

**THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**R. A. BUMILLER.**  
Office in the New Journal Building,  
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.  
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,  
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.  
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited  
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.  
PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.  
Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

**VOL. 58. MILLHEIM, PA. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1884. NO. 36.**

**NEWSPAPER LAWS**  
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.  
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they have notified the publisher and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

1 square	Per 1000			
	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	1 yr.
10 lines	\$2.00	\$4.00	\$10.00	\$20.00
15 "	3.00	6.00	15.00	30.00
20 "	4.00	8.00	20.00	40.00
25 "	5.00	10.00	25.00	50.00
30 "	6.00	12.00	30.00	60.00
40 "	8.00	16.00	40.00	80.00
50 "	10.00	20.00	50.00	100.00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**A. HARTER,**  
Auctioneer,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

**DR. JOHN F. HARTER,**  
Practical Dentist,  
Office opposite the Methodist Church,  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

**DR. GEO. S. FRANK,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
REBERSBURG, PA.  
Office opposite the hotel. Professional calls promptly answered at all hours.

**DR. D. H. MINGLE,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Office on Main Street,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

**W. J. SPRINGER,**  
Fashionable Barber,  
Shop 2 doors west Millheim Banking House,  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

**D. H. HASTINGS,** W. F. Reeder  
**HASTINGS & REEDER,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Yocum & Hastings.

**C. T. Alexander,** C. M. Bower.  
**ALEXANDER & BOWER,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office in Garman's new building.

**DR. GEO. L. LEE,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
MADISONBURG, PA.  
Office opposite the Lutheran Church.

**W. M. C. HEINLE,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts of Centre county. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

**J. A. Beaver,** J. W. Gephart.  
**BEAVER & GEPHART,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street.

**BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,**  
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

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

**CUMMINS HOUSE,**  
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

**EMANUEL BROWN,**  
PROPRIETOR.  
House newly refitted and furnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Rates moderate. Patronage respectfully solicited.

**IRVIN HOUSE,**  
(Most Central Hotel in the City.)  
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS,  
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

**S. WOODS CALDWELL,**  
PROPRIETOR.  
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers on first floor.

**ST. ELMO HOTEL,**  
Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST.,  
PHILADELPHIA.

**RATES REDUCED TO \$2.00 PER DAY.**  
The travelling public will 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,**  
9th St. South of Chestnut,  
PHILADELPHIA.

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.  
W. PAINE, M. D.,  
Owner & Proprietor.

## Love's Victory.

The clouds were massed in crimson glory in the west, and on them were fixed the large, beautiful eyes of Lady Florence Hammersley, who stood looking from one of the many windows of her new home.

It was the eve of her wedding day. Scarcely eight hours previously she had sworn to love, honor and obey Hugh Hammersley, the wealthy manufacturer until death did them part.

He it was who now occupied her thoughts, and shut out the splendid landscape, glistened with the glory of the dying day. Natural enough for the husband to fill heart and mind alike of his bride, yet a frown contracts the low, white brow, an ominous glitter shines in the wonderful gray eyes, and a scornful smile plays about the exquisitely curved lips, while the little hand, grasping the curtain, is tightly clenched. A sound breaks her reverie. She quietly turns, as the door of the room is softly opened, and the figure of a tall, powerful man darkens the threshold.

"You find all to your liking, Florence?" he asks, and voice and eyes alike are tender as he puts the question.

"A moment ago—yes," she replied. "I was alone."

A shade darkened his face. "Alone, Florence? Is my presence really so distasteful to you?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and turned her face once more toward the open window.

With one stride he had reached her side, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Answer me!" he said; and his tone was a command. "To-day you swore to make me happy. I knew that the daughter of one of England's proudest, if poorest, peers would not have stooped to the plebeian hand of the rich manufacturer's son, had it not been that the fortunes of her house had sadly fallen; I knew she was no hypocrite, to feign a love she did not feel. But I did not know she gave scorn for love, or hatred for courtesy. She was a woman, I a man. She bridged the social gulf between us when she became my wife. Florence, do you already regret the step?"

