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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 50 cents to \$3.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished.
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The Captain's Umbrella.

Captain Fortescue danced for the best part one happy evening with the prettiest girl of the season. And the gallant captain fell desperately in love with her. He went home in the bright mistiness of an early summer morning in a high fever of excitement, for he believed that Miss Bracegirdle viewed him with considerable favor.

The next afternoon he went to call on her. She seemed to him even more beautiful in the daylight and a simple dress; he became momentarily more and more in love. And now he fancied that not only Miss Bracegirdle, but her mother, regarded him with kindly eyes. In that case he had but to go in and win. He resolved so to do, and left the house so full of his passion and his thoughts that he forgot—his umbrella. This was no unusual circumstance. Captain Fortescue was given to forgetting his umbrella, and leaving it in a handsome cab or any other convenient place. Thus it happened that this which he had now left was the only one he possessed. The next day he knew Miss Bracegirdle was going to an afternoon fete at the Botanical Gardens. He intended to meet her there. But it was showery, thunderous weather, and he felt that to visit the Botanical Gardens without an umbrella would be dangerous and difficult. Besides, an umbrella is often admirably useful during the progress of a love affair.

He had learned by accident that the Bracegirdles were going out shopping in the morning. He determined, therefore, to call and ask the housemaid to give him his umbrella. This seemed exceedingly simple, but luck was against Captain Fortescue. The maid who admitted him on the day before had this very morning departed in a four-wheeled cab with two boxes on the top of it, her "month" being "up." A new maid had taken her place—one of a less smiling disposition than the last.

"I called here yesterday afternoon," said the captain, "and left my umbrella; will you let me have it?"
Something in the sternness of the eyes which were upon him made him falter before he had said the last word of his requests; it suddenly occurred to him that he might find it a little difficult to prove that the umbrella in question was indeed his own.

"No, thank you," said the maid. "I've had enough of that" at my last place. I'm not going to get into trouble here. Better take to an honest trade, young man." With which piece of advice she shut the door in Captain Fortescue's face, leaving the officer astonished, quenching and crest-fallen. He went straightway and bought a new umbrella. Armed with this, and admirably attired in other respects, he went to the Botanical Gardens, where he met Miss Bracegirdle, who seemed more beautiful, more charming and more graceful than ever.

As soon as it seemed at all decent he called again, feeling very contented with himself and his fate. But when he asked whether Mrs. Bracegirdle was at home and the stern maid eyed him for a silent awful instant, his spirits fell strangely.

"She is not," said the maid, and shut the door with an abruptness that gave him a singularly disconsolate feeling.

When, about an hour later, the ladies came in and the maid brought them some tea, she said to Mrs. Bracegirdle: "If you please, ma'am, that young man has been here again who came one day with the umbrella doggie. He asked if you were at home—of course he knew you were not—and I suppose he had some plan for getting into the house, but I shut the door in his face and would not listen."

"That's right, Eliza," said Mrs. Bracegirdle, "never give them a chance to go inside the hall. There's been too much of that stealing of coats and umbrellas in this neighborhood; it never would happen with a sensible housemaid. Master Harry leaves his things hanging in the hall, so that it would be quite easy to carry off a coat or umbrella, if you left the man there alone for a minute. If he is so impudent as to come again, the moment you see who it is shut the door."



NAT. PRESS ASSN. N.Y.

No words can describe his feelings. He stared blankly at the handsome door, well shut and firm, that suddenly had closed upon him and separated him from his love. What could this awful thing mean? Had Mrs. Bracegirdle heard something—false, of course and uttered by some other base admirer of her daughter—which had made her take this cruel step? It was impossible to guess. It was impossible to knock again and ask; it was ridiculous to stand staring at the door. He turned to descend the steps and walked down the street.

Before he had gone half way he met a hated rival, a very fine fellow, whom he had only begun to hate in the last three or four days, since he had noticed that Miss Bracegirdle sometimes gave him very charming and encouraging glances. Captain Fortescue walked on slowly and listened for the confident rat-a-tat-tat of his rival. He heard it, listened and looked back. The door opened and the visitor instantly admitted.

The unhappy man who had been turned away from the same entrance, sighed heavily and went away down the sunny street, hanging his head. He told himself that it would be only a fool of a madman who could pretend to misunderstand so plain a refusal as this. Perhaps it was meant kindly, he thought, and groaned at the thought. Miss Bracegirdle was no coquette, and did not care to have men offer her their love when she had no intention of accepting it. He was so desperately enamored of her that he busied himself in trying to see this cruel cut as a kind deed. His hopes were gone; but he could not bear so suddenly to lose his idol. He determined he would not worry her by his unwelcome presence where she could not easily avoid him, nor permit himself to be laughed at by his successful rival. So he excused himself from certain engagements at houses where he knew he should meet her. He gave up dancing and took to cards instead.

