

Beaver & Gephart

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# The Millheim Journal.

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### A Westerner's Way.

A tall man, with a full beard the color of old gold, and a wide-brimmed hat such as is invariably associated with the denizens of the wild west, and wearing a suit of ready-made clothes with the shelf marks of an Omaha store plainly visible, got off the train as it reached the Northwestern depot, at Chicago, and had his gripsack checked for safe-keeping in the waiting-room.

"I'm goin' to take in the town, pardner," he confided to the man behind the counter, "and the grip might be unhandy like."  
"Say, mister," said he of the checks, "mebbe you'd better leave that thar gun," pointing to a 44-caliber revolver, the "down-pointing muzzle of which hung some inches below the tail of his short sack coat. "The perlice might take you in, and then you'd be fined \$50, besides confiskatin' the shooter."

"Perhaps you're right, pardner," said the westerner, after a moment's consideration. "I never been in a big town before, and ain't exactly fly on the ways of the people. You're sure I won't need it?"  
"No, you won't need it," said the checkman, "leastways if you don't drink too much?"  
"I never drink," said the newcomer, unstrapping the formidable weapon and handing it over.

Then he stepped out of the depot and walked east on Kinzie street, looking curiously at the buildings and the peculiar merchandise of that thoroughfare, and making up his mind that the trade in hides monopolized Chicago people. When he reached the corner of Clark street he glanced up and down admiringly at the crowded street, thronged with wagons, street cars and people. Setting his hat firmly on his head the stranger stopped a hurrying man and asked:  
"Say, stranger!"  
"Well, sir," said the other, stopping impatiently.

"Say, can you tell me where the business part of town is? I'm a stranger?"  
"But the man had gone before the sentence had concluded.

"Pers like they didn't tumble to innocent jokes, he said to himself. Then he looked across the street and saw the signs of the Chicago museum. "A show, hey? Well, I'll take that in sure." He bought a ticket and passed in, and was soon contemplating the pretty girls in the costumes of all nations. Round and round he walked, and all the time his wonder grew. He glanced furtively and bashfully at the beauties in their gorgeous and becoming costumes. "Wonder if they can talk United States?" he thought. Finally he found a post against which he could stand, and, thus braced, he pushed his hat brim out of the way and stared long and earnestly at one of the young ladies, who seemed to take his eye. The girl was fully conscious of his admiring look, but like a well-behaved girl, took no notice of it until after the space of some minutes, when the steady gaze brought the color to her cheek and a half smile to her face, which she attempted to hide by quickly turning about. This was not lost to the keen eye of the western man, and several times he moved forward as if to speak to the girl, but each time he shrank back bashfully and resumed his first position. The girl became somewhat nervous. She attempted to dust off the front of her boot with a feather brush, but it flew from her fingers upon the floor. The western man sprang quickly forward and handed it to her with untaught grace.

"Thank you, sir," she said, with a smile and a blush.  
"Oh, can you talk American?" he asked.  
"Yes, sir," she replied. "Why not?"  
"Oh, I dunno; you wearing a furrin rig, you know."  
"Yes, I am an American," she said. "It's a mighty purty rig, anyhow," he said.  
"Do you think so?"  
"Yes. Do you stay here all the time?"  
"No; I live at home. I'm only here for a couple of weeks."  
"I'm a stranger in town," said he.  
"Indeed?"  
"Yes; I live in Arizony."  
"Is that far away?"  
"Yes; it is lonesome out there sometimes."  
"Why don't you live in the city?"  
"Cause I've got a ranche and a lot of cattle."

She looked at him with sudden respect, for she had heard of the western cattle kings.  
"I was going east to see a gal," he said after a pause. "But I don't think I'll go now."  
"Why not?"  
"Cause I've found one that suits me

in Chicago."  
"You're lucky," said the girl smiling at the simplicity of the man. "Who is she?"  
"You."  
"Oh, go on with your foolishness, you never saw me before."  
"No," said he, "but I'm going to stay in Chicago and see you again. Fact is I want a wife. I'm a plain man. If you'll marry me, say so."  
"This is so sudden, and I don't know you, and—"  
"Never mind that. Where do you live?"  
"No. — street."  
"Father and mother living?"  
"Father is dead. I live with mother."  
"And you come here to make a little money toward paying the rent?"  
"How did you know?"  
"Never mind. I'm coming up to see you to-night. I can convince you mother that I am able to take care of you, and I've got letters to Chicago men that'll show you and what I am. If your mother will go along out I'll be glad to have her along. Anyway, I'm going to take you."  
"You're very confident, seems to me," said the young lady, who had suddenly come to think a yellow beard handsome.

