

Deared & Gephart

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The Millheim Journal.

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Business Men for Cleveland.

An Unparalleled Turnout to Greet the Governor—Thousands Upon Thousands Wild With Enthusiasm.
NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—The business men's meeting at the Academy of Music was a complete success. The building was jammed within 10 minutes from the time of the opening of the door. Thousands upon thousands of people gathered in the vicinity of the building to get a glimpse of Gov. Cleveland, who was expected. The usual pyrotechnic display on a magnificent scale was held in the adjoining streets and the auditorium was tastefully decorated with flowers and bunting. Cheers for Cleveland and Hendricks were heard on all sides, the crowd being particularly demonstrative and enthusiastic. The stage was crowded with delegations from the various exchanges. Ex-Mayor Grace presided, and speeches were made by Governor Wallace, of Connecticut, and H. W. Beecher. During the speech of the latter, Gov. Cleveland was announced. His reception beggars description. Every person in the vast crowd rose to his feet and cheered and waved his handkerchief or hat as though out of his senses. Mr. Beecher appeared to be greatly affected by the enthusiasm. Gov. Cleveland came to the front of the stage and made several attempts to speak. He was not allowed to proceed for fully five minutes. At last he said: **CLEVELAND'S ADDRESS.** "Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you for the kind reception and I am sure it is cause for congratulation that so many of the business men of this great metropolis have found season in the pending political struggle for united and earnest effort. It has been my firm belief that one reason we as a people do not enjoy to the utmost the advantages of our form of Government is found in the fact that our business men are apt to neglect their political duties. The idea is too common among them that there is a heroism and a virtue in refusing to hold office, and the stern denial of any interest in politics seems to be regarded by many of this class as the best asseveration of their private virtue and business integrity. The protection and safety of the interest they have in charge are closely connected with a wise administration of the government, and it has always seemed to me that if a regard for their duty as citizens did not impel them to take a more active interest in political affairs, the desire and need of self-preservation would do so. I believe, too, that the best administration of the government is accomplished when it is conducted on business principles, and it is quite apparent that the active participation of our business men in the political campaign is an affective mode of impressing the principals upon the management of public affairs. "I construe this large and enthusiastic meeting as the determination on the part of the business men, from which it had its rise, as the promise of a time when they shall find the path of duty, as well as interest, in a practical and intelligent interference with political questions and issues." **A LETTER FROM TILDEN.** Uproarious applause punctuated the governor's speech. At every period the cheers were deafening. A letter was read from Samuel J. Tilden regretting that his health prevented his attendance. He says: "I remember gratefully that when it was my duty as governor to engage in a grapple with the canal ring which then swayed all the administrative, legislative and judicial departments of the state and a majority of the local organizations of the democratic party and the organizations of the republican party at the New York produce exchange rallied to my support and stood by my side until that gigantic power was completely overthrown. "I concur in your opinion that the election of Cleveland and Hendricks is demanded by the best interests of the country. I believe that their election will be a substantial victory for the cause of good government and that it will assure us a safe and prudent administration of the chief magistracy of the public in our relations with other countries and that it will restore simplicity and economy in the needs of the federal government. So far that result depends upon the executive, for it will give business men immunity from sudden changes of policy and enable them to respond under the shelter of a stable administrative system, free from favoritism to particular classes and interests and from the injurious fluctuations to which such favoritism and sudden changes always lead. (Signed) SAMUEL J. TILDEN. KELLY CALLS ON CLEVELAND. Governor Cleveland was escorted from the Fifth avenue hotel to the Academy by a committee of members of the different exchanges. He was cheered all along the route. The crowd all different prevented the passage of carriages. Such a rush is rarely seen, even in New York. On his return to the hotel the governor was visited by John Kelly,



General Spinoza and Senator Cullen of Tammany Hall. Mr. Kelly assured him of the sincere support of Tammany. The governor afterward reviewed from the porch a procession from the fourteenth and other districts which occupied over half an hour in passing.

Hensel Issues an Address.

