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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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The Old Cherry Farm.

"See a reedkit's thing to do!" declared Aunt Luraine Mulford. "I sh'ud say Hazel wasn't in her same senses!" The Mulford connection, far and near, were terribly exercised over the fact that Hazel Heatherton had invested six hundred for the old Cherry Farm.

"A worn-out old place that ain't wuth shucks!" they asserted. When Uncle Hezekiah Mulford died, leaving a thousand dollars apiece to each of his two unmarried nieces, the two girls were looked upon as heiresses by the numerous kin-folk living in and around the little village of Dripping Springs.

But when Hazel, in spite of all opposition, persisted in investing six hundred dollars of her legacy in the farm, as already stated, and invited Aunt Comfort Mulford to live with her, their discontent knew no bounds.

"She might of invested her money safe with me," complained Uncle Zeke, "an' I'd of give her five per cent. in trust on it. She could of lived good on that; but no, she must go an' spend her money fast thing 'fore Uncle Hezekiah was fairly sold in his grave."

"That old place won't grow nothin' but pusley and cockle-burrs," groaned Aunt Luraine. "She'll starve to death on it, shore."

"It'll be a judgement on her, if she does," declared Uncle Zeke, grimly shaking his head as he lighted his pipe with a coal from the fire-place.

And the rest of the kin-folks agreed with him, and prospected all manner of ill-fortune for Hazel, All that is, with the exception of Cousin John Mulford and his wife, Arvilla.

They upheld her in her unpopular proceeding. Cousin John even went and mended the roof of the leaky but picturesque little cottage, which stood on a grassy hillside, sheltered by the sweeping branches of half a dozen or more black heart cherry trees which had given the place its name.

"It's a pretty place," averred Cousin John, "an' Hazel will have a home there if she ain't got nothin' else. Her an' Aunt Comfort 'll live as happy as crows in a clover-field."

But the other relatives shook their heads and drew long faces over Hazel's future prospects.

"She might of bought a lot in town, if she must have proppity," they grumbled.

But Hazel only laughed at their forebodings.

"I never had a home of my own," she said, "and I guess the old place will support me and Aunt Comfort as well as the robins that live up in the cherry trees."

And when the three tiny rooms of the little cottage were scoured as clean as soap and water could make them, the walls newly whitened, and the rooms filled with the pretty household furniture Hazel had bought, and which Cousin John brought out with his ox team, the young mistress of Cherry farm felt a serene content in her possessions that all the ill-natured forebodings of the Mulford clan failed to disturb.

"That you air, Hazel—snug as a bug in a rug!" said Cousin John, mopping his face with his red cotton handkerchief, as he started the lumbering oxen on their homeward way. "An' when you git yer plunder all put to rights, me an' Arvilly 'll come an' make you a visit."

"Be sure you do," cried Hazel, brightly. "And when the cherries are ripe, Arvilla can have all she wants, to put up."

Melzina Mulford, Uncle Hezekiah's old legatee, was no less loud in her denunciation of Hazel's investment.

"How does she ever expect to git married I'd like to know," she commented, "away off in that lonely place, with nobody but poky Aunt Comfort for company? But I don't care, I'm sure, if she wants to make an old maid of herself. I'm a-goin to have the good of my money while I'm young."

She accordingly indulged herself in the purchase of numerous and expensive dresses and gew-gaws, banded and frizzed her hair in the latest style, carried a scarlet parasol in her village walks and after enjoying the triumph of exhibiting herself and her new possessions to the inhabitants of Dripping Springs, she announced her intention of going to the seashore for the summer.

"Going a-husband hunting," declared the gossips. "There ain't nobody good enough for her in Dripping Springs!"

But if Melzina heard them she paid no heed to their gossip, but packed her big Saratoga trunk with her new finery, and set out on her journey. As the weeks passed on, Hazel and Aunt Comfort enjoyed themselves in their new home, in spite of the evil prognostications.



Cleveland and Hendricks, Democratic Candidates FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

Noted Men.