"Bitterly! madly!" she cried, raising her eyes to his, and letting him see all the scorn and anger in their depths.

"You say I was no hypocrite. I was, but I will be no longer. You need not talk alone of my ambition. What of yours? You had money, not rank, not social position. The latter I give you in exchange for your wealth. The bargain is an even one—let us cry quits but let us have no talk of love or heart, or sentiment; let us bury these in a martial grave, and on it reappear a monument of distant courtesy. Leave me my solitude, unless when the world demands it otherwise. I will not intrude upon yours."

The young man's face was of an almost ghastly pallor as she finished speaking. His hand dropped from her arm.

"Though I may boast no title, my lady," he said very slowly, "I claim nobility's truest rank—the rank of a gentleman, to whom the wishes of the woman he has made his wife are law. You have not spared me in expressing yours. Allow me to offer you my deepest sympathy for the cruel fate which tempted you to make the sacrifice on which the church this morning sets its zeal, and which I, for the first time appreciate. Happily, madam, the home to which I have brought you is not a cottage. When you wish for me, command me. Otherwise I beg you will consider your apartments your castle, at whose gates Hugh Hammersley will never knock, either as suppliant or intruder.

He bowed low as he ceased speaking and slowly retreated the room. On its threshold he paused. Did he expect her to call him back, or at least to soften her cruel words? If so, he was wrong. His hesitation was scarcely perceptible. The door closed behind him—the young and beautiful woman was again alone.

An expression of surprise, of almost admiration swept over her face, then the old scorn blazoned there.

"At least he understands me now," she murmured. "but for a plebeian, he did it well."

Rank for money. It had been a fair exchange, the world decreed; and many a house, hitherto an unknown land to the young inheritors both of his father's fortune and the great workshops which covered acres of space in the very heart of the great city, now welcomed him to its *fetes* and its tables. Fair women smiled upon him, and men who once would have turned their backs, listened to his opinion with attention which grew into respect.

If the young bride had expected to be ashamed of her husband, the expectation was destined to disappointment. On every side she heard his praise, and



the frown vanished from her brow and the scorn from her lip.

Never did he fall in courtesy toward her; never did she express a wish left unfulfilled. A cheque-book, with blank cheques signed by his signature to be filled up as she wished, lay on her toilet table. Hitherto her life had been one of almost penury, spite of her exalted rank. A *mariage de convenance* had been the sole resort left her and she had unhesitatingly availed herself of it.

Her beauty unrivalled even with the old shabby setting, was now enhanced by exquisite toilets and priceless jewels. She had all that her fondest dreams had pictured, yet day by day a restless, unsatisfied longing was gnawing at her heart, and she looked about in vain for the unknown something which should satisfy it.

Once, as she and her husband were driving home together from some brilliant *feete*, remembering some remarks concerning him which had reached her ear, she glanced toward him.

"A wonderfully handsome man," a woman high in rank had said, and his wife was compelled to confirm the verdict.

"Hugh, are you not well?" she said, and laid her gloved hand on his arm.

He shivered at her touch and drew himself hastily away.

At that moment the carriage stopped and the footman threw open the door. For the first time he permitted the man to assist his wife to alight, he following her up the stairs and disappearing within his rooms.

She mounted the steps slowly, and when within her own apartments stood still.

"He has learned to hate me," she said to herself, "to hate me! and I—"

The rest of the sentence was left unfinished.

There was a great excitement in the town. The men belonging to Hugh Hammersley's factories had struck for higher wages, and he had refused their demand.

It was a principle of right with him. He was both just and generous in the prices paid them, and he determined not to be coerced into a step his judgment told him was but the first toward proving that his workmen, not himself, might hold the mastery.

The immense buildings were closed; the heavy looms were still; the drinking-places throughout the city were constantly filled with groups of sullen men, who had already lost what the advance would gain them in a year.

Days merged in weeks, and sullenness found voice, and voice merged into threats, and the threats directed themselves against one man, the master of the works.