"Mamma," said Miss Bracegirdle one day, "doesn't it seem odd that for three weeks Capt. Fortescue has not called?"
"It does," said Mrs. Bracegirdle; "and yet, when I come to think of it, we have not met him anywhere, either. He must be ill, or more likely he has gone out of town. He will call when he comes back."

This she said, noting that her daughter looked a little pale and out of sorts. But, secretly she was uneasy herself. Capt. Fortescue had shown signs of being so hot a wooer that it seemed very improbable he would leave town without a word to them. At the next opportunity she quietly made some inquiries about him, and learned that Capt. Fortescue was neither ill nor out of town. This was bad news indeed; for Mrs. Bracegirdle knew perfectly well that her daughter's heart was seriously touched; and, as Capt. Fortescue was perfectly "eligible," all had promised fairly. Now that fair promise was destroyed. There was nothing to be done except try, by other distractions, to erase the impression which Captain Fortescue had made. Mrs. Bracegirdle devoted herself to the daughter more tenderly than ever, and the girl understood her.

Amid all the gaiety and the many engagements which came with every day, there was a melancholy about the house which had never been there before. It was impossible for them to banish it altogether. Even Master Harry, a cheerful youth of 14, became aware of it at last, and declared his sister was not "half as jolly as she used to be."

"One day when his mother and sister were taking a quiet half hour before dressing for dinner, he came into the room carrying an umbrella.

"I say, mother, this umbrella's been in the stand for a month. The fellow it belonged to has forgotten all about it, I expect; don't you think I might have it?"

"Isn't it yours?" said Mrs. Bracegirdle. "I gave you a silver-handled one last year."

"Oh, I lost that long ago," replied the youth coolly, "and I may as well have this instead. It's like mine, but ever so much more sweller. There's a

Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates
FOR
PRESIDENT
AND
VICE PRESIDENT.

name engraved on it; I can have that scratched out."

"Let me see the name," said Mrs. Bracegirdle. She took it and read "Fortescue."

An odd look came over her face. She said nothing for a moment, but seemed plunged in thought; then she arose and went down stairs to the dining room. She rang the bell, and the stern-eyed maid appeared.

"Eliza," she said, "can you remember the appearance of that young man who came one day and asked for an umbrella? He came twice, I think you said, and asked for me the second time. Will you describe him if you can?"

"He was quite a gentleman to look at, ma'am," said Eliza; "but this sort mostly are. Tall and broad-shouldered, and military looking, with blue eyes, very short fair hair, and a long, heavy fair moustache."

"That will do Eliza," said Mrs. Bracegirdle, "you can go."

As soon as Eliza had left the room, Mrs. Bracegirdle, sat down and wrote a note. Then she tore it up and wrote another, which was merely an informal invitation to lunch the next day.

The she called Harry down to her. "Harry," she said, "I want you to go to Captain Fortescue's rooms, and take this note and the umbrella. See him if you possibly can and try to explain about this unhappy umbrella and that wretched, stupid Eliza."

Then she told Master Harry the story at which he laughed immensely.

"Now, you must not laugh, but think how you can do the thing nicely, Harry. You can manage it admirably if you choose. It is too absurd to put on paper. And make Captain Fortescue promise to come to lunch, just to show he bears no malice."

Harry put on his best manners, and accomplished his task well, though he felt much aggrieved at having to give up the umbrella. Captain Fortescue came to lunch, and this time Eliza admitted him, and blushed as she did so.



Eating Before Sleeping.

"Go home and eat a good supper, that's all the medicine you want," and the medical gentleman to whom a reporter had gone for a nerve, a sedative or sleeping potion opened the door to show him out.

"But, doctor, it's 11 o'clock at night!"

"Well, what of it? Oh, I see. The popular prejudice against eating at night. Let me tell you, my young friend, that unless your stomach is out of order, it is more benefit to you to eat before going to bed than it is harmful. Food of a simple kind induces sleep. At what hour did you dine?"

"Six o'clock."

"Humph! Just what I thought. Six o'clock. Fourteen hours between dinner and your breakfast. Enough to keep any man awake. By that time the fuel necessary to send the blood coursing through your system is burned out. Animals sleep instinctively after meals. Human beings become drowsy after eating. Why? Simply because the juices needed in digestion are supplied by the blood being solicited toward the stomach. Thus the brain receives less blood than during the hours of fasting, and becoming paler the powers grow dormant. Invalids and those in delicate health should always eat before going to bed. The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness is often-times merely a symptom of hunger. Gratify the desire and sleep ensues. The feeble will be stronger if they eat on going to bed. Some persons are exhausted merely by the process of making their toilet in the morning. A cup of warm milk and toast or retiring of beef tea on awakening will correct it."

