## The gllillheim glanenal.

VOL. LVI.

## A. ${ }^{\text {пam }}$

| AUCTIONEER, <br> rebersburg, pa. |
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| J. C. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber. Next Door to Journal Store, Millheit, Pa. |
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| ALLEGHENY STREET <br> EREONTE - - <br> G. MoMILLEN <br> PROPRIETOR. |
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| $\mathrm{D}^{\text {R. d. h. mingele, }}$ Physician and Surgeon MAIN Street, Milligin, $\mathbf{P a}$ |
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| $\mathrm{D}^{\text {r.john f. harter, }}$ |
| Practical Dentist, Onlco in 2 datary of Tondinsoa's Gra- |



| 8. R. Peale. H. A. MCKER. <br> PEALE \& MeKEE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, <br> Omice opposite Court House, Bellefonte, $P$ |
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## D.

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W ilbub f. reeder,
atTorney at Law,

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$\mathbf{Y}^{\text {ocmeo }}$
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
D. ${ }^{\text {S. KELLER, }}$

A'TTORNEY AT LAW,

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D.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,



MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1882

| $\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { case. Slidiog back the bolt of the old } \\ & \text { oaken door, he stood in the outer air. }\end{aligned}\right.$ |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  |  |
| He had not slept; many tboughtoorowded upon him-thoughts of herhewe whose eyes had lured him homeward |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| The night was calm and warm; a dark blue, star studded sky bent down uponhim. Two miles distant lay the village |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| him. Two miles distant lay the village in whose suburbs, on a linden-crowned |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| brought him in view of Amos Homer's |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| with light, and as te gained a oloser proximity, he paused and leaned against the white railng which outskirted the grounds. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Placing one hand on the raling $h$ e lightly leaped it, and stood within the grounds of the mansion. Nearing one |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| oi the windows, he looked and what he saw made his heart almost stand still. robes robes. |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| thoughts he knew not where, he again sought his home. The night passed, though it seemed it would never end. |  |  |
| And there was no trace on his face of his struggle when he came down the next morning. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| "Mother." he said, after breakfast,"I shall have to get away from you |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| again. You will not think it hard if I leave you for Boston to-morrow. I |  |  |
| have some orders that must be execut ed befors the foreign steamer sails. "But I thought you had come to tarr |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| here, Panl. And then you are sick, I know you are; and y solf out with work. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| not ill. I look pale always, now. If I have leisure, I will run $u \rho$ among these |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| New Hampshire hills again in a fortnight or so ; but if I am very busy shsll write for you to bring Mary |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| shall write for you to bring Mary to Boston to join me. O, yes, mother, I'll have time yet for rest and recreat on |  |  |
| before I go over seas again." |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| be divided from you. Do not go fromhome again. Stay with us, Paul," home again, Stayurged Mrs. Dillard. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| "Nay, mother," said Paul, gently, |  |  |
| main here an idler, a drone. I must return to Italy." |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| An Italian sun was setting behind a low range of hills that skirted a broad |  |  |
| Roman Campagna, as two travelers, one an invalid, alighted from a diligence at an humble hostelrie, whose |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| brown vine-covercd walls slept under the protecting shelter of a grove of |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| drawt eedarseThe inralid was an old man, the |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| And that wasted, wan sufferer, and that beautitul, but pale woman, were John |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| panied him across the sens to Italy, day <br> by day attending him unweariedly with |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| waxed fainter; and when they lifted him carefully from the cushions and |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| bore him within the mountain inn, even then the death angel entered besid him. |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| There was one other traveler who ame slowly down the hillside path and |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| hand, and enveloped in the folds of an ample Roman cloak. And while the |  |  |
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| shadows gathered deeper and the rain pattered on the low roof, the stranger |  |  |
| threw bench beside the window, and with face |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| buried in his hands seemed lost in thought or slumber. |  |  |
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| ering lamp of life. For an hour he dozed heavily, then the waning flame |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| flashed up with fitful radiance; he |  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { started from his pllow and said gasp } \\ & \text { ingly : "Wife! Ariadne!" } \\ & \text { She came oloser and moistened his } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| (uste with wine. |  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { you before-before-" but his voice } \\ & \text { faltered. I am going-I know it," he } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| gasped feebly, "and I must talk with you Ariadne. I have been very wicked. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| You remember Paul Dillard ?" |  |  |
| heavier ; her beatitul hand elutcheed |  |  |
| his corvulsively for an instant, then |  |  |
|  |  | (eamed |
| started to his elbow with a sudden |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { bound, and leaned his head forward in } \\ & \text { an eager listening attitude. } \\ & \text { "My child, it is hard for an old man } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
| like me to make this confession," went on old John Etheridge. "It is hard |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| but harder yet to go into eternity with the stuin of an theonfessed sin upo my soul. I have been wicked; but I |  |  |
|  |  |  |
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