Though 'in democratic America we have no titled rulers, yet nearly every man who has achieved distinction in any walk of life has his sobriquet, by which he is more or less widely known. Especially in this time of statesmen, politicians and soldiers.

These sobriquets are usually applied in recognition of some great achievement or achievements, or else illustrate some personal characteristic of the recipient.

Some of these democratic titles are trivial; others are of importance and form an accepted portion of history and biography.

To begin with let us mention him that was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' George Washington, who is so justly called the 'Father of his Country.'

It is well known that instead of this title he might have had that of king, had he chosen; but his patriotism was of too high an order to listen to such a proposition. Posterity will honor him the more in his choice.

Henry Clay, the man who 'had rather be right than be President,' was known as the 'Great Pacificator,' because of the compromise measures introduced by him in Congress.

These measures pacified the leaders of both factions, and serious difficulty was thereby averted.

Daniel Webster has been called 'the Great Expounder of the Constitution,' and is now often referred to as 'the god-like Daniel,' from his majestic presence.

John C. Calhoun, the Southern statesman, bore the sobriquet of 'the Great Nullifier.'

Thomas Jefferson was well styled 'the Sage of Monticello.' He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one. John Adams, who died upon the same day as Jefferson, and who was closely associated with him in the early days of the Republic, was a man of great capacity, but personally and politically unpopular.

He was called in derision by his neighbors 'the Cuke of Braintree,' from his cold and aristocratic manners.

Andrew Jackson gained the title 'Old Hickory,' from his toughness and obstinacy. Though obstinate and very tenacious of his opinions, he was a man of strict integrity and undoubted patriotism.

John Quincy Adams, who served many years in the House of Representatives after being President, was appropriately called 'The Old Man Eloquent.'

Stephen A. Douglas was known as 'the Little Giant.'

William Henry Harrison was sometimes called 'Tippecanoe,' in recognition of his victory at the battle of that name.

Zachary Taylor was termed by his soldiers 'Old Rough and Ready.'

The martyr Lincoln bore through life, and will even bear in history the sobriquet of 'Honest Abe.'

How well he deserved it! Honesty, kindness and simplicity were the most prominent characteristics of the man whose memory the nation honors as that of one of her greatest statesmen and wisest rulers.

General Grant has been styled 'The Silent Man,' and during the war was sometimes called 'Unconditional Surrender' Grant, the initials of these words being the same as those of his name.

General Marion, of Revolutionary fame, nursing his campaign in the South gained the name of 'The Swamp Fox.'

General Anthony Wayne was called 'Mad Anthony,' because of his bravery and impetuosity.

The dashing cavalry commander, Major Henry Lee, became 'Light-Horse Harry.'

During the late civil war the soldiers delighted to call General Joseph Hooker 'Fighting Joe,' while Gen. George H. Thomas will ever be known as the 'Rock of Chickamauga.'



The Last Electoral Vote.

The electoral vote by states in 1880 was as follows:

Garfield—Colorado, 3; Connecticut, 6; California, 1; Illinois, 21; Indiana, 15; Iowa, 11; Kansas, 5; Maine, 7; Massachusetts, 13; Michigan, 11; Minnesota, 5; Nebraska, 3; New Hampshire, 5; New York, 35; Ohio, 22; Oregon, 3; Pennsylvania, 29; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 5; Wisconsin, 10; total, 214.

Hancock—Alabama, 10; Arkansas, 6; California, 5; Delaware, 3; Florida, 4; Georgia, 11; Kentucky, 12; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 8; Mississippi, 8; Missouri, 15; Nevada, 3; New Jersey, 9; North Carolina, 10; South Carolina, 7; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 8; Virginia, 11; West Virginia, 5; total, 155.

The Electoral votes of California were divided, Garfield getting 1 and Hancock getting 5. The total popular votes received by each candidate were as follows: Garfield, 4,451,619; Hancock, 4,443,207; Weaver, Greenback, 303,910.

Statesmen's Wives.

