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**"Nothing Ventured,
Nothing Won."**
"I declare to man, I won't stand it no longer!"
Miss Celosia Clematis looked as bel-
ligerent as a setting-hen, when the
privacy of her nest is invaded.
"It's a goin' on nine years now that
I've kep' house fur Brother Ben an'
his family, an' Joanna ain't never give
me so much as a Christmas-gift even.
Reckon she thinks my board is enough
pay fur gittin' up of mornings an'
cookin' breakfast, summers an' winters,
rain or shine, besides doing the wash-
ing, ironing, mending and baking; an'
twelve in the family, besides a hired
hand. But if she thinks so, I don't.
Why, I might as well married Pete
Stebbins an' his 'leven, when he first
asked me after his second wife died.
But la! I wouldn't have him then, nor
I won't now. It's about time fur him
to be a-renewin' his offer, like he does
every year; but he won't git nothing
no year for his answer, if he offers
from now till kingdom come!"
Miss Celosia was cheerful-minded.
Needless to add she was "getting a-
long" in years. That is to say she was
thirty-five or thereabouts; but her
bright eyes and fresh complexion gave
her the appearance of being ten years
younger at least.
"I won't stand it, not another day
longer!" went on Miss Celosia. "Jo-
anna gets lazier and lazier every day;
a-laying in bed till breakfast is half-eat
sometimes, an' not puttend even to
help with the patching an' darning.
There's Ben's blue ducking overhauls
just a goin' to rag, but I ain't a goin'
to mend 'em. I've patched the last
patch an' darned the last darn. I 'low
to in this house, I'm sorry fur Ben,
though, but it'll be better fur him an'
the children, too, if Joanna has to stir
herself a little. She won't have so
much time fur fault-finding. I've been
a fool fur nine years, but I ain't a go-
in' to be one no longer."
And having twisted her black hair
in a tight knot on the top of her head,
and tied a clean apron around her
waist, Miss Celosia assumed her most
resolute expression and walked into the
dining-room where her sister-in-law
was sitting, with the breakfast dishes
still ungathered on the table.
"Dear me Celoshy!" she grumbled,
trifflingly, "if you hain't got on your
best calico frock an' cross-barred apron,
Here, 'tis Monday, too, an' nothin'
a goin' not even the wash-b'iler put o-
ver to heat. What on airth be you a-
thinkin' of, I'd like to know?"
"I'll tell you what I'm a-thinkin' of,
Joanna," returned Miss Celosia com-
posedly. "I'm tired of workin' an'
slavin', fur no thanks an' my board.
If I can't earn nothin' more'n my vit-
als an' houserow a-workin', I'm a go-
in' to quit—that's what."
"Well, I declare!" cried her sister-in-
law, astounded at what she heard.
"An' I'm a goin' to see if I can't do
better fur myself than I'm a-doing
here," continued Miss Celosia, frank-
ly.
"Oh, so you're a goin' to marry Pete
Stebbins an' his 'leven young ones, af-
ter all your fine talk, be you," sneered
Joanna, spitefully.
"No, I hain't. He hain't asked me
this year yet, an' if he did, I wouldn't,"
was the emphatic reply, if not very
lucidly-stated answer. "But I'll tell
you what I am a goin' to do, Joanna.
I've got a little money, two hundred
dollars or so, that I let Ben have the
use of, when I come here to live. He
promised to give it back to me when I
wanted it. So, I'm a goin' to take
that, an' rent me a little house an'
a patch of ground, an' go to raisin' truck
for the market. There's plenty of men-
folks makes a livin' at it, an' women
has jest as much right to be gardeners
as men."
"Humph! You'll be glad enough to
quit it, an' come back to us, when
you've lost your two hundred dollars,
I kin tell you. Better not risk it."
But Miss Celosia was not to be dis-
uaded.
"Nothin' venture, nothin' have," she
declared, stoutly.
