

Beaver & Gephart

The Millheim Journal.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
R. A. 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.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 58.

MILLHEIM, PA. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1884.

NO. 26.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
If subscribers desire for notices to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled 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 00 4 00 6 00 8 00 10 00
1 line 10 00 15 00 20 00 25 00 30 00
One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices per line for first insertion and 50 cents per line for each additional insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office opposite the Methodist Church,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM PA.

D. R. D. H. MINGLE,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office on Main Street,
MILLHEIM, PA.

W. J. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Shop opposite the Millheim Banking House,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. GEO. S. FRANK,
Physician & Surgeon,
REBERSBURG, PA.
Professional calls promptly answered. 3m

D. H. HASTINGS & REEDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Yeast & Hastings.

C. T. ALEXANDER & C. M. BOWER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

D. R. GEO. L. LEE,
Physician & Surgeon,
MADISONBURG, PA.
Office opposite the Lutheran Church.

W. M. C. HEINLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts of Centre county. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

J. A. BEAVER & J. W. GEPHART,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
C. G. McMILLEN,
PROPRIETOR.

CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
EMANUEL BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL,
PROPRIETOR.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,
Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
RATES REDUCED TO \$2.00 PER DAY.
The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and the different Rail-Road depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.
Four patronage respectfully solicited.
Jos. M. Feger, Proprietor.

DEABODY HOTEL,
9th St. South of Chestnut,
PHILADELPHIA.
One Square South of the New Post Office, one half Square from Walnut St. Theatre and in the very business centre of the city. On the American and European plans. Good rooms from 50cts to \$3.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished.
W. PAINE, M. D.,
Owner & Proprietor.

The Condemned Sentinel.

A cold, stormy night in the month of March, 1707, Marshal Lefebvre, with twenty-seven thousand French troops, had invested Dantzic. The city was garrisoned with seventeen thousand Russian and Prussian soldiers, and these, together with twenty or thirty thousand well-armed citizens, presented nearly double the force which could be brought to the assault. So there was need of the utmost vigilance on the part of the sentinels, for a desperate sortie from the garrison, made unaware, might prove calamitous.

At midnight Jerome Dubois was placed upon one of the most important posts in the advance line of pickets, it being upon a narrow strip of land, raised above the marshy flat, called the peninsula of Nehring. For more than an hour he paced his lonesome beat without hearing any thing more than the moaning of the wind and the driving of the rain. At length another storm broke upon his ear. He stopped and listened, and presently he called: "Who's there?"

The only answer was a moaning sound. He called again, and this time he heard something like the cry of a child and pretty soon an object came before him out from the darkness. With a quick, emphatic movement he brought his musket to the charge, and ordered the intruder to halt. "Mercy!" cried the childish voice, "don't shoot me. I'm Natalie. Don't you know me?"

"Heavens!" cried Jerome, elevating his piece. "Is it you dear child?" "Yes; and you are good Jerome. Oh, will you come and help mamma? Come, she is dying!"

It was certainly Natalie, a little girl, only eight years old, daughter of Lisette Villian, a sergeant in Jerome's own regiment, and was with the army in the capacity of nurse. "Why, how is this my little child?" said Jerome taking the little one by the arm. "What is it about your mother?" "Oh, good Jerome, you can hear her now. Hark!"

The sentinel bent his ear, but could hear only the wind and the rain. "Mamma is in the dreadful mud," said the child, "and is dying. She is not far away. Oh, I can hear her crying."

By degrees Jerome gathered from Natalie that her father had taken her out with him in the morning, and that in the evening when the storm came on her mother came after her. The sergeant had offered to send a man back to the camp with his wife, but she preferred to return alone, feeling sure that she should meet with no trouble. The way, however, had become dark and uncertain, and she had lost the path, and wandered off the edge of the morass, where she had sunk into the soft mud.

"Oh, good Jerome," cried the little one, seizing the man's hand, "can't you hear her? She will die if you do not come and help her!"

At that moment the sentinel fancied he heard the wail of the unfortunate woman. What should he do? Lisette, the good, the beautiful, the tender-hearted Lisette, was in danger, and it was in his power to save her. It was not in his heart to withstand the pleadings of the child. He could go and return to his post without detection. At all events, he could not refuse the childish pleader.

"Give me your hand, Natalie. I'll go with you."

With a cry of joy the child sprang to the soldier's side; and when she had secured his hand she hurried him along toward the place where she had left her mother. It seemed a long distance to Jerome, and once he stopped as though he would turn back. He did not fear death, but he feared dishonor.

