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House newly refitted and refurnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Rates moderate. Patronage respectfully solicited.
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 Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers on first floor.

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 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.
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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 50cts to \$3.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished.
W. PAINE, M. D.,
 Owner & Proprietor.

Dying for his Master.

A SHEPHERD DOG'S ENCOUNTER WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

"My name is Thomas Wilman, and I live in Philadelphia, where my son Harry is a prominent business man. Thirty-one years ago I married, in Great Barrington, Mass., as pretty a girl as that village (famous for its pretty girls) ever sheltered. She had been well brought up, but had no fortune. I had \$1,500 which I had made by running a sawmill. We were young and had the world before us, and we concluded to go West. Going West in those days didn't mean, as it seems to now, going beyond the Mississippi. Going into 'York State' was going West then. I had a cousin in Cattaraugus, a little village on the Erie Railway, 30 miles east of Dunkirk, and we concluded to go there.

It was late in August when we reached Cattaraugus. My cousin gave us a hearty welcome, and I set about looking for a spot to build. Cattaraugus is a curious sort of a place. The village is surrounded by hills, and the wonder to me is that it doesn't slide down into the washbowl-like valley on the side of which it is built. A little creek runs through the village, and a mile to the west finds itself in a deep, narrow valley, with almost perpendicular sides, 100 feet high. This valley is called Skinner Hollow, and is one of the most picturesque spots on the Erie Road. I went down into the hollow prospecting. The sides, where they were not too steep, were covered with a heavy growth of first-class pine, and for miles around the hills were thick with the same timber. I saw there was money in a sawmill right down in that hollow, and I built one on the stream, which I could see was a good-sized creek most of the year. It is one of the branches of Cattaraugus Creek, which empties into Lake Erie 30 miles west of Buffalo.

"I built my mill there, and close to it a little house, so close in fact, that the two joined. I took Katie, that is my wife, down there, and we began housekeeping. That was well into the winter, and I began logging at once. I hired a gang of men to help me, raised money by contracting my lumber ahead and started in. We cut logs on the hills close to the mill, rigged up slides, and ran them down to the logway. I tell you it was music to me when the saw ripped into the first log and a clean-cut slab dropped away from the teeth. We had a little justification. That was the first log ever cut in Skinner Hollow, and people drove miles to see it. Business was good. There was lots of snow, which made it easy work getting logs to the mill and drawing the lumber out to the village, besides giving me all the water I wanted. In fact water was running over the mill of my flume every hour from the time I turned it into the race till the middle of July. Then a dry spell came on, and I had to shut down for two or three hours every day to let my race fill up.

"But I didn't mind that. I had a tip-top season and had made money. I had logs enough at my door to keep me busy for a year, and I knew where there were plenty more when those ran out. And, besides, I had two to look after instead of one. You wouldn't think if you'd see Harry, with all his refined ways and education, that the first music he ever heard was a saw tearing through a pine knot. But it's so. He was a pioneer's son and knocked around a sawmill till he was into his teens. Well, when business was slow I worked around the house, fixing up things here and there for Katie, so as to make her comfortable. She couldn't have been more contented. She used to think that little sawmill was just about the pleasantest place in the country. Hour after hour she'd stay out there with me, and we'd keep up the conversation while the log was running back and stop when it went up to the saw. Dear me! Dear me! Why, I can see her as she used to look in those days in that little sawmill just as plainly as if I stood there with her to-day. She used to jump on the log and ride up pretty close to the saw and then, just as I would get scared and jump to drag her away, off she'd go. Nobody was ever happier than we were and we have never been as happy since, though we've been pretty happy and are yet."

The yellow sunlight flickered into the room where the two sat, and the wine looked like blood as the dancing rays shone through it. The old man was lost in happy reverie, and the young man ventured to remind him that there was a snake story promised. "True," said the old man, starting, "I'm just coming to that. I lost myself thinking of those old days. There was snakes then, and we had killed them. Rattles used to come out on



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the ledges of rocks and lay in the hot sun. One or two had come around the mill, and I had shot one in our door yard. But we thought nothing of that. People living in the woods or in wild places get used to things that would fill them with horror in a settled country. We expected to find snakes, and as long as they kept their distance or gave us a chance to shoot them when they got too near we didn't mind them.

