

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.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 58.

MILLHEIM, PA. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1884.

NO. 43.

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 1 wk. 2 mos. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
3 column 2.00 4.00 6.00 10.00 18.00
" 4.00 7.00 10.00 15.00 25.00
" 6.00 10.00 15.00 25.00 40.00
" 8.00 15.00 25.00 40.00 75.00
One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors Notice \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

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

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

D. R. 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.

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

D. R. 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 Buss to 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 Travelers on first floor.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,
Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
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.
JOS. M. FEGAR, 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 50cts to \$3.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished.
W. PAINE, M. D.,
Owner & Proprietor.

Very Neatly Done.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn's Sunday School Class of Presidential Candidates.

The Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic church, delivered an impromptu address at the reception of Daniel McSweeney in the academy of music, New York, the other evening, in the course of which he said:

"I should like to preach to you this evening about some of the old undisputed religious and moral truths that you know well enough, but that some may unfortunately be too prone to forget. How will it do to preach to you a little about some of the ten commandments, those particularly that concern most closely the political duties of individual voters, and still more the duties of officers elected or appointed by public trusts? How will it do for a text? [Great laughter and applause.] For the other, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' [Renewed laughter.] Or that other, 'Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain.' 'Thou shalt not swear falsely.' [Laughter and applause.] Or that other great and positive commandment, which in enjoining reverence, love and obedience to a father and mother, is, in the opinion of theologians, doctors and saints, intended to enforce also unselfishness, devotion and self-sacrificing attachment to the best interests of our fatherland, our motherland. [Applause.]

"It would be, I think, a very proper test to which to put the multitudinous aspirants to the presidential office, to catechise them as to their opinions, and, if you choose, their practice, as concerns these fundamental maxims of private and public morality. Well, then, let us get up a Sunday school class—[laughter] composed of said applicants; let us imagine the seven, or eight or more of them all sitting like good little boys and girls upon a bench upon this stage. [Great laughter.]

"Then we shall have Miss Belya Lockwood, Mr. St. John and one good-looking little boy, who never goes fishing on Sunday or does any other naughty thing, who is well known as little Benjie Butler—[great laughter and applause.] and we must not forget Mr. James G. Blaine and Governor Grover Cleveland. [Great applause.] Do not be afraid, I am not going to say anything partisan. I may have my own partisan predilections—but I am not going to tell you what they are, although, perhaps, some of you may be shrewd enough to guess. [Loud laughter.]

"Well, let the class commence; I should say to each aspirant, for instance; 'Sonny, or Sissy,' as the case may be, 'what do you think of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal'? If another 'smart' boy should answer, 'Well, I should not like to say anything in praise of stealing, it would not sound well, but if you want my real view the crime is not so much in stealing as in being found out.' [Laughter.] I should instantly have to say, 'O, perverse and unregenerate youth, go down to the foot of the class.' [Great laughter and applause.] And if another bright boy should answer: 'Stealing is always wrong and cannot, therefore, be politic; and is really stealing in the higher sense of the commandment to abuse a public trust to private ends and to private gain,' I should say to that little boy: Good boy, for you, go up to the head of the class.' [Laughter and great applause.] And so I should put them through all those commandments that have the directest bearing upon the election to public office and the administration of public trust.' [Applause.]

Repudiating Butler.

Greenback and Labor Men Declare for Cleveland and Hendricks.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—At a special meeting of the county committee of the national greenback-labor party of the city held last evening at Turner's Hall the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That the county committee of the national greenback-labor party of the city and county of New York in convention assembled, do hereby repudiate the action of the state committee in supporting Benjamin F. Butler for president of the United States, and as it has come to our knowledge that the said Butler is in close alliance with the republican party and that his pretended personal campaign is being conducted in the interest of James G. Blaine, the autocrat and enemy of the working classes of the United States; "Resolved, That this committee do hereby pledge their united support to Cleveland and Hendricks, and will use all their influence with the workingmen and labor organizations to defeat Butler and his colleague James G. Blaine." The committee adjourned to meet at Clarendon hall, Thirteenth street, Thursday evening.



John Kelly Talks.

He Will March with His Bravest to Victory and Escort Cleveland to the White House.

"Will Tammany support the Democratic national ticket?" "Well, that's a pretty question to ask," said Hon. John Kelly in reply to a Journal reporter's query. "Yes, sir; Tammany will support the Democratic candidates and the support she will give will mean sixty or seventy thousand majority in New York."