"Hark!" uttered the child. The soldier listened, and plainly heard the voice of the suffering woman calling for help. He hesitated no longer. On he hastened through the storm, and found Lisette sunk to her arm pits in the soft morass. Fortunately a tuft of grass had been within her reach, by which she had kept her head above the fatal mud. It was no easy matter to extricate her from the miry pit, as the workman had to be very careful that he himself did not lose his footing. At length, however, she was drawn forth, and Jerome led her towards his post.

"Heavens!" gasped Jerome, trembling from head to foot. "Who comes there?" repeated the voice. Jerome heard the click of a musket-lock and knew that another sentinel had been stationed at the post he left. The relief had come while he was absent.

"Friends, with the countersign!" he answered to the new sentinel. He was ordered to advance, and when he had given the countersign he found himself in the presence of the officer of the guard. In a few hurried words he told his story, and had the officer been alone, he might have allowed the matter to remain where it was; but there were others present, and when ordered to give up his musket, he obeyed with out a murmur, and silently accompanied the officer, where he was put in irons.

On the following morning Jerome Dubois was brought before a court-martial under charge of having deserted in the past. He confessed that he was guilty, and then permission was granted him to tell his own story. This he did in a few words, but they could do nothing but pass the sentence of death; but the members thereof all signed a petition praying that Jerome Dubois might be pardoned; and this petition was sent to the general of the brigade, and through him to the general of the division, by whom it was endorsed, and sent up to the marshal.

Lefebvre was kind and generous to his soldiers almost to a fault, but he could not overlook so grave an error as that which had been committed by Dubois. The orders given to the sentinel were very simple, and foremost of every necessity was the order forbidding him to leave his post until properly relieved. To a certain extent the safety of the whole army rested upon the shoulders of each individual sentinel, and especially upon those who at night were posted nearest the line of the enemy.

"I am sorry," said the gray-haired old warrior, as he folded up the petition and handed it back to the officer who had presented it. "I am sure that man meant no wrong, and yet a great wrong was done. He knew what he was doing—he ran the risk—he was detected—he has been tried and condemned—he must suffer."

They asked Lefebvre if he would see the condemned.

"No, no!" the Marshal cried quickly. "Should I see him and listen to one-half his story, I might pardon him; and that must not be done. Let him die, that thousands may be saved."

The time fixed for the execution of Dubois was the morning succeeding the day of his trial. The result of the interview with Marshal Lefebvre was made known to him, and he was not at all disappointed. He blamed no one and was sorry that he had not died upon the battlefield.

"I have tried to be a good soldier," he said to his captain. "I feel that I have done no crime that should leave a stain upon my name."

The captain took his hand and assured him that his name should be held in respect.

Toward evening Pierre Villant, with his wife and child, were admitted to see the prisoner. This was a visit which Jerome would gladly have dispensed with, as his feelings were already wrought up to a pitch that almost unmanned him, but he braced himself for the interview, and would have stood it like a hero, had not little Natalie, in the eagerness of her love and gratitude, thrown herself upon his bosom and offered to die in his stead. This tipped the brimming cup, and his tears flowed freely.

Pierre and Lizette knew not what to do. They wept and they prayed, and they would have willingly died for the noble fellow who had been thus condemned.

Later in the evening came a companion who, if he lived, would at some time return to Jerome's boyhood's home. First, the condemned thought of his widowed mother, and he sent her a message of love and devotion. Then he thought of a brother and sister. And finally he thought of one—a bright-eyed maid—whose vine-clad cot stood upon the banks of the Seine—one whom he had loved with a love such as only great hearts can feel.

"Oh, my dear friend," he cried, bowing his head upon his clasped hands, "you need not tell them a falsehood, but if the thing is possible, let them believe that I fell in battle."

His companion promised that he would do all he could, and if the truth could not be kept back, it should be so faithfully told that the name of Jerome Dubois should not bear disgrace in the minds of those who had loved him in other days.

Morning came, dull and gloomy, with driving sleet and snow, and at an early hour Jerome Dubois was led forth to meet his fate. The place of execution had been fixed upon a low, barren spot toward the sea; and thither his division was being marched to witness the fearful punishment. They had gained not more than half the distance when the sound of some strange commotion broke upon the wintry air, and very shortly an aid-de-camp came dashing to the side of the General of the Brigade with a cry:

"A sortie! A sortie! The enemy are out in force. Let this thing be stayed. The Marshal directs that you face about and advance upon the peninsula."

In an instant all was changed in that division and the Brigade-General, who had temporary command, thundered forth his orders for a countermarch. The gloom was dissipated, and with glad hearts the soldiers turned from the thoughts of the execution of a brave comrade to thoughts of meeting the enemy.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" asked the sergeant who had charge of the guard. "Lead him back to the camp," replied the captain.

The direction was very simple, but the execution thereof was not to be so easy, for hardly had the words escaped the captain's lips when a squadron of Prussian cavalry came dashing directly towards them. The division was quickly formed into four hollow squares, while the guard that held charge of the prisoner found themselves obliged to flee.

