desperation settled down upon her as she read this dreadful note through to the end.

The footman brought her a second note—this time from Charlie, who wrote that he should be detained in the city, and advised her not to wait dinner for him.

"James," she said quietly, "dinner need not be served. Your master will not return until late, and I will have a cup of coffee in my own room."

She went up the grand staircase, her long, rich robes trailing heavily behind her, and her hands clasped tightly one within the other.

A maid brought the requested cup of coffee, and then she was once more alone.

Seating herself at the writing desk, she penned a long, sorrowful, tear-stained letter to St. Omar, confessing all that had hitherto been withheld

from him, but assuring him solemnly that she had believed herself truly wedded to Dallas, just as much as she had believed Dallas dead when she married him (St. Omar). She enclosed Cliff Dallas's note for him to read, and, realizing all her shame and disgrace, she was going away where Charlie would be troubled no more by the sight of her.

Hastily folding and sealing this, she laid it upon her husband's dressing-table, and, changing her dinner toilet for a shorter and more serviceable dress, she wrapped herself in a long cloak and stole unobserved from the house.

There was anguish and despair in her heart as she paused for one moment on the threshold before stepping out into the storm! All the folly of her girlish blunder arose before her, and taunted her with the memory of what might have been.

Within were home, and love, and warmth, and comfort. Without, storm and darkness, a cold and cruel world of which she had no practical knowledge.

She ran down the steps straight into the arms of Charlie, who was coming up. He held her close, and she screamed:

"Charlie, Charlie—save me!"

"Wake up, little wife! What are you dreaming about?"

Charlotte started to her feet. The stately drawing-room was filled with gloom. By the sofa, whereon she had fallen asleep, stood Charlie, his handsome face close to hers, and his honest eyes of tenderness.

It was a dream, then; nothing but a dream. Dallas was not alive, Charlie was there beside her.

She burst into a passion of tears which nearly frightened Charlie out of his wits.

But the dream opened Charlotte's eyes to her own weak deception, and, drawing her husband down on the sofa beside her, she told him of that old secret, and of her reason for keeping it from him; and received finally his full forgiveness for all.

No ghost of Cliff Dallas has arisen to disturb them, and Mrs. St. Omar is the proud and happy mother of two lovely, dark-eyed boys.

Horse Flesh.

The use of horse flesh is decidedly extensive in Germany, and is growing. A very careful supervision is exercised over the trade in Berlin. The inspector had a list of the stables where the existence of any contagious disease has been reported, and if he finds that the animal brought before him comes from any of these, a prosecution against the seller is at once instituted. Should the horse be found by the veterinary surgeons to be suffering from any disease not contagious, it is at once killed; but the body is sent to the Zoological Gardens. The Berlin butcher pays about \$10.50 for a piece of horse-flesh weighing from 250 to 300 pounds, but he retails it at 10 cents a pound for the flet, 60 cents per pound for other pieces, and 5 cents for parts only fit to be made into sausages; and, as horse-flesh is naturally very dry, a good deal of it can be converted into sausages, which, it may be added, are, it is shrewdly suspected, largely consumed by persons who are little aware of what they are eating. In one or two other German towns the consumption of horse-flesh is in proportion to their population, even larger than in Berlin. In Breslau, for instance, a town with 250,000 inhabitants, 2000 horses are killed annually for the market; and in Altona, with a population of 100,000, the number reaches 1500. In the western provinces, on the other hand, horseflesh is more rarely eaten even in the more densely peopled towns—the average number of horses killed annually in Dortmund being only 240, and in Bielefeld about 100.

Just Popped Out.

An eccentric barber opened a shop under two windows of the king's bench prison. Two winds being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared "Shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers, and over the door were scrawled these lines: "Here lives Jemmy Wright. Shaves as well as any man in England—almost—not quite." Foote, the great actor, who loved everything eccentric, saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some fun from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out:

"Is Jemmy Wright at home?"

The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane into the street, and replied:

"No sir; he has just popped out."

Foote laughed heartily and gave the man a guinea.

Nothing is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia. After rubbing with this take a little whiting on a soft cloth and polish in this way. Ever frosted silver, which is so difficult to clean, may be easily made clear and bright.

—Green county in Texas has two millions acres of unappropriated land.

The Dead Sea.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, writes thus of the Dead sea: our afternoon's march over the bleak treeless and brown mountains of the wilderness was inexpressibly tiresome until we came in sight of the Dead sea. It lay 2,000 feet below us—a mirror of silver, set among the violet mountains of Moab. Precipitous descents over rocks and sand brought us, by sundown, to the two towers of the most unique monastery of the globe. The famous convent of Mar Saba is worth a journey to Palestine. For thirteen centuries that wonderful structure has hung against the walls of the deep, awful gorge of the Kidron.

It is a colossal swallows' nest of stone, built to the height of 300 feet against the precipice, and inhabited by sixty monks of the Greek church—genuine Manicheans and followers of St. Saba and St. John of Damascus. No woman's foot has ever entered the convent's walls! Instead of woman's society they make love to the birds, who come and feed off the monks' hands. Every evening they toss meat down to the wild jackals in the gorge below.

At sunset I climbed over the extraordinary building—was shown into the rather handsome church, and into the chapel or cave of St. Nicholas, which contains the ghastly skulls of the monks who were slaughtered by Chosroes and his Persian soldiers—and gazed down into the awful ravine beneath the convent walls. Some monks in black gowns were perched as watchmen on the lofty towers; others wandered over the stone pavements in a sort of aimless vacancy. What an attempt to live in an exhausted receiver!

