

NEWS PAPER LAWS.  
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.  
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.  
If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.  
ADVERTISING RATES.  
1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year  
1 column 2 wk. 3 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year  
1 line 100 words 100 words 100 words 100 words 100 words  
One inch makes a square. Administrators' and Executors' notices \$2.00. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

### THE MESSAGE OF THE SNOW.

All around me, through the forest  
As I go,  
Shining white in glittering radiance,  
Lies the snow;  
Through the silent, motionless air,  
Near and distant, soft and fair—  
Soft and silent, pure and fall—  
Falls the snow.  
All the summer bright lies buried  
Near the snow;  
Rippling brooks in glittering radiance,  
Silent flow,  
Round in winter's ice chains,  
While King Frost triumphant reigns;  
Shrouded, too, the song-bird's strains,  
By the snow.  
Tiny snow-drops creep already  
Through the snow;  
Flowers blanched with timid terror  
Of the snow;  
Yet they nestle closely here,  
Whispering softly: "Spring is near:  
Soon will vanish Winter drear,  
And the snow."  
Lone I tread with lingering footsteps  
Here below,  
While it casts a spell upon me,  
For the snow  
Calls to mind the vanished years,  
Swept lies and troubles fears  
That melted into tears,  
With the snow.  
Yet I greet with loving welcome  
The snow,  
Type of Heaven's purity.  
Sent below:  
Till unbidden thoughts arise—  
These are tears from angel's eyes,  
Dropped in pity from the skies—  
Flakes of snow.  
When the toll of life is over  
Here below,  
May we sink to peaceful slumber,  
Near the snow,  
Promised Crown of glory lighter,  
Till we reach a land that's brighter,  
Rise to wear those garments "whiter  
Than the snow."

### MEMORIES.

It may be but a breath of the Southland,  
Or a bell's soft distant chime;  
But it brings me to the world-worn heart,  
The memories of olden time.  
A strain of music, a passing face,  
Seen in the misty air;  
A spray of hawthorn, wet with dew,  
And the May light soft on its leaves.  
A silken rustle, a rich perfume,  
The dream of a day gone by;  
The sound of the millwheel under the hill,  
A swallow's flight through the sky.  
A careless laugh, a forgotten song,  
Heard in the summer night;  
Only fancies, but how dear,  
When seen through memory's light.  
Hold your head up like a man!  
If the stormy winds should rustle,  
While you tread the world's highway,  
Still against them bravely tussle,  
Hope and labor day by day;  
Faller not, no matter whether  
There is sunshine, storm or calm,  
And in every kind of weather,  
Hold your head up like a man!  
If a brother should deceive you,  
Barely act a traitor's part;  
Never let his treason grieve you,  
Jog along with lightsome heart.  
For time seldom follows fawning,  
Boldness is the better part;  
Hoping for a brighter dawning,  
Hold your head up like a man!

### ALICE'S SURPRISE.

It was a sunshiny May day, with an immense bee booming among the lilacs and peonies in the school garden, and intense glow of golden light on the grass, and a dreamy languor in the air that made Alice Hopkins sleep in spite of herself as she sat with the little children's copy-books in a pile before her, inscribing the month's marks upon the covers, according to their respective merits.  
Alice was scarcely more than a child herself. Barely nineteen, with a slight, young figure, a color that came and went at the slightest variation of her pulse, and pleading hazel eyes, it was the hardest work in the world to assume the dignity that was necessary for her position as assistant teacher.  
"I never saw such babyishness in my life!" said Miss Negley, the principal; "and I shall not put up with it, Miss Hopkins—don't you think it? Dignity, in the educational line, is everything. And I do not call it fitting to the position of the assistant principal to be racing around with the children in their noonday games, and dressing a corn-cob doll on the sly for little Priscilla Jones, to say nothing about bursting into crying, like a great baby, when Billy Smith killed robin-redbreast with a stone. Dignity, Miss Hopkins—dignity should ever be the watchword of our profession."  
Miss Negley was tall and grim, with heavy black hair, a sallow complexion, several missing front teeth, and something very like a mustache.  
Alice Hopkins bowed before her savage glance.  
"I'm very sorry," faltered she. "I'll try to be good."  
"More like a child than ever!" said Miss Negley despairingly.  
"I—I mean," Alice hastened to correct herself—"I will endeavor to set a guard upon my rash impulse."  
"That sounds more like it," said Miss Negley. "And now, Alice, see here, I expect some of my school-trustees here to-morrow."  
"Oh, dear!" said Alice, remembering the signal failure of her class upon a similar occasion not so very long ago. "It isn't another examination, I hope?"  
"Worse than that," said Miss Negley—"far worse."  
"Alice lifted her hazel eyes in amazement. What could possibly be worse than Fanny Dow spelling cat with a 'k,' and Lucy Matley asserting that Baltimore was situate on the left bank of the river Nile."  
"There is a proposition on foot to reduce our salaries," said Miss Negley. "Actually, to reduce our salaries!"

