

Beaver & Gephart

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A High-Tempered Girl.

"No, I won't!" said Theodora Reed impetuously; "I won't! I won't! so there's an end of the matter." Theodora was busy making pear marmalade, with a pocket handkerchief fastened, Beatrice Cenci fashion, over her luxuriant brown tresses, a huge, checked apron enveloping her trim little figure, and sleeves rolled up above the elbow.

Deacon Powers stood opposite, nervously feeling of his bristly chin. Theodora was young and pretty, with limpid hazel eyes, rings of brown hair straying like floss silk over her temples, and rosy lips.

Deacon Powers was elderly and wrinkled, with an indescribable sharpness in his face, as if it had worn away in contact with the world.

"It's getting to be an imposition," said Theodora, brusquely. "Last week we had two tract distributors here, and week before that old Dr. Dodgington and his wife and three children stayed here five days, so that it should be convenient for the semi-annual convention. In fact, I don't remember a single month without company since we have lived at the parsonage. And we have no girl now, and papa has the neuralgia; so you must tell this young clergyman to go somewhere else. I won't have him here!"

"But, my dear Miss Reed—" "I'm not your 'dear Miss Reed'" said Theodora, vehemently. "If I was you I would try to spare me a little of all this annoyance. Yes, I know I am the minister's daughter, and as such, am expected to have neither feelings or preference, nor sensibilities of any kind. But I'm human, after all; and I decline to keep a perpetual free hotel for every odd who comes in this direction."

"Your predecessor, Miss Reed—the lamented Mrs. Smiley—was never, averse to entertaining the saints," reproachfully uttered the deacon. "Her door was ever open and her amiable hospitality."

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Theodora. "And she died at forty. I intend to live a great deal longer than that. She was killed by sewing societies and company, and Dorcas meetings. I've had enough of that sort of thing, and I mean to stop. If the church-people wish papa to entertain all creation, they must raise his salary—that's all."

"But, my good young friend—" At that moment, however, a third person unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. The door between the parlor and kitchen, which had, unperceived by Miss Reed and Deacon Powers, stood slightly ajar, opened—a tall, frank-faced young man stood there, with a decided color on his cheeks.

"Deacon Powers," said he, "pray assure this young lady that I will not trespass upon her hospitality. Perhaps we had better go on to the next place at once."

There was something in his air and manner which caused the deacon to shoot out of the kitchen like an arrow from the bow, and the next moment Theodora was alone.

She colored and bit her lip. "It's all true," she said, "every word of it. But I'm a little sorry he heard it. Perhaps he wasn't to blame, after all."

And Theodora went vigorously on with the pear marmalade, until the old clock in the corner struck eleven; and then she poured out a cup of chocolate, and ran upstairs to her father's room.

Mr. Reed was sitting before his study table, with his temples resting on his hands, his elbows among the chaos of books and papers. Theo went to his side at once, and laid her hand on his head.

"Papa," she said, wistfully, "is your neuralgia worse?" "Very much worse, Theo," he said, lifting his pain-glazed eyes to her eager, questioning young face. "I do not believe that I can preach to-morrow; I do not believe that I can ever prepare a sermon."



MAY PRESS ASSN. N.Y.

So she ran down stairs and set herself to thinking. A substitute must be found for the pulpit, and here it was twelve o'clock on Saturday!

She sat down and wrote a little note, consulting the dictionary more than once to make sure of no errors, and carefully copying the whole, because of a spattering little blot which fell, as if of malice aforesaid, directly across the second line.

"DEAR MR. HERVEY:—Will you grant us the great favor of preaching in papa's place to-morrow? He is very ill of neuralgia, and is unable even to prepare a sermon. We shall be greatly obliged if you will dine with us to-morrow after church."

THEODORA REED. And after satisfying herself that it was all quite right, she carried it herself to the Star hotel.

