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MOTHER'S WAY.

Of within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall
White the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,
Or our task seems very long,
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say,
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

THE COUSINS.

Marian Field stopped a moment at Burnham and Burnham's window, and her lovely blue eyes looked all the admiration she felt at sight of the tempting display of velvets and silks, laces and ribbons, satins and all the hundred and one accessories of a lady's toilet.

All the admiration and a little—just a little—purely feminine envy, and then she turned her face away to the quiet, plain, elderly lady who had stopped a moment waiting for her.

"O Annie, how exquisite everything is! I wonder if it is awfully wicked in me to wish we were rich and to hate Meredith Alwyn because we are not. Let's hurry away before I become perfectly savage."

Her sweet, girlish laugh rippled out on the quiet evening air—a laugh that had just a tinge of bitterness mixed with its silver sweetness, and a gentleman who was accidentally passing at the moment, looked to see Marian's lovely face, with her blue eyes and fair complexion, to which the crisp December air had lent a delicate pink tinge, and bright golden hair that was lightly fluffed over her forehead and looking coquettishly becoming as it escaped from the pale-blue zephyr hood she wore.

It was just the merest passing glance he had, but enough to show him the surpassing loveliness of Marian and the quaint well-bredness of both Marian and her sister.

And then, as they passed further away into the dusk of the night, he went into a quiet little shop, next Burnham and Burnham's brilliantly illuminated shop-windows, interested in inquiring of the pleasant-faced lady who, standing at the door, had heard and seen the ladies.

The lady went briskly round to his post behind the counter at his customer's entrance.

"I want some cigars—I believe that was what I wanted, at least until the sight of that girl that just now passed drove it from my head. Who are they, do you know?"

The young shopman promptly selected the choicest cigars, talking pleasantly to the while.

"You must mean Miss Field and Miss Marian. They just went by. Miss Marian is called the prettiest girl hereabouts; I think."

The gentleman smiled at the young fellow's enthusiasm.

"I quite agree with you; I think I never saw a more perfect face. Field—I think I've heard the name before."

"And there's such a romance connected with them!" the clerk went on. "To-day they have to earn their own living, while six months ago they were the heiresses to the Deaconwoode estate. They were born and brought up on the place, and not until all of a sudden was it discovered that somebody had a letter claim on it than they—a first nephew to old Mr. Field, and these young ladies were second nieces, and so the lawyers made a row about it, and Miss Field and Miss Marian walked out as patient, proud and smiling as ever, and took up their quarters down town, and earn their little salary that wouldn't buy the toilet water they used to order."

"Quite a remarkable experience for two young ladies, and you have told it well. It really is a pity. A fine night."

And Mr. Meredith Alwyn nodded to his diffuse young friend and took himself slowly thoughtfully, up the street that led directly to the magnificent estate of Deaconwoode.

"Beggars—those splendid women—that lovely-voiced, sapphire-eyed girl, fit to sit on the grandest throne under heaven! Beggars—through my acceptance of Uncle Cyril Field's legacy! Why didn't some one tell me the atrocity of such wholesale rascality! Is it fate, I wonder, that threw them directly in my path almost the hour of my arrival in this strange place whether I had come to see my new accession? And how shall I see them again?"

"Will we do it? Why, Annie, of course we will do it! It would be a direct fly-

ing in the face of Providence to refuse such a god-send. It won't be any trouble for dear old Elsie to cook for one more, and that big empty room that looks out on the chimneys of Deaconwoode—we will never use that room Annie. And only think—ten dollars a week! it will tide us through the winter so comfortably."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Meredith Alwyn took possession of the room in the Field sister's cottage that looked out on the chimneys and turrets and towers of Deaconwoode—took possession as their boarder, and gave his name as Curtis, and in course of time very naturally came to be on the most excellent terms with them.

One day Miss Field, in a particularly confidential mood, told him all about the romance of their lives; how until about so lately they had lived their life of elegance and ease at Deaconwoode, and how the prospect of their future had faded as completely and suddenly as a beautiful dream.