The monks gave us hospitable welcome, and we came and woodwork, and furnished us lodgings on the divans of two large stone parlors. One of the religious duties of the brotherhood is to keep vigils, and through the night bells were ringing and clanging to call them to keep up their vigils also; and as the result our party—with one exception—had a sleepless night. I have such a talent for sleeping, and like Pat "pay attention to it" so closely that I was able to defy even the fleas and mosquitoes of Mar Saba. By daylight the next morning we heard the great iron door of the convent clang behind us like the gate of Buzany's "Doubting Castle," and for five hours we made a toilsome descent of the desolate cliffs to the shore of the Dead sea. That much maligned sea has a weird and wonderful beauty.

We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island except that the water has such density that we floated on it like pine shingles. No fish from the salt ocean can live in it; but it is very attractive to the eye on a hot noonday. A scorching ride we had across the the barren plain to the sacred Jordan—which disappointed us sadly. At the place where the Israelites crossed and our Lord was baptised it is about 120 feet wide; it flows rapidly and in a turbid current of light stone color. In size and appearance it is a perfect counterpart of the Muskingum a few miles above Zanesville. Its useless waters ought to be turned off to irrigate its barren valleys which might be changed into a garden. For beauty the Jordan will not compare with Elijah's Brook Cherith, whose bright, sparkling stream went flowing past our lodging-place at Jericho. We lodged over night in a Greek convent (very small), and rode next morning to see the ruins of the town made famous by Joshua, Elijah, Zacheus, and the restoration of Bartimeus to sight. Squalid Arabs haunt the sacred spot.

A Pigeon Isn't A Chicken.

There are excellent chickens in Carrara, and but for the haste with which they are brought from the hen-coop to the table they would be very good food. Looking out of the hotel window into the back-yard one sees a hen busily engaged with a basin of wash. Almost in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the living hen is transformed into a roasted fowl. This may seem fanciful and unreal, but it is strictly true.

One day having a very limited time in which to eat a lunch and catch a train for Leghorn, I asked the waiter of one of our hotels if he could give me a bit of broiled chicken at short notice.

"I am very sorry, sir," said he, "but we haven't a chicken in the house. However, we have a very nice pigeon. How would you like half a pigeon?"

"Very well, indeed," I replied, "but can you give it to me quickly?"

"Yes, sir, you shall have him in precisely twenty minutes by the clock."

"A good pigeon, young, tender and plump, is he?"

"See for yourself, sir," and with that the waiter led the way to the kitchen. "Show the gentleman that pigeon, cook," said the waiter.

The cook gravely picked up a broomstick and began punching under the table, and as there came forth my pigeon, in the act of hastily swallowing a bit of bread which he had snatched from his feed-box before fleeing from the cook's broomstick.

See what the waiter had promised to do! He had promised to kill the dove, pluck him, clean him in a cursory way and roast him, all in the short space of twenty minutes. A pigeon isn't a chicken, but if it had been a chicken, the story would have been the same.

The Art of Eating.

"What is your idea of a good dinner?" was recently asked of Delmonico, the great caterer in New York.

"Do you ask me as a caterer or a dinner?"

"Both."

"As a caterer, I answer the one that gives the most satisfaction; to those to whom it is served and returns the best profits; as a dinner, the best is that which gratifies the taste, satisfies the demands of hunger, tickles the appetite and completes its courses just at the time the person eating feels himself no longer hungry and begins to wonder why, because he does not remember to have eaten anything."

"Can you accomplish that blissful condition of things for yourself?"

"Sometimes; but not always. Wisdom in feeding I notice, is rare, and flesh is weak. One either gets too much wine at the start or commits some such folly as taking a drink of brandy and soda or a cocktail before he begins, and then he will find it no end of trouble to balance his stomach."

"If wisdom of this kind is rare, perhaps you can tell me the names of some of the few people who are really wise?"

"That's pretty hard. There's Uncle Sam Ward. He's a good and sensible eater, but inclined to take food too highly flavored. He'll get gouty, maybe."

"Among the politicians, who eat well?"

"Let me see. I can't recall many right off the reel. There's Everts. He eats a good deal, and eats good food, and knows it. Among local politicians Hubert O. Thompson, now Commissioner of Public Works, is the best. I don't know but what he is the most artistic epicure in New York. I have often admired Charles Brooke's orders. By the way, he is a Philadelphian, and perhaps has a tendency to chicken coquette, born of a taste created by Angouleme, that should be restrained. He is a terrapin connoisseur. Tilden, Uncle Sammy, knows what is good, and the way he orders the first in season indicates how he keeps trace of the times when new things are due. Ex-Governor Jewell, of Hartford, is a delicate and careful feeder. The New Englanders, as a rule, do not excel in gastronomy. They order things out of season and generally hash up their food. Let me see, you were asking about politicians. Ben. Butler, he is a splendid exception to the average Yankee, and so, too, is General Hooker, who is Secretary of the Republican National committee. He comes from Vermont, and although he rarely makes a good balance of the kind of wine he drinks, he gets the right kind. Governor Cornell I don't know anything about. Governor Hoyt? Yes; he's a big man with chin whiskers. I rarely see him, but he can order just what he wants, and he knows just how good it is. Then there's Don Cameron, who is a comfortable but not a really good orderer. Wayne MacVeagh knows how to order a tasteful dinner. Bob Garrett, Vice President of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, is clever that way, and gets a dinner party very happy in a little while."

"Theatrical people good feeders?"

"None worse, if I except John Mc Cullough and some of the ladies whose provender is ordered by some New York escort who knows what she ought to eat and has money, neither of which things she has."

"Isn't Daly a dainty feeder?"

"I really don't know. Sheridan Shook is a hearty one, John Duff is a hearty eater and strong drinker. He washes everything down with champagne-Pompey Sec. John McCaull is a great fellow for terrapin. He rarely comes in here. Mapleson comes often, eats