The Promising Outlook—Timely Words of Interest to the People.
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16.—Chairman Hensel, of the democratic state committee, has issued the following address: **To the Democratic and Independent Voters of Pennsylvania:** As the returns from the October election become more complete the magnitude of the victory achieved by the friends of good government is apparent. The discomfiture of our opponents is manifest. In Ohio the republican majority is cut down to one half of that of the corresponding election of 1880, and the democrats have elected more than half the congressional delegation. In Virginia, where Blaine's henchmen had boasted that a republican victory was "a mere matter of finance," the democrats have won an unprecedented majority over a fusion of all opposition. The elections thus far held show republican losses and democratic gains in Alabama, Arkansas, Vermont, Georgia, West Virginia and Ohio. In Maine alone by the greatest effort and through the debauchery of the ballot-box, has Blaine been able to bring any comfort to his party. Whatever the republicans have secured for their candidate has been only by the most desperate contest his party ever made by the degradation of his own candidacy and the prostitution of the civil service and the expenditure of vast sums of money, all concentrated by turns on a single state. Henceforth the enemies of administrative reform must confront a different situation. The battle lines are now formed on a field that stretches across the entire country. An harmonious and aggressive organization in New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut, assures the electoral votes of these states for Cleveland and Hendricks, and secures their election beyond doubt. In California, Nevada, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Massachusetts, our friends make hopeful battle. It remains for the democracy of Pennsylvania and all the friends of better public methods to strengthen the cause by ceaseless efforts in our own state. From this time until election day the democrats and their allies in Pennsylvania must be vigilant and untiring to elect the electoral, congressional, legislative and local tickets which represent the cause of good government. Its friends have every incentive to push forward to the victory which certainly awaits them on the 4th of November. Let there be no laggards in the ranks. Forward along the whole line. **W. U. HENSEL, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee.** While a New Jersey ferry-boat was crossing the river, the other morning, there was a booming of a cannon, which caused many of the people to rush to the windows. "I shouldn't think people would jump up for such a little thing as that," said an old lady to some one who was with her. "I shouldn't think so, either," was the response. Then her little boy spoke. "I've seen a smaller thing than that make a man jump up." "What was it?" asked the old lady. "A carpet-tack," replied the boy, as he moved off a respectable distance to get out of reach.—Puck. The law about the admission of the Chinese is so rigidly enforced on the Pacific coast that a Chinaman resident in San Francisco found, on going across the line into British America, that he could not get back without making the journey to China and return, in order to obtain a certificate that he was a merchant, and not a laborer.

Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.



A LUCKY DISCOVERY.

