

MILLHEIM JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
Deininger & Bumiller.
Office in the New Journal Building,
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited.
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal.

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors. A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.
VOL. 58. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1884. NO. 6.

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If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have received the bills and ordered them discontinued.
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NIGHT.

Over the world, as it droops to sleep,
Softly the shadows of evening creep;
Over the hill and vale and town,
Softly, softly the night comes down.
Clasp the earth to her sabbath breast;
Whispering, gently, "Peace and rest."
And the silent stars sink to sleep,
As a mother's tears o'er her wayward child.
Thicker and thicker the shadows grow,
And aloft in the blue are the stars, aglow;
And over the earth comes a silence deep,
As her weary creatures sink to sleep.
Peace and rest till the morning breaks,
And strong and fresh the world awakes.
Oh, blessed night! with thy balmy air,
Gentle and low as a whisperer prayer,
Waiting all weariness away,
Leaving us strong for the coming day.
Like thee be that night which comes to all,
When softly and dark the shadows fall;
When in the east shine the golden bars,
And the morning breaks beyond the stars.

OLD SAYINGS.

As blunt as a beetle,
As stout as an oak,
As grave as a preaching,
As gay as a dance,
As late as the gloaming,
As like as two peas,
As crook'd as a ram's horn,
As round as a cheese.
As flat as a flounder,
As sleek as a gun,
As wise as a counsellor,
As tight as a drum,
As white as a miller,
As black as a crow,
As lean as greyhound,
As bent as a bow.
As frail as a bandbox,
As soft as an oak,
As queer as a quaker,
As game as a cock,
As quiet as a mouse,
As square as a die,
As keen as a razor,
As drunk as a pie.
As warm as a piper,
As soft as a judge,
As clean as a shaver,
As filthy as a smudge,
As swift as an arrow,
As slow as a snail,
As lithe as a hunter,
As right as the mail.

Yes, Make Them Happy.

How dear to the heart of the house-keeping woman
Are comforts of which so few architects tell!
Nice children, good servants, and plenty of room
In the well-fitted mansion in which they must dwell.
But the first of the blessings kind fortune can give her
Is the city or country abode,
Is that which she longs for and covets forever,
The big airy closet, her joy and her pride—
The roomy, clean closet, the well-ordered closet.
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride.
The house may be perfect from garret to cellar,
Well lighted, well aired, with cold water and hot,
And yet, to the eye of a feminine dweller,
If closets, all as it were not,
How oft she has sunk like a dove that is wounded!
How she has secretly grumbled and sighed,
Because she saw not, though with all else surrounded,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride—
The roomy, clean closet, the well-ordered closet.
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride.
Fond husbands who fan would have home like an Eden
For you and your Eves, all complete as a whole,
To read in, to write in, to sleep in, to feed in,
Forget not the closet, the soul's abode,
But build them in corners, in nooks and in crannies,
Wherever a closet may harbor or hide;
And give to your Marys, your Kates and your Annes,
The big, airy closets, their joy and their pride—
The roomy, clean closets, the well-ordered closets.
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THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

It was in a luxuriously furnished room where a glowing grate threw genial light and warmth upon the occupants that General Langton, lawyer and millionaire, listening with bated breath and pallid cheeks to a low and melodious voice that told a story of a life.
The speaker, a beautiful woman of about thirty, yet ten years younger than Mr. Langton, reclined in a low cushioned chair, her attitude given, but her face was full of the deepest anguish as her lips recounted the story.
"You love me," she said gently, yet sadly, "and I love you as I never loved any one before, although I am a widow. That you know, but you did not know my husband's name. By my uncle's last request I dropped it and took his with the property he had left me. Do not look at me tenderly, Gerald, do not shake my voice or my heart, for when you know who I am you will not repeat the offer you made me, and which heaven is my witness I tried to divert."
"Let your conscience be at rest there," said her listener in a grave, yet tender voice; "you have never given me one hope, Maude. By what instinct I knew that you loved me I can never tell. Something in your eyes—some tone of your voice betrayed you. If, as you say, something in your past life does separate us, you have been no coquette to torment me with false hopes. But, Maude, tell me again, whatever stands between us, you love me?"
"I love you," she said gravely; "and it is because I love you that I will not let you link your honorable name with that of the wretch who was my husband. I was very young—not sixteen—when he came to make a visit to some friends living at Grassbank. Uncle Richard has a country seat near the village. I first met Alexander at a picnic, where he was the very life of the party; everybody's cavalier; courteous to all; full of wit and animation and service to all. I believe every girl on the grounds thought she had capti-