A Washington letter to the Louisville Courier-Journal says: "It was in order to limit the space which loafers of a most objectionable character used daily to fill in the House gallery several years ago that the House of Representatives decided to set apart certain portions of the gallery to be reserved for those who had cards of admission thereto, given them by the members. One gallery is exclusively for the families of Representatives, or those whom they and their wives regard as such.

One Representative said, at the time it was decided to reserve this gallery, that it was done so that the members could know exactly in what part of the gallery their wives were likely to be, so they would know which way to dodge if they wished to avoid their gaze. Some of ladies become much absorbed in watching the fate of the bills in which their husbands take an especial interest, and their faces show their chagrin or triumph in the course of the debate. One of them, whose husband had been suffering severely with bronchitis when he was forced to go to the house to look after a bill of great importance in his district, used to go there daily while there was a prospect for the bill coming up, and carried a box of quinine pills, and regularly sent from her seat in the 'members' gallery, an affectionate note and a dose of medicine to her husband on the floor of the house when the time came for him to take it. Thus she strove to brace him up for the contest in the same spirit as Spartan wives equipped their husbands for battle. The day his bill was voted down she had waited for several hours with satchel containing the pill box in hand, and as soon as the vote was announced, which was against her husband, she rose indignantly, packed up the medicine and went home with lessened faith in its bracing effects.

The wives, of course, do not fail to watch from the gallery the demeanor of their respective husbands in their seats below, especially when cards are brought in to the latter. One lady will say to another: "There goes a card to your husband; wonder if it is a lady or a gentleman wants to see him. There he goes out; let's see how long he stays, and then we'll know whether it was a man or a woman. There he comes in again, so it must have been a man who was waiting for him; he'd have stayed longer if it had been a woman, certainly."

While some of the incidents in this gallery are highly amusing, others are often very annoying. For instance, lately, a loving wife, who was listening intently to her husband's speech, heard a lady behind, who was evidently unaware of her presence, say: "Is that Smith speaking again, now? It seems to me he is always talking, and yet never has anything to say."

An all-night session of the United States House of Representatives, especially when it is occasioned by a discussion which requires either political party to muster its full strength and causes a 'call of the house' to be ordered, and the sergeant-at-arms to be instructed

to bring in absentees, and always has some ludicrous features outside the hall, as well as some productive of annoyance to the families of members of the house, as well as to themselves.

During such a night session, not long ago, the wife of one of the colored Representatives was left alone in the member's gallery until a late hour, and all other occupants of that gallery having left at an early part of the night. She could not go home alone, and her husband, who was on the floor of the house, was locked in so he could not leave to take her home. It is the custom as soon as a call of the house is ordered to lock all doors of exit or entrance to the legislative hall, not only to prevent those members who are within from getting away without permission of the house, but also to prevent those absent without leave getting in except in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, who has been ordered to arrest them and bring them to make their excuses at the bar of the house. It was not until the colored representatives could succeed in obtaining the formal leave of the house to go home with his wife (and he promised to return as soon as he had done so) that he could join her in the gallery and accompany her to their residence.

What He Was Paid For. I heard a very good anecdote from Chauncey Deyou about Rutter, now president of the New York Central rail road. Commodore Vanderbilt picked Rutter up when he was acting as freight agent on the Erie railroad. He was paid \$10,000 to go over to the Central and take charge of their transportation business. Rutter was a slim young fellow, with a ruddy face and a prematurely gray mustache, and he never got over being surprised with himself at his remarkable growth in the railroad business. There came up a decidedly knotty problem one day, not long after he took hold of the Central business. Rutter did not know what to do, and so walked into the commodore's office and stated the case to the old gentleman. Said the commodore: "Jim, what does the railroad pay you?"

"Fifteen thousand a year, sir."

"What for?"

"For taking charge of the transportation business."

"Well, then, it we pay you for that why do you come to me? Do you want me to earn your salary for you?"

Rutter took the hint. He went right out, made a decision in the knotty problem, realizing that if he wasn't competent for the duties the company would make short work with him, and if he was competent it required difficult problems like that in question to show his competency. From that time until he became president of the great corporation he never asked anybody's advice about his action. He did what he did shouldering the responsibility and expected to stand or fall by it. So it happens that this man is now president of one of the greatest corporations in the world.