"Oh," said Alice. "But mine is very small already. Only twenty pounds a year. I don't think they can possibly reduce it much."  
"They can reduce it to ten, can't they?" said Miss Negley, shortly.  
"In that case," ventured Alice, "I could go and be a shop-girl in my uncle's shop in the city. One must live!"  
"You've no proper pride," said Miss Negley. "A shop-girl, indeed! But I don't intend that they shall carry out their nefarious plans. If—"  
"My good gracious me! there comes Mr. Barthorne now, jogging along on his old grey horse just as composed as if he wasn't bent on an errand of evil. They do say that old Barthorne is the head and foot of the whole business. I'll show him! A reduction of salaries, indeed!"  
"I dare say he means to wheedle a consent out of us beforehand, so that everything shall seem smooth to-morrow when the committee meets. But he'll find that he has mistaken his customer's time."  
Little Alice began to tremble all over, and to grow pink and white by turns, after her usual fashion when she was disturbed.  
"I—I am so frightened," hesitated she. "Please may I go home?"  
"Yes, you little coward," impatiently responded Miss Negley; "that is if you haven't the courage to stand up for yourself and your rights."  
"But Mr. Barthorne has always been so kind to me," faltered Alice Hopkins, and if he should tell me that it was best, I almost know that I would consent to having my dear Miss Negley, that if it had not been for him I never should have received the appointment at all."  
"I don't wonder," said Miss Negley apostrophizing the ceiling, "that they aren't willing to allow women the privilege of suffrage in this benighted country. And you, Alice Hopkins, you may go home. You certainly will be of no use at all to me in fighting this battle."  
And Alice, heartily thankful for this grudgingly accorded privilege, put the copy-books into the desk drawer, piled up the dictionary and definer, caught her little pink lawn sun-bonnet from its nail, and vanished like a flying shadow into the nearest patch of green woods.  
Miss Negley sat very upright, with folded arms and prominent elbows, her nose slightly tinted with the rosy hue of coming battle, her lips compressed; while Mr. Barthorne, a pleasant-faced gentleman of five-and-forty or thereabouts, trotted up to the school-house door, leisurely dismounted, tied his horse to the hitching post, and, totally unconscious that he was observed alike by Miss Negley from her post of authority on the school-room desk, and little Alice Hopkins by the spring in the wood, passed to his thick dark locks before he rapped on the door.  
"I'm glad I'm not there," said Alice Hopkins with a long sigh of relief.  
And then, having cooled her face and hands in the transparent spring, she sat down to think.  
To her, a reduction of her scanty salary meant nothing less than starvation. As things were, she could scarcely pay her board and other expenses.  
And sitting there in the shifting shadows of the wind-blown branches, she cried a little, to think how solitary and friendless she was in the world.  
Miss Negley, however was in a very different mood.  
"Come in!" she had answered brusquely, to his knock at the door, without taking the trouble to move from her seat.  
And when Mr. Barthorne entered he espied her sitting stiff, silent, straight.  
"Good afternoon, Miss Negley," said the trustee, depositing his hat on the nearest desk, and venturing on an apologetic bow.  
"Good afternoon, Mr. Barthorne," Miss Negley answered, with just about as much warmth as an icicle in her address.  
"I hope I do not intrude," said the trustee civilly.  
"Oh, not at all!" said Miss Negley. "A—ah!" said the trustee, evidently ill at ease. "It ain't easy to broach the business I've come on, Miss Negley."  
"I should think not," said the lady. "But I called just at this hour, when I expected to find you alone."  
"Oh, yes, I haven't any doubt that you did!" Miss Negley interrupted him in accents of fine sarcasm. "Even you, Squire Barthorne, would be ashamed to hint at such a thing before the dear poor children."  
"Eh?" said Mr. Barthorne, instinctively retreating a pace or two, for there was something pythoness-like in Miss Negley's attitude, as she rose and darted her head forward at him, to emphasize her words.