"Never mind," said the Arizonian. "Tie up your dog and leave the latching string out to-night, for I'm coming, sure as thunder," and he walked away.  
To-day there is a vacancy in the "Bazaar of Nations," for one of the prettiest girls has gone; and in a neat little cottage in the northern division an old lady and a girl are sewing for dear life on a serviceable bridal outfit.



THE PRESS ASS'N N.Y.

### Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates  
FOR  
PRESIDENT  
AND  
VICE PRESIDENT.

### The Right Sentiments.

Feelings With Which Grover Cleveland Approached the Duties of the Governorship.

The following letter was written by Grover Cleveland to his brother on the day of his election to the Governorship of New York:  
MAYOR'S OFFICE, Buffalo, Nov. 7, 1882.  
MY DEAR BROTHER: I have just voted. I sit here in the Mayor's office alone, with the exception of an artist from Frank Leslie's newspaper, who is sketching the office. If mother was here I should be writing to her, and I feel as if it were time for me to write to some one who will believe what I write. I have been for some time in the atmosphere of certain success, so that I have been sure that I should assume the duties of the high office for which I have been named. I have tried hard, in the light of this fact, to properly appreciate the responsibilities that will rest upon me, and they are much, too much, underestimated. But the thought that has troubled me is: Can I well perform my duties, and in such a manner as to do some good to the people of the State? I know there is room for it, and I know that I am honest and sincere in my desire to do well, but the question is whether I know enough to accomplish what I desire.  
The social life which seems to await me has also been a subject of much anxious thought. I have a notion that I can regulate that very much as I desire, and if I can I shall spend very little time in the purely ornamental part of the office. In point of fact, I will tell you, first of all others, the policy I intend to adopt, and that is to make the matter a business engagement between the people of the State and myself, in which the obligation on my side is to perform the duties assigned me with an eye single to the interest of my employers. I shall have no idea of re-election or of any higher political preference in my head, but be very thankful and happy if I can well serve one term as the people's Governor. Do you know that if mother were alive I should feel so much safer? I have always thought that her prayers had much to do with my success. I shall expect you all to help me in that way. Believe me, your affectionate brother,  
GROVER CLEVELAND.

### The Fatal Blunder.

Mrs. Shabby-Genteel [in the train]—  
"Well, I am glad we are off at last. You attended to everything, didn't you, dear?"  
Mr. S. G.—"Oh, yes. I telegraphed to Uncle Jake to meet us at the depot with the farm wagon and sent persons to all the papers saying 'Mr. and Mrs. Shabby-Genteel are still at Saratoga. That was all right, wasn't it?"  
"Of course, but I was referring to the house. You know some of our neighbors, who have been off all summer, will be running in about this time to look after their houses and—"  
"Oh! That is all right. They will see our front windows all boarded up and the door knobs almost black with tarnish."  
"Yes; I noticed that bottle of tarnish worked beautifully. By the way, where did you buy it?"  
"At the hardware store where I got the nails."  
"What?"  
"Where I got the nails."  
"For the front window boards?"  
"Yes."  
"Oh, mercy. Our social reputation is ruined."  
"Ruin! How can it be?"  
"Oh! you horrid old goosey gander, you."  
"Why, Mariah!"  
"Fresh, new nails along side of tarnished door knobs! Oh, you—you, I thought any fool would know enough to use rusty ones."

### Embroideries and lace are still much used, but will be superseded by heavier adornments later in the season.—Paris letter in Peterson's Magazine.

Vests are worn by many ladies, especially young ones.—Peterson's Magazine.



OUR NERVES.

The persons who are not familiar with the structure of the human body can best obtain rational ideas of the nervous system by comparing it to the electric apparatus in common use for communicating between distant points. Herein the nerve centres, the brain, spinal cord and nervous ganglia are regarded as batteries of telegraph offices and the nerves as the wires that complete the circuit. Insulated wires, such as are used for submarine telegraph cables, illustrate especially well the distribution of the nerve elements. The life-work of these organs is not shown by post-mortem studies, consequently we do not know what changes, if any, occur in the nerves during the transit of nervous impulses.

Many persons appear totally unconscious of the existence of their nerves and these persons are very fortunate, for on all sides complaints of nervousness are heard and the extraordinary prevalence of nervous disorders nowadays scarcely has escaped the notice of even a casual observer. Nervousness is essentially a loss of power in the nerves and according to Beard, the author of "American Nervousness," this was much better expressed nervelessness. The symptoms of this are well enough known to most people. At all events the persons who are restless, who have flushes of heat, whose heart palpitates on the slightest excitement and those who have twitching of the muscles of various parts of the body and divers other vague and transient sensations of like character, invariably call themselves "nervous," likely enough for want of a better word.