Mr. Hervey was not in, hadn't been in since morning. But they would give him the note directly on his arrival; so Theodora hurried home again, and in the course of the afternoon, a little colored boy from the hotel brought a card, on one side of which was engraved, "Henry Hervey," while upon the other was written the words "with the greatest pleasure."

And the minister's daughter, "on hospitable thought intent," roasted a pair of chickens, collected the ingredients for a salad, made a peach-pie and baked a loaf of bread, which was light and white as sea foam.

"I'll show him that the country girls understand good housekeeping," said Theo to herself. "It is strange, isn't it," said he, "that I should lose my heart to such a little ternaunt as you proved yourself the first day I ever saw you? But it is a foregone conclusion—I am entirely at your mercy. Sweet Theo, will you be my wife?"

And Theo placed her hands in his with a lovely look of awe and happiness, and answered: "I will!" Deacon Powers could not comprehend it at all.

"If he marries such a high-tempered girl as that," said the deacon, "he does it at his peril. Why, I never was so berated in my life as I was that day at the parsonage."

"But, pa," said the deacon's daughter, "every woman finds her master soon or late. Now, I think Theodora Reed has found hers."—Helen Forrest Graves.

Under the shadow of the roses she turned redder still. "Oh, my tongue—my unlucky tongue!" she said, frantically, to herself. "I always knew it would lead me into trouble! What must he have thought?"

And, as may be inferred, Theodora's devotions—albeit, she was in reality a sweet, sincere little Christian—did not do her much good that morning.

Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

your home at the parsonage during your stay in town. Should we not, Theo?" Theodora hung down her head, and turned pink to the very roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly. "Only—I am ashamed to say so. Oh, papa," hiding her face on his shoulder, "I have behaved so badly! I never should have taken it for granted that Mr. Hervey was like the rest!"

And then, infinitely to Mr. Hervey's amusement, she told the whole story of her interview with Deacon Powers. Mr. Reed smiled, as he stroked Theo's head.

"My little girl is only a little girl," said he, "and sometimes forgets that the tongue is an unruly member. But she will improve as she grows older."

Mr. Hervey spent the summer at Windfield. He was revising the proof sheets of a theological volume, and liked the quiet and seclusion of the little village.

Perhaps, too, he liked something else about it. At all events, although he did not make the parsonage his home, he spent a great deal of his time there.

"Thee," he said, one day—they had become fast friends by this time—"you have tasted so many of the petty trials, and annoyances of being a minister's daughter that I wonder if you would ever consent to be a minister's wife."

"Well," said Theo, half laughing, half blushing, "it would depend a good deal upon who the minister was."

"Suppose it was Henry Hervey?" "Do you really mean it?" said Theo, suddenly growing grave.

"It is strange, isn't it," said he, "that I should lose my heart to such a little ternaunt as you proved yourself the first day I ever saw you? But it is a foregone conclusion—I am entirely at your mercy. Sweet Theo, will you be my wife?"

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Two Lawyers and a Cat.

Two lawyers were domesticated in the rude hotel of a country town. The hotel was crowded, and the two legal luminaries had to occupy the same room.

Lawyer Clark lay with his head to the north on one side, and lawyer Thomas lay with his head to the south on the other side of the room. So far as that room was concerned, it might be said that their heads represented the north and south poles respectively.

The central part of the room was deemed neutral ground, in which the occupants of the different beds had equal rights. Here in picturesque confusion lay the boots, etc., of the sleepers. There were no lights, and though the door was open, there being no moon, the night was very dark in that room.

The wily lawyers, who had been opposing counsel in a case tried in the town court that day, and had opposed each other with the contumacy of wild pigs, were now the very incarnation of meekness.

But hush! hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell: "Me-ow-ow!"

Lawyers Clark and Thomas were wide awake and sitting bolt upright in an instant. Again the startling cry: "Ye-ow, ye-ow!"

"There's a cat!" whispered Clark. "Scat you!" hissed Thomas. The cat paid no attention to their demonstrations, but gave vent to another yowl.