"There has been some talk of deals and bargains into which Tammany might be drawn?" "Deals with whom? The Republicans? Oh, no, Tammany can afford to ignore all that sort of talk and will persevere the even tenor of her way undisturbed by such rumors. You have doubtless heard of the fellow who cried 'wolf! wolf!' when there was no wolf, and what happened to him. It would be well for the people to keep their eye on those who are so ready to cry, 'deal deal!' Tammany makes no deal. Mr. Cleveland was not Tammany's choice, to be sure, but he is the nominee of the party of which Tammany forms such an important part, and Tammany will be true to him as she has ever been true to the candidates of the Democratic party."

"Then Mr. Cleveland will be elected, you think?" "He will be the next President beyond a doubt. Blaine is already defeated. The Ohio election was a small failure for the Republicans and now they are out with a begging letter from the National Committee asking for funds with which to carry Indiana and New York, for it will do no good; and as for Indiana, they can't put money enough in the State to carry it."

"As to your call on Governor Cleveland?" "Well, now, really it seems odd that people will exercise themselves so much about so little. Can you see anything strange in my paying my respects to the Governor of the State and the nominee of my party when he was here, I may say, as the guest of the Democrats of New York? I called on him as a great many other gentlemen did, and perhaps he did me the honor of detaining me somewhat longer than he did some others in pleasant conversation, and I'm free to say that matters pertaining to the good of the party were touched upon and discussed."

Was Not His Arm.

The other evening a young lady with a white swiss skirt, black Jersey jacket and white cape, and her beau were promenading on East Washington street, when it suddenly became apparent to them that there was something unusual about them. Men stopped and looked after them, girls giggled and boys hooted.

"Sylvia, what on earth is the matter with everybody this evening?" queried the beau.

"I don't know, and what is more, I don't care, snorted Sylvia.

"What ails them?" asked one girl of another, just as they passed the unhappy couple.

"Don't know, unless she's sick and he has to hold her up," asked her companion.

"Take off your arm!" cried a boy.

"Pull down the blinds!" shouted his chum.

"Gosh! Ain't they lovin'?" bellowed a third.

Cleveland and Hendricks,

Democratic Candidates

FOR
PRESIDENT
AND
VICE PRESIDENT.

Her Heart's Desire.

"I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your invocation. I become more and more convinced of the fact every day, and less contented with the life we are leading."

Breakfast was over, and we stood on the farmhouse porch, arm in arm. On the sill of the door sat baby, screaming with delight as she fed a pair of pet pigeons from her dimpled hands. Our breakfast had been a delightful one—coffee as clear as amber, bread like snow and steak done to a turn.

All about us was a green tangle of sweetbriar and honeysuckle; the sun was just rising above the distant hills and the morning air was fresh and sweet, and filled with exquisite woodland odors and musical with the song of birds. We could catch a glimpse of the barn and poultry yards where we stood, and hear the plaintive lowing of the kine and the dream-like twinkle of the bells. I felt a vague sort of conviction that Jack had but little sympathy with my spirit of discontent, yet I was determined to carry my point if possible.

"You are dissatisfied with your lot—I see that plainly, Nell," said Jack, a trifle sadly.

"Oh, nonsense," I put in. "Not with my lot, nor with you, nor with the farm, Jack; I am tired to death with this prosy, humdrum life, and I hate to see you delving and toiling like a slave from one year's end to another. You are born for something better, Jack—something nobler and grander. Fancy a man of your abilities sowing grain, digging potatoes, and raising stock to his life's end."

"But, my dear," suggested Jack, "one must live and have bread and butter."

"To be sure Jack; but why not earn it in a more genteel fashion?" "Honest labor is always genteel, Nell."

"Oh, pshaw! You misunderstand me, Jack. I mean that you have capabilities for something better. You only cling to the old farm to please your father, when you could do a hundred-fold better elsewhere. And, besides, where is your society in this place, Jack? What chance is there for our children as they grow up?" Jack laughed as he glanced down at baby, who was struggling furiously to get a pigeon's head into her mouth.

"Ah, Nell, that is looking so far ahead," he said; "and, my dear, you seem to forget that I have lived here all my life."

"No, no, I don't forget; and, pray, what have you done, Jack?" "Led an upright life and married you."

"But you didn't pick me up among the clover blossoms, Jack; don't forget that. You found me in town, and, Jack, dear, I'm so anxious to get back to my native element; I'm tired of all this. You can get on ever so nicely in own, Jack; and there we can get into society."

"I am not over-fond of society, Nell."

"Oh, but you should be, for my sake, Jack. I'm fond of it. I hate to live here like a hermit. Why, Jack, if we desire to give a little party to-morrow, we could not, for lack of guests."



ever since our marriage, I think you can afford to please me a little now." Jack sighed as he looked out upon the ripening grain fields, but he drew me close to his heart and kissed me.

"That's true," he said; "you can't be expected to care for the farm as I do. Nell, I promised to make you happy when you consented to be my wife, and I'll try to keep my word. You shall have your own way, Nell."

