

Deaver & Gephart

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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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### Cleveland at his Home.

From the Philadelphia Times. It is nearly always an easy matter to trace a man's career where nearly everyone you meet knows all about his in-comings and outgoing. Here the policeman on the corner was appointed by him when Mayor. Further up the street the lawyers, doctors, preachers and tradesmen speak of him as "Cleveland" or "Grove." All say to his credit that his phenomenal advance in public favor has not changed him a whit; that he is still the same quiet, unassuming citizen now as when he was a lawyer seeking clients. The old uncle, L. F. Allen, who gave him good advice, but very little else, when he reached here some thirty years ago on his way to Cleveland, Ohio, still lives here and is now past four-score years. He persuaded his nephew to stop at this point and helped him to get a chance to study law by working mighty hard for it. He is an eccentric man, of strict business habits, and doesn't seem to take much interest in politics. He really knows less of the life of his relative than almost any man of repute you meet.

AS A LAWYER. I went into the spacious offices this morning, but not one of the old firm was there. Only one is alive and he is in Europe. Mr. Cleveland has had four or five law partnerships with the strong men of this city, and all say he was a valuable business companion. His career as a lawyer is well defined in this region and his reputation well established. It seems queer that the general agreement has not reflected itself outside of Western New York. Mr. Milburn, a bright young man, now a partner in the law firm where the present Governor studied, said to me this morning: "It amuses me to hear this talk about Mr. Cleveland's lack of ability. He is the strongest character I ever knew without a national reputation. He is a fine lawyer. He is incapable of wifal wrong and nothing on earth could sweep him from his conviction of duty. That he is thoroughly honest cannot be questioned and without being what might be called a brilliant man he has always been regarded as an able and safe one in every relation of life. This terse summing up of the nominee's position at home is simply duplicated by the Judges and lawyers with whom he has mingled. Among the laymen he seems to stand equally high. Republicans and Democrats alike speak of him as a man of the strongest character and highest attainments. Mr. James N. Mathews, who edits the Express, the leading Republican paper in the city by the lake, speaks for this sentiment as follows: "I know of no Democrat better equipped for the position for which he has been named than Grover Cleveland. He is an able, honest and incorruptible man. He is self-reliant and has excellent judgment. I shall do all I can honestly and honorably to defeat his election, for I am earnestly for Mr. Blaine. But when people speak of him as an obscure man it is but fair to say that he has long stood in the front rank with the very leaders of thought and action in this part of New York."

AS A LAWYER. Grover Cleveland's habits of life seem to have been as simple as the general conduct of the man has been unassuming. He dwelt in a quiet boarding house, and when its mistress got a well-to-do son-in-law and quiet business he used to take his Sunday morning breakfast at the Terrapin Lunch, a plain restaurant, where probably a terrapin was never seen. Old Major Randall, of the Lake Shore Railroad, was his companion. He died soon after Cleveland was made Governor. It was his oft-expressed ambition to live to see "Grove," as he called him. President. In 1863 he became Assistant District Attorney and carried the burden of the office for three years, to be beaten for District Attorney at the close of his term by Lyman K. Boss, his nearest friend. They afterward became law partners. He was made Sheriff of this county by an accident. In fact, he never had an office that he was not forced into. In 1869 David Williams, superintendent of the Lake Shore Railroad, wanted to run for Congress. This district was close and he wouldn't make the effort with any of the aspirants for the Sheriff's office. It was the most important office to be filled and there was a bitter contest for it. The leaders got together and decided that Cleveland must run to help Williams. There wasn't much chance of an election, but they insisted that he must make the sacrifice for the party. He was then regarded as a good lawyer, with a good practice, but he became the candidate and not only helped Williams, but squeezed in by a hundred votes. During his term as Sheriff the office was well administered and when the term was finished Mr. Cleveland went back to his law business. HIS FINANCIAL START. The fees of the Sheriff's office were large and the income from it gave him his first financial start. He then made money at the law and saved something. His reputation is not that of a money-getter and money-saver. Had he been ambitious in this direction he could and would have been a rich man. In 1881 he was forced to be a candidate for Mayor. A popular revolt against the methods that were robbing the city swept him into this office. The Council was against him, but he vetoed every objection measure it passed and his assaults upon the Aldermen were so vigorous that they did not dare to pass them over his objections. A FOE OF ALL JOBS. Here his veto of the street-cleaning job is regarded as the real beginning of his public career. Soon after he came into office the Council voted to award the street-cleaning contract for five years to George Talbot, a local politician of power, at \$422,500 a year. There were several lower bids by thoroughly responsible men. Mayor Cleveland vetoed the award and severely condemned the attempted waste of the people's money. The contract was subsequently awarded to the lowest bidder, at \$109,000. The amount saved on this and an item for a sewer during the first six months of his administration was nearly \$1,000,000. These acts brought him into prominence and started him towards his present place. It was on account of his fearless fight in spite of large odds against public plunderers that he was pushed and elected by these people Governor. It is because they know him to be perfectly honest and incorruptible that to-night all men, regardless of differing political affiliations, are rejoicing over his successes. Though his law office and his bachelor quarters over there are silent, both are saluted as the abode of a man who has done well on a small beginning. If the record of his life is soon told, his own people point to it with pride and go back to the country that he will do even better in the future. This is the tenor of all the speeches and of the talk of the people.