"In heaven's name," cried Jerome, "cut my bonds and let me die like a soldier."

The sergeant quickly cut the cords that bound his elbows behind him, and then dashed towards the point where his own company was stationed. The rattle of musketry had commenced, and the Prussians were vainly endeavoring to break the squares of French troops. Jerome Dubois looked about him for some weapon with which to arm himself, and presently he saw a Prussian officer not far off reeling in his saddle as though he had been wounded. With a quick bound he reached the spot, and pulled the dying officer from his seat and leaped into the empty saddle.

Dubois was fully resolved to sell his life on that day—sell it in behalf of France—and sell it as dearly as possible. But he was not needed where he was. He knew that the Prussians could not break those hollow squares; so he rode away thinking to join the French cavalry, with whom he could rush into the deepest danger. Supposing that the heaviest fighting must be upon the Nehring, he rode his horse in that direction, and when he reached it he found that he had not been mistaken. Upon a slight eminence, towards Hagselsburg, the enemy had planted a battery of heavy guns, supported by two regiments of infantry; and already with shot and shell immense damage had been done.

Marshal Lefebvre rode up shortly after the battery had opened, and very quickly made up his mind that it must be taken at all hazards.

"Take that battery," he said to a colonel of cavalry, as he dashed past, "and the day is ours."

Dubois heard the order, and saw the necessity. Here was danger enough, surely; and determined to be the first at the fatal battery, he kept as near to the leader as he dared. Half the distance had been gained, when from the hill came a storm of iron that ploughed into the ranks of the French. The colonel fell, his body literally torn to pieces by a shell that exploded against his bosom.

The point upon the peninsula now reached by the head of the assaulting party was not more than a hundred yards wide; and it was literally a path of death, as the fire from the twelve heavy guns was turned upon it. The colonel had fallen, and very soon three officers went down, leaving the advance without a commissioned leader. The way was becoming blocked up with the dead men and dead horses, and the head of the column stopped and wavered. Marshal Lefebvre, from his elevated place, saw this, and his heart throbbled painfully. If that column were routed, and the Russian infantry charged over the peninsula, the result might be calamitous.

Quickened Consciences.

A correspondent of the Nashville American, repeats the following story, which was told him by a Georgian who witnessed the scene described:— Georgia has a stringent pistol law. The penalty is forfeiture of the pistol and a fine of \$50, and, at the discretion of the Court, imprisonment for thirty days. A short time after this law went into effect Judge Lester was holding court in one of the mountain counties of North Georgia, and right in the midst of the trial of a cause, he asked the attorneys to suspend a few moments, and told the Sheriff to lock the court house door and let no man pass out without permission from him. Then said the Judge, in his firm, decided way:—

"Gentlemen, I saw a pistol on a man in this room a few moments ago, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty as a peace officer to let such a violation of the law pass unnoticed. It may be that it is my duty to go before the Grand Jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of \$1 down here, I will let him off this time; otherwise I will go before the Grand Jury and testify against him."

The Judge paused, and an attorney, who was sitting down just before the stand, got up, slipped his hand into his hip pocket, drew out a neat ivory handled Smith & Wesson six-shooter and laid it before the Judge.

"This is all right," remarked the Judge, "but you are not the man that I saw with the pistol."

At this another attorney, sitting immediately in front of the Judge, got up and, drawing out a small Colt's revolver, laid it and a \$1 bill upon the stand.

"This is right again," said the Judge, "but you are not the man I speak of."

Thereupon a large man just outside of the bar walked around, ran his arm into his bosom, and drawing out a huge old army pistol, laid it and \$1 on the stand.

"I declare," exclaimed the Judge, "if this don't beat all; you have done right my friend, but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

The process went on until nineteen pistols and \$19 were lying on the Judge's stand. Then there was a pause, and it appeared as if the crowd were pretty well disarmed; at least, if there were any more pistols in the house their owners did not seem disposed to give them up.

Fashion-Hints from Peterson's Magazine for July.

Dresses made of but one plain material are less and less worn.—Peterson's Magazine.

Lace and embroidery each serve to help make the variety in the trimmings of dresses, when two kinds of stuff are not used.—Peterson's Magazine.

Imitation black Chantilly lace is freely used on street-dresses and wraps, and evening-dresses are lavishly trimmed with lace.—Peterson's Magazine.

Whole dresses of black lace, worn over black or colored silks, are very fashionable and very becoming.—Peterson's Magazine.

Yoked bodices, and the Norfolk bodice which is plaited lengthwise, are popular for thin dresses.—Peterson's Magazine.

Tournures are now indispensable, without the back-breadths of the dress are very much puffed.—Peterson's Magazine.