"As I told you, I fixed up things around the house during slack time. One of the bits of furniture I knocked together was a bedstead. It was more like a broad lounge than a bedstead, for it had neither head nor footboard. One end was raised a little like a couch, and that was the head. We had some bearskins and blankets to cover us. It was a big improvement on the floor where we had been sleeping, and after a hard day's work handling logs I used think it about as comfortable a spot as I knew.

"Well, it got along into the fall and we began to have chilly nights. The equinoctial gave us a big rain, and for a fortnight I had all the water I could use. Then it got dry again. One afternoon, after several days of threatening weather, it began to rain. Hour after hour the rain came down till about 9 o'clock in the evening, when it suddenly cleared off and turned cold. It was late in October and we kept a fire burning on the hearth nights, more for the baby's sake than for our own. Our bed was parallel with the fireplace and stood out near the middle of the room. We had an English shepherd dog named Leo, which we took with us from Massachusetts. He was black and white beauty, and my wife, who had raised him, thought about as much of him as she did of the baby or me—at least I used to tell her so. The dog was fond of me and I made a great pet of him. He was a noble fellow, and all he wanted was for me to whistle just once and he'd come. We let him sleep in the room at the foot of the bed. Sometimes in the morning I'd wake up before my wife and I'd whistle just once to the dog. Up he'd come over the foot of the bed and wake Katie by licking her face.

"That night we were just going to bed when it turned cold. I threw an extra pine knot on the fire and went to the door and looked out. I shall never forget that look, for it was the last time I ever stood there and saw stars above Skinner Hollow. I closed the door and went to bed and soon fell asleep. I slept on the side of the bed nearest the hearth, my wife slept on the further side and the baby lay between us. For some reason I didn't sleep long, and when I waked up I couldn't get to sleep again. Finally I got out of bed and threw another knot on the fire. Leo was stretched out on the floor with his nose between his paws. He eyed me sleepily as I walked around the room and gave me a loving look as I stooped down and patted his head. I went back to bed and fell into an uneasy sleep. All at once I wakened with a start. It must have been past midnight. I seemed to be fully awake the moment I opened my eyes, and such a sight as they rested on God grant they may never see again. I was lying on my left side facing my wife, who was lying on her right side. The baby lay on its back between us. As I opened my eyes a dark object glided down from off the baby, and just then the knot burst into flames and flooded the room with light. A rattlesnake, fully five feet long, had slipped down from between my wife and myself where it had stretched out presumably to get warm, and, startled no doubt by some movement I had made in waking had thrown itself into a coil on the bed at the baby's feet and just opposite my knees.

"Somebody asks if life is worth living. I think it is as a general thing, but if life had many such moments as that I should say emphatically that death was preferable. For a moment I lost my head. I did not move, fortunately, but I seemed to drift entirely out of all consciousness. For a moment only this lasted. Then my senses came back to me, and I felt that from

Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates
 FOR
 PRESIDENT
 AND
 VICE PRESIDENT.

the reaction I would probably tremble from head to foot. How I ever managed to keep my body rigid I don't know, but by an awful effort I did. I knew that to stir was death, perhaps for my boy, perhaps—my God, the thought was agony—for my wife. Outside I could hear the rain dripping from the eaves, and I could detect the sound of water running to waste over the flume. To-morrow, I thought, I'll have plenty of water again. To-morrow! Would I ever see to-morrow again? And if I did would I not meet it alone? In spite of all I could do a shudder ran through my body.

"The snake felt it and raised its head. I could see its eyes glisten and dance in the firelight, and the bright rays glanced over the undulating coils. I could see that the snake was irritated, and I knew that it was liable to spring at any moment. Who would it strike? Either of us was within easy distance. It seemed to me that I could see the beginning of the muscular contraction which would precede the spring.