ated him, his attentions were so well divided and yet so impressive to each one. He claimed to be no more than a salesman in a large wholesale house with a good salary, but he had the manners of a gentleman of education, and the most perfect beauty of face and form that I ever saw in a man. It was not long before it was evident he wished to win my love, and he had an easy task. Such love as a child of sixteen can give I gave him. He was the impersonation of every hero of poetry and fiction with whom my limited reading had made me familiar. School-girl like I had made an ideal hero, and fitted this my first admirer, with all his imaginary perfections.
"From the first, Uncle Richard disliked him pronouncing him false and shallow, and assuring me that my personal attractions had not won his heart; but the fact of my being an heiress to a large property had gained me the protestations in which I so firmly believed.
"It is a painful story to me now, Gerald. Let it suffice that I have lived in a world of pleasant dreams while Alexander remained at Grassbank. When he left me he carried my promise to be his wife at Christmas.
"I think if my money had depended on Uncle Richard, my marriage might have been prevented by his threatening to disinherit me but both from my father and mother I had inherited money that made me independent in a pecuniary sense of his control or consent.
"Most grudgingly, however, uncle did consent, after searching inquiry about Alexander, resulting in no worse report than that his employers thought him fast, idle, and just the man to be a fortune hunter. Even then my dear uncle would have protected my fortune by settling it upon myself; but with the reckless generosity of extreme youth I refused to have this done. Never, I was firmly convinced, would my adored Alexander wrong me in any way.
"For a year after the splendid wedding that made me Alexander's wife I was very happy. I was too ignorant of value to understand that we were living far beyond our income—enjoyed to the utmost the luxuries around me—the constant gaiety that was in such strong contrast to the school routine from which I had been released.
"Then began a life of neglect, often less of quarrelling, when I objected to my husband's course of conduct—his drinking, his extravagance and his late hours. Still I found my own pleasures in society.
"It was four years after my marriage, when I was thunderstruck by Alexander asking me to request a loan of money from Uncle Richard, with the information added that every penny of my property was gone.
"Since then I have known that a large portion of it was lost at the gaming table.
"Long before this I had lost all love for my husband. Respect had died out when I knew the dissipated life he was leading, and foolish as I was, I could not continue to love a man whom I despised. I refused the errand, and brought down a torrent of such great abuses that I really expected that Alexander would end by striking me.
"Day after day the request was renewed, but I would not yield. Upon my marriage, Uncle Richard had sold the city residence and taken a permanent abode at Grassbank, where, knowing my husband to be an unwelcome guest, I never visited him. I wrote occasionally, but the love of peace, like that of a father and child, had been so sadly strained by my persistence in marrying Alexander that even our correspondence was languid and commonplace.
"I would not, therefore, write to him to ask a favor that I knew would not have been necessary without criminal recklessness of expenditure, and each refusal made my husband more furious. Then came an overwhelming blow. Alexander forged a check and drew £2,000 of Uncle Richard's money from the bank. I don't think my uncle would have prosecuted him had he guessed who was the forger; but he handed the whole matter over to the law as soon as it was discovered that the check was forged. It was then traced to Alexander, and at the same time it was found that he had robbed in the same way his former employers. He had given up all work upon his marriage; but when he found himself without money, his knowledge of the business enabled him to forge the name of DeKiss & Co. Even if Uncle Richard had spared him for my sake the other forgery would have enticed him to penal servitude. He was sentenced to seven years, and uncle took me home full of heavenly pity and forgiveness for the child who had treated him so ungratefully.
"Then your husband is in prison?" said Gerald, in a hard, strained voice.
"No, no, he is dead! He died with-

