

The Millheim Journal.

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MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1882.

NO 23.

A. HARTER, AUCTIONEER, MILLHEIM, PA.

J. C. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber, Next Door to JOURNAL Store, MILLHEIM, PA.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, - - - PA.

C. G. McMILLEN, PROPRIETOR, Good Sample Room on First Floor.

IRVIN HOUSE, (Most Central Hotel in the City) Corner MAIN and JAY Streets, Lock Haven, Pa.

S. WOODS CALWELL, Proprietor, Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers on first floor.

D. R. H. MINGLE, Physician and Surgeon, MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER, PRACTICAL DENTIST, Office in 2d story of Tomlinson's Grocery Store, On MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, Pa.

B. F. KINTER, FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER, Shop next door to Foot's Store, Main St.

S. R. PAERL, H. A. McKEE, PEALE & McKEE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office opposite Court House, Bellefonte, Pa.

C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower, ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

JOHN B. LINN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

CLEMENT DALE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

D. H. HASTINGS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

W. M. C. HEINLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

WILBUR F. REEDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

J. A. BEAVER, J. W. GEPHART, BEAVER & GEPHART, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

YOCUM & HARSHBERGER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

MANY A TIME AND OFF. When the house is still and the day is done...

A PHYSICIAN'S REWARD. I had been six years a surgeon in the navy, and for the last two of these six years...

When I was put in bed. Before I left I asked the house surgeon to give a shilling to the poor girl...

Then followed a description which exactly tallied with the appearance of my patient. Everything was now clear to me...

It was ten o'clock on a cold drizzling night when I sat out on my walk. I somehow felt a kind of fictitious hopefulness...

The woman, seeing my condition, brought me a little brandy, which revived me somewhat; but it was some time before I felt able to move...

How it happened I do not know, but somehow I lost my way, and after wandering aimlessly for some time...

A singular adaptation of the railway engine has been made in Russia. Information having been giving to the authorities at Alexandrow, on the Polish frontier...

With considerable labor, in my weak condition, I managed—half lifting, half dragging him—to convey him into the covered passage...

Cooking in Germany. I doubt whether the mysteries of German cooking are comprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind...

Is there not a close relationship between the methods of cooking of a people and their intellectual and moral development?

The fundamental principle of German cooking is to mix as many incongruous things as possible. My countrymen have a special talent...

One HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD. A Gentleman of unusual mind has escaped from the M— Private Asylum. The above reward will be paid to any person finding him...

What the Girls Should Learn. By all means let the girls learn how to cook. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping...

What the Girls Should Learn. "Oh, that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come, the cake will all be taken if you don't hurry."

Recently further finds of lacustrine relics have occurred at Steckborn, on Lake Constance. Among them are two lakes in perfect condition, quartzite ornaments, carved boars' teeth arrows, and other weapons.

Those about the White House say that when Hayes was President, a strange, lean, gray dog stood watch at his house both day and night...

When Arthur donned the Executive robe a large bundle dog of a mongrel species took up his home in a clump of scruboak directly in front of the north door.

Claret. The phylloxera has desolated the Gironde, and has not left unscarred French vineyards elsewhere. French vines have been yielding little liquor and bad wine drinkers are scarcely conscious of the disaster...

Claret. Much of the pleasure which Englishmen have enjoyed in drinking claret has been derived from the belief that they were drinking a wine absolutely pure. Port and sherry and champagne are manufactured. Claret and Burgundy have been supposed to be the mere juice of the grapes of the vineyards...

Claret. A young Roumanian engineer, M. Trajan Theodoresco, has constructed a submarine vessel which quite puts at that has been made hitherto in the shade. The ship, if it does not exceed certain dimensions, can be navigated for twelve hours at 100 feet under water without being raised to the surface.

A Boy's Game of Circus. Not long ago, an old woman named Lutetia Perkins, residing at Macon, locked up her two grandchildren, one a boy about ten and a little girl about three years of age. The children were locked up in the house, but the window was opened, out of which they looked upon a frightful sight.

What the Girls Should Learn. "You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go. I have—" "Here, let me pin this in your button hole," interrupted his cousin. "Fifty cents, please," and the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

Clarets or No Corsets. Fred Treves of London who has paid great attention to the matter of ladies' costume says the notion that women need the support of stays is an entirely erroneous one; nevertheless, the eye of the present generation is so accustomed to the sight of the female form as it appears in stays that a woman who dispenses with this adjunct of the toilet is sure to be curiously commented on.

Three Dogs. Those about the White House say that when Hayes was President, a strange, lean, gray dog stood watch at his house both day and night, and could not be driven away. That when Garfield became President, a yellow terrier put in an appearance, the Hayes dog disappearing. The yellow dog was first seen on the day of inauguration.

Three Dogs. When Arthur donned the Executive robe a large bundle dog of a mongrel species took up his home in a clump of scruboak directly in front of the north door. The attendants at the President's house positively aver that this Presidential dog story is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

WE read as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

Justice Late but Sure. Socrates was a stone-cutter by trade, but too lazy to follow so honest a calling. He loved to talk too well, and spent his time lounging on street corners and gathering young men as idle as himself around him.

Justice Late but Sure. His personal appearance was disgusting in the extreme, and one has but to gaze upon the Louvre cast in the gallery of which we are so justly proud, to straightway sympathize with poor, abused Xantippe. He had a flat nose, thick lips, prominent eyes, low, broad figure, and awkward gait, went barefooted and half-clad, was a bitter enemy to cleanliness, and a mountebank in manners.

Justice Late but Sure. He married a woman to whom he was attracted by her singular conversational powers, and although he believed he himself excelled all his contemporaries in that respect, yet he found that she far excelled him in the command of language.

Justice Late but Sure. He cared nothing for the welfare of his wife or children, left them to support themselves as best they might, while he spent the time he could spare from the curbstone sciences, and wasted the treasures of his thought at the feet of Aspasia and Theodora, whom he pretended to desire to convert, that he might thereby add lustre to his own name—slay old dogs—and in addition to all this, he would invite the lazy creatures who surrounded him to dine with him when there was nothing in the house to entertain them with.

Justice Late but Sure. It is natural that this would be very irritating to a proud-spirited woman who was struggling for herself and little ones. What woman in existence could have borne her soul in patience under such provocation?

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