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Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS
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cuted.

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Examinations for admission, September 9.

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sexes, and offers the following courses of study:
1. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
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ladies under charge of a competent lady French-
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on Penn street, south of race bridge,
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Bread, Pies & Cakes
of superior quality can be bought at
any time and in any quantity.

**ICE CREAM AND FAN-
OY CAKES**
or Weddings, Picnics and other social
gatherings promptly made to order.

Call at her place and get your sup-
plies at exceedingly low prices. 34-3m

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THE BEST STORE!

G. A. HARTER'S
GROCERY

Main St., opposite Bank, Millheim, Pa.

Finest Groceries in the
market.

Choice Confectioneries!
FRESH OYSTERS!

Best Tobacco and Cigars!
COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN AT THE
HIGHEST HOME MARKET PRICES!

Call and get Low Prices!
TERMS CASH!

FRANCES DE HARTE.

A TRUE STORY.

More than seventy years ago there
lived in Demerara, British Guiana, a
planter whose name was De Harte.
He lived near Georgetown, the principal
seaport of that colony, and owned a
large plantation, which produced in
great abundance the products of that
tropical land. This plantation was till-
ed by negro slaves, as this time was be-
fore slavery was abolished in the Brit-
ish empire.

The household of De Harte consisted
of himself, his two daughters, and his
servants; his wife had been dead years
before.

Here he lived a quiet, luxurious life,
knowing and caring as little about the
rest of the world as did the slaves who
tilled his lands.

There was a brisk trade then, as now,
between Demerara and various parts of
New England; vessels could be seen at
any time in the harbor of Georgetown;
Yankee goods and notions were ex-
changed for molasses, rum, spices and
tropical fruits.

The captain of one of these Connect-
icut merchant vessels made the ac-
quaintance of De Harte, visited his
plantation, and was hospitably treat-
ed; but the generous and unsuspecting
South American was basely rewarded
for his kindness.

De Harte's two daughters were young
girls, the eldest, Frances, was sixteen;
the younger, whose name is now forgot-
ten, was a beautiful girl; this one had
never been robust, and, as a conse-
quence, had been tenderly brought up.

Neither of these young ladies had ever
known labor, wait or care, nor where
they likely to as far as human eyes
could see.

Captain B— advised De Harte to
have his daughter educated in New
England, pointing out the advantages
of an education and residence in New
England; but the fond father was loth
to send them away so far. The cap-
tain urged him, promising to take the
best care of the girl, to look after their
welfare in every respect. "In short—to
care for them as if they were his own
daughters. In this manner he induced
De Harte to yield to his wishes. The
girls, meanwhile, favored the plan, be-
ing like most young people, pleased
with the thought of visiting foreign
countries.

Now this was all right, and the plan
of their education an excellent one, had
Captain B— been an honest man; but
he was a villain, and this move-
ment was the means of bringing great
injustice and sorrow upon De Harte
and his daughters.

In due time the vessel sailed. De
Harte accompanied his daughters on
board, took a tender farewell of them,
committing them to the care of this
man in whom he had perfect confi-
dence. He returned to his home with
that lonely feeling which parents feel
when the children are gone. The lone-
ly years lay before him, but he little
knew the sorrow in store for him and
them.

On their arrival in Connecticut they
were placed immediately in school.
They commenced their studies with in-
terest, but like most South Americans
seventy years ago, they were very ig-
norant—neither of these girls could
read or write.

At the end of the term Captain B—
paid the bills, which was the last mon-
ey they received from him. When
payment again became due he told
them he had received no money from
De Harte. They continued awhile
longer at school, expecting funds to ar-
rive from home. The money did not
come, and Captain B— finally told
them that they need expect no more
money from their father, and that they
must take care of themselves.

About this time the younger girl
died; she had never been strong from
childhood, and the cold winter of New
England was too severe for her. A
lung trouble set in which soon termi-
nated her frail life. It is a sad part
of our story—the death of this young
and gentle girl, that she should die in a
strange land under such afflictive cir-
cumstances is truly sad, but those who
believe in revelation, and look from
this world to a better one, will be grati-
fied to know that she died a Christian.
She passed away peacefully, looking
with faith to that "better country," "where
there is no sorrow or crying, for the
former things have passed away."