The continuous dropping of water wears away the solid stone. I had conquered my husband at last and the desire of my heart was about to be accomplished. When Jack once made up his mind to do a thing, he did it with all his might. The matter was soon settled. Cherry Hill, as we called the farm, was sold at a great sacrifice, and one sunny morning we turned our backs upon the breezy down and golden grain fields and journeyed cityward.

"I'm afraid you've made a great mistake," said Jack's father as he bade us good-by; "you'd better have stuck to the farm. 'You remember the old saying about the rolling stones.'"

"I don't believe in old sayings, sir," I answered, loftily, "and I think I can appreciate my husband's ability better than any one else can."

"All right; hope you won't find yourselves mistaken, my dear. Good-by to both of you. Whatever you do, care well for the little one. I'm afraid she won't like the change. If you happen to tire of the town and fashion, don't forget that a welcome awaits you at home."

Jack's heart was too full for utterance. "Thank you, sir; I said; but we shall not get tired."

Our new home in town was a stylish residence in a fashionable street. We established ourselves in the princely hotel, and then set about furnishing the house.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vanborough, the banker's wife, dropping in for an early call, don't dream of such a thing as engrain carpet. Get Brussels by all means; good English Brussels. You'll find it much cheaper in the end, and, besides, it's much more stylish."

We hearkened to our friend's advice, and the cost ran up into hundreds. Then furniture was got to match, Mrs. Vanborough and several other friends aiding us in our selection, and all sorts of pretty costly bric-a-brac, real lace curtains, and a new piano. My old instrument was too plain and clumsy for the new establishment.

There is a sort of curious excitement in spending money, which seems to drive the most sober and economizing people desperate when they once get at it. Jack had always been one of the most careful of men, counting the cost of everything as he went and saving every stray penny. One in the vortex of town life his prudence was speedily changing into a sort of recklessness. After the first few days, and by the time our new home was ready to receive us, he actually seemed to take delight in seeing his money go.

"We've got snug quarters here, Nell, by George!" he said, looking through the extravagantly-furnished rooms with admiring pride. "No one in town can out-shine us, not even Vanborough himself. It has lightened our purse a good deal, I'll admit, but what does that signify? What good comes of having money unless one enjoys it?"

"We must try and save up a little now, Jack, since we are fixed up so nicely," I said, feeling somewhat terrified at his growing recklessness.

"Pshaw, child. Who ever heard of a banker's clerk saving anything? If we make both ends meet, it will be more than I look for."

"My dear," said Mrs. Vanborough, when we were pleasantly situated in our handsome house and hired a couple of servants, "I suppose you will want to give some kind of a party now? It is customary, you know. Suppose you let it be an informal reception, with cards and coffee for the old people, and tea and fruits and dancing for the young ones. That would do nicely. You can throw your parlor into one, and the new carpets will not get much injured. I'll help you

order your refreshments, and Cecelia will write your invitations for you. She is an excellent judicious as to whom it is expedient to invite."

I mentioned the matter to Jack when he came home, and he entered into the spirit of the affair with great excitement.

"To be sure, little wife have a party by all means. When one is in Rome one must do as Romans do, you know. Don't spare expense, either, my dear; we must make as good a show as other people. And I shall take upon myself to order your costume. I want you to look a grand as a little empress."

"But, Jack," I suggested, timidly, "we are spending a great deal of money."

"Oh, well, never mind. It will go somehow, one way or another, and we might as well enjoy it. You've always wanted to get into good society, Nell, and you're fairly in now, and it won't do to let people see that you are cramped for money. Let's make the most of it while we've got it."

My heart ached a little, and in the midst of all the flare and flutter of preparation I was conscious of a vague feeling of regret whenever I recalled the quiet moments of my early widowhood I spent at Cherry Hill. Jack had seemed to take as much pleasure in life's frivolities as I did. With the foolish inconsistency of my sex I sat down and cried over the consummation of the very hopes which I had cherished so long.

But, despite my tears, the reception came on, and it turned out to be a great success. The best people in town honored us with their presence, and everything, thanks to Mrs. Vanborough's foresight, was carried on in the most lavish and elegant manner possible.

"By George," said Jack, "this sort of thing is jollier than the old farm. I see now, little wife, that you are right."

I would ten times rather he should have upbraided and blamed me for what I had done. The winter that followed was exceedingly gay. We were invited everywhere, and our house was constantly filled with guests; ball, soirees, kettledrums and the opera seemed to embrace every hour. Jack and I seldom had a quiet moment together, yet he seemed to enjoy it with his whole heart. When Spring came our last surplus dollar had been expended and we were dependent on Jack's monthly salary.