"Whoever this usurping heir is he must be a double-dyed rascal—selfish to the heart's core—to have defrauded you so."

Mr. Curtis seemed remarkably emphatic in his denunciations.

"Oh, I would not think that," Miss Field said, in her gentle, womanly way, "because he certainly had a right to it, and I dare say he was delighted at his good fortune, and surely he ought to enjoy it."

"I don't know about that, Miss Field, I think it simply inhuman for any man to turn two delicately-bred women out of their home of elegance and ease, as this villain has turned you out. Perhaps he did not know, but he should have been told, and he certainly should at least have divided."

Miss Field smiled.

"But people are not often so generous, Mr. Curtis. Yes, for Marian's sake it would be pleasant; but I don't know. The discipline of adversity and the necessity for effort are making a grand woman of her, while I must confess I rather shrink in distaste."

An hour or so later he and Marian went out for a little stroll—they had fallen into that habit lately.

"We were talking about Deaconwoode and that detestable cousin of yours—Miss Field and I. Do you know we both agree that it is a piece of selfishness that he doesn't divide with you under such peculiar circumstances?"

Marian laughed.

"That's nonsense, Mr. Curtis, and I shall not allow you and Annie to discuss such incendiary topics. Divide? Of course not—do you think I'd accept charity at the hands of Meredith Alwyn? Deaconwoode is lawfully his—let him keep it—dearly as I love it, every stone, every tree, every room, every picture."

Her impetuous young voice thrilled out, brave, almost defiant, as they walked along in the gathering dusk.

Then he suddenly called her name in a tone that instantly brought a flush to her cheek.

"It was the first time he had omitted the formality of the prefacing title."

"Yes?"

"I am jealous of Deaconwoode because you love it so, and I want you to love me! Marian, my darling, tell me if you can—I do you! Marian, sweet, I love you so—if you will let me!"

It did not need more than one look into her eyes to read his answer.

"I cannot help it—can I?" she said, slyly, and then, on the quiet suburban road, in the gloom of the early nightfall, he took her in his arms and kissed her over and over again.

"And now," he said, as she nestled on his arm and they turned their steps homeward, "about this Deaconwoode affair. You, of course, have no objection to going back there? You have so imperiously declared you will not accept your cousin Meredith Alwyn's charity that there remains only one more course open. That is to ask you to resume your sweet away there as rightful owner, and—Meredith Curtis Alwyn's wife—my own little blue-eyed darling. It is yes, again. Because you know you cannot help yourself, nor will you want to if you love me, little Cousin Marian, little wife Marian!"

And that was the way they went back home.

Odd Delivery of Letters.

A short time ago Captain Crawford, while towing a vessel picked up, out from land, a board about three inches wide by three feet long, upon one end of which was a bottle filled with wine, while upon the other end was another bottle filled with letters. Upon one side of the board was written: "Please mail the letters and drink the wine. Officers U. S. Steamer Tallapoosa, bound for Pensacola, Fla. Please break the bottle and mail enclosed letters." Upon the other side of the board was written: "U. S. Steamer Tallapoosa, at sea June 20, '82. Weather fine." The bottle containing the letters was broken. Captain Crawford sighted the Tallapoosa in the distance and everything seemed to be working smoothly. He returned to Mayport in time to hand the letters to Mr. George L. Fox, the mail agent, who delivered them to Colonel Jay upon arriving at the city, and they were immediately forwarded North.

Some Queer Uses of Birds.

Did you ever see a candle made out of a bird? I suppose not, unless you have been in the Faroe Islands, and very few people visit their lovely shores. The inhabitants of those islands live in a very simple and old-fashioned way, and nearly everything they use is a home made article.

Thousands of sea-birds build their nests on the rocks there, and the young birds are "as fat as butter." The islanders take these young birds, rich wicks through their bodies until they are soaked with grease, light one end of the wick, and there's your home made candle.

Another kind of a bird is used in Australia as a substitute for confectionery. It is a species of parrot, called lora, which feeds on fruit and grain and has a place in its throat where all the sweet parts of the things it eats collect and form a kind of honey.