in the first year. Uncle Richard saw the death in a paper, and sent the money for the burial. No, I am free; but none the less I am the widow of a convicted felon."
"But, none the less," quoted Gerald, "the woman I honor and love above all others, and hope still to make my wife."
It took, however, more than one interview, full of love's pleading, to win Maude from her resolution. She so honored her lover, and was so proud of his good name and the position he has attained by his talent, that her sensitive nature shrank from even the shadow of her misery upon his life.
But the victory was won at last, and the lawyer walked home one evening full of a proud glad joy, for Maude had then promised to be his wife.
"If you are willing to take Alexander Hull's widow to be your wife," she said, "I will not oppose you any longer, for I love you with all my heart."
He had no thought but of that glad triumph when he turned up the gas in his office. He was in the habit of making a late visit there before going up to his bedroom, in case notes or messages were left for him. One lay there on this evening, a shabby looking envelope, but directed in a bold, hard-shouldered hand which he recognized at once.
He tore it open. After a few words of introduction, the note ran:
"You did the best you could on my trial, but the facts were too strong for you. I have now a last favor to ask of you. I die, as you know, at noon to-morrow. You, as my lawyer, can see me any time. Will you come as soon as you receive this, and with the gratitude of the man you know as
JAMES FOX."
"The man I know as James Fox," muttered the lawyer; "the smooth, plausible scoundrel who actually made me believe him innocent of the hideous murder for which he was convicted. I can find extenuation for some murders, but this cold-blooded assassination of an old man for money only was revolting. How he deceived me, though, for a time. And how he exulted over his success in doing so when he saw facts were too strong. Shall I go to him? I suppose I must. It is still very early."
It was not yet midnight when Gerald Langton was ushered into the cell of the man who, in a few short hours, was to meet the extreme penalty of the law for the worst of all crimes. Yet there was nothing revolting in the appearance of the criminal. His dress was neat, his hair carefully arranged, mustache faultless, his hands white and refined looking. He rose from his seat upon the bed as his lawyer entered the cell.
"I knew you would come," he said, courteously, "though you were offended at my want of frankness. Well, that is all over. You will not refuse the last request of a dying man, Mr. Langton?"
"Not if I can grant it," was the reply.
"This," said the murderer, "is not my first offence against the law. Some years ago I was sentenced to a term of years for forgery. By a strange accident I escaped the penalty. On the same day James Fox was sentenced to two years for petty larceny, and we were sent together to prison. James Fox—my companion, understand, not myself—was deranged, but his lawyers had not been able to save him, as his aberration was not always apparent. When we were entered upon the books of the prison, imagine my amazement when my fellow prisoner gave my name for his own. Like a flash I saw the advantage to be gained by the deception, and allowed the error to pass. My companion committed suicide, and I escaped with two years' imprisonment instead of seven. But I feared recognition and went to Canada. There I lived by my wits until a year ago, when I returned to try and raise money from my wife, and thought I saw an easier plan by committing the crime for which I die to-morrow. But I want to see my wife. I wronged her—I robbed her—but heaven is my witness, I love her. When I was in prison she dropped my name and took her own again. So it is not for Mrs. Alexander Hull you must ask, but for Mrs. Maude Temple."
Was the room reeling—the ceiling falling—the wall closing around him? Gerald Langton felt that way, as the name fell upon his ears. Maude—his Maude—the wife of this cool villain who talked of his hideous crimes as if they were ordinary events? Well, he knew that to carry this man's message was to separate himself from Maude forever. Never would she let him marry the widow of a murderer! Very rapidly all of the terrible facts passed one after the other, and he said: "if you love her why add a misery to her life? She may have lived down the old pain you have caused her; why, for

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A Rag-Bag Team.

In the early days of Buffalo, a leading lawyer was arguing a case in the Court of Common Pleas, where one of the side judges presided, the first judge not being on the bench. To show his superiority, the judge often put irritating questions to the counsel. To help the matter along, the two other side judges on the bench annoyed the lawyer in a similar manner. At last he could endure this no longer, and pausing in the midst of his arguments he said, "If your honors will excuse me, I would like to say that this court reminds me of a Virginia rag-bag team."
"Well, sir, what kind of a team is that?" asked the judge. "It is a team your honor, composed of two mules and a jackass." For this the lawyer was fined fifteen dollars and two days' imprisonment.
Young Life in Old Bodies.
Our good friends of three score years and beyond will suffer a few kind hints—not new in substitute, but suggestive and useful. Don't grow old and rusty and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follies and crudities of youth. Gray hairs and wrinkles you cannot escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose. And as long as your age is only on the outside you will win confidence from the young, and find your life is all the brighter for contact with theirs. But you have too many grave thoughts, too many weighty anxieties and duties, too much to do to make this trifling possible, you say. The very reason, my friend, why you should cultivate fun, nonsense, lightness of heart, because you are weary with thinking. Then do try to be young, even if you have to be foolish in so doing. One cannot be wise all the time.
"Did you husband consider that he was gwine ter die?" inquired an Austin colored parson of a recent bereaved widow of the same kinsy complexion. "Did he consider that he was gwine ter die? Wal, I should say he did. He was the most considerate husband I eber had. De night he passed away I was done worn out. I had been setting up wif an' watching wif him for mor'n a week, an' I said, 'Clem I see gwine ter try an' git a little nap, an' if yer think yuse gwine ter die, just punch me,' and would you believe it dat man was so considerate dat he died without waking me up. He was the most considerate man I eber saw in my life."—Texas Siftings

A Dejected Physician.