And so the house was rented—a bit
of a cottage, with an acre or so of
ground, and furnished with some pic-
tures of cast-off furniture, to which Miss
Celosia had fallen heir in various ways
—an old fashioned wooden-dresser, a
faded rag carpet, six split-bottomed
chairs, and a high-posted, cord bed-
stead.
And having purchased a few needed
articles, she took possession, as hap-
py and independent as if she were the
Sovereign of all the Russias, or any
place else.
"And now," she commented, as she
sat down to her cozy supper of tea and
warm biscuits, chipped beef and rasp-
berry-jam, "now let me see. First, I
must have a cow, and some black Span-



ish hens. 'Tain't like to do without
milk and eggs. Besides, I can make
butter to sell, and if my hens lay good,
I can sell eggs, too. Then I must git
the ground broke up. That'll cost
something, but it can't be helped. An'
there'll be garden-seeds to buy.
I can do the planting, hoeing and
weeding myself. I'll git Eph Boyers
to do the plowing; an' I'll make out a
list to-night of what seeds I want,
and git 'em right away, so's I can
plant 'em, soon as the ground's
ready."
And that night, Miss Celosia sat up
until some unheard-of hour, quite un-
usual to her, looking over various seed-
catalogues, and debating the relative
merits of snowflake and early-rose po-
tatoes, dwarf and marrow-fat peas, six
week and German wax-beans, mam-
moth sugar-corn, blood-beats and ox-
heart cabbage, short horn carrots and
butterhead lettuce.
Her list was finally made out, how-
ever, including several choice varieties
of cauliflower and celery, cucumbers,
egg-plant and spinach.
And with a tired frame, but an ap-
proving conscience, Miss Celosia sought
a few hours of repose on her comfort-
able cord-bedstead, only to awaken when
the first pink rays of the morning sun
crept in through the shining panes of
her little east window.
The ground was duly broken up and
harrowed by Eph Boyers and his yoke
of oxen, and a little more help from
Eph himself with the spade and hoe.
Miss Celosia got to her planting.
The first pink rays of sunlight never
caught her abed now. She had her
breakfast over by daylight, and long be-
fore sunrise she was at work in her
"truck patch."
But gardening is hard work, and in
spite of her most indefatigable efforts,
the weeds would slip in here and there
among her crops; and the fox-tail grass
persisted in growing faster than cu-
cumbers and squashes.
Then the weather was not always
to be relied on implicitly, and her first
planting of mammoth sugar-corn rot-
ted in the ground.
Miss Celosia bought more seed, and
replanted. This time the crows pulled
up two-thirds of it as soon as it had
sprouted. Again she replanted put
up a "scare-crow," and this time the
corn grew rapidly.
Miss Celosia hoed it carefully and la-
boriously, giving a sigh of relief when
she was through, for hoeing corn is
hard work.
And the very next night Farmer
Hodson's pigs found their way into the
patch through a gap in the fence made
by a defective rail, and destroyed at
least half the corn, and all the butter-
headed lettuce.
Miss Celosia was almost in despair,
but she replanted the corn and lettuce
with later varieties, and worked away
early and late, harder than any farmer
of them all.
But somehow or other fate, or for-
tune, or the weather, or all three com-
bined, seemed adverse to Miss Celosia's
success in "truck raising."
The rabbits eat up her early peas and
cabbages, the striped-bugs killed her
cucumbers and cassava musk melons;
garden fleas devoured her purple strap-
leaf turnips and rutabagas; and the
squash-bugs destroyed her young
crock-necks and Boston marrows quash-
es. The cut-worms severed the stalks
of her thrifty tomatoes; and the hawks,
foxes, possums, weasels and other "var-
mits" feasted on her black Spanish hens
and fat spring chickens.
Then the cow took to jumping into
Farmer Hodson's clover-field, and he
threatened to shoot her if her mistress
didn't keep her out.
This was the last in the catalogue of
misshaps, and like the oft-quoted camel,
Miss Celosia broke down under it.