As soon as an Australian savage shoots one of these birds, he puts its bill into his mouth, squeezes it throat, and sucks away just as boys do with oranges. Then he pulls the feathers out and sticks them in his hair, and after that he takes the bird home to Mrs. Savage to be cooked.

Perhaps, when Mr. S. is in a particularly good humor, he brings a lora or two home to his wolly headed family without first extracting all the "nice part."

In great many cities of tropical America black vultures (or turkey buzzards, as they are commonly called in this country) do the most important part of the street-cleaning. They devour everything they find which would be liable to decay, and so they keep off pestilences, or at least prevent their coming from that cause.

It is against the law to molest the buzzards in any way, and, as they march around the streets or sit at their ease in the sunshine, they seem to be well aware that they are city officials, and of quite as much importance as the mayor himself.

In China, tame cormorants are used to supply the markets and the tables of their owners with fish. Rings are placed on their necks, loose enough to allow them to breathe, but too tight to admit of their swallowing. Then they are taken to a fish-pond or stream, strings are fastened to their legs, and they are allowed to "go a-fishing."

They dive and bring up fish, and while they are struggling violently to swallow what they have captured, they are drawn to the shore by the string, their prey is taken away from them, and they are sent in to try again.

When the baskets are full, the rings are taken off, and the cormorants are allowed to do a little extra work on their own account.

If human laborers were treated in this way, there would certainly be trouble, but, as far as known, these feathered employees have never organized a strike.

It is no longer the fashion to use hawks and falcons as bird killers, but pigeons are made to do duty as letter-carriers, and at the siege of Paris they formed the best means of communication with the outside world.

Thirty miles an hour is the usual rate of their speed, and they sometimes travel even faster. The bird's object in making the journey is to get back to its young squabs, from which it is taken away before being employed in this way; and, as it is kept in a dark place and without food for eight hours before being let loose, it no doubt considers the point from which it is sent a good place to get away from as soon as possible.

The uses of birds are "too numerous to mention." The most important of the many good things that they do for us is to keep the worms and insects, that destroy vegetation, from becoming too numerous.

If all the birds should suddenly die, meal and flour would soon become very scarce and high, and thousands of people would starve. Boys would find that their fathers couldn't afford to give them much money to spend, and everything would be dearer than it is now.

Leaving out such robbers as the crows, birds are among our best friends; and children who kill them and rob their nests, "just for fun," do a great deal of harm to themselves and everybody else.

Some time ago, an association of "bird-defenders" was formed among American boys and girls, and this honorable society is one of those which certainly ought to live long and prosper.

Cremation.

The subject of cremation, in its medical aspect, is receiving much attention from medical societies at home and abroad. It is evident that if any one who may procure death by poison is careful to have the body incinerated before suspicion can point to him, he may in most instances completely destroy all substantial evidences of his crime. That a man should have procured arsenic before a crime has been consummated is not sufficient proof that he has committed a murder. It must be shown that he administered it. After cremation this is impossible, for arsenic is volatile.

An English Jockey.