A capital story is told in Parisian circles to the discomfiture of a certain physician of that city. He had attended the only child of rich parents, and had with the aid of providence saved the infant's life.
A day or two after her darling was pronounced out of danger, the grateful mother visited the man of science at his establishment.
"Doctor," said she, "there are certain services which money cannot remunerate. Scarcely knowing how to discharge my debt to you, I have thought you might be willing to accept this pocket-book, which I myself have embroidered, as a trifling token of my gratitude."
"Madame," retorted the disciple of Esculapius, somewhat rudely, "the practice of medicine is not a matter of sentiment. Time is money, and we expect our time to be paid in cash. Pretty presents may serve to perpetuate friendship, but they do not contribute to the cost of house-keeping."
"Well, then, doctor," replied the lady, much wounded by his tone and manner, "be so good as to name the sum at which you value your professional services."
"Certainly, madame. My charge in your instance is two thousand francs. Without further remark the lady opened the rejected pocket book, which she held in her hand, took two of the five thousand franc notes stowed inside, and quietly hid him good morning. The doctor has not yet recovered his equanimity.
A colored gentleman who was crippled in a railroad accident, sued the company. When the case came up for trial, it was proved that the colored gentleman was stealing a ride at the time he got hurt.
"What difference do dat make?" he asked.
"Makes so much difference that you cannot recover damages."
"Wall, how much will yer gimme ter withdraw the suit?"
"A 2-cent stamp."
"Gin it here. Ben waitin' ter sen a letter for some time. Thankee, sah. De railroad ain no new free."

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A. HARTER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.
W. J. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Next Door to Journal Store, Main Street,
MILLHEIM, PA.
DR. D. H. MINGLE,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office on Main Street,
MILLHEIM, PA.
DR. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office opposite the Millheim Banking House,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.
DR. GEO. S. FRANK,
Physician & Surgeon,
REBEISBURG, PA.
Professional calls promptly answered. 3m
C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower,
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

HUMOROUS.

"What station do you call this?" asked a man as he crawled out of the ruins of a carriage after a railway accident. "Devastation, sir," replied a fellow passenger.
At a medical examination, young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply.
"Walk slower, papa," cried the little girl whose short steps were no match for the strides of her masculine progenitor: "can't you go nice and slow, like a policeman?"
"Is it true that when a wild goose's mate dies it never takes another?" asks a young widow. "Yes but don't worry about that. The reason it acts that way because it is a goose."
A little girl was sick, and her mother wanted her to take some medicine in which there was a quantity of crocus. "Oh no, mamma," the child cried, "I don't want to take that; it smells too much of toothache."
Dumley came home one night and declared that he had been so busy during the day that he hadn't time to draw a long breath.
"Yes," remarked young Brown, "I noticed when you came running up the steps that your breath was very short, but according to my way of thinking, what it lacked in length it more than made up in strength."
A cynic's mockery: "How old would you take me to be?" asked a bevvigged and superannated coquette. "Several years older than your hair, madame," was the remorseless answer.
A burly, weather-beaten tramp recently entered a bank, and addressing the urbane cashier, asked for five dollars. "Five dollars," exclaimed the cashier; "isn't that rather steep? I should think a quarter would be about your size, wouldn't it?" "Well," said the tramp, "if you think you understand this begging business better than I do, perhaps we had better change places. If it suits you, I'm agreeable."
The pupils had got as far as the word, "hypocrite." None of the children could explain what it meant. "One guessed that it meant 'big feeling,' and another thought that 'hypocrite' was a big animal that wallers in the mud." So the teacher explained: "A hypocrite, children, is a person who pretends to be what he is not; such as one who may be pleasant to your face, but speaks ill behind your back." "Please, marm," cried a little boy, eagerly, raising his hand, "then my pa ain't a hypocrite, 'cause he said you was a confounded old maid, and he'd just 'leave tell yer so to yer face!"
As my wife was cleaning house one day, she engaged an old gray-haired man to furnish some furniture. Casting his eye on a beadstead she was taking apart, he asked:
"Are there any bugs?"
"But very few," replied she.
"Well, I have a good receipt for getting rid of the vermin," said he, and I will give it to you if you would like it."
"Yes," said she, "if it's good, tell me what it is."
"Just go down to the lake and get some fine white sand," said he, "and when you catch a bug put one grain in his mouth, roll him over on his back and tickle him with a feather. It'll choke him to death in a minute. Don't give it away."
My wife has done with receipts.