"What's a lone woman a goin' to do,
I'd like to know," she demanded,
wrathfully, in a private interview with
herself, "when the weeds, an' the bugs
an' the varmints are all in league agin'
'em? An' now my two hundred dol-
lars is gone an' I hain't raised garden
truck enough to do me over winter,
let alone havin' any to sell. An' how
Joanna will laugh!
"I almost wish now I'd—No, I don't

Cleveland and Hendricks,
Democratic Candidates
FOR
PRESIDENT
AND
VICE PRESIDENT.

either. I don't wish I'd married Pete
Stebbins, an' went to be stepmother to
them 'leven children. He's shiftless.
But I won't go back to Ben's, that's
certain! I'll hire out first, or go an'
house-keep fur somebody that'll pay
me, an'—"
"How-de-do, Miss Celoshy—how-de-
do?" cried a hearty voice.
And there was Mr. Phoebeus Filbert
standing in the doorway, with a friend-
ly smile on his cheerful face.
Mr. Filbert was a good-looking, well-
to-do bachelor, of about forty summers
and winters alternately, but like Miss
Celosia, he looked ten years younger.
He was a neighbor and intimate
friend of her brother Bens, and had
seemed almost like a brother to herself
in the old days before she had set out
to mend her fortune by vegetable rais-
ing.
"And how do you git along with
your truck Miss Celoshy?" he asked
with interest. "You must let me see
your garden."
"I shan't!" declared the lady, flatly.
"It's full of weeds an' grass—I couldn't
keep 'em out. An' Farmer Hodson is
a goin' to shoot my cow, if I don't
keep her out of his clover-field. An'
how does he 'spect I can keep her out,
I'd like to know, when he can't?"
"Sho, now! Why, that's too bad!"
Mr. Filbert looked as amazed and
sympathetic as if he hadn't heard the
whole story beforehand.
"But I tell you what 'tis, Miss Cel-
shy!" he added, gravely. "You'll hev
to git married, and that's the hull of
it!"
"I shan't!" declared Miss Celosia.
"I've said I wouldn't marry Pete Steb-
bins if he offered till kingdom come, an'
I shan't—so there!"
"Who said anything about Pete
Stebbins?" demanded Phoebeus. "I
didn't. I want you to marry me—not
him!"
"You!" Miss Celosia stared incred-
ulously at her visitor.
"Yes—me!" repeated, Phoebeus,
stoutly. "I'm tired of keepin' bach,
an' I reckon you air about tired of rais-
in' truck!"
"Yes, I be!" declared Miss Celosia,
emphatically. "I don't never want to
tech a hoe nor drop a row of corn the
longest day I live!"
And so Miss Celosia's venture turned
out a success after all.



The First Inauguration.
William Dunlap, the artist, graphi-
cally described the appearance of
Washington and other dignitaries at
the first inauguration. The oath was
administered on the balcony of Fed-
eral Hall, in Wall street, New York,
where a statue of Washington now
marks the spot. This building had
been erected for the accommodation
of Congress under the direction of
Major L'Enfant, a French officer of
engineers, who afterwards planned the
city of Washington. In front of the
balcony were the volunteer companies
of militia in full uniform, with a large
concourse of citizens. Gen. Washing-
ton is described as having worn that
day a plain suit of broad cloth, coat,
waistcoat and breeches of home man-
ufacture, even to the buttons, on which
Rollinson, an engraver, had portrayed
the arms of the United States. White
silk stockings showed the contour of a
manly leg; and his shoes, according to
the fashion of that day, were orna-
mented with buckles. His head was un-
covered and his hair dressed and pow-
dered, for such was the universal cus-
tom at that time. Thus was his tall,
fine figure presented to our view at
the moment which forms an epoch in
the history of nations. John Adams,
a shorter figure, in a similarly plain
dress, but with the (even then) old-
fashioned Massachusetts wig, stood at
Washington's right hand, and oppo-
site to the President-elect stood Chan-
cellor Livingston in a full snit of
black, ready to administer the pre-
scribed oath of office. Between them
was placed Mr. Otis, the Clerk of the
Senate, a small man, bearing the Bible
on a cushion. In the background of
this picture and in the right and left
compartments formed by the pillars
stood the warriors and sages of the
Revolution.