"All this, of course, passed in a fraction of the time I have occupied in telling it. My wife and boy slept on. I prayed that they might not move, for if they did I felt the snake would throw itself forward. I moved my head slightly. The snake's head again arose, and for the first time it sounded its rattle. Instantly my wife opened her eyes, and some way they rested on the snake. I could see that every vestige of color had left her face, but she did not move a muscle. Then her eyes slowly left the snake and came up to mine.

"Looking back of the nearly thirty years which have elapsed since then I can see the look in her eyes yet. We had sometimes talked about meeting death together. Now it lay between us and in more horrible form than we had ever dreamed of. Yet the look of perfect confidence in me which my wife's eyes almost spoke was something a man does not see more than once in a lifetime. That look seemed to say, for baby's sake, and like a flash I became as cool as I am at this moment. I could not speak but my wife understood that she must keep perfectly quiet and jump. When the time came, slowly and with infinite care I raised my head till I could look down the bed to the floor beyond. My wife's eyes followed mine and we both saw the dog. The hideous eyes of the snake swayed to and fro, and I knew that what was done must be done quickly. I looked at my wife and she realized my plan. Her eyes filled with tears but gave consent. With a prayer for help I moistened my lips and gave one short, sharp whistle. The snake, I think didn't know what to make of it, but the dog, Leo, did. As quick almost as thought he sprang to his feet and bounded on the bed. To this day I've never been able to understand why the snake did not strike when the dog moved, but it did not. As the dog's body rose in the air my wife caught hold of the baby's garments and rolled out of bed. I rolled out on my side, grasped my rifle, which stood at the head of the bed, and turned. The dog and the snake were rolling together on the bed. I caught sight of the snake's head and fired, and the reptile was past doing any harm. The dog staggered off the bed to the floor, shivered, moaned once or twice, looked from my wife to myself with more love than I ever saw before or since in any animal's eyes and died.

"At daybreak the next morning we buried the dog and started for the village. I sold my mill and house to a man who was visiting my cousin, and before sunset we were on our way to Massachusetts. I built another mill in the East, and we prospered and grew rich. Other children came to make our home happy, and there are grand-children now. We have enjoyed life, and enjoy it now. But I tell you, young man, that if poverty stood on one hand and even a glimpse of Skinner Hollow on the other, we would take poverty cheerfully and think we had made a good bargain."

—School Books at the JOURNAL Store on Penn Street.



A REPUBLICAN WELCOME.

Address of Welcome of the Buffalo Cleveland Republicans to Cleveland at the Great Reception given the Governor at his Home.

The committee of Cleveland Republicans, consisting of thirty of the leading Republican business men of that city, have issued the following address of welcome to Governor Cleveland:

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND: You are among us for the first time since your nomination for the high office of President of the United States. The Cleveland Republicans of the city of your home desire to extend to you a formal and hearty welcome. Buffalo has many times shown its confidence in and esteem for you. Twice when Republicans have desired to rebuke dishonesty in their own party they have found in you the efficient instrument. You have been our Mayor and are now our Governor. In every position in which you have been placed you have shown yourself worthy of the trust reposed in you. No honest man of any party ever had reason to regret giving you his support.

Causes similar to those which forced you into the Mayor's chair against your will and made you Governor of the Empire State without your having sought the office now call for your election to the highest office in the nation. The issues of this campaign, which overarched all other interests, is integrity.

"Without honesty wisdom is mere craft and cozenage."
 We want more than anything else in the chair of Washington and Lincoln a fearless, independent, honest man. As Republicans we say with regret that we believe your chief competitor for the Presidential office is not such a man. The record of his official life has caused many even of those who now support him to condemn him as unclean and dangerous. His tell-tale letters, showing how he used his official position to make money for himself, have received many friendly explanations. But none of them has succeeded in explaining away his dishonesty. The taint of corruption clings to them and should—and we believe must—prove an effectual bar to his election to the office he has so long and presciently sought. We deem it especially fortunate that in turning from a candidate whom we cannot trust we find an imposing candidate in every way worthy of confidence.

