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MILLHEIM, PA.

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Office opposite the Methodist Church,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM PA.

D. R. GEO. S. FRANK,
Physician & Surgeon,
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Office opposite the hotel. Professional calls promptly answered at all hours.

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C. G. McMILLEN,
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Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buss and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

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Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers on first floor.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,
Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST.,
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RATES REDUCED TO \$2.00 PER DAY.
The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and the different Rail-Road depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.
Your patronage respectfully solicited.
Jos. M. Feger, Proprietor.

PEABODY HOTEL,
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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 50c to \$3.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished.
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The Substitute.

Reverend M. Pennell, pastor of the First Society, Brookville, entered his house, one afternoon in July, with an expression upon his countenance so unlike the look of weariness generally there visible, that his wife, noticing it, inquired:

"What has occurred that affords you such evident gratification?"

"You know I was wishing that I might have a temporary relief from my cares, but was unwilling to take a vacation because of my belief that no church should, even for one Sunday, be without preaching?"

"Yes. And I know that you owe it to your people, not less than to yourself, to rest from your labors; so doing you could accomplish much more. Have you decided to go away for a season?"

"Read that," he replied, passing a letter to his wife.

She unfolded the missive, whose contents were:

"C—, New York, July 12, 18—.
DEAR BROTHER PENNELL—You will be surprised at hearing from your former classmate in Andover, between whom and yourself there has never been any correspondence; but a few words will render all comprehensible. From my remembrance of your views respecting the duties of a pastor, and from what I have heard of your faithfulness, I apprehend that you would not sacrifice what you, perhaps unwisely, regard the welfare of your people to your physical and, of course, mental health and strength.

"A young man whom I considered very gifted has been studying with me for nearly two years, and would like to preach a few Sundays, experimentally. Provided you wish to be absent from your charge for a month or six weeks, my friend will gladly supply your pulpit during that time for no other compensation than his board. If, however, you shall choose to make him a trifling donation, it will be very acceptable, as he has to provide for himself entirely.

"I shall be absent from home until the middle of September; so, if you think proper to accept my suggestion, please write to Mr. Thomas Smith, Boston, whither he is going to visit friends, on receipt of this. With kindest wishes,
FRATERNALLY YOURS,
"WILLIAM BLAKE."

"You will avail yourself of the opportunity to recuperate your energies?" asked Mrs. Pennell, having finished the letter.

"I shall. It seems too much like a dispensation of Providence to be neglected."
"I am so glad!"

Mr. Pennell went to his library and wrote to Mr. Smith, mentioning the letter from "Brother" Blake, and inviting him to substitute for him during the coming six weeks.

Three days later Mr. Smith came to Brookville.

He was of the medium height, slight, pale-faced; had long Auburn whiskers, worn a la Anglais, curly hair of the same hue; blue eyes, that were sharp, incisive, penetrating; regular, pleasing features; was evidently not far from twenty-five.

The following Sunday he occupied a seat in the pulpit with Mr. Pennell, but took no part in the exercises, except to offer the closing prayer.

At the conclusion of the morning service—the only one for the day—the pastor introduced him to the more prominent members with the remark— "It soon became stereotyped:

"Mr. Smith will preach for me while I am having the vacation which it appears to be my duty to take, and I think you will have no reason to regret the temporary change."

Every one expressed his pleasure at knowing that Mr. Pennell had concluded to rest; no one doubted but that Mr. Smith would satisfactorily meet all requirements.



W. J. SPRINGER

every lip. People who were noted Sabbath-breakers went to hear him; the prayer-meeting had an attendance larger than it had ever before known; the "sewing circle," usually discontinued through the hot months, was re-organized, and of it he was the moving spirit.

The young men liked him; the young women—married as well as single—fairly adored him.

With reference to the gentler sex, he acted circumspectly, being courteous toward all, but manifesting no favoritism for any of them. In a fortnight he was as popular as a clergyman could desire to be.

"I should like to ask a great favor of you," he said to Mr. Campbell, president and cashier of the local bank, a "pillar" of the church, as they sat in conversation one evening.

"Do not hesitate to ask any favor which it is in my power to grant," was the reply.

"It is not exactly the thing for a humble servant of the Lord to wear this ring"—extending his shapely white hand, whereon sparkled a large diamond. "It indicates a taste for display that, not commendable with the rich, is reprehensible where the wearer is poor and fitting for the vocation that is to be mine. I do not wear it as a matter of display, however, but because it is an heirloom, from which I have been unwilling to part in the seasons of my direst need. The people cannot know my motive in having it appear upon my person, and will probably misapprehend it. I should like, if you are willing to give it a place in your safe at the bank?"