An English correspondent in writing about Archer the noted jockey, says: "Imagine a tall, emaciated-looking man, cavernous of countenance, with large, projecting lips, a slight stoop, decidedly round shoulders and long, somewhat misshapen legs. Picture this man, wrapped in an overcoat and shivering as though nearly every gust of wind went right through his slender frame. Such is the premier jockey of England. I should be sorry to say that Archer is of a pronounced money-hoarding and miserly turn of mind; but it looks very much as though such were the case. He has always been notorious for excessive thrift; no one ever knew him to throw about money with anything approaching recklessness or even generosity. He has amassed large sums and promptly stowed them away securely and carefully. It is said, on good authority, that he is worth quite \$350,000, and moreover he is shortly to be married to the daughter of one of the richest trainers in England. Lately, however, he has developed a tendency for increasing in weight, and this seems to trouble him immensely. Why he should wish to continue riding in races no one with any sense can divine. He would surely do well to retire; but he will listen to no advice of this kind. Some plainly-spoken people say his greed for making money can not be overcome. Anyhow, all I know is that he has to treat his system most cruelly in order not to "scale" above 117 pounds. For three days before the City and Suburban I am told by those who really should know, Archer took very little sustenance of any description. Milk and vegetables he absolutely eschewed, his diet consisting chiefly of bread and tea taken without sugar. Archer does not keep down his weight by pedestrian exercise. I believe his enfeebled frame is incapable of the necessary exertion. He goes in for "strong physicking," and any one with common sense must know how injurious this is to the system. Now and then he breakfasts off a couple of seditious powders, or something similarly purgative and cheerful, and he has been known positively to fill himself with drugs. The reason simply is he already looks like a weazened and shrunken old man. After the first race yesterday I saw him quivering and shaking from head to foot with the exertion the race had cost him, and it is a fact that he had to imbibe half a pint of champagne ere he could study himself sufficiently to ride in the City and Suburban. Again, I say a man who will thus trifle, and who will play fast and loose with his constitution, cannot be commended upon the score of wisdom. It may happen that when Archer finally retires from the "pig-skin" he may "fall out," and become to a certain extent robust and hearty, but I doubt it. He looked deplorable enough yesterday to raise hopes in the mind of an undertaker. I learn, however, that he has resolved to continue at work right through the present season, and I should think that no one who knows him will envy him the task he has set himself, no matter about the money he hopes to gain."

Catching Bears.

An Indian hunter who knew of two litters of cubs which he intended to capture as soon as they were old enough to be taken from their dam, was anticipated in one case by a black cat and in the other by a fox. The latter paid the penalty of his adventure with his life, and was found in the den literally torn into shreds by the furious bear. The fox had killed one of the cubs and the old bear hoping to find a more secure place, had gone off with the two remaining cubs. Upon another occasion he was not so fortunate. Stimulated by the large price offered by the officers of a garrison town for a pair of live cubs, he was indefatigable in his efforts to find a den. One day, when accompanied by his little son, a boy of ten, he discovered unmistakable traces of a bear's den near the top of a hill strewn with granite boulders, and almost impassable from the number of fallen pines. One old pine had fallen up hill, and its up-reared roots, with the soil clinging to them, formed, with a very large rock, a triangular space, into which the snow had drifted to the depth of ten or twelve feet. The Indian was about to pass on, when he detected the whining of bear cubs. By making a detour he reached a place on a level with the bottom of the boulder, and there saw the tracks of an old bear, leading directly into the center of the space between the tree foot and the boulder. The older bear, in her comings and goings, had tunneled a passage under the snow drift. Getting down on his hands and knees, the Indian, with his knife held between his teeth, crept, bear fashion, into the tunnel. After entering several feet he found the usual bear device—a path branching off in two directions. While pondering what to do under such circumstances, a warning cry came from his little son, who was perched on the top of the boulder, and the next instant the old bear came rushing into the tunnel, and came into violent contact with the boulder. The shock causing the tunnel to cave in, the Indian, after dealing the bear one blow, lost his knife in the snow, and seized the bear with his hands; but she proved too strong for him, and was the first to struggle out of the drift, when, unfortunately, she met the little Indian boy, who had climbed down to his father's rescue. He received a tremendous blow on the thigh from the bear's paw as she passed, which crippled him for life. Four days afterward the Indian, determined to avenge the death of his son by slaying the old bear, returned to the den and found her lying dead upon the snow in front of the boulder; his one blow had crawled back to her young to die. The Indian dug away the snow and found the cubs; one was dead and the other died before he could reach the camp.

A Tin Bang.

Mrs. Boger's hair would not lie flat in a bang. It had been brushed back for forty years, and refused to stay the other way. But bangs were fashionable in the suburb of Chicago where she lived, and she couldn't bear to go without one. So she wore a properly shaped piece of tin over her forehead mornings to train the hair the way it should go, but it saved her life, for when a drunken neighbor fired at her the bullet struck the tin and glanced off.

Bold Bank Robbers.