SHERIFF CLEVELAND.

### Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

#### FIXING A FLY-SCREEN.

Man Again Proves His Superiority Over Woman in Mechanics.

He had a doubtful expression on his pliz as he entered a hardware store, and he spoke about the stove trade, and several other matters before he finally said: "I think it is time to put up my fly-screen doors." "Certainly." "You have springs, I suppose." "Yes, sir." "Have you a spring which I can adjust?" "We have. Here is one which a boy ten years old can put on. The time for intricate springs has passed, and simplicity is the rule." "Let's see. I wonder if I can put that on?" "Of course you can. All you want are a screw-driver and three screws. Here—this end goes on the door—that end on the casing. See? When you have it on, take this wire and turn here. When the spring has the right force drop those slots—thus. See! Why, a woman could put one of these springs on with her eyes shut—price 15 cents. Bones hadn't lost any of his doubtful expression as he started out. He walked home, feeling of his ear, and trying to remember just what the dealer said, and in half an hour he was at work on the door. The dealer had held the upper end of the spring to the northwest, while his door opened to the northeast. He sat down and thought and thought, and finally decided to try it, any how Mrs. Bones came out and helped him, and the spring was finally put on.

After the spring was on Bones turned and turned. The spring stiffened and the door flew open.

"That's just like you," she said as he jumped back. "What on earth do we want with a spring to keep the door open?" "That's so—that's so. Let's take it off and turn it end for end." This was tried, but it was no good, and Mrs. Bones cried out: "You might have known it! It takes a man with brains to put on a spring!" "And I've got more of 'em right in my hands than your whole relations have in their heads!" "Then put on that spring!" "I'm going to when I get ready. There's no particular hurry as I can see."

"Maybe it's tired," she sneered. "And maybe you had better attend to your mopping."

She went in and Bones tried that spring six different ways. Then he went off and borrowed a gimlet, and inch auger, a crowbar, a jackscrew and a pair of pinches, and he tried six other ways. He turned the old thing until the tension lifted up one end of the house, and he looked from the front gate to the alley fence for the ratchet, but the door had no spring to it. He put the spring on diagonally, crosswise, lengthwise, top for bottom and bottom for top, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bones came out and found him pounding it with the crowbar, while the door had been wrenched apart and heaved into the alley.

"I said you couldn't do it," she remarked. "Couldn't do what?" "Put on that spring." "Who's tried to put on that spring? We don't need any door there, and I've taken it away. It isn't at all likely that we will see three flies, but if a few do come around we ain't going to murder 'em. Spring! I was just fooling you. That was a burglar alarm, and the reason I didn't put it on was because we didn't have anything to burglarize. Even if we had I'd let 'em come. A burglar can't live unless he has a fair show."

The power developed by the explosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to 45,000 foot-tons. One ton of nitro-glycerine similarly exploded will exert a power of 65,452 tons, and one pound of blasting gelatine similarly exploded 71,050 tons.



A Complexionist.

Strolling up-town recently a reporter for the New York Mail and Express had his attention attracted by the sign "complexionist" which was hanging over the door of an inoffensive-looking dwelling house. Wondering what under the sun a complexionist might be, he wandered in to satisfy his curiosity. A French lady of medium height and with charming conversational powers received him in a small room fitted up in a style that might indicate at first sight either a drug store or a hair-dresser's saloon. "A complexionist," said the lady, in answer to the reporter's interrogation, "is one who makes a study of the human skin and takes charge of the customer's complexion."

"But surely there are not many who—"

"Oh, yes; there are hundreds of the fair sex who come here during the gay season to be made up or have the skin treated with delicate washes to prevent the bad effects of gas, heat, and late hours. But young ladies are not the only ones treated; men—young and old—are often found within these walls."

