

Beaver & Gephart

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The Millheim Journal

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Pat and the Frogs.

The spring had come With its gentle rain, And the Frogs, from their beds of mud, Waked up again, Tuned up their pipes, Of various tones, From the shrill piccolo To the sturdy trombone. They were chanting in concert, With strains of great glee, When Pat came along, On a pretty big spree. No money had he, The "crasher" to buy, And so he was feeling So terribly dry! So the only chance left For a drink, that he found, Was the water that flowed In the Jolly Frog's pond. He came to the brink, With a "skip and a leap," When a tempting small voice Cried: "knee deep! knee deep!" "Thank you kindly," said Pat, "You're right well behaved. So I'll take off me brogue, An' me feet I'll be layin'!" So he took off his boots, And at once threw them down, When a sepulchral tone Said: "You'll dr-r-r-r-r! You'll dr-r-r-r-r!" "Howdy Biddy!" said he, "It's me narves ye'd be thryin'! Ye're a murtherer, ye are! Of thaves at yer linn! Me name's Paddy Finn, Of the Country of Claff-yeur! So kom out, iver ye wan, An' I'll take the scoup of yer! If there's iver a wa of yees, Has any spunk!" But the answer he got ' Was: "Ye're dr-r-r-r-r! dr-r-r-r-r! unkl!" "Drnk, am I? faith! An' it's my way of thinkin', Ye're to yeve die, I'd always be drinkin'! Not wa-ther but whiskey, I'd live in, be-guni! Will yees howld yer hose, iver!" "More r-r-r-r-r! More r-r-r-r-r!" Pat picked up a stone, Which he threw with his might, And the voices at once Were silenced outright. So he put on his brogues, On his way celebratin', Their want of politeness, And manners beratin'.

LOST AND FOUND.

"Where I lost it I don't know," said poor Mrs. Velvete, sobbing piteously; "but it don't make any difference, at any rate. Somebody has picked it up, and that's an end of it. For all I know, someone picked my pocket, Boston is a dreadfully dishonest place. It was to a neighbor that Mrs. Velvete spoke. She had just come home from the city, where she had been to draw her quarter's income, and it was her purse containing the money of which she spoke. "Fifty dollars, my dear," she sighed "and change out of five dollars I bought my return ticket and a lunch with; and it was in the brown velvet bag Jane—that's my niece in Lincoln—sent me last Christmas, and poor Henry's portrait and hair in a locket. I'd taken it off my chain to get the ring mended, for it didn't seem safe. Oh, yes, and my keys on a ring! It's dreadful. I'll never get over it, for I shall have to run in debt for food and fire for three months, and I shall be behind hand ever after. And my poor husband's hair and portrait, too!" "Why don't you advertise?" asked the neighbor. "Send more borrowed money after what's gone? I know too much for that," said Mrs. Velvete. "Home she went, sad and despondent, and having lived on oatmeal porridge for a week, and on tea for two days, began to think of the loan she must ask for sooner or later. Old Joe Barker knew she was honest, and would lend her something, but it would be with heavy interest. After all, that was better than to trouble her few friends, and perhaps break their friendship. She placed her "papers"—her proofs that so much money was hers—before the old gentleman, who, peering through his spectacles, demurred, doubted, and finally counted out a certain sum. She lived miserably enough for the rest of the three months, but in spite of that the next quarter's income was spent when it was due; and thus, as she had prophesied, trouble deepened. At last, head over ears in debt, her little house, her one earthly possession, no longer really hers, but to be sold at auction next week, her little capital in the hands of old Joe Barker, poor old Mrs. Velvete knew not which way to turn for succor. "I'll go and see if they don't want a servant up at the "big hotel," she said to herself. "I could cook and wash dishes. I suppose I shall feel pretty well out up, of course, but I can't starve." And Mrs. Velvete, tying her shabby bonnet, under her chin, and wrapping herself in a shawl that had long since seen its best days, took her way up the road to the "big hotel."

SHE HELD THE FORT.