"But is it not essential that the stomach should rest?"

"Undoubtedly. Yet, when hungry we should eat. Does the infant's stomach rest as long as the adult's? Man eats less often only because his food requires more time for digestion. Invalids and children at night may take slowly warm milk, beef-tea or oat-meal. The vigorous adult can eat bread, milk, cold beef, chicken, raw oysters or other such food. Of course, it must be taken in moderation. You start home now and take a cup of tea and a beef sandwich on the way, and I'll risk your sleeping. Good night!"

A Clergyman for Cleveland.

He Forcibly Tells The Reason Why.

Rev. Augustus Blauvelt writes as follows:
I venture the prediction that the vast majority of us Independent voters, nominally Republicans, will steadily adhere to our present resolution not to vote for Blaine. It is perfectly futile to endeavor either to divert us or to delude us by giving out that the protection of American industry by a tariff is the great question of the present campaign. So far as the financial prosperity of the country is a leading issue of this Presidential contest, the issue is to be met in either way rather than by a tariff. In other words, the security of American finances, both private and public, just now far more depends upon protection from domestic dishonesty than upon protection from foreign competition. In private affairs the methods of a Ward replete the resources of the people by the millions. In municipal affairs the methods of a Tweed, long enough endured, would bankrupt the metropolis itself. In national affairs the reputed methods of a Blaine—well, let us at least see to it that the next President of the United States is reputed to be an honest man. And so far as up to this time any facts have come to light, any suspicious have been promulgated, Grover Cleveland is this honest man, if nothing more. In plain terms, it would be purely gratuitous to entertain the remotest suspicion that, in connection with the corporations and monopolies and political adventures and governmental parasites of the country, such a President as Grover Cleveland would make could by any possibility become one of the most engulging forces of a sort of moral financial maelstrom for the earnings of American industry, the profits of American traffic, the incomes of American investments.

A Bold and Strong Nomination.

(From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, rep.)
In nominating Mr. Cleveland the Democratic party has done a bold thing, but whether their courage is the courage of discretion it would be premature to say. Mr. Cleveland will prove a strong candidate, but will meet with strong opposition. In making Governor Cleveland their candidate his party has been deaf to the mandate of the self-seeking politicians in whose path the Governor has stood like a stone wall and has made an affective appeal for the independent vote of the country.

A Wicked Deacon.

They have managed to keep up with the times at Far Rockaway, Long Island, all along, in a general way, but lately they have fallen in the rear in the matter of church scandals. The Methodists of the town have at last awakened, however, and come out of their devotional lethargy to prove that they are of this era. Two of the leading members of the church are John Henry Abrams, keeper of a general store at the railroad depot, and Henry Cornell, his wife's brother, who is a master of a vessel at Rockaway Bay and a farmer in the vicinity. Their church is at Westville, in the town of Hempstead. Cornell, the rough old sea dog, has a rough, salty way of criticizing the saints and a method of criticizing a church on ship discipline that is not popular among the landsmen. He has been especially severe on hypocrisy, and in his outspoken, brusque way has made several of the loudest shouters at the experience meetings hang their heads. It was agreed that the Captain should be sat upon and gagged to prevent him giving away church affairs indiscriminately, but there was no one who volunteered to undertake the sedentary task; so he went his wild way. At last the sea dog fell afool of his brother-in-law. He went one day to a neighboring farmer named James Hicks, who has a pretty wife, (at least so Abrams alleges in a complaint he has sworn to lately), and "put the devil in his head."

The Captain remarked, artfully: "Hicks, do you know that fellow Abrams? He ain't no Christian though he pretends to be, and I tell you because you ought to know it."

"Why ain't he a Christian?" asked Hicks, pricking up his ears.

"Why, do you remember the revival meeting in 1883?" continued Cornell.

"I do; but what have they got to do with it?"

"Well, then, your wife was dead gone on the revival with the rest of them, and—"

"Well, go on. What occurred?" asked the husband.

"My," continued Cornell, "I watched him at one of these meetings and kept my eye on the lady, too. He got down on his knees and covered his face with his hands and prayed like sun, but all the time he was peekin' through his fingers and winkin' at the lady."

"What! Winkin' at her?"

"Yes, and pretty soon she got up and went out, and pretty soon he got up and followed her and they were seen walkin' together and—"

"See here, Cap'n Henry, [do you want to say it was my wife he winked at?]" exclaimed the furious farmer.

Some Mexican Superstitions.