Wraps are all small, except the long dust-cloak worn in travelling, which is usually made of pongee. The old-fashioned "linen duster" is no longer seen.—Peterson's Magazine.

Bonnets are usually small, and nearly all the trimming, on both bonnets and hats, is massed in front, or near it, on the left side.—Peterson's Magazine.

Crocuses, and dandelions with their feathery seed-tufts, are the latest flowers used for trimming bonnets.—Paris letter in Peterson's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

A Fit of Absent-Mindedness.
"What cut do you prefer?" said the carver at a recent dinner given by Mr. Arthur.
"Cut?" repeated the President, absent-mindedly. "Cut them skin tight, with medium swell buttons, two hip pockets and—"
"Sir!" interrupted the carver in amazement.
"Oh, I beg your pardon," said his Excellency, recovering himself; "a piece of the outside, please, with a little crisp fat."

A Wifely Hint.
Mr. B.—Here is something in this paper that you ought to know."
Mrs. B.—What is that?
Mr. B.—A receipt for getting rid of rats and mice. It says that wild mint scattered about the house will soon clean them out."
Mrs. B.—Mint? That is what you are so awfully fond of, isn't it?
Mr. B.—Well, yes, I rather like mint. But I wonder why it cleans out rats and mice?
Mrs. B.—Probably when they smell the mint they conclude that the man of the house is a hard drinker, and that therefore the cupboard is empty.
Mr. B. changed the subject.

One Case expected.
Struggling Surgeon—"No, dear, I cannot go calling with you to-night."
His wife—"But you promised that you would."
"I know it, dear, but our finances are very low and I must not loose a chance get a fee."
"But what chance will you lose? No patients have sent to you for a week."
"I know it, dear, but I expect to be summoned for a very important surgical case, perhaps a broken leg, before the evening is over."
"Where to?"
"Across the way. Mrs. Brown over there is house cleaning, and I just saw Mr. Brown going home with a step-ladder."

Where Papa Banked His Money.
"Mamma, what is that building?"
"A bank building, dearie."
"Is that where papa keeps his money?"
"Yes, dearie."
"Mr. Faro keeps it, don't he mamma?"
"Why, no, dearie! What a question!"
"Well, I heard papa say he'd left \$1,000 at Faro's bank Saturday night, any way."
"He did, did he? (Aside) 'Well, that's one safe deposit he's made, anyway! I know now why he refused me a new dress, new gloves and hat yesterday.' Oh, but I'll make him regret the day he was born!"

"What's the matter, mamma?"
"Nothing, dearie, only I'm going to say a few words to your papa concerning Mr. Faro's bank!"

Conversational Proprieties.

The terms 'genteel people'—this, that, or the other is 'very genteel' are terms not to be used, or very seldom. Substitute for them such words as 'highly accomplished,' 'good taste,' 'gentlemanly,' &c. It is not well for a lady to say 'yes sir' and 'no sir' to a gentleman acquaintance, or frequently to introduce the word 'sir' at the end of her sentences, unless she desires to be exceedingly reserved towards the person with whom she is conversing. Such words as 'I guess,' 'I calculate,' and 'I reckon' are to be avoided as much as possible; and when relating a conversation it is scarcely refined to use the expression 'says he' or 'says she' or 'you know.' Interrupting one who is speaking, even though it be an intimate friend, is graceless and unbecoming. Laughing at one's own story, is a short way of spoiling it—if it have any wit it will be appreciated. Speaking of any person who is at a distance within sight, it is a rude manner to point at him. Forgetting names, or mistaking one name for another, often indicates ill-mannered needlessness—this, to say, Mr. What-d'-call-him, or, You-know-who, What's-her-name, or, How-dye-call-her. Another most offensive practice, is that of taking a person aside to whisper in a room where there is company. Looking one another in the face in conversation, is essential to secure life and interest. In speaking of ourselves and another person, whether he is absent or present, propriety requires us to mention ourselves last, in all cases and under all circumstances; thus we should say, 'he and I,' 'you and I.'

Anxious For Father.

"Mamma," said a small boy, "do you believe everything papa says?"
"Of course, my child," replied the mother, with wifely pride.
"Everything, mamma?"
"Yes; dear, everything."
"Well, I don't."
"Hush, you wicked boy; you musn't talk so. What did your papa ever say that you couldn't believe?"
"You know that widow on the next square that always looks so sour at us boys?"
"You mean that pretty Mrs. Bonton?"
"She's the one. I heard papa tell her yesterday that she was the sweetest woman in town, and then he gave her a bunch of flowers, and it made me so ashamed to hear him tell her such a story that I ran away and wouldn't let him know I had caught him in it."
"That will do, my child," said the mother, with a peculiar look in her gentle face; "run out and play, and I will tell your father when he comes in that he must be particular not to destroy his son's confidence in his veracity!"