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A Country School. Pretty and pale and tired She sits in her stiff-backed chair, While the blazing summer sun Shines in on her curly hair, And the little brook without, That she hears through the open door, Mocks with its murmur cool, Hard bench and dusty floor.

Unmade Hay. We knew by the clouds to the eastward It was going to rain that day, And there was the whole of the meadow lot All spread with the fragrant hay, And the clouds grew darker and larger As the wind the tree-tops tossed, And, hard though it was working, It seemed that the hay was lost.

THE DRY MAN.

"Glorious country!" cried Frank Seagrave, as the outward bound steamer for Brazil glided into the smooth estuary of the Tagus, and on either side of her arose the green, sunny hills and waving woods of beautiful Portugal. "And glorious weather, too," added Harry Fitzgerald. "Englishman though I am, I'm not as patriotic as Marry at's sailor, who getting back to England in the thick of a Channel fog after a twelve months' cruise in the Mediterranean, growled approvingly, Ah! this is what I call weather! None o' yer lubberly blue skies here!"

an artist, plumed himself upon his cleverness in cutting out the rest by getting leave to take Miss Forrester's portrait, till, just as he was about to present it to the charming original, he discovered with rage and despair that while his back was turned for a moment, wicked Jack had sketched a short pipe between her cherry lips, pouring out a volume of smoke worthy of Vesuvius.

But although the captain's prophecy was correct thus far, he seemed quiet at fault as to Clitheroe. The "dry man" went on his own dry way just as usual, seeming to trouble himself very little about Lucy or her admirers. True, he appeared to be always on hand when a seat was to be placed for her, a shawl arranged, or a book fetched from the saloon; but he rarely stayed to be thanked, and had seemingly much less taste for her society than that of the sailors, with whom he was immensely popular.

Up the rope ladder he climbed like a cat, with the nozzle of the pipe over his arm. But the wary American was not to be caught so easily. Just as Fitzgerald came within arm's length of him, and gave the signal to pump, Clitheroe suddenly stretched his arm over the edge of the "top," and seizing the pipe, turned it back right upon Jack himself, who was instantly drenched to the skin, and so staggered that he all but tumbled down head foremost, while his discomfort was greeted with a hearty burst of laughter from the crew, the captain, and, worse still, Miss Forrester herself.

"Not a spray All the day In the Bay of Biscay, O!" "We've been mighty lucky so far, sure enough," put in Cecil Vane, "and the only thing wanting's a few young ladies." "Well, if that's your complaint, Mr. Vane," said the captain's deep voice from behind, "you'll soon be cured, for we're just going to take aboard as nice a girl as you ever set eyes on. She's an old friend of mine, too; the daughter of an old chum, Fred Forrester, who's coffee-growing in Brazil now, and she's going to him from Lisbon. There'll be a pretty stir among you young fellows when Miss Lucy comes. I shouldn't wonder if she even put Mr. Clitheroe out of his course just a little bit."

At this there was a general laugh, for Winthrop Clitheroe, the only American among the jovial party of five addressed by Captain Barclay, had already, young as he was, seen and done so much that to surprise or startle him appeared simply impossible. In any real danger he was the boldest of the bold; but the moment it was over he relaxed into cool, "don't-care-a-cent" composure which had already earned him the nickname of "the dry man."

PICKINGS.

First almanac printed in 1460. Envelopes were first used in 1839. The first steel pen was made in 1830. The first air pump was made in 1654. Whalebone is worth \$12,250 per ton. The first lucifer match was made in 1798. The first horse railroad was built in 1626.

There are now 155 women students in the Boston University. Fifty-seven American women writers were born in Maine. Switzerland hotel keepers have a mutual protection society. Mrs. A. T. Stewart is 84 years old. She is the richest widow in the world. In Boston there are 20,000 working women whose wages average only \$4 to \$5 a week.

Some one has taken the trouble to figure out that American hens lay 9,000,000,000 eggs a year. It is rumored that for the next few years very few expensive houses will be built by rich men. A monument is proposed at Kingston, N. Y., to Lieut. Clipp, who lost his life in the Arctic regions. Mr. Corcoran, the Washington banker, is said to glory in the fact that his father was a cobbler.

The largest county in the United States is Custer county, Montana, with an area of 36,000 square miles. The erection of a nail factory is contemplated near Portland, Oregon. An organization has been formed in North Carolina for a home for disabled Confederate soldiers of that state. In San Francisco all the day district telegraph work is done by women. They are paid from \$40 to \$60 a month. It is estimated that the money annually spent in this country for drink would take care of 5,000,000 orphans. The total number of separate farms in the United States is 4,600,000, and their aggregate value is \$19,000,000,000.