### The Little Shoes Did It.

The following touching incident, which we clipped from an exchange, is worthy of being preserved in letters of gold:  
A young man, who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance, was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was, "The little shoes, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart were in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up and addressed the audience; the choking went from his throat.  
"Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered—I deserved to suffer; but I did not suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and child—for the women get the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes I saw one night when I was all but done for—the saloon-keeper's child holding out her feet to her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, my friends, no first ever struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason had I to clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? And there outside was my shivering wife, and blue, chilled child, on a bitter cold Christmas Eve. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and saw her feet! Me! fathers! if the little shoes smote me, how must the feet have smote me? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; and they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the next day; and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public house.  
"That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."  
Could there be a more powerful temperance lecture than this?  
Tommy's Arithmetic.  
Tommy was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Tommy undertook anything, he went about it with heart, head and hand.  
He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold a book, much less to study and calculate; but he could do both, as we shall see.  
Tommy's father had been speaking to his mother, and Tommy had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word, but as he leaned back on his high chair: to rest a moment, he heard his father say:  
"Dean got beastly drunk last night; drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with him."  
Tommy looked up with bright eyes, saying:  
"How many did you drink, father?"  
"I drank but one, my son," said the parent, smiling down upon his little boy.  
"Then you was only one tenth drunk," said Tommy, reflectively.  
"Tom!" cried the parent, sternly, in a breath; but Tommy continued with a studious air:  
"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one tenth part drunk and—"  
"There, there," interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come, "I guess it is bed-time for you; we will have no more arithmetic to-night."  
So Tommy was tucked away in bed, and went soundly to sleep, turning the problem over and over to see if it was wrong. But just before he lost himself in slumber, he had this thought: "One thing is sure; if Dean hadn't taken that one glass, he wouldn't have been drunk; and if father had taken nine more, he would have been drunk. So it's the safest not to take any, and I never will."  
And the next thing Tommy was snoring, while his father was thinking, "There is something in Tommy's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow."  
He did so, and both kept it. So, you see, great things grew out of Tommy's studying mental arithmetic.  
It rains alike on the just and on the unjust—and on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