"I was at the next corner of the street in Brookfield, Mo., when the bank of that place was robbed," said Mr. Maters, "and saw all that any outsider could. The exact time was 3.35 o'clock when I saw four men on horseback dash up to the front of the bank. Two stepped inside, one stood in the door firing his gun up and down the street and the other held the horses. It has been thought and reported that there were six men in the job, but I am quite sure that there were only four. Cashier Brownley noticed that the men had false beards on. He at once hurried all his money into the safe, but before he could lock it heard the firing up at the Brookfield. The man at the door sang out for every one to get inside and then began banging away. It was all over in about three minutes, and they were riding away as fast as they could, and shooting and hollering. As they went into the bank there was a dry goods man named Ross, whose place is quite near, who saw them, and ran out to the street shouting: 'The bank's being robbed!' as loud as he could. The party in the door told him to get in and fired in his direction, but Ross never budged. The gang seemed perfectly cool, as you may know by their stopping before getting out of the town, right in front of Conductor Miles' house, while one of them got down and tightened the girl. The other three hurried him, but he looked at the saddle slowly, and wondered what was the matter with the thing, anyway."

"Every one began to muster horses for the pursuit. As it so happened most of the good horses were at Linneus, the county seat, where court was being held, so the chase was taken up at a disadvantage. City Marshal Mearns had an old racer, and was the best mounted, so much so that before the robbers had got two miles he was within 300 yards of them. He didn't dare get within nearer range as they kept up a constant fire at him, but he hung that close to their heels for thirty miles."

"Did any one attempt to stop them?"

"The only attempt I know of was made by John A. Tooley, a drug clerk. He jumped into a buggy and drove through a side street, heading them off. He grabbed a gun when he left the store and blazed away as they passed. One of the men fell off his horse and John thought he had killed him sure, but he was in the saddle and off again in no time. The whole four fired at John, and one ball went through the dasher of the buggy, and would have hit him, if he had not slid out one side when he saw them aim. The party was in town about fifteen minutes altogether."

The Difference in Girls.

An old man got into a street car with his umbrella as wet as it is possible for an umbrella to be. The seats were all full, and he closed his umbrella and put the point down on the floor, as he supposed, but in fact he put it right into the low shoe of one of these sweet, modest girls, right on to her stocking, and the dirty water more than poured down into the shoe. At first she looked as though she would move her foot, and call his attention to what he was doing, but he seemed to relent, and with a resigned expression, as though he hoped he was not going to give any one a headache, or perhaps somebody would get out and give him a seat, looked out of the window. Once she moved her head as though she would look down at her shoe to see how near full of water it was. After a few minutes she began to shiver, which was conclusive evidence to some that the water was coming up around her insteps, and was gradually overflowing the banks. Finally she became nervous and when a girl begins to get nervous something has got to be done. She blushed and touched him on the hand that held the umbrella handle with her little, fluttering finger and said:

"May I ask you sir, without seeming to be impolite, to do me a favor?"

"Why, certainly, miss," said the old man, as he looked down at her. "What is it?"

"Will you please take your umbrella out of my shoe for a moment, and let me take the shoe off and empty it?"

"For heaven's sake, miss, was my umbrella in your shoe? I beg pardon," and he took it out.

"It's of no consequence at all," said the little lady as she turned up her shoe on the side and let the black cambric water run out. "There, you can put it right back, or if you would prefer a dry shoe for your umbrella you can put it in this other one."

But the old man blushed and moved off toward the other end of the car, and stepped on another girl's foot. The other girl was not that kind of a retiring child of nature, and she looked up at the old blunderbuss with fire in her eye and every red hair on her head a flaming business and said:

"Can't you keep off of people's feet? you had better ride in a sprinkling cart when you go anywhere. Why don't you look where you are walking? I don't see what the city bought a stone-cutter for, when you walk on a stone quarry and furnish cobble-stones for pavement."

The old man pulled the bell-rope and putting his umbrella under his arm he walked the whole length of the car, knocking off several hats with his umbrella, but he never made any feet, for all the passengers put their feet under the seat. It beats all what difference there is in girls.

Vegetables are dearer in England, as a rule, than they are in the United States.