Mr. Blank—Here is a funny item which says that a married man can be distinguished by the way in which he carries an umbrella over his wife, carefully shielding himself and leaving her exposed to the drippings. Mr. Blank—It is not true, though. Mrs. B.—No it is not. You never do it. You were a great deal more awkward at carrying an umbrella over me before we were married than you have been since. Mr. B.—Ah! Mrs. B.—Yes; I had several bonnets and two dresses ruined by the drippings in those days. But you have become ever so much more careful. Mr. B.—Yes, indeed. I have to pay for your things myself now.

Short Talks With the Boys.

A Little Advice about Carelessness in General and Taking Care of Things in Particular. BY M. QUAD. "Where's my hat?" "Who's seen my knife?" "Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?" There you go, my boy! When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked 'em right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than to hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place 'em in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it. I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah! I haven't had to pay for it ten times over! Now, set your foot right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired. An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four. He can save an hour per day over the man who slings things helter skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.

Now, about school. Nine boys out of ten look upon school sometimes in the light of a juvenile prison. They are more than half right. The idea seems to be to command a boy to open his mouth and swallow as fast and as much as he can bite off, and many of the rules and regulations are too captious to have come from sensible men. But, hark you, ignorance means vice—crime—degradation. The man without education must make his muscles earn him a dollar a day, where brains would earn him five. The more ignorant the man the more naturally he becomes a law-breaker. Education will enable you to compete with capital. It will make capital for you. Only, if you were my boy I'd educate you in particular and not in general. I mean by that, that if you wanted to be a lawyer I wouldn't let you fritter two or three years in algebra, astronomy and the dead languages. If you wanted to become a doctor I wouldn't educate you for a lawyer. If you had a fancy to become a civil engineer I'd push you in algebra instead of colonial history.

As the case stands in our schools to day every boy must study what one does. No two of them will probably follow the same pursuit in life, but all are thrown into the same hopper and the mill set going. Now about recreation. A boy who attends school five days a week shouldn't be set to splitting wood or hoeing corn on the sixth. The labor of going to school is just as hard for a growing boy as shoving a jack-plane is for a man. Saturday ought to be his own day and so acknowledged. Twenty-five years ago the father who could find other work for his boy would throw down a fence and set him to rebuilding. The idea was to work him. No thought was given to the anatomy of a boy. Nobody seemed to realize that his bones were soft, his joints easily put out of order, and his muscles in such a condition that too much work must use him up. Find me a stiff-legged man, a bow-backed man, a lop-shouldered man, a man whose spinal column is out of plumb, and I'll prove to you nine times out of ten that he was overworked as a boy.

A VISIT TO DAKOTA.

Its Wonderful Rapid Settlement, Chances for Investments, etc. HURON, DAKOTA May 31st, 1884. To the Editor: I have just got back to Huron from a tour through Central Dakota, and, with your permission, will give your readers an idea of this portion of the Territory. Central Dakota comprises that portion of the Territory that lies between north latitude 43° and 46°, and is about 200 miles north and south by possibly 300 east and west. It was first opened to settlement by the building of the Chicago & North-Western Railway into it in 1880, and then contained not one settler. In 1881 a few went in, in 1882 about 16,000, and in 1883 over 80,000, so that now nearly every quarter section of land in all of the organized counties is settled. The immigration of 1884 has been large, but its figures are not yet obtainable. The soil is everything that could be desired. It is rich, productive, and is believed to be lasting. In 1883 wheat through this area averaged about 26 bushels to the acre, many acres yielded 40 and even 50 bushels, which sold on the ground for from 95 cents to \$1.00 per bushel, most of it being purchased for seedling in 1884; oats averaged 68 bushels, rye about thirty, barley over 30, flaxseed about 100, potatoes about 200, corn from 50 to 60 bushels, and every other product in proportion. A ready home market was found for all that was offered. I have talked with hundreds of the settlers, and all express themselves as being more than pleased. They are enthusiastic in their praises of the soil, climate, air, etc., and I have yet to find one who is dissatisfied, or sorry that he came. Scattered all over the Territory are vigorous cities, towns and villages, all of which have the air of prosperity about them. Of course, there has been considerable speculation in "corner lots," and many of the places have been "boomed" beyond their deserts, but all seem to promise largely for the future.