"It's all very well for him to ride in his carriage while we starve," they said. "Let him look to himself. Hungry men are desperate."

At last these threats, reached his ear. For the first time since that memorable day, almost a year before, he presented him self at his wife's apartments. As a voice, in answer to his knock, bade him enter, he opened the door.

By a strange coincidence she was standing in the self-same spot, but a deep crimson flush mounted to her forehead, and betrayed her surprise at this most unlooked-for visit. She took a step forward to meet him, but paused. He was the calm self-possessed one of the two.

"I would apologize for my intrusion," he said, "but that when I make known its object you will understand it. The men are banding themselves into rioters. My house will be the first point of attack. I deem it best that you send your jewels and valuables to the bank, and seek some place of safety with any of your friends, whom you may prefer."

"And you?"

"I shall remain here."

"But there is danger."

"True; but no man hitherto, I think, has suspected me of cowardice, and as my post is here, here I will remain. I shall take all measures for my safety, then meet what ever comes. In case of the worst—and doubtless at this

## Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates  
FOR  
PRESIDENT  
AND  
VICE PRESIDENT.



junction my life is threatened—I have left all my affairs in shape, and need hardly assure you, madam, that my wife's future has been my first concern."

"Thanks," she murmured, and bent her head.

He could not see the tear that glistened on the lashes sweeping the lovely cheek.

"I have thought of Lady Ripley," he continued. "She, I am sure, will be delighted to welcome you. Will you choose her house?"

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"I shall remain here."

"It is impossible."

"And why? You stay. A wife's place is beside her husband."

He smiled bitterly.

"This is scarcely the time, madam, to remember your vows. Forget them, I pray you, in this, as in all else. I must insist upon your choosing some other shelter."

hope to win that which I might once have won; but let me know that you live—let me but see you, hear your voice, and even though you hate me, yet I may glean some happiness."

"Hate you!" he whispered. "My love, my wife! You have indeed made my life a precious boon. But listen, they are calling me, I must go."

"Then I will go with you," she replied.

As the fastenings fell at the touch of his hand, she stepped out on the balcony by his side.

A long, low murmur ran through the crowd below. No weapon, no armor could have protected Hugh Hammersley as did the presence of that young, beautiful woman, who stood with her hands clasped about his arm.

Silence fell as he spoke a few earnest words. Ere he had finished the tramp was heard of approaching soldiers, but they were not needed. The strike was ended. Calm had taken the place of passion and reason of anger. But far, far deeper than the external peace between master and men, was that which had stolen into Hugh Hammersley's heart—the heart where lay pillowed the fair, haughty head, which like the rest, less dove sent from the ark, had found at last shelter and sweet rest.

## How Cleveland Receives.

A Satisfactory Visit from John Boyle O'Reilly of the Boston Pilot.

From the New York Herald.

ALBANY, Sept. 2.—It requires considerable patience and general equanimity of temper on the part of Governor Cleveland to attend to his official duties and at the same time courteously receive the hundreds of visitors who daily call upon him. Such qualities he possesses to a marked degree. There is no formality what ever about his receptions. The entrance to the main executive chamber remains open continually. Cards are handed in or out as the visitor pleases. When the visitor enters if the governor happens to be disengaged, he or she walks up to his desk and is received with a cordial shake of the hand. If the governor is conversing with other parties, then the latest arrivals advance in their turn. No exceptions whatever are made. The powerful politician, the millionaire and the poor laborer stand upon the same footing as far as an interview with the coming president is concerned. Your correspondent watched some of their interviews with interest. The governor does not practice the arts of the demagogue, paying more attention to the man with the soiled overalls than to the sumptuously attired politician. He has the same genial, unstudied welcome for all. This city is really fast becoming a Mecca for visitors.

The rush continued to-day, several small excursion parties from the river counties and the interior of the state paying a visit to the capital. Of course the principal feature is a call upon the governor, in order to see him, and, if possible, to enjoy a few moments' conversation. Then the excursionists seek the nearest photographers, and purchasing a cabinet picture of the governor, return home, feeling highly elated.