There were brave girls among the early French colonists of Canada. The following striking instance is related of a mere child defending a fort seven days against assaulting savages:— One October morning in 1692, the inhabitants of Vercheres, a settlement twenty miles below Montreal, were in the field at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and his wife were absent. Their daughter, Madeleine, a girl of 14, stood on the landing with a hired man, when she heard firing. "Run, mademoiselle! run!" cried the man. "Here comes the Ironquois!" Looking around, the girl saw the Indians near at hand. She ran for the fort, and the Indians, seeing they could not catch her, fired at her. The bullets whistled round her, and "made the time seem very long," as she afterwards said. As soon as she neared the fort, she cried out, "To arms! to arms!" hoping that she would get assistance. But the two soldiers were so frightened that they had hidden in the block-house. When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort, she found two women there crying for their husbands, who were in the fields and had just been killed. Madeleine forced them in, and shut the gate. She instantly went to examine the defences of the fort, and found that some of the palisades had fallen down, leaving holes through which the enemy could easily enter. She got what help she could and set them up. Then the little commander repaired to the block-house, where she found the brave garrison of two, one man hiding in a corner, the other with a lighted match in his hand. "What are you going to do with that match?" said Madeleine. "Light the powder, and blow us all up," answered the soldier. "You are a miserable coward!" said the girl. "Go out of this place!" People are always likely to obey, in time of panic, the one person who shows resolution and coolness. The soldier did as Madeleine bade him. She then flung aside her bonnet, put on a hat and took a gun. Her whole "force" consisted of the above mentioned soldiers, her two little brothers, aged 10 and 12, and an old man of 80—and some women and children, who did nothing but set up a continual screaming, as soon as the firing commenced. "Let us fight to the death," said brave Madeleine to her little brothers, who seemed to have possessed no little share of her own courage. "We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king." Madeleine now placed her brothers and the soldiers at the loop-holes, where they fired at the Indians lurking and dodging about outside. The savages did not know how large the garrison was, and therefore hesitated to attack the fort; and numbers of them fell before the well-directed shots of the soldiers. The girl-commander succeeded, after a while, in stopping the screaming of the women and children, for she was determined that the enemy should perceive no sign of fear or weakness; she flew from bastion to bastion to see that every defender was doing his duty; she caused a cannon to be fired from time to time, partly to intimidate the savages, and partly in hope that the noise might convey intelligence of the situation, and bring them help. Thus the fight went on, day after day, night after night, the heroic girl keeping up her vigilant exertions so constantly that it was 48 hours before she caught a wink of sleep. For a whole week Madeleine held the fort, with no favoring circumstances but the stormy weather, which prevented the Indians from setting fire to the wooden defences. At the end of that time reinforcements came down the river and "raised the siege."

HIDING WATERS.

The whirling waters of Niagara hide a dark tragedy. A few years Mr. Vedder induced Mr. Pearson to go driving with him. An hour later they drove on to Goat Island and after that no one knows what they did, except so far as Pearson's body indicates it. They lived next door to each other, Vedder in a handsome stone house and Pearson in a smaller frame house. At supper their absence caused some uneasiness, and as the night wore on their families became alarmed. James Vedder, a brother, and James Howard Pearson, a son, began a search late at night. About midnight they learned that the missing man had driven on to Goat Island and no one had seen them return. Securing the aid of Policemen Michael Burns and William Rollin they climbed over the gate and went across the bridge to the island. The night was sharp and the wind blew the icy spray back from the falls, clouding the lenses of the dark lanterns carried by the officers. The roads were muddy, the darkness intense and the scene so desolate and uninviting that the searchers shuddered as they thought of what they might find. On the northwest corner of Goat Island there is a sort of promontory with steps leading down to a long bridge which spans a branch of the falls to Luna Island. There tied to a tree, was found the horse driven by Vedder. The animal was encased in a thin sheet of ice, which had been formed by the breeze spray blown back from the falls. When released, the horse could not move. Policeman Burns led the party on to Luna Island. The ground was covered with snow and ice. The roar of the falls drowned all sound, and the men hesitated when they looked around. Burns saw two dark objects on the snowy bank at the extreme edge of the abyss. The first was Pearson's body. Burns could not recognize it. The face was covered with blood which had been half frozen as it flowed from two ugly pistol wounds. The whiskers were burned by the powder, and the sight was ghastly in the extreme. Burns shouted back, "Here's one of them; here's Vedder." Howard Pearson came up, and as the rays were turned again on the frightful visage the boy cried, "No, that's my father," and tried to throw himself on his father's body. He was carried away, and James Vedder was told of the discovery, but not allowed to see the corpse. The search was resumed, and the other dark object was found to be the clothes of Vedder. Underneath was his vest; on top was his overcoat, his undercoat and scarf and beside them was his hat. Leading from the neatly piled garments were a man's footprints in the yielding snow, showing that Vedder had walked straight off the bank into the fall itself. There was no return tracks, the pistol was not found and Vedder evidently placed it in his pocket after firing the deadly shots. Pearson's body lay beneath a stunted cedar tree with the head towards Canada. His arms were extended, the hands were open and the face wore, when washed, a peaceful look. There were no indications of a fight and the murder seemed to have been committed in cold blood without warning to the victim. When the deed was done Vedder, ashamed to face his friends, committed suicide. Pearson was married to Vedder's sister. His first wife was also Vedder's sister. He leaves a wife and four children. They live on Main street, next door to Vedder's house, which is one of the finest in the place. Pearson was cashier of the New York Central railroad, a position he held for 26 years.