"And so Miss Dorinda Beam is dead and buried!" "Yes, an' 'ain't left no will—that's the worst of it." Mrs. Grimes stopped churning to listen to the news brought by Neighbor Hockins. "You don't say!" "It's so," declared Neighbor Hockins, emphatically. "Beuly Bittersweet won't get nothing after all, then," observed Mrs. Grimes, lifting the churn-lid to see if the butter was coming. "Not a stiver. An' her allus brought up to think she'd git it all." "Tis too bad. I reckon Peter Fogg an' his woman'll come in fur the property, then?" "Course they will, bein' they're the highest of kin. All the kin-folks she had, I reckon, fur her an' Beuly wasn't no ways related." "I shouldn't think Miss Dorinda'd sleep quiet in her grave, with them Fogg's handling of her things. She bated 'em like pizon while she was alive," remarked Mrs. Grimes. "She hadn't ort to put off makin' her will then. But that's allus the way—folks keeps a-puttin' off an' a-puttin' off, a thinkin' they're goin' to live forever, an' then all at once they're gone 'fore they know it. An' then it's too late. Miss Dorinda died awful sudden, they say—appellery or the like. I dunno what Beuly is a-goin' to do, I'm sure." And indeed poor Beulah herself scarcely knew what she was going to do. "Everything here will be yours, Beulah, when I'm dead and gone," Miss Dorinda had often declared. "That miserly Peter Fogg an' his stony wife won't get a stick or a stone of what belongs to me! I kin tell him, if he is my nephew." And now Miss Dorinda was dead and gone, sure enough, and Peter Fogg and his "stony wife" were the heirs at law. The place had been thoroughly searched for a will, but none could be found, and Lawyer Green, who attended to all Miss Dorinda's affairs, declared that he had not been called upon to make any will; and so poor Beulah was left penniless and alone in the great world. One year ago, Beulah was the promised wife of Richard Barrymore, a stalwart young farmer, who lived with his mother in the old homestead, with its green orchard trees, its meadows of sweet grass, and its waving fields of wheat and corn. But Beulah was young and giddy, and when the new physician, Dr. Clarence Verden, began to pay liver-like attentions to her, Richard grew jealous, a quarrel ensued, and a broken engagement was the upshot of the matter. Since that time, Dr. Vivian had continued his attentions, until Miss Dorinda's death occurred, and Beulah's unfortunate position was made public. Then his visits suddenly ceased, and he found it convenient to "pass by on the other side." A week later, Mr. Fogg and wife came to take possession. He was a hard-featured, miserly man and she a sharp-nosed, avaricious woman. "The ole woman hed a heap o' plunder," remarked Peter, as he went lumbering through the parlors with his heavy cowhide boots. "That there pie-annor won't be here long, though, nor them pictors on the wall!" he declared, eyeing the articles named with a calculating gaze. "I reckon they'll fetch a right smart sum o' money at the auction-rooms, an' I'll cart 'em off an' sell 'em." "There's a hull trunk full o' the ole woman's good clo'se," put in Mrs. Peter who had been exploring the upper rooms. "You must as well cart them off, an' sell 'em, too, Peter. I kain't wear 'em." "Course you caint," said Peter, gruffly. "What do you want of any more clo'se, anyhow? Them you've got on your back is good enough far anybody."

old home, and Peter Fogg and his wife, after refunding the money paid for the piano and other articles, went back to their farm, greatly chagrined at the unexpected turn of affairs. "I wish the pesky trunk had of burnt up 'fore ever we went an' sold it," grumbled Peter. In which unavailing wish Mrs. Peter coincided with him. Among the visitors who soon flocked to congratulate Beulah on her good fortune, was Doctor Clarence Verden; but much to his discomfiture he was informed that "Miss Bittersweet was engaged." And so she was, in more senses than one. For when the first October frosts had crimsoned the trailing ivy-leaves and turned the sumac and sassafras-leaves to scarlet and gold, Beulah Bittersweet was transformed into Mrs. Richard Barrymore.

PAYING CATTLE RANCHES.

Possessions of a Cattle King in the West.
Wonderful Success of a Young Frenchman in an Immense Industry. A Miles City, Montana, letter to the New York Times tells about the thriving cattle trade of the northwest. The writer says: The Marquis de Mores is a great cattle king of this region, and besides having a large amount of capital ready at hand to invest in ranches, cattle, sheep, or horses, as the fancy strikes him, is the possessor of an unusual amount of nerve, good sense, and pluck, to back up whatever he undertakes to do. He is the son-in-law of Baron von Hoffman, who is now in Miles City making arrangements for the building of slaughter and cold storage houses here. The Marquis is not more than 26 years of age, and first landed on our shore in August, 1882 in the city of New York. Before long he became attracted by the stories of the new country along the Northern Pacific Railroad, and came out to inspect for himself. The prospect pleased him, and he bought six square miles of land where the Northern Pacific crosses the Little Missouri River. Here he laid the foundations of a city. The new metropolis was pitched in the very worst spot on the North American continent—so many wise men said—in the midst of bad lands and extinct volcanoes; a country always shunned by the red men, and said, by people who knew all about it, to be unfit for agriculture, grazing, or anything else. Notwithstanding the warnings and predictions of disaster which were gratuitously poured in from all sides for his benefit, the Marquis went right on with the work he had mapped out. On April 1, 1883, he pitched a tent on the banks of the Little Muddy, which was the commencement of building operations. He broke a bottle of wine over the canvass house and iron tent pins that held it in place and christened the embryo city Medora, in honor of his wife. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were purchased, and cowboys were employed to mind them. The Marquis turned his animals loose among the bad lands to pick up a living as best they could, sent for his wife to come from her luxurious eastern home to the little wild western city named in her honor, settled down on one of his ranches hid away among the buttes in the midst of his new possessions, and soon became established as a cotton and wool grower. The enterprising young Frenchman was secure from interference and molestation of any kind so long as he went about his business in his own peculiar style, without attaining success in any of his undertakings. Just as soon, however, as it began to draw upon the bewildered minds of the astonished natives round about that the foreigner was not so crazy after all, but that he was in reality to make a fortune out of the bad lands and extinct volcanoes which they had considered worthless, there was a general uprising of the "terrors of the bad lands" and other big men of the country to try to put a stop to the bold proceeding. The Marquis was not to be frightened. Although his opponents, with a great deal of bluster, appeared in force and presented innumerable 16 pound Spencer rifles and other deadly weapons to scare him out of his wits and drive him from the country, he received them with the choicest lan-