"Most assuredly. Carry it there in the morning, and I will deposit it where it will be secure."

"Thank you. My mind is relieved of a great responsibility."

The next morning he went to the bank, and saw his ring placed where Mr. Campbell convinced him it would be "secure."

After an absence of five weeks, Mr. Pennell returned to his charge, and Mr. Smith went from Brookville to a small village in Maine, where he had engaged to preach for a short time, he said.

There was a wide and deep regret at his departure, and now a few of the church members—especially those who had joined under his administration—freely expressed their wish that the "lay preacher" might continue to substitute for the regular pastor, whom such remarks reaching, deeply grieved.

Finally matters settled into their former channel and moved on peacefully for the greater part, though, not without an occasional disturbance such as the parish had not known prior to the advent of Mr. Smith.

Toward the close of September a panic was created in the place by the rumor that the bank had been burglarized to the amount of nearly sixty thousand dollars—a rumor that proved true.

The day that this announcement was made Mr. Smith again came to Brookville to obtain the ring, which he had thought it best should remain in the safe while he was away.

Despite the gloom of those who had suffered by the burglary, they were glad to see him, and, learning his loss, were so sorry as to almost forget their own.

Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates
FOR
PRESIDENT
AND
VICE PRESIDENT.



by telegraph, and within twelve hours arrived in Brookville. To him the president stated all the facts in the case, of which the officer made a memorandum. Then as in verification of these statements:

"The door of the bank was locked when you reached it?" he said, interrogatively.

"It was," returned Mr. Campbell. "The safe was also locked."

"Yes."

"The windows were fastened as usual?"

"They were."

"Who knows the combination that you use on your lock to the safe?"

"No one but myself."

"Have you ever committed it to paper?"

"I have, and the paper is now in a sealed package, hidden by my attorney, and to be opened only in case of an illness—that renders me unconscious—or my death."

"Do you know that the package has never been tampered with?"

"I suppose that it has not. We'll learn shortly," and he wrote a note which he sent to his attorney.

"No suspicious person has been seen in the village recently?"

"Not that I am aware of."

The officer began his examination of the premises, frequently referring to his memoranda. Meanwhile a sealed package was handed to Mr. Campbell, who opening it, said:

"The paper is here, unopened."

for various years. Fortune favored him in selecting Mr. Blake. He had never corresponded with Mr. Pennell, but was thoroughly versed in his ways. This circumstance enabled Smith to write to your pastor, with no fear of detection by reason of the penmanship. The time of writing was also opportune, as Mr. Blake was on the point of leaving home, and Mr. Pennell could not write to him concerning the would-be-substitute.

"The ring—it may or may not have been worth something—the use by which he gained a knowledge of the combination. When you opened the safe he learned the number that you used, and his unsuccessful attempt to open it after you was a mere 'blind.' Of course, to obtain an entrance to the building was an easy matter for him. I shall this very day go in pursuit of him, and my advice is, say nothing of what I have told you to any one except the directors, more than that I have obtained a clew to the perpetrator of the deed, until you hear from me."

Early in December he received a telegram from the detective at New York, which contained the single word "Come."

He went to that city, where he found Thomas Smith alias various other names, in custody, who made a full confession, quite substantiating the officer's suppositions—and restored all that he had taken from the bank, save a hundred dollars or so.

When Mr. Campbell returned to Brookville with the stolen property, they were astonished on learning the true character of the "lay preacher."

"His first text should have been, 'I was a stranger and took ye in,'" facetiously observed one of the church members whom Mr. Smith had especially pleased.

Since that no one of his flock has expressed any desire that another than the Rev. Mr. Pennell administer to his spiritual wants.

TURN THE RASCALS OUT.

What These Omnipresent Persons Have Done And Why They Should Go.

An Epitome of Republican Rascals—An Indictment Against Which There can be no Defense—Why Republicans Quit the Party in Disgust.

From the Boston Post.

Turn the rascals out. Why? Because they are responsible for

Assassination,
Star route frauds,
St. Domingo jobs,
Presidential thieving,
Carpet bag rascalities,
Back pay salary grabs,
Robeson navy swindles,
Indian Bureau swindles,
Black Friday rascalities,
Sanborn contract frauds,
Railroad land grabblings,
Credit Mobilier infamies,
Pension bureau swindles,
Freedman bank swindles,
Sales of Speaker's rulings,
Belknap post trades steals,
Boss Shepherd ring frauds,
Harrington safe burglaries,
Election commission frauds,
Laudulent William scandals,
Babcock grant whiskey frauds,
Little Rock and Fort Smith jobbery.