We prefer an honest Democrat to a dishonest Republican. We cannot understand that sentiment or that superstition which puts party before honor and before country. We cannot comprehend that logic which says that one man may be corrupt a Congressman and yet be trusted to be a model President, and in the same breath tells us that another man though he may be a model Governor cannot be trusted in the Presidency. In the face of such false and contemptible doctrine we say: You have been faithful over the interests placed in your charge. We will strive to enlarge the field of your responsibilities and usefulness. We have watched your official career and have studied your life. We feel that we know you well. We believe that integrity is the basis of your character, that faithfulness to trust is your first rule of life.

We believe that, like Clay, you had rather be right than be President if choice must be made, and that, like Lincoln, you will be firm in the right as God gives you to see the right. We therefore tender you our indorsement and support, and bid you welcome as an honored guest, a Presidential candidate, a model Governor, but greater than all, an honest man.

The executive committee of Cleveland Republicans of Erie county.
ANSLEY WILCOX, Chairman.
RALPH STONE, JOHN B. OLMSTED, Secretaries.

General McClellan's Views.

General George B. McClellan has sounded the key-note of the political situation in the following words: "This contest now is, the mighty and, I firmly believe, the crucial effort of the honest, self-respecting, patriotic classes of this people to overthrow an oligarchy of office-holders which, in all

They Drove Him In.

The owner of a place on Sibley street appeared in front of the house the other morning with a step-ladder and a saw and began the work of trimming up his shade trees. When he was at the first limb a pedestrian halted and queried:

"Going to trim your trees, eh?"

"Yes."

"Um. I see. First-rate time to trim trees. Um. Exactly."

He hadn't got two blocks away before number two came along and called out:

"Going to trim your trees, eh?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I see. Ought to have waited a month later."

The limb was off when No. 3 halted, stood for a minute with his hands in his pockets and then asked:

"Going to trim your trees, eh?"

"Yes."

"Ought to have done that last month."

No. 4 said that April was the proper month. No. 5 wouldn't trim a tree except in May. No. 6 thought November the best time of the year, and so it went until every month in the year had been named and there were five or six individuals to spare. Before the first tree was finished the seventeenth pedestrian halted, threw away the stub of his cigar and loudly demanded:

"Going to trim your trees, eh?"

The man hung his saw to a limb, got down off the ladder, and spitting on his hands he walked close up to the inquirer and said:

"Supposing I am! What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, nothing," answered the other as he dodged around a pile of brick; "I was simply going to ask you if you used tar or porous plasters to cover the scars?"

The citizen got his saw and ladder and disappeared in the house, and the remainder of the work will be done at night.—Detroit Free Press.

The Farmer got a Seat.

An old farmer entered a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy train at Monmouth. Every seat in the car was occupied. The old man walked up and down the aisle two or three times, expecting to see somebody offer him a seat. But nobody stirred. Finally he stopped beside two seats, in one of which a St. Louis drummer had deposited his grips and in the other himself. His feet, encased in cardinal hose and imitation patent slippers, adorned the top of his luggage.

"Is this seat engaged?" inquired the farmer, pointing to the gripsacks.

"Don't you see that it is?"

The old man took another turn down the aisle. He was evidently losing patience. As he returned the train was pulling out. On the side track was a stock train, loaded with squealing porkers.

"Say, Mister," shouted the farmer, unable longer to restrain himself, "be you going up to Chicago?"

"I am so," replied the St. Louis man.

"Wall, all I've got to say is, you're on the wrong train. You ought to be over there on the next track."

The drummer got off at the next stopping place and the old man settled into his seat with a smile as broad as his acres in Knox county.

Perfectly safe.

Jones—"See here, Smith I don't like to hurry you away from the boys, but you are a married man and I am afraid you will have trouble if you stay with us any later. It is nearly midnight."

Smith—"Oh, don't worry about me; I'm all right."

"But you said Mrs. S nearly took the roof off when you got home after midnight."

"Yes, but there is no danger this evening."

"Won't she be awake?"

"Oh, she will be wide awake enough, but my eldest daughter had her beau with her this evening."

"What difference can that make?"

"A very big difference. She will have all the clocks two hours slow."

An alphabetical list of the personages in Sir Walter Scott's novels has just been compiled, from which it appears that they comprise 622 distinct characters.