"Oh, gracious!" cried Clark, "I can't stand this! Where is he, Thomas?" "On your side of the room, some where," replied Thomas.

"No, he's on your side," said Clark. "Ye-ow-ow-ow!" "There I told you he was on your side," they both exclaimed in a breath. And still the howl went on.

The idea entered the heads of both lawyers—doubtless owing to their legal training—that by the exercise of a certain strategy they might be enabled to execute a grand flank movement on the cat, and totally demoralize him. Practically, each determined to file a motion to quash the cat's attachment for that room.

Each kept his plan to himself, and in the dark, unable to see each other, prepared for action. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that the same plan suggested itself to both. In words, the plan would be about as follows:

The yowler is evidently looking and calling for another cat, with whom he has made an appointment. I will imitate a cat, and this cat will think 't'other cat's around. This cat will come toward me, and when he shall have arrived within reach, I'll blaze away with anything I can get a hold of, and knock the mew-sic out of him.

She Pitted Him.

Each of the lawyers advanced a little closer, and Clark produced a questioning "Ow-ow!" Thomas answered by a reassuring "Purrow-purrow!" and they advanced a little nearer.

They were now within easy reach, and each imagining the cat had but a moment to live, whaled away, the one with his boot, and the other with his boot-jack.

The boot took Clark square on the mouth, demolishing his teeth; and the boot-jack came down on Thomas' head just as he was in the midst of a triumphant "Ye-ow!"

When the lights were brought in, the cat had disappeared, but the catastrophe was in the opposite corners of the room.

The other day when the Illinois Central train pulled up to the platform at Wapella, a stout, rosy-cheeked country girl boarded it, and sat down on a turned seat facing a dude in tight pants, and a small, white hat. He at once determined to exercise his wiles on the poor thing and make a mash.

"Good mawning, Miss," he said. "Hoody-do," she replied. "Aw you going far?" "Huh, uh."

"Whaah do you disembarwk?" "Huh?" "Where do you get off the cabs?" "I'm goin' to Bloomington."

"Aw! I am going to stop theeah, myself. Vewy happy to have such a charming companion." "Well, the boys here say I'm mighty good company," she replied. The dude got up, and sat down by her side.

"You aw a vewy pwetty young lady, and I am chawmed to be your escawt," he said leaning over against her shoulder. "Lean on your own breakfast," she said, pushing him away.

"What did you say?" he asked, again crowding her. "Lean on your own breakfast. I didn't eat enough for both of us. All it et this mornin'" was four biscuits and two pieces of ham, two potatoes and nine slices of fried mush, and I don't feel like holdin' you up."

The dude looked considerably taken back, but he began a lot of small talk as the train pulled out, and the sturdy old farmer in the coach gradually became thoroughly angered as he sat up close to her and took her hand in his, and leaned on her shoulder and whispered to her.

Just as the train pulled into Bloomington the girl began to cry, and there were four old men on their feet in a minute, each of whom had made up his mind to thrash the dude within an inch of his life. One of them approached the pair, and kindly asked the girl:

"Did the snipe insult ye?" "No—no—no!" she sobbed. "Then what's the matter?" "P-p-poor fellow!" "Why, what air ye cryin' about, if he hain't insulted ye?"

"He's in d-d-d-danger, and I pity the p-p-poor feller," she sobbed. "Why! What is his danger?" "He is so g-green that I'm afraid he'll get off at some 'little t-tow-town and the cows will eat him up!" she cried, wringing his hands.

the window of my uptown place cogitating over this state of affairs, an elegant private coupe drove past and stopped just around the corner from my door. It contained a richly-dressed lady and a ragged-looking girl. The latter got out, rang my basement bell and was admitted. I sent for my man-servant, and inquired who the girl might be.

"She comes for the wash, sir," he said. "Does she generally come in a coupe?" I inquired.