"What is your usual mode of treatment?" "That depends on the complexion; if it is merely to be preserved, we advise a little careful dieting and bathing in elder-flower water. Not a particle of fat must be taken, as it injures the polish of the skin. Here is a prescription that will clean the complexion in a very short time: A tablespoonful of sulphur taken every other morning for a week, then omitted for three mornings and taken again. A mixture of powdered brimstone or diluted glycerine should be rubbed on the face at night and washed off in the morning with soap and water in which there is a little ammonia. Washing the face in spirits of camphor, glycerine, and ammonia is also very good, and various other methods are resorted to for this end."

How a Home was Ruined. A Husband's Drunken Spleen and its Terrible Results.

A dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., tells this sad story: A Mrs. Fairchild, once a beautiful and accomplished woman of Savannah, has just died a miserable death in one of Atlanta's haunts of sin. The story which attaches itself to this woman is peculiarly sad. Three years ago she was a happy wife in a cosy home in Savannah. Her husband, young, handsome, educated, had a lucrative and responsible position with the Central Railroad in that city, and possessed the respect and esteem of all who knew him. About Christmas of 1881, while on a drunken spree, he shot a young man, who subsequently died. He was arrested, placed in jail and tried. The case against him was a stubborn one, and it required his home and everything else he could accumulate to save his neck. His wife gave everything cheerfully, and her grief, which was manifested during the trial, had great influence with the judge and jury. The trial resulted in a sentence of five years' imprisonment. The parting between husband and wife when he was taken to the penitentiary was deeply affecting. With a hope of securing a mitigation of the sentence, she went to Atlanta, and fell a victim to a well-known officer, who professed his ability to aid her. She took a downward road, took to drink, and in a few weeks was a confirmed drunkard. This step was followed by others, until she found herself utterly disgraced and sank to the lowest depths of infamy. She died very suddenly, without having been sick a moment. Her husband was at Lowe's camp, on the Chattahoochee river, and when Mr. Lowe heard of the death of the convict's wife he caused two guards to bring him to the city. The man knew nothing of the downfall of his wife until he found her dead in a house of sin. His grief was painful to witness, and it stood beside the coffin he raved like a madman. The kindness of the lessees for whom he was working enabled him to send the body to Savannah for burial. He has two children living in that city, but it will be three years before Fairchild can go home to them.

### The Editor was "In."

But the Man Who Wanted Him Didn't Stay Long.

"Is the editor in?" asked a wry-faced man, who stood six feet five inches in his socks, of the office boy of a Sunday newspaper.

"I do not know," said the boy. "I'll ask him." He was gone about ten minutes, when he returned, smiling blandly, and said: "I guess he's in. He's in if you are the man he thinks you are. Is your name Smithers?"

"Yes, my name is Smithers, and I reckon he won't be in, the cowardly puppy, when he knows Jake Smithers is after him."

"So you are Smithers, are you?" said the boy.

"Yes, I'm Smithers. The same Smithers that the gum started editor called a ham in this morning's paper. I've come to clean out the shop and thrash that editor till he won't know himself from a stuck pig. I reckon the editor ain't in, now, is he?"

"Oh, yes! I'll show you up to his room in a minute. He told me to ask you if your name was Smithers, and if it was, to show you up. When I left the room, he had two revolvers, a ten-pound weight and a sword lying on his desk, and he told me to show you the door to his room right away, and get behind the base burner for safety as soon as you went in. Right this way, sir. The editor's in, and he's anxious to see you."

"Well, you tell the editor that I said he might go to Chicago, if he wants to. He can kiss my foot. I ain't got no time to fool away on him." And Smithers hurried to catch the train.

### The Housekeeper.

A Few Seasonable and Useful Hints That are Worthy of a Trial.

Milk porridge is very nourishing if it is thickened with arrow-root instead of flour.

The odor of onions can be effectually removed from the frying-pan by boiling a little wood ashes and water in it, or if you have no ashes, potash or soda will do as a substitute.

Now is a good time to prepare mint vinegar. Take pepper or spearmint leaves; wash them, and put them into a large-mouth bottle; fill the bottle up with vinegar; have a cork that fits closely. Let this stand for three weeks, then pour it through a muslin cloth into a clean bottle, and it is ready for use.

Never use soap in the water with which you clean the looking-glass; it is almost impossible to polish the glass if soap is used.

The following receipt for making 'cold cream' is said to be excellent: To one ounce of glycerine allow ten drops of carbolic acid; add one ounce of rose water.

Do not let boiled potatoes stand in the water a moment after they are done; drain it all off; cover the kettle; some very painstaking cooks remove the potatoes from the kettle, and, after laying a towel on a tin plate, put the potatoes in it, cover it, and put them in the oven to dry, leaving the oven door open.