### Many Millions in Bonds.

JAY GOULD, IN ORDER TO REFUTE RECENT STORIES REGARDING HIS FINANCIAL SOUNDNESS, EXHIBITS THE CONTENTS OF HIS "STRONG BOX."  
NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—The sensation on Wall street is the report that Mr. Gould had opened his strong box and made an exhibit of his securities to a number of gentlemen. There are various accounts of the aggregate of the stocks and bonds, but all unite that it is larger than in March, 1882, when under similar circumstances the little money king let the public know what the box contained. The amount of Western Union stock is said to be \$38,000,000 and Missouri Pacific \$10,300,000. Union Pacific, Wabash and other stocks helped to swell the total.  
The facts, according to the rumor, are these: Last Friday Mr. John T. Terry, of E. D. Morgan & Co., heard that Mr. Gould had been called for a two-million-dollar sterling loan, of which renewal was refused. He at once went to the financier's office to see if this was true.  
"Why, I've got plenty of money," replied Mr. Gould good naturedly. "I haven't had to sell anything." Turning to his son he said: "George put on your coat and show Mr. Terry our new vault. Let him see what we've got there while you are about it."  
Mr. Terry expostulated, saying that he did not want to be the repository for any secret, but the little man insisted. "I want you to see the vault anyway," he urged. Mr. Terry then accompanied young Mr. Gould to the Equitable Building, where the Mercantile Trust company has prepared a private receptacle for the wealth of the money king. The vault is incased in solid masonry and massive steel fortifications. It is one of the strongest in the world. The celebrated strong box was then emptied and its contents spread out to view.  
Mr. Terry said, speaking of his visit to Mr. Gould's vault: "I only counted the securities in one of the boxes of the vault, and I did this out of curiosity because it contained Western Union. The syndicate of liars, as they have been aptly called, had industriously circulated the rumor that Mr. Gould had parted with all of his Western Union stock, and so I had a little curiosity to see how much of it he had."  
"And how much did you find?"  
"I found \$26,187,500 worth, with one share over. In the other opening, which contained Missouri Pacific, I only examined one package of the securities, but there were several other packages in it."  
"How much was there in the package which you examined?"  
"I don't know exactly, but there was over \$10,000,000 worth, and there were securities in all other openings in the vault, as I have said."  
A broker said that the following was a fair approximation of Mr. Gould's present holding of stocks.  
Western Union, 420,000  
Missouri Pacific, 160,000  
Manhattan, 65,900  
Wabash, 200,000  
Miscellaneous, 155,000  
Total, 1,000,000