guage and the politest manner possible. He showed however, about as many deadly weapons—all nicely silver mounted—as the other fellows had, although not quite as heavy, and gave the impression that he was capable of defending his right and title to the land purchased by his own money. After one or two "terrors" had been killed and a couple more maimed he was allowed to stick, and he has stuck there ever since. Medora is now a thriving, bustling little town of nearly 1,000 inhabitants, has a real live newspaper called the *Bad Lands Cowboy*, with Mr. G. Packare, formerly of Chicago, editor, and is destined before long to become one of the greatest points along the whole line of the Northern Pacific Railroad for the shipping of dressed beaves to Chicago.

The Marquis' original experiment

has grown into a wonderful business of surprising magnitude. He has a dozen or more ranches scattered all through the bad lands; abattoirs have been built at Helena, Billings, Bullocks, Miles City, and Medora, and refrigerators at Portland, Mandan, Fargo, St. Paul, Brainerd, Duluth, Granger, and Winnipeg. The slaughter house now in erection at Medora will be when completed one of the largest of the kind in the world. It will be built entirely of brick, and will contain room for killing and cooling of 500 cattle a day. At present about 200 head are killed a day, and employment is given to 150 men for that purpose. The business will be increased still further by the addition of glue factories, tanneries, and horn works, and by the investment of nearly \$1,000,000 this year in sheep alone. Besides his sheep and cattle venture De Mores has 30,000 acres of wheat lands near Bismark, Dakota, and over 50,000 acres in the bad land, which are used for grazing purposes alone. He now contemplates the building of a dairy on a grand scale for the exportation of butter, cheese, etc., and is already engaged in transporting in refrigerator cars fresh salmon from Portland Oregon, to New York City. It is said that a carload of salmon costs \$900 in Portland and sells for \$3000 in New York. The total expenses in handling shipping, etc., are \$1100, leaving a clear profit of \$1000 per car. Taking his various ventures into account, the Marquis promises before many years to become one of the great millionaires of the country. "Are you going to make your husband a Christmas-present this year?" inquired Mrs. Tibbs of her dear friend, Mrs. Sweet. "I'm afraid not," responded Mrs. Sweet: "I was designing to, and had saved up quite a sum of money for that purpose; but I saw such a love of a bonnet at Jordan & Marsh's that I could not resist the temptation to buy it. I am afraid Mr. Sweet will have to go without his present. Shall you give Mr. Tibbs anything?" "Oh, yes. I shall give him just a splendid present." "Indeed! What is it to be?" "I shall give him a box of those very expensive cigars of which he is so fond, and which he complains that he can so poorly afford to buy." "How have you managed to save so much money?" "Oh, I haven't done it that way. When he leaves his box carelessly on the library table, I take out one or two cigars and lay them away carefully, so that by Christmas I shall have enough to fill a box." "What a perfectly lovely idea! Won't he be surprised?"—Boston Globe. A Land Where There are no Elopements. Elopements are not believed in in Lapland, for if a man marries a maid without her parents' consent the penalty is death. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If a maid overruns her suitor the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion for marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend to meet some casualty, and voluntarily halt before she comes to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their wishes, and this is the case that in this poor country the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and cause real unhappiness.