"Why, no, sir," said the man, very much surprised; "her mother, the washerwoman, is very poor."

"Just then my own carriage drove round for me, and as it passed the other I could see the lady eagerly sorting the soiled clothes in the coupe on her lap. This excited my curiosity so I had my driver follow along behind. Pretty soon the coupe stopped, and the dirty little girl got out with the bundle and went into a brownstone front on Twenty-ninth street. The coupe then kept straight on down to Wall street and stopped in front of a broker's office, where the lady alighted with my entire lot of soiled shirt cuffs in her hand."

"Shirt cuffs?" cried the entire company. "Exactly; shirt cuffs. I saw through it all in a moment. You see I am—or rather was—a great hand while at dinner or at the theatre in the evening to think over my plans for the next day, and to make memorandums on my cuffs to consult before starting down town in the morning. My washerwoman found this out, and had been 'quoppering' my game by means of my cuffs for over a year."

"Well, by Jove!" said Sam Ward, pausing for a single instant in the sacred mystery of salad dressing. "It's the cold cat," continued Keene.

"In less than eight months she had cleaned up over \$600,000, and was washing my clothes, at least the cuffs, in a \$80,000 house. She had diamonds and horses until you couldn't rest."

"You didn't make any more cuff mums, after that," laughed several. "Well, not many—just a few," said the great operator, holding his Burgundy up to the light. "I believe I kept it up about a month longer, at the end of which time I had raked in the washerwoman's bank account, and even had a mortgage on the brown-stone house. It was a queer coincidence, wasn't it?"

But, perhaps, the information she found on the cuffs after that wasn't as exact as it had been, somehow, nor as reliable."

And the King of the street emptied his glass with an indescribable wink that made Beach, who was short on Harlem, shiver like a cat who had just swallowed a live mouse.

Condensed Sermons, Etc. Love is life's immortal prayer. The fruit of religion is aspiration. To imagine evil betrays affinity for it.

The heart is a better counselor than the tongue. Speedy prayers do not lead very rapidly to devotion. Suspicion is the ogre that sits upon the ruins of virtue.

Too much self-love makes men niggardly and wretched. Wisdom does a person very little good if he doesn't live up to it. Be satisfied with doing well, and leave others to do as they please.

Knowledge, economy and labor are the shining virtues of civilized man. There is a mystery in the influence of vice that few seem to be able to fathom. The varieties of doubtful pleasures never derive enjoyment from their indulgence. Example is the best teacher. Its silent persuasiveness reaches the heart by the most direct route.

AN ATTENUATED STORY.

Jim Keene and his Washerwoman.

How She Managed to Accumulate a Fortune by Looking After His Linen, and the Job Keene Set Up on Her.

[Derrick Dodd, in San Francisco Post.] "The fact is," said Jim Keene, the great New York rival to Jay Gould, as he relaxed his usual taciturnity under the genial influence of one of Sam Ward's dinners not long ago, "the fact is that no matter how clever and thorough a man's system of stock operating may be, there is always occurring some little unforeseen and apparent insignificant circumstance that is forever knocking the best laid plans into a cocked hat."

"As how?" "Well, for instance, about a year ago I was doing a good deal in Lake Shore, and counted on making a big clean-up. I discovered, however, that there was some hidden influence in the market that was always against me. It didn't exactly defeat my plans, but it lessened the profits. I soon saw that there was some other operator who was kept informed as to my movements in time to make me pay for his knowledge."

"Broker gave you away?" said several. "Not at all. I never gave an order in advance, and besides I used, as now, half-a-dozen different brokers, and also gave 'cross' and 'dummy' orders in plenty. One day while I was standing at

the window of my uptown place cogitating over this state of affairs, an elegant private coupe drove past and stopped just around the corner from my door. It contained a richly-dressed lady and a ragged-looking girl. The latter got out, rang my basement bell and was admitted. I sent for my man-servant, and inquired who the girl might be.