Not long ago, in one of the frontier towns of Mexico, a man shot a defenseless old woman down in the street in broad daylight. He was captured with his carbine in his hand and when examined before the magistrate gave as reason for his crime that the murdered woman had been called upon to nurse his brother, who was sick, and had, by working charms upon him, caused his death. The firm belief in phantoms is taken advantage of by evil disposed persons, who, disguised as women, glide about the suburbs secured from molestation by any passers-by. These phantoms haunt graveyards, and grown men will gravely tell you of 'phantasms,' as they call them, seen near or at the spot where men have been murdered. These generally bear the form of men lying dead, weeping in their blood. Those that recount you these fables affect not to believe in the existence of spirits, but one can see that although, like Mme. de Stael, not believing in ghosts, they are afraid of them all the same.

At Pueblo a man went before one of the judges and asked protection from a discarded sweetheart who, he declared, had made an image the exact representation of him, and which was carefully dressed in clothes like those he wore, and that she stuck pins in the arms and legs of this puppet, which acted as if he were the most awful torturer, fearful pains shooting through the portions of body corresponding to those in which the pins were stuck on the puppet. He had dragged to court the woman, and actually bore the puppet in his hand as proof of what he said. He proposed to destroy this uncomfortable pirated edition of himself, and only asked that the judge would prevent the woman from making another one.

The superstitions, of course, give rise to a considerable traffic in charms, in which may be found a curious intermixture in religious belief. A thief, for instance, will carry as a charm against detection some curious verses addressed to the patron saint of his guild. Love powders and potions are often used, and sundry old men and women yelped 'curanderos' make a living as doctors, practicing a curious medicine and necromancy. It is not so long ago, in an interior city, that one of the old women smothered herself and patient, a tax collector of some intelligence, to death in an improvised Russian bath, in which she raised a mephitic vapor of certain herbs for the purpose of drying out a witch that inhabited the body of her patient. The fact that she herself perished shows that she believed in ghosts and thought she could not conquer them. Before entering the bath she told her attendant to pay no attention to any cries from within, as the witch would probably make a great disturbance before allowing herself to be dislodged.

Democratic Nominations for Fifty Years.

The nominations made by the Democratic Conventions within the last fifty years are as follows:

- 1836, Martin Van Buren, 1st ballot.
- 1840, Martin Van Buren, unanimously.
- 1844, James K. Polk, 9th ballot.
- 1848, Lewis Cass, 4th ballot.
- 1852, Franklin Pierce, 49th ballot.
- 1856, James Buchanan, 17th ballot.
- 1860, John C. Breckenridge, 56th ballot.
- 1864, George B. McClellan, 1st ballot.
- 1868, Horatio Seymour, 23rd ballot.
- 1872, Horace Greeley, endorsed.
- 1876, Samuel J. Tilden, 2d ballot.
- 1880, Winfield S. Hancock, 2d ballot.
- 1884, Grover Cleveland, 2d ballot.

The 1860 convention that nominated Breckenridge balloted fifty-five times at Charleston, S. C., then adjourned to Baltimore, June 18, when Breckenridge was unanimously nominated on the first ballot. The "bolters" met the same day and nominated Stephen A. Douglas on the first ballot.

In 1852 Franklin Pierce's name first appeared on the thirty-fifth ballot, when Virginia gave him her fifteen votes. Lewis Cass and James Buchanan were the leading candidates on most of the forty-five ballots, but at no time did either have a majority even of the convention, while a two-thirds vote was required to nominate.

"Broken English" recites the story of a Frenchman, M. Dubois, who complained to an English friend: "I am going to leave my hotel. I paid my bill yesterday, and I said to the landlord, 'Do I owe anything else?' He said, 'You are square.' 'What am I?' He said again, 'You are square.' 'That's strange,' said I. 'I lived so long I never knew I was square before.' Then as I was going away he shook me by the hand, saying, 'I hope you'll be round soon.' I said, 'I thought you said I was square. Now you hope I'll be round.' He laughed and said, 'When I tell you you'll be round, I mean you won't be long.' I did not know how many forms he wished me to assume."

A colored man not long ago went to the counting-room of a newspaper of Galveston, Texas, to subscribe for it. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Jes as long as it is, boss; if it don't fit de shelves I can't a piece off myself."

A Sunday-school teacher, says an exchange, had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of Heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to Heaven?" A lively little four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said his teacher. "Dead ones" shouted the little fellow, at the extent of his lungs.

Mrs. Blank: I don't see why they don't invent a shoe-button that won't come off the first time the shoe is worn. Mr. Blank: I believe there is a metallic fastener of some kind. Mrs. Blank: Oh, yes; I have tried them. The buttons don't come off, but they tear the leather. Look at my new pair of No. twos. They are ruined. What would you advise me to do? Mr. Blank: Have the buttons put on a pair of No. sixes.

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