The cause of the complaints just named have been detailed at great length. Inheritance, indigestion, atmospheric conditions and the exactions of modern life are, however, worthy of special note in this particular. Inherited nervousness is explained readily enough by the old saying, "like father, like son," and it is not inherited this disposition, but who was so unfortunate as to be surrounded by nervous persons, might easily be inclined that way.

How indigestion may cause nervousness is well shown by the following from a well-known writer on the subject, who said: "Though there may be much force in the nervous system, yet if digestion be clogged and waste matters suffered to accumulate in the digestive apparatus and circulate through the nervous system, the amount of force generated and usable will be much diminished. Under these circumstances we may supply food and the best of food in any amount and the person will still be feeble." "We are nervous," says the same writer, "because the rapid evaporation in our dry outdoor air and in our overheated rooms heightens the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the brain and nervous system and because of the exhausting stimulation of alternations of torrid heat and frigid cold, and this nervousness is increased by the stress of poverty, the urgency of finding and holding means of living, the scarcity of inheritance and the just desire of making and maintaining fortunes."

The Church of the Latter Day Saints commonly known as mormons, of Fall River, Mass., is an active organization, and is busily pushing its missionary operations. Its membership at present is 125, one third of whom are native-born, the rest mainly of English origin. Elder John Gilbert, who resides in Fall River, is the general missionary agent for Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts. The society at Plainville, in the vicinity of New Bedford, is reported to be very flourishing and mostly composed of native-born members, and the one at Little Compton, R. I., is also composed mostly of the same class. In that section the success of the saints is reported very encouraging, baptisms by immersion being frequent. These people are monegasnists and do not harmonize with the Mormons in Utah.—Boston Post.

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### Marriage Now and Then.

Some Modern Ideas Contrasted With Those of Bygone Times.

"The thing can't come off," said a young girl loudly in a crowded room, lately, "until after Lent. It's not the style at all to think of anything in Lent but prayers and church. But it will come off on Easter Monday. That is if my dresses are finished in time. It all depends on that."

It was not a journey or a ball that she was talking of, but her marriage; the most solemn crisis of a woman's life, the time when all her trust in God, and love for the home she is leaving come to light, if ever.  
"Well, I declare," she continued, "the whole thing's a horrid bore, and so I tell Jen. Since our engagement was announced, I can't accept an invitation without him; he has to hang around the house all the time, or all the gossip tongues will be wagging. I'm just marrying him to get rid of him. He'll have to attend to business when he has me to keep!"

"Then here are eight bridesmaids, all fighting about their bonnets and the color of their flowers, and I have to settle it all! And Susy Jackson got three hundred wedding presents, and that means three hundred letters of thanks to write! She wrote sixty-odd the morning she was married, and was completely fagged out. Then there are all the duplicates to exchange afterward. Oh, I tell you, getting married is a big job, and a horrid bore!"

Perhaps not many young girls would talk as freely or as coarsely as this one, but how many of them regard marriage from precisely the same point of view? It is a matter of presents, of bridesmaids, of gowns, a stately show at church, and somebody to pay their bills afterward.

The recent unveiling of Chief Justice Marshall's status in Washington brought forth a pretty, tender story of the great jurist's courtship of a Virginia girl while she was scarcely more than a child, in her father's home. How jealously the sacred secret of "the engagement" was guarded while she was being educated and fitted for her position as wife and mother. How grandparents and sisters and cousins brought their simple gift, with hearts full of love and blessing for her; how she went at last, shy, tender, blushing, from her mother's arms to her husband and was cherished by him, with a chivalry of devotion, for more than fifty years. When God called her, the vacancy in his life was more than he could bear, and he soon followed her into that higher life where they cannot be parted.

Marriage comes into almost every woman's life, and every woman naturally and rightly looks forward to it as the fulfillment of her high est work in the world. But how is she to look forward to it? There are two ways, the old and the new.

### Meteors by the Million.

The Earth Now Undergoing a Pierce Bombardment by the Stray Shells of Space.

From the Boston Herald.  
The earth is now passing through the stream of August meteors, generally seen in the north-western sky after midnight. A single observer under favorable circumstances sees from six to eight meteors an hour. But he sees only one fifth or one-sixth of those visible above his horizon. The total number therefore visible in an hour at a given station is about thirty-five. If we should multiply this by twenty-four we should get over eight hundred as the number visible at a given point of the earth's surface in an entire day, provided that clouds or sunlight did not interfere with the observation. From a single point on the earth's surface, however, we see only a small portion of the atmospheric envelope, and it is within this atmospheric envelope that the meteors become visible. The total number visible over the whole earth in a day would be upward of 10,000 times the number visible at a single station, or 10,000 multiplied by 800 equals 8,000,000 as the number of meteors falling every day to the earth, which would, in the absence of the sun, moon and clouds, be visible to the naked eye.