How He Did It.

A Cowboy's Method of Stopping the Stampede of a Herd. A Texas correspondent writes: "One of the slickest things I saw in my travels was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about 600 or 800 had got frightened at something and broke away pell-mell with their tails in the air and the bulls at the head of the procession. But Mr. Cowboy didn't get excited at all when he saw the herd was going straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble down into the canon and be killed. You know when a herd like that gets to going they can't stop, no matter whether they rush to death or not. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I wouldn't have given \$1 per head for that herd, but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd out across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely on to the edge of that bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed, and was so excited I could not speak. Well, sir, when the leaders had got within about a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quick. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back, and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear guard was. You see, the cowboy had opened a bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course and emptied the bag. Every critter sniffed that line of salt, and, of course, that broke up the stampede. But I tell you it was a queer sight to see that man out there on the edge of that bluff quietly rolling a cigarette when it seemed as if he'd been lying under 200 tons of beef in about a minute and a half."

HUMOROUS.

A Boy's Pocket. Buckles, and buttons, and top, and marbles and pieces of string, a screw from a rusty old mop, and scraps of a favorite song. Slate pencils, and part of a lock, some matches and kernels of corn, the wheels of a discarded clock, and remains of a mitten all torn. A jack-knife or two, never sharp, some pieces of bright colored glass, the rim of an ancient jew's-harp, pens, fish-hooks and pieces of brass. Old nails, "sweeties," chippings of tin, with bits of a battered-up locket. All these, and much more, are within the depths of a little boy's pocket. He Couldn't Stand It. "Why are you home so early?" asked a wife of her husband. "Is the singing school exhibition out already?" "No; not more than half out," he replied. "Why didn't you stay to the close? Weren't you interested in the singing?" "I was until a sixteen-year-old boy attempted to sing 'Lantern Watch Ahoy.' Then I thought I would come home, go to bed and try to forget all about it."

What it Taught.

Mrs. Blikson—"I hope this, Mr. Blikson, will be a warning to you." Mr. Blikson—"What are you talking about, anyhow?" Mrs. Blikson—"An item in this paper. It says: 'A man in Springfield, Me., being invited to drink, poured out a glass of whiskey, looked at it a moment, and then dropped dead.' Now, just remember that, Mr. Blikson, the next time you are asked to drink. It teaches a terrible lesson." Mr. Blikson—"Yes, indeed. Delays are dangerous."

At the Stock Exchange.

"I'll have so consult with a doctor. I'm not well."

"What is your trouble?" "I sleep too much. As soon as I drink eight or ten glasses of beer, I can't keep my eyes open. I think I ought to be bed."

"I can tell what will spare your eyes, and keep them open. Just let me sell you, at par, for cash, a thousand shares of some railroad stocks I've got, and you will not be able to get a wink of sleep as long as you have them on your hands. What is riches without health?"

Life Among the Mormons.

"My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself, flirting with that Miss B. as you did in church to day."

"Flirting with her?" he replied in astonishment. "Why we have been engaged for more than three months. It's all over town."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said his wife indifferently. "If you are engaged to her, I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event occur?"

Consoling.

Mrs. Minks—"Who would have thought that that lovely Mrs. Blank, who was a bride only a few years ago, should now be suing for a divorce?"

Mrs. Flinks—"I do not blame her. Her husband abused her terribly."

Mrs. Minks—"Why, when they were married her husband was just as devoted as dear John is to me. I would die if I thought that in a few years he could change that way."

Mrs. Flinks—"Oh, don't alarm yourself, he won't." Mrs. Minks—"You are sure, then?" Mrs. Flinks—"Certain. All your money is in your name."

He Struck It Rich.

"That's my uncle over there," said a fast young man to his fast companion; "we're pretty near broke and I'll strike him for a raise. He won't go back on me. Bet you the drinks I'll strike him for a ten and get it."

The bet was made and the young man struck his uncle. A long conversation ensued. Finally the young man returned, his face flushed with triumph and some bills in his hand. "I told you I'd make it," he said, "maybe we can make a hit on roulette with this."

Then his companion looked at the bills, and there were only two \$1 notes. "But you didn't get \$10, did you?" he inquired.

"Yes, I did," replied the nephew, as his tone changed to one of sadness, "only I had to take the other \$8 out in good advice."

A sheep epidemic prevails in La Prairie, Canada, which entirely deprives the sheep of wool and renders its meat unfit for food.

A member of the Zanesville militia who participated in the Cincinnati riot has become insane from excitement.