Among the late callers upon the governor was John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Boston Pilot, accompanied by his friend Mr. Sigourney Butler, of Quincy, Massachusetts. This was the first time Mr. O'Reilly had ever met Governor Cleveland, and he enjoyed an hour's conversation with him. The primary object of O'Reilly's visit was to inquire into the facts relative to the freedom of worship bill. The letter of Assemblyman Peter F. Murray, recently published, explaining the nature of the bill and now it was defeated in the legislature, was commenced upon. Mr. O'Reilly expressed great satisfaction with the governor's statement of the case. Mr. O'Reilly further stated that there had been a great change which was highly favorable to Governor Cleveland within the last two weeks. It was noticeable, too, that public sentiment was rapidly concentrating all over the country upon the New York governor. Mr. O'Reilly, with his friend, left this evening for a few weeks' canoeing on the Susquehanna river.

## PICKINGS.

Crops in Iowa are said to be in a very fine condition.

The electric railway at Brighton, in England is a success.

The plague is carrying off hundreds of people in Asiatic Russia.

Since 1845 Arctic explorations have cost the lives of 180 men.

Ben Butler will be sixty-six years of age the day after election.

Florida grape growers count upon an income of \$100 per acre.

The average number of persons to a family in this country is five.

A great many New Yorkers are said to be pawning their diamonds.

Nearly everybody in Washington either boards or keeps boarders.

The Georgia cotton factories are reducing the wages of their operatives.

The son of Jim Mace, the pugilist, holds evangelical services in London.

The value of the minerals exported from Australia last year was £2,438,828.

Nearly 38,000,000 barrels of petroleum is stored in tanks in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Mary Osborn, aged ninety-eight, is the oldest inhabitant of Portland, Me.

\$150 more has been added to the U.S. Treasury fund by a conscious-stricken tax payer.

No less than 15,690 persons are locked up in the jails and prisons of New York.

The first English woman to reach the degree of Master of Arts, is Miss Mary C. Dawes.

During the last six months there have been sixty-two suicides in San Francisco.

The New Hampshire Republican State Convention will be held at Concord, Sept. 2.

Lieutenant Greely has a little son who was born soon after his departure for the Arctic.

Nearly all the branches of trade are dull in England, and there are many strikes on hand.

Counterfeiters have been working off spurious five-cent pieces upon country storekeepers.

Some of the medical professors of Vienna are delivering lectures in the English language.

The crops in Washington Territory are being destroyed rapidly by crickets about an inch and a half long.

### Ingenious Church Robbers.

A Thief Carried Into the Chancel in a Coffin by His Confederates.

A letter from the City of Mexico says—"This town, the scene of many peculiar crimes, is just now agog over the performances of a thief, which are generally submitted to surpass anything on record. A few days ago several men went to the priest in charge of the Santa Cruz Church in this city and asked permission to hold funeral services over the remains of a deceased friend at 4 o'clock the next morning. There was nothing unusual in the request, for many people in this country bury their dead early in the morning before mass, and the priest gave his permission, agreeing to be present. The men then said they would like to leave the corpse in the church over night, and to this the clergyman also assented. Some time after dark the men appeared at the church bearing a coffin, which they carried up the main aisle and deposited in front of the altar. They then withdrew, promising to be there early the next morning.

About midnight the sacristan was awakened by the barking of his dogs, and feeling that something must be wrong, he dressed hastily and stepped from his room into the chancel. A dim light was burning near the altar, by means of which he could see a figure moving slowly on the other side of the chancel. Making up his mind that robbers were in the church, he ran quickly to his room for a pistol, and then made a search of the church. No one was to be seen. On the altar he found everything safe, but when he came to examine the images of the saints he soon saw that the costly jewels with which they had been ornamented were gone. He then redoubled his efforts to find the thief, but after half an hour passed in searching every nook of the great edifice, he was more mystified than ever, for he not only could not find the offender, but he could discover no place where he could have come in or gone out. Just before he determined to give the alarm he thought of the corpse lying down below the chancel rail in the shadow, and the idea came to him that perhaps there might be something wrong about it. Lighting a candle, he stepped softly to the bier and peeped into the face of the supposed dead man.