When all was ready Gen. Washing-
ton stretched forth his right hand
with that simplicity and dignity which
characterized all his actions, and placed
it on the open book. The oath of of-
fice was read, the Bible was raised and
he bowed his head upon it, reverently
kissing it. The Chancellor then
made proclamation, "God save George
Washington, President of the United
States of America." A shout went
up from the multitude, cannons were
fired near by, the music played and ev-
ery one appeared delighted.

SOMETHING TO CRACK.
BY N. Y. ACKER.
Last Friday I brought home some
hickory nuts, and on Saturday afternoon
Mrs. Acker suggested the propriety of
baying some cracked for Sunday's use.
I brought out the hammer and a
smoothing iron, and at them went.
The first one I opened with ease and
grace of a French dancing-master.
The second proved refractory, and at
the first blow flew off at a tangent, tak-
ing Mrs. Acker a clip over her left eye.
She jumped up, and knocked the dish
of nuts off the chair, while she waltzed
around with the corner of her apron to
her eye, complimenting me in strong
terms on the remarkable faculty which
I displayed for nut cracking.
These highly eulogistic remarks were
so flattering that for a moment I forgot
the smoothing-iron, and down it tumbled
on the cat's tail, causing it to add
high-toned remarks in cat language al-
most as sweet and flattering as those of
my spouse.
As I rose to explain, the nuts, strewn
upon the floor, made roller skates for
my feet, and not being much accus-
tomed to skating, I sat down gracefully and
gently, mashing the spitoon with the
back of my head, and there I lay quiet-
ly, calmly drinking in the words of wis-
dom, which rolled in eloquent streams
from the tongue of my bosom partner
on the matter of carelessness in hand-
ling hickory nuts.
At length quiet reigned; the nuts
and myself were gathered up, Mrs. Acker
had finished her discourse, and was
seated, while the cat was nursing her
candaid appendage on the rug.
I cautiously selected another inno-
cent nut, and banged away with great
success.
One, two, three, four victims more
were led captive, crushed in spirit and
in body, when courageously I took up
the largest nut of them all and whang-
ed away.
The first blow slid off like rain drops
from the back of a greased pig, and
stopped on the right corner of my knee.
This exasperated me, and I struck it
another full blow, which fell upon the
nail of my thumb. I grew desperate,
and muttered:
"You won't, won't you!" while I bat-
tered away at it. "We'll see, gol shives
your hide, whether you are boss of this
situation or I!"
Just here I summoned all my energies,
and struck a furious blow, which crushed
the nut and nearly tore the nail from
my finger.
I slung down the hammer, striking
the cat, and caused it to howl and tear
around as furious as myself. To escape
more of the same sort it stuck its head
through a pane of glass and let its body
follow with a whiz.
Again I gave a crack, so to speak.
Up flew my heels and down crashed my
head in a bedlam of sound, amid the fly-
ing of tinware, chairs, shoes, legs, arms
and words not admissible in Lexicon-
ic Orthography, because not found in
the body of either Webster or Worcester.
At length Mrs. Acker managed to
make herself heard, and she feelingly
asked me if I was hurt.
I replied:
"Oh, no; of course not! I am prac-
ticing this howl for the next meeting of
the choir, and I mashed my head, knee,
thumb, and fingers in anticipation of
the base ball season. Oh, no; of course
I am not hurt in the least; the cat must
be amused, you know; but you can
finish mashing those goll slammed nuts or
dump them into the stove, just as the
notion strikes you, only don't let the
hammer light on one of your dignits, or
we'll have another circus performed to
a limited audience."
I gathered myself up, and trudged
outdoors to cool off.

General News Condensed.