### A Little Bit of History.

Fredrick II. of Prussia was very fond of having artists, literary men, and singers of talent at his small suppers, and he enjoyed free humor and encouraged gaiety with all his power. Personally fond of music and literature, he had a special liking for the philosopher Mendelssohn, who was very witty, as hunchbacks usually are, and he often gave him a seat at supper by his side. It so happened that some small ambassador—Germany was then divided into a number of microscopic countries with pigmy sovereigns—tried to shaft Mendelssohn, who, with his quick repartee, turned the tables at once on his adversary. Furious, his dwarf's excellence ran to the King and complained of the plebeian being admitted into circles above his reach, etc. The King said to him, "Mendelssohn is my guest, as you were, and you should not have joked him, or you should take the consequences."  
"Ah," said the ambassador, "he is a man who would consider nobody, and would offend your Majesty if it so happened that for some imaginary reason he thought himself hurt."  
"Well," said the King, "but I shall give him no reason for feeling hurt; and, any way, he would not offend me."  
"Is it a wager?" asked the ambassador.  
"Certainly," replied the King.  
"Well, if your Majesty will do what I say, we will soon see whether I am right or wrong."  
"And what do you want me to do?"  
"Will your Majesty, at the next supper party, write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelssohn is an ass,' and put the paper, signed by your own hand, on his plate?"  
"I will not; that would be a gratuitous rudeness."  
"It is only to see what he would do, whether his presence of mind is so great, and in what way he would reply to your Majesty."  
"Well, if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty to afterwards tell that by no means intended to offend him, I do not mind complying with your wish."  
"Agreed; only the paper must be signed under the words, 'Mendelssohn is an ass,' so that there can be no doubt in his mind that it comes from your Majesty."  
Reluctantly, but with a feeling of curiosity as to how it would end, the King wrote and signed the paper as required. The evening came; the table was laid for twelve; the fatal paper was on Mendelssohn's plate, and the guests, several of whom had been informed of what was going on, assembled. At the given moment all went to the ominous table and sat around it. The moment Mendelssohn sat down, being rather short-sighted, and observing some paper, he took it very near his eye, and, having read it, gave a start.  
"What is the matter?" said the King. "No unpleasant news I hope, Mendelssohn?"  
"Oh, no," said Mendelssohn, "it is nothing."  
"Nothing? Nothing would not have made you start. I demand to know what it is."  
"Oh, it is not worth while."  
"But I tell you that it is. I command you to tell me."  
"Oh, someone has taken the liberty to joke in very bad taste with your Majesty."  
"With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"  
"Why, somebody wrote here, 'Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick the Second.'"  
WORDS OF WISDOM.  
Expression is the mystery of beauty, says Kant.  
Trust a man to be good, and even if he is not, your trust may make him such.  
Opportunities are very sensitive things. If you slight them on their first visit, they seldom come again.  
Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.  
A truly good man had rather be deceived than be suspicious, and rather forego his own right than run the venture of doing even a hard thing.  
The most influential man in a free country at least, is the man who has the ability as well as the courage to speak what he thinks when occasion may require it.  
Life must be measured by action, not by time; for a man may die old at thirty, and young at eighty; nay, the one lives after death, and the other perished before he died.  
It is the temper of the blade that must be the proof of a good sword, and not the gilding of the hilt, or the richness of the scabbard; so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but intrinsic merit.  
A pair of gloves once worn by Queen Elizabeth have been preserved in the British Museum. They are very fine white leather, worked with gold thread, but of a size at which our fashionable beauties would stand agast.  
A man died leaving property valued at \$17,000 to a certain relative. Eight other relatives wouldn't have it that way, and contested the will. The property was then divided pro rata, and each one's share was found to be seventeen cents. What became—but of course, you know the lawyers got it.  
It was his first attempt on roller skates, and as they brought him to in the toilet-room he remarked: "I tell you, boys, that was gorgeous. I must have knocked in the whole dome of heaven, the way those stars flew round. I wonder if there's any left for the next man."  
Why he wasn't there now: Kosciusko Murphy, who is a book-keeper in a grocery house, met a friend who clerks in a cigar store on Austin avenue and asked him for a cigar. "Ain't got any," said his friend. "Ain't got any," said Kosciusko. "Why when I used to work in a cigar store I always had my pockets stuffed with cigars." "Yes; probably that's the reason you ain't in a cigar store now," was the crushing reply.  
He wanted some Corrections made.  
A man in Kentucky, all alive and well, recently saw a statement of his own death in a newspaper. He did not so much regret the general statement as the inaccuracy of the details, and so he wrote to the editor: "Sir, I notice a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in the paper of Wednesday last. I was born in Green-up County, not Caldwell, and my retirement from business in 1830 was not owing to ill-health, but to a little trouble I had in connection with a horse. The cause of my death was not small-pox. Please make corrections, for which I inclose fifty cents."

### HARTER, Auctioneer.

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W. J. SPRINGER,  
Fashionable Barber,  
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MILLHEIM, PA.  
DR. JOHN F. HARTER,  
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Office opposite the Millheim Banking House,  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.  
DR. GEO. S. FRANK,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
REHESBURG, PA.  
Professional calls promptly answered.

### HUMOROUS.

He said his hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.  
Are you afraid of the dark? asked a mother of her little daughter. I was once, mamma, when I went into the dark closet to take a tart. I was afraid I wouldn't find the tart.  
Brevity is the soul of wit. The hotel keeper who wrote to a delinquent ex-boarder, "Send me amount of bill," received for a reply, "The amount is \$10.50."  
Whoever doubts that the newspapers have a mission, should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.  
Tramps have signs and tokens. XXX on a gate-post means "The old bloke wot keeps this 'ere boozing ken has a gun and two bull dogs, and all true gentlemen will pass on to the next house."  
Dong Tong is the name of a very successful Chinese artist at Chicago. He has painted the picture of a man and a dog, and you can tell which is the man and which is the dog almost at a glance.  
"My son," said an American father, "how could you marry an Irish girl?"  
"Why, father, I'm not able to keep two women. If I'd marry a Yankee girl I'd have to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."  
An unsuccessful vocalist went to the poor house and vocalized the inmates by his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, as he had been singing to poor houses ever since he began his career.  
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