Turn the rascals out and let no more rascals in. We want a President who will "tell the truth," not one who will violate his official trust and then lie about it. We want a President who has made a reputation for strict integrity, untiring industry and honest and able administration of the laws, no one who has made a reputation for corrupt acts, false sayings, tricky acts and contempt for every good reform in the conduct of governmental affairs. We should prefer for President the man who has alienated the corrupt element of his own party rather than the one who has "magnetized" the corrupt elements of both parties and all factions.

A health journal says: "Always have fruit on the breakfast table this time of year." It would be well for boarding-house keepers to understand in this connection that oatmeal mush is not a species of "fruit."

Men in Politics.

Mr. Henry M. Phillips, who has been ill or some time, is rapidly convalescing.

Mr. Blaine, acting under the advice of his physician, will remain at Bar Harbor for the present.

Major-General Hartranft favors a national encampment of the militia once every three years.

Secretary Folger is at home, sick in mind and body, and his friends fear he will never get back to Washington.

Rev. W. S. Wilson, an eloquent M. E. minister of Central Pennsylvania, always a Republican, proclaims himself for Cleveland.

St. John and Daniel have been up in Cuba, N. Y., having themselves notified of their nomination by the Prohibition national convention.

Arthur's friend Crowley has been beaten for Congress in Western New York. This will not increase the President's ardor in the campaign.

John H. Fow has withdrawn from the contest against Speaker Faunce for the Legislature in the Seventeenth district, Philadelphia.

Chas. A. Dana was editor of the New York Sun July 17th, when it said: "If the personal honesty of the candidate be made by the turning point, nearly all the million Independents will be pretty sure to vote for Mr. Cleveland."

Wayne MacVeagh has been visited lately by ex-Senator Simon Cameron and Senator Don Cameron, and by Mrs. Garfield. And still Mr. MacVeagh has not said for whom he will vote.

Simon Cameron's Harrisburg residence was entered by thieves several days ago and some silverware stolen. The affair was kept from public knowledge at the time, and the thief has been caught and all the stolen ware recovered.

Governor Abbett, of New Jersey, has been requested by the committee appointed by the National Democratic Convention at Chicago to present a resolution of respect to Samuel J. Tilden to make the presentation address. The presentation will take place next Wednesday.

A Few Yet Left.

"Heavens! but I'm melting!" he gasped, as he entered an ice cream parlor.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl at the soda fountain, as she reached for a glass.

"Dear me! but such a thirst I never had before. Have you ginger ale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes; but they say it is heating. Any root beer?"

Went to Hear Talmage.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered a lecture in Little Rock several days ago, to one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in the State. Old Tom Blahorn, who lives over in the 'cut off district,' and who was in the city during the visit of John L. Sullivan, entered the opera house, expecting to see 'some mighty fine knockin'.' Before the lecturer arose, old Tom remarked to some gentleman who stood near:

"I'll be dinged if I'd like for him to hit me."

"There is no danger of his striking you," replied the gentleman.

"No, you are mighty confid' that ain't. A thousand dollars is a heap o' money, an' I'd like to take that amount home with me, but fifteen hundred wouldn't persuade me to stand up in front of his mauls."

The Rev. Mr. Kennedy arose and gracefully introduced the lecturer. Old Tom, after listening, a moment, shook his head, and as Mr. Talmage with one of his characteristic gestures, squared himself, twisted himself, threw back his head, shook himself, squatted, stood on his tiptoes, rocked back on his heels, sawed the air, and then, straight from one shoulder, struck at the audience, old Tom 'nudged' the gentleman, and said:

"By grip, that was a thousand pounder."

"Hush."

"Wall, it jist was. A steer couldn't stand up erin'such a jolt."

"Hush, I tell you."

"If you want to bet anything, put up."

The gentleman moved away, and Old Tom, punching a preacher who had come too late to get a seat, said:

"Bet he could down Sullivan, don't you?"

"I don't know," whispered the preacher, who knew nothing of Sullivan.

"I'd put up my little wad on him. He's got the action, you see. Look at that, will you? It was a regular jig."

"Hush," said the minister.

"Wall, it jist was."

The preacher moved away, and old Tom, after listening awhile, and laughing heartily at a joke which Mr. Talmage had clipped from a newspaper, and run in without credit, turned to a sedate-looking man, and said:

"When's he going to take off his shirt? I want to see his muscle?"

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