Fortunately for us, these bodies are not very large, and a protective atmosphere interposes between us and their tumultuous assault. Were it otherwise everything on the surfaces of the earth would be battered down to a common level. For the most part these bodies are dissolved in the upper regions of the atmosphere and descend imperceptibly as meteoric dust, a deposit of which has sometimes been found upon the tops of mountains. The August meteors are usually of an orange color, move very rapidly and commonly leave streaks which last for one or more seconds. These streaks are highly useful in enabling us to fix the radiant point with precision.

### SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are two thousand school teachers in Arkansas, eight hundred of whom are colored.—Pittsburgh Post.

Penny dinners for school children have been instituted under the direction of the London School Board.

Both Houses of the Swedish Parliament have passed a bill closing public houses on Sunday throughout Sweden.

An article in the *Churchman* by Bishop Cox, of Western New York, concludes in favor of giving the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States the name of the Apostolic Church in America.

An interesting Sunday-school convention was held in Waterbury, Conn., recently. It appeared from the report that in the State there were 1,037 schools; 13,152 officers and teachers; 134,649 scholars. Total membership, 152,801.

Underlying the forty-one acres with in the enclosure of Girard College walls, Philadelphia, there are 3,500 feet of tunnel, intersecting almost every part of the grounds. At a distance of one hundred feet apart there are gas jets, which are lighted by electricity. The tunnels are used for the pipes which carry the steam and hot water to the eleven buildings on the ground.—Philadelphia Press.

At the annual meeting of Friends recently held in England, Mr. Rufus King, of Baltimore, obtained the sanction of the society for religious work in the south of France, Mount Lebanon, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Mr. Isaac Sharpe returned his certificate after a seven years' mission, and gave encouraging accounts of his work in Africa, Australia, and the adjoining islands, Madagascar, the United States, Canada, Indian Territory, and Mexico. Mr. Sharpe's certificate was renewed for work in Norway.

A comparative statement of the various colleges, compiled by Mr. Taylor Payne, shows that Harvard has thirty-two professors and twenty-three lecturers, instructors, tutors, etc., making a total of fifty-five. Princeton come next with twenty-eight professors and six lecturers, tutors, etc., making a total of thirty-four. Yale follows with twenty professors, and ten lecturers, tutors, etc., total thirty. Then follows Columbia with a total of twenty-nine; Amherst, twenty-four, and Brown and Wesleyan nineteen each.

### Extravagance in Living.

Such crimes as those of Ferdinand Ward, while they spring often from depravity, are oftener the result of mere weakness of character. Thackeray in many of his minor sketches constantly draws the portrait of the man and woman whose means are not equal to the style of living which they desire; and they desire it not for itself, but only because others have it. They are not strong and steady enough to be content with that which they can command and afford, and the means to secure the other must somehow be obtained. Thackeray puts the fact in the simplest and most amusing form. The young couple must give a dinner, and instead of the joint of lamb and the glass of beer which is the only repast to which they have the moral right to invite a friend—if, indeed, the beer may be morally permitted—they must needs prepare a feast which they cannot honorably afford, and for the sole reason that other people who can afford it give such feasts.

It is this doing a little more, or a great deal more, than the doer can honestly afford, which leads to the swindles of Wall Street. Living in a house too expensive for his means, maintaining it accordingly, dressing as his richer neighbors dress, doing in all things as they do—it is this weak compliance which is hidden in the fine houses, and drives to the Park in fine equipages, which presently ends in Ludlow Street Jail and hopeless disgrace. Yet it is the poorest kind of competition, because the little imitator might see even with his dull eyes that there must always be a few persons who can "do the thing" better than all the rest, and without feeling it. The bull frog may swell until he bursts, but he can not rival the ox.

This is the tendency which all sensible people—and a great many otherwise sensible people are swept away by it—ought quietly to resist. The power of individual example is immense, but it is often underestimated by the individual. "My vote is of no consequence, but, since you wish it, I will vote," said a man to his neighbor, and the right candidate was elected by a majority of one. The family which in the midst of a saturnalia of luxury and extravagance refuses to take part in it, and holds to a simple, moderate, temperate way, is diminishing the supply of Ferdinand Wards and Wall Street panics.