Two or three counties yet have to be organized, and when organized will offer the fields for settlement, speculation and rapid money making. Yesterday, in traveling from Blunt to this place, I saw a new town being laid out. It is eight miles west of Highmore and seven miles east of Harrold, or 732 miles from Chicago. Highmore is in Hyde county. This county has 22 congressional townships, each six miles square, and consequently contains 756 sections, or about 500,000 acres, or enough to make over 3,000 farms of 160 acres each. This county has been unfortunate in having a "county seat" quarrel on its hands, so that to-day it is unorganized and really has no county seat. I could not determine what side was at fault. One side blamed the Governor and the other the Highmore people; but it is not worth while discussing the past, and so the people seem to have determined, and have also determined to drop both the towns that have been trying to secure the county seat, and pretty unanimously have agreed to have the county seat fixed at the town I saw being laid out. It is to be called Holabird, and will be a station on the railroad, and being the county seat of Hyde county will certainly control the larger portion of the trade of the 3,000 farms that are already settled in the county. I am told that Hyde county has not a quarter section in it. If this is true, and I saw nothing to cause me to question it, one can readily see that Holabird must have not only rapid growth, but a prosperous future before it. I mention this place and Hyde county merely to show your readers how these enterprising people get rid of their neighborhood quarrels and start new towns when old ones are ill placed, or are not satisfactory to the majority. I told that Holabird is in almost the geographical centre of the county. I do not know and did not learn who owns the town site, how the lots are to be sold, their prices, or how they are to be purchased, as I have no interest in those questions, for I am neither a land or lot buyer or seller, and am merely an interested looker-on. It is clear to me, however, that not only Holabird, but every other new county seat must have carpenters, plasterers, stone and brick masons, blacksmiths, merchants and dealers in everything the farmers wish to buy, and must offer inducements to the young men of the older States that they can not procure at home.

I am too old to "pull up" and come here to settle, but hundreds of your readers are not, and if they must leave their old homes, I can assure them they can not "go amiss" if they go to Central Dakota. They and all should remember that gold is not picked up in the streets, and that farms are not to be had for the asking; but they may be certain that they can get gold for their

labor and a farm for one-tenth, nay, one-twentieth, of the labor that one will cost east of Chicago. The grain crops in Central Dakota look splendidly at this time. Wheat, oats, barley and rye were sown in February and March, and are now from eight to fifteen inches high, stand thick and strong on the ground, and have an excellent and healthy look. Corn is above ground, but is too small yet to warrant one in even guessing what the crop may be. Respectfully yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

A few Answers.

"What is a sage?" "A sage, my son, is a man who knows exactly when to buy and sell stocks. We bury about a dozen per month in this country, but the supply still equals the demand." "What is a successful financier?" "Why, a man who scoops \$3,000,000 out of the bank he runs and drops the sugar in Wall street." "What is a philosopher?" "He is a chap who loses his wife's money in buying silver stock, but increases his own by buying a deal in pork." "What is a financial prophet?" "He is a gentleman who states to an interviewer on Wednesday that the times are prosperous and business solid, and on Thursday fails for seven or eight million dollars." Five of the six murderers hanged on a recent Friday in this country declared that rum had led them into crime.

How a Congressman Fooled a Literary Society. "Ben Hardin was a brilliant fellow, and he had a strong sense of humor," says a Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader. When he was elected to Congress in 1815 he had already served several terms in the Kentucky legislature and was noted throughout the State as a lawyer. He started, however, for Washington, dressed in the rough clothing of a frontier State, and he wore the slouch hat and long buff coat of the West. As he was passing through Virginia, two young, smart looking fellows overtook him and fell into conversation with him. Hardin at their first words saw that they took him for a greenhorn, and they put on such manners and accent as to confirm their illusion. The meeting took place within a few miles of the town where they were to stop for the night. In the course of the conversation the young bloods told him there was to be a literary society meeting that night, and that it would attend he might hear some fine speaking, and at this point one of them, slyly winked to the other, said "And perhaps, stranger, you will join in the debate yourself?" "I don't know," replied Hardin. "I have spoken some in old Kentucky. What might your question be?" The question was not new to him. It was one of the leading ones of the day—a political issue upon which he was thoroughly posted. As old Ben Hardin heard it, however, he shook his head and said: "Boys, you will hev to excuse me on that. I ain't up on that subject. Now, if it was whether pursuit was better than possession, or some of our old subjects, I allow I'd tackle it. But about this yer politics I don't know." After much persuasion, however, he promised the young men that he would attend and he "would say suthin' anyhow." The party separated at the hotel, and the young fellows went off laughing at the fun they expected to have that night. They told their friends, and in a short time the whole town knew of the green Kentuckian's arrival and when the literary society opened every seat was filled. The exercises went off quietly until the debate commenced, when every one looked at Hardin. He sat quietly until the close. The two young fellows made their speeches, and very fair ones, too. As the second one closed and Mr. Hardin arose, each one in the audience nudged his neighbor, and every face was ready to smile. Their expressions changed, however, as old Ben took up the subject and treated it most eloquently. He tore to pieces the speeches of the young fellows who had tried to play the tricks on him, and as he was finishing the two were so bored that they got up and left. He referred to them as they went, and closed after an eloquent peroration by telling the society that he was a Kentucky member of Congress on his way to Washington. At this the society gathered around him and wanted to shake his hand. He chatted with them for a while, and the remainder of his visit was an ovation. The whole town came out to the hotel the next day to see him off, and the smart young fellows were the laughing stock of all.