A Square Boy. Two or three weeks ago a pedestrian who was passing a house on Riopelle street heard the sounds of a terrific struggle going on, and as he looked in at the front door a boy about twelve years of age, who sat in the hall, quietly observed:

"It's only the old folks having a little row, stranger."

"Do they have 'em often?" asked the man.

"Almost every day."

"If I were in your place I'd stand at the door here and charge ten cents admission fee. It's worth the money to see a family riot like this, and you might as well make a few dollars as to let the chances slip."

The boy said he would think of it, and the pedestrian waited until the man had choked the woman as black as a plum and then passed on. Yesterday he chanced that way again, and there was another row going on, and the same boy sat on the door-step.

"I'll see the show," said the man, as he pulled out his wallet. "Has it profited you?"

"Stranger, I can't take your money," replied the lad.

"Why?"

"Because I'm a square boy. For a week or so every night in there was as square as a dice and worth the price of admission, but as soon as a crowd began to come and the gate money began to run up to eighty or ninety cents, dad and mam began to hippodrome on the public. That blood on his nose was put there half an hour ago, and mam's black eye is three weeks old. They want me to stand in with them and deceive the public, but I can't do it. Let the best man win or quit the business, is my motto. Pass on stranger, for this is a put up job to gull the confiding public."—Detroit Free Press.

The bones and teeth of some unknown animal were recently discovered near the Genesee river. One of the teeth was three and one-half inches long and two and one-half inches wide across the crown.

Daniel's Mean Trick.

"I knew I'd bring her up here later or sooner," he said to the Captain at the Central Station, as an officer walked him in.

"He was mud from head to foot, he limped on his left leg, and the offer of a cent would have set him crying like a lost child."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the Captain.

"Nothin', only if you have got any grim-faced death around here, you can bring it on as soon as you please. I'm broke up, cleaned out and ready to become a cherub."

There was silence as the blotter was brought out and a pen hunted up, and when they asked his name, he walked out:

"Put me down as Abraham Lyons, deceased, for I don't want to live any longer. I never expected to live to have a son like Daniel go back on me in this way."

"What's the matter with Daniel?"

"Gentlemen," he replied as he laid a hand ornamented with seven warts on the desk, "I'm a widder, and Daniel is my only son. Last night I was to have been married to the cutest, chunkiest, sassiest little widder in Wayne county. I was so happy that I'd have sold my last pair of socks to pay out-landed debts. I kinder trod around on air. I grinned at everything and everybody. Hang me if I didn't take off my hat three times to a cow and hoped her family was as well as could be expected with the bottom knocked out of the milkpail market."

"Well!"

"Well, I sent Daniel over to see whether I should wear a white vest or a black one, and what did he do but box his poor old father up! Went right back on the parent who has stood up for him like a stone wall behind a briar bush. Went and wrecked his poor old father on the rocks of deceit and deception."

"How!"

"Married her. Went and fell in love with the woman who was to be his step-mother and made her his wife. Yes, my own son whom I've put up with in sickness and nursed through adversity. Who can we trust now? Whether are we drifting?"

He was locked up to sober up and let layers of mud dry, and when Daniel came down in the afternoon to see him he retired to the darkest corner of his cell and called out:

"Go way, base offspring! A son who'll sneak in on his father as you did can never expect forgiveness. Have my funeral strictly private, and you needn't mind about a tombstone."—Detroit Free Press.

Induced Him to Come.

During the high water a man was seen going down the Arkansas on a log. As he was passing Little Rock several men sprang into a skiff rowed out to the lone navigator and said:

"Climb in."

"Climb in what?"

"In the skiff, hurry up."

"Wall, strangers, I'm pretty well fixed. Don't take no work to mope along."

"Where are you going?"

"Down the river."

"We know that. Where are you from?"

"From up the river."

"Of course you are, but—"

"What made you ax, then?"

"What are you doing on that log?"

"Travelin'."

"What do you want to fool with us for? Don't you know you'll drown if you keep on in this way?"