The warm weather came on and baby soon fell ill. I hoped day by day that Jack would say something about going back to his father's for the Summer, but he didn't even hint at such a thing. The days grew longer and warmer. The sun shone down with pitiless splendor and the paved streets seemed like heated brass. Our fashionable friends fluttered off like summer swallows and we were left almost alone.

"Couldn't you manage to make a little trip to the seashore, my dear?" Mrs. Vanborough had suggested, and Jack caught at the idea with eagerness.

"We might, Nell; I think we can. I'll try and borrow a few hundred somewhere."

"Oh, Jack, no, no!" I sobbed out in my remorse and despair. "I won't go to the seashore. You see how ill baby is. Oh, Jack, ask your father to let us return home."

"Oh, you wouldn't be satisfied, Nell, if we went back. It's dreadful stupid down there these days with the hay-making and reaping and all that sort of thing. We never should be able to endure it there now."

I said no more. The long, bright, burning days wore on, and our bills ran up higher, and baby's little breath seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and poor Jack himself seemed to look dreadfully ill and worn. And one afternoon he was sent home in a carriage quite unconscious, stricken down by a sudden fever. I put my pride aside then, and wrote a letter to Jack's father.

"Jack and the baby are both ill," I said, "and we are sick and tired of life. Pray forgive us, and let us come home."

The very next day the dear old gentleman arrived, but the sheriff was before him, Jack having confessed judgment in a law suit. The rumor that we intended to leave town got out, and our creditors rushed in, anxious to secure the lion's share of our effects. The Brussels carpet, the handsome furniture, and the costly bric-a-brac, all went under the hammer at disastrously low figures.

"Never mind," said my father-in-law, not a shadow of reproach on his kind old face, "let them squabble over it, if they will. We must get the sick ones home."

So we got Jack into the carriage, and with his poor hot head upon my knee and baby in my arms, I turned my back

upon the scene of short lived triumph. "We are going back to Cherry Hill," said the old gentleman, as in the dusk of the golden day we drove through the dewy stillness of the sheltered lane. "The old home has been waiting for you all these months. I was pretty sure you would come back."

I could not utter one word in answer. A great full moon was rising above the distant hills as we reached the house. Not the smallest thing was changed. The great red roses bloomed on the terrace, the bees droned in their hives, and the cattle-bells tinkled in the barnyard. The door was wide open.

We carried Jack in, and laid him down in the broad, breezy room that had been our bridal chamber. He opened his eyes and drew a deep, quivering breath as the refreshing breeze touched his throbbing head.

"Nell, where are you?" he said. "Surely, this must be home."

"I am here, Jack?" I answered through my tears; "and this is home, dear old Cherry Hill!"

"Thank God!" he murmured, and fell back among the pillows, and I saw great tears trickling slowly from beneath his closed eyelids.

Beyond the open window, in the silvery glory of the rising moon, the old grandfather sat, with baby at his feet, half hidden in the rank, cool grass, and even at that hour the pigeons came fluttering around her as of old, and she screamed with rapture as she clutched at them with her thin, little hand.

I rose softly and fell on my knees beside Jack's low pillow.

"Oh, Jack," I sobbed. "I have been so wicked. Forgive me! I am so glad, so very glad to be at home again."

His worn face grew radiant and his dear arms held me close. And then and there, clasped to my husband's heart, in the sweet shelter of the home he loved, I understood all the past.

"You didn't mean it, Jack," I whispered. "You only pretended to enjoy it to please me."

He smiled most tenderly at me with his grave, fond eyes.

"And, oh, Jack, our money is all gone, and—"

He silenced me with a kiss.

"No matter, little woman, the lesson we have learned has been cheaply bought. We shall not care to leave the safe old nest in search of fashion and society again."

I could not answer. I heard my baby cooing to the pigeons in the grass, and I sat there, clasped in Jack's forgiving arms, the happiest woman the round world held.

Talmage on Crime.

Extravagances account for the positive crimes, the forgery, and the abscondings of the officers of the banks. The store on Broadway and the office on Wall street are swamped by the residence on Madison Square. The father's the husband's craft capsize by carrying too much domestic sale. That is what springs the leak in the merchant's money-till. That is what cracks the pistols of suicides. That is what tears down Marine Banks. That is what stops insurance companies. That is what halts this nation again and again in its triumphant march of prosperity. Look at the one fact that is a matter of solid statistics that in this country, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn—I will narrow it down—it is estimated that there are over five thousand women whose apparel costs them over two thousand dollars a year each. Things have got to such a pass that when we cry over our sins in church, we wipe the tears away with a one hundred and fifty dollar pocket-handkerchief! Here is a domestic tragedy in five acts.