A well-known correspondent of sev-
eral newspapers in America eloped with
the young wife of an English Noble-
man. Detectives tracked the fugitives
to Brussels, but the scent was lost in
that city and it is believed they have
taken passage to the colonies. The la-
dy is stated to be one of the most beau-
tiful women in Europe, and the elope-
ment is considered very incomprehen-
sible by her relatives and friends. The
journalist is old enough to be her father.
The names are not made public.
Ex-United States Senator Nesmith, of
Oregon, has become insane and has
been placed in an asylum.
John W. Garrett, for many years
President of the B. & O. R. R., died
at his cottage at Deer Park, Md., in
his 65th year.
Two more horse thieves were found
hanging to a cottonwood tree on the
Poplar river, Montana Ter. This
makes thirty-three already hung by
vigilants this season.
The Chinese Government has applied
for 8,000 square feet for its display at
the New Orleans Exposition.
Reports from 1,000 points in New
England, Canada and New York show
great injury to the potato crop from rot
and grubs.
A heavy rain in the Miami valley re-
lieved the longest drouth for years in
that section of Ohio. It was the first
rain since August 3.
In anticipation of a prolonged war
with France, large shipments of pro-
visions are being made to China. The
Pacific Mail steamers during the past
month carried from San Francisco 2-
700 tons of flour alone.
Dan Gardner, a former resident of
Pittsburg, but for a number of years a
well-known citizen of Cleveland, shot
his wife and then sent a bullet through
his own brain.
Lesson About Diligence.
There was once a German duke who
disguised himself, and during the night
placed a great stone in the middle of
the road, near his palace.
Next morning a sturdy peasant, named
Hans, came that way with his lum-
bering ox-cart.
"Oh, these lazy people!" said he.
"There is this big stone right in the
middle of the road, and no one will take
the trouble to take it out of the way."
And so Hans went on his way, scold-
ing about the laziness of the people.
Next came a gay soldier along. He
had a bright plume waving from his
helmet, and sword dangling by his side,
and went singing merrily on his way.
His head was held so far back that he
didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled
over it. This stopped his song, and he
began to storm at the country people,
and call them "boors and blockheads,
for leaving a huge rock in the road for
a gentleman to fall over." Then he
went on.
Next came a company of merchants
with pack-horses and goods, on their
way to the fair that was to be held at
the village, near the duke's palace.
When they came to the stone, the road
was so narrow that they had to go off
in single file on either side. One of
them, named Berthold, cried out:
"Did anybody ever see the like of
that big stone lying here all the morn-
ing, and no one stopped to take it a-
way?"
It laid there for three weeks, and
nobody tried to remove it. Then the
duke sent around word to all the peo-
ple on his lands to meet at a deep cut
in the road, called Dornthou, near where
the stone lay, as he had something to
tell them.
The day came, and a great crowd
gathered at the Dornthou. Each side
of the cut were two people, with the
overlooking road. Old Hans, the
farmer, was there, and so was Berthold,
the merchant.
And now a winding horn was heard,
and the people all strained their necks
and eyes toward the castle, as a splen-
did cavalcade came galloping up to the
Dornthou. The duke rode into the cut,
got down from his horse, and, with a
pleasant smile, began to speak to the
people thus:
"My friends, it was I who put this
stone here three weeks ago. Every
passerby has left it just where it was,
and has scolded his neighbors for not
taking it out of the way."
When he had spoken these words, he
stooped down and lifted up the stone.
Directly underneath it was a round
hollow, lined with white pebbles, and in
the hollow lay a small leather bag. The
duke held it up, that all the people
might see what was written on it. On
a piece of paper, fastened to the bag,
were these words, "For him who lifts
up the stone." He untied the bag, and
turned it upside down, and out fell a
beautiful gold ring and twenty large,
bright, golden coins.
Then everybody wished that he had
moved the stone, instead of going a-
round it, and only blaming his neigh-
bors. They all lost the price because
they had not learned the lesson or for-
med the habit of helpfulness. And we
shall lose many a prize, as we go on
life if we don't form this habit. The
bag of money was the duke's promise
of a reward for helpfulness. But the
promise was hidden away under the
stone so that no one could see it.