As he looked he noticed that the eyelids of the "corpse" twitched nervously under the light, and at the same in-

stant his own eyes fell on some of the jewels which lay beside the man in the coffin.

Oyerjayed at finding the thief, the sacristan thrust his revolver into the face of the "corpse" and ordered him to get out. The cold steal on the man's forehead convinced him that the order must be obeyed, and a most extraordinary resurrection took place then and there. When the man had gained his feet, the sacristan, still covering him with his pistol, gathered up the jewels, and then marched the culprit to the priest's house, where he was turned over to the police. Several soldiers were then stationed in the church, and when the thief's confederates arrived in the morning they were taken into custody. At first they denied all knowledge of the conspiracy but after a little while one of them confessed and told the whole story. He said they intended to go through the forms of a funeral ceremony, and then carry their friend out to the cemetery, and, after letting him out of the coffin, bury it, and leave the country as speedily as possible. They will be severely punished.

## The True Meaning of C. O. D.

A man who had not been long in this country was employed as a domestic in a family, and on one occasion he was sent to the express office to obtain a package. He was called to leave with it when the clerk called his attention to the three letters C. O. D.

Pat had no idea what the letters meant, but he cleverly guessed at them.

"It's all right," he said; "the old man's good for the money."

"But do you know what these letters say, Pat?"

"Indade I do. Call On Dad. It's as plain as me nose on your face."

There is almost a pathetic truth in the understanding conveyed in this old story. Many a man is hounded to death by the unreasonableness called upon him by the members of his family who are educated up to this very end by himself, at first in that fond, slavish spirit of indulgence which the American father displays towards his offspring, as if it was some kind of an unthinking mechanical pet, and afterwards on the unflinching principle that they who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind.

Call on dad.

Business is dull, notes must be met, but appearances must be kept up. Mrs. Shoddy is going to the seashore. Our girls' must go, the money is to come out of Dad's.

At first he refuses firmly, but as one reason after another is brought to bear on him like a battering-ram of persuasion, he gives away. New bonnets and dresses are bought, a railway journey's expenses defrayed, and that is only the beginning. Incidental expenses are always the straws that break the patient camel's back. They accumulate in heaps, stacks, and at last rise to the dignity of a monument, under which lies a pale, peaceful man, no longer persecuted by the legend: "Call on Dad."

## Your Calling.

"I am sorry I was not trained to some commercial pursuit," said a professional gentleman to a successful business friend in Detroit.

"See here, young man," was the reply, "do you really think you are sorry? Aren't you doing well enough? Come, now, would you voluntarily give up your present calling?"

"Too old to think of a change now."

"Nonsense! Never too old to correct mistakes. But in your case I suspect you want to make a mistake instead of to correct one. I made a mistake in my early life, and I'll tell you how it was: My father was a lawyer. There were three boys of us, and every influence was thrown around us when very young to stir in us the ambition to enter professional careers. We had a fine library, the tone of our home was refined and cultured, and before any of us grew up we were well grounded in polite literature. We had sense enough to see that father would not listen to any objections to a professional life, and so under a sort of compulsion, we went the old gentleman's way. I was too good to be a preacher, and had too weak a stomach to be a doctor. The law was the last resort, so I took it up. After I was admitted, I whacked away at the dry and unproductive stuff for fifteen years. It was the martyrdom of drudgery. Finally I made a break, went into business and have always been prosperous and happy from that day to this. You see I had found my niche, and I can say with truth that I find more pleasure in making a good sale than in pocketing the profits of it. My business suits me; I take pleasure in it, and I long ago made up my mind that my boys should follow their inclinations in the matter of a life-occupation, no matter whether they were led.

"The successful and great editors and writers are those who love with all conquering enthusiasm the thorny and difficult road of journalism. It is so with our merchants and all manner of men."

—Detroit Free Press.