A dainty dish to serve with cake as the last course at dinner, is made by steaming prunes of the best quality until they are tender, and the pits will slip out easily; stew them in as little water as possible. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; add almost as much sugar as if you were making frosting; drain the water from the prunes, mix them with the eggs and sugar, and set in the oven to harden. Serve cold, with cake and coffee.

A novel way to serve lettuce is, after washing and looking over carefully, to pour a dressing over it made by frying out the fat from a slice of ham, cutting the ham in small pieces before frying; when the fat is at the boiling point add a cup of vinegar, let it boil for a minute or two, then let the lettuce, garnish with cold boiled eggs cut in rings.

An entree of great merit is made by dipping slices of ripe tomatoes into a batter made of flour, sweet milk, and an egg, and then frying them a delicate brown.

Cauliflower salad is an excellent entree. Boil the cauliflower in salted water; when tender, which will be in about half an hour, drain every drop of water from it, let it become cold, then arrange it in a salad bowl with a rich mayonnaise dressing poured over it. It may be garnished with small rings of pickled beets or with slices of pickled cucumbers; and, by the way, it is a good plan to pickle a large jar of cucumbers so that you can have them to use for a garnish, and to chop and add to the dressing served with boiled fish.

### The Mea With the Pig.

A few days ago two men, who were afterward found to be Detroiters, arrived in a town about fifty miles to the west of this, leading a pig. It was perhaps big enough and heavy enough to be called a hog, but they termed it a pig, and as they turned it over to the care of the landlord at whose inn they proposed to rest for the night one of the men explained:

"Be awful careful with that pig. He's a daisy—a new breed just from Scotland. We've sold him to a farmer out here for \$50, and we don't want anything to happen to him."

The landlord locked the pig up and then began to think and cogitate and suspect. When the strangers had gone to bed, he called in some of the boys and said:

"I've twigged the racket; them two fellows are sharper, and that's a guessing pig. To-morrow they will give you a chance to guess at his weight at ten cents a guess, and you'll be cleaned out—only you won't! As the fellows sleep we will weigh their pig and beat their game."

Nobody slept until the pig was taken over to the scale, and weighed. He pulled down 170 pounds to the hair, and the villagers went home and hunted up their nickels and dreamed of pigs and scales and sharpeners through the remainder of the night.

Next morning the pig was led around in front, and, before starting off on his journey, one of the owners remarked to the assembled crowd:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to weigh this pig directly. Maybe some of you would like to guess on his weight? I'll take all guesses at ten cents each, and whoever hits it gets fifty cents."

This provoked a large and selected stock of winks, and smiles, but no one walked up until the pig man said that any one person could guess as many times as he cared to, provided a dime accompanied each guess. Then a rush set in. Three or four merchants put up fifty guesses each. A Justice of the Peace took thirty. A lawyer said about twenty would do for him. Before there was any let up in the guessing about 600 had been registered and paid for. Every soul of 'em guessed at 170 pounds. It was curious what unanimity there was in the guessing, but the pig men didn't seem to notice it. When all had been given a chance the pig was led to the scales, and lo! his weight was exactly 174 pounds!

"You see, gentlemen," explained the spokesman, "while this animal only weighs 170 pounds along about 11 o'clock at night, we feed him about five pounds of corn meal in the morning before weighing! You forgot to take the matter into consideration!"

Then somebody kicked the landlord, and he kicked the Justice, and the Justice kicked a merchant, and when the pig man looked back from a distant hill the whole town was out kicking itself and throwing empty wallets in to the river.—Detroit Free Press.

### Why He Felt Mean.

The Experience of a Man who was Traveling in Florida.

Says a correspondent: If I ever go into a new locality again I will study up my geography better than I did this time, for my ignorance got me into a most uncomfortable position. As the boat neared Sanford I was standing with others on the deck, when a very pretty young lady came up to me and, with a sweet smile on her face, looked up to mine with a pair of lovely eyes and asked: "Are you going to kiss me, sir?" If some one had offered to lend me \$10 I could not have been more surprised and hardly knowing what to say and in order to gain a little time, I gasped out: "Pardon, miss, what did you ask?" "I felt that she knew I heard her, but she said sweetly, "Are you going to kiss me to-night?" There was no misunderstanding her this time. I heard her, and so did others, and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I stammered out: "I would like to accommodate you, miss, I would truly, but I have a wife and thirteen small children on board with me, and if my wife would see me kissing you—"

"Kissing me, you hateful old thing! who asked you to kiss me?" "You did," I yelled; "you asked me twice!" "You old fool, I asked you if you were going to Kissime—Kissime City to-night; don't you know anything?" and off she went, and if ever anybody felt meaner than I did I would like to exchange photographs with him.

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