The next that we know of Frances,
the sister, is that she was earning a
livelihood in Jewette City, Conn.
This was a small village then, but lit-
tle like the Jewette City of to-day; yet
even then there was a small factory on
the banks of the Patchogue river. In
this little factory Frances De Harte
found employment for many years.
There is something touching and even
sublime in the thought of this friend-
less girl earning an honest living, by

hard labor, in preference to being de-
pendent upon others. Now we must
remember that she had been reared in
a home of wealth and luxury, in a
warm country, where all the surround-
ings were calculated to enervate both
body and mind; she had just buried
her only sister and friend, but above
all, the strange and unnatural treat-
ment of her father was enough to drive
her to despair. Now many women in
like circumstances would have commit-
ted suicide, or sunk into a life of shame
and misery. Let those who are tried
and tempted take encouragement from
the heroine of this true story, remem-
bering that honest labor, next to faith
in God, is the best antidote for all sor-
row.

Frances was industrious and trusty
as an operative, and had the respect of
those who knew her; she was economi-
cal in the use of money, and managed
to lay up most of her earnings against
sickness or any other calamity.

When she had been at the factory a-
while she made the acquaintance of a
young man, whose acquaintance proved
a great misfortune to her. John M—
C— was one of those worthless char-
acters found in all classes of society;
he had a handsome person, and pleasing
manner, but was fickle-minded and
unprincipled. He took a fancy to the
pretty South American girl, and paid
his address to her. After a short ac-
quaintance they were married; this
was the most unwise step taken during
the years of her trial. Her husband
deserted her in less than a year, with-
out acquainting her or his employers of
his departure. No one knew where he
went, nor was he heard of there again.

His young wife was greatly shocked
and grieved; this was the most bitter
trial yet. She had loved and trusted
him as her only earthly friend; no won-
der that she felt crushed and broken-
hearted; but the promise of God came
to her aid; her brave and hopeful spir-
it rallied, and she took up the burden
of life again.

About this time she became an in-
mate of my grandfather's family, and
it is from this circumstance that I be-
came acquainted with her history.

Here she remained for months, and
here her son was born. The support
of the child was an additional burden,
but it was a burden that love made
light. Her affection for the child was
a tie to earth which otherwise had but
little attraction.

She went to the factory again, and
worked patiently for years. The hours
for labor were longer then than now,
and wages much smaller. In the sum-
mer time, when the long day's work
was over, she might have been seen go-
ing to my grandfather's leading her lit-
tle boy by the hand. There was an oak
tree on the hillside half way to the
house; here she would stop and rest,
and while the child played she would
look away to the south and ask herself
if she would ever see her childhood's
home again.

There is no portrait of this young
woman except what tradition has given
us. I remember of asking my mother's
aunt how Frances De Harte looked.

"She was rather short of stature," said
she, "and had a dark complexion, but
her eyes—I shall never forget how they
looked; they were very dark, and had
a deep, and far off look." She seemed
much affected during a thunder storm,
usually shedding tears. When asked
if she felt afraid, she replied: "No,
but the storm makes me think of home,
for we have them every day in Demer-
ara."

Here little John M— C— grew
up a tall and handsome boy; he had
the fine form, blue eyes and fair com-
plexion of his unworthy father, but the
pensive smile reminded the beholder of
his mother and her sorrows.

After several years had passed Frances
determined to visit Demerara; she
had long desired to go. She had now a
little sum of money, the fruit of her
toil and economy. She accordingly
prepared to visit her native country,
and that father whose strange conduct
had made her an exile from her child-
hood's home.

The voyage to Demerara was long
and tempestuous, and it seemed an age
to her before the vessel came in sight
of home. With what feelings must she
have watched the approaching shore!
There was the familiar trees, the cocoa
palms, lifting their stately heads along
the coast. Yes, it was home, but would
it be a home to her.

It would be interesting to know the
particulars of the meeting between this
father and daughter; it must have
been something like the meeting of Ja-
cob and his son Joseph; like them of
old, De Harte and his child had been
separated by the villany of man.

That infamous Captain B— had
told De Harte that his daughters were
dead, after first obtaining large sums
of money, which he claimed to have
spent for them. The father of course
believed him, and, like Jacob of old, he
mourned for his children as dead.

Great was the grief and indignation
of De Harte when he learned what cru-
el imposition had been practiced upon
him and his loved ones. As he looked
at his daughter, now a grave and quiet
woman, he wondered if she was the
lighthearted girl whom he saw sail a-
way to the United States. And how
strangely he looked to her, with his
white hair and stooping form—sorrow
had made him prematurely old.

But what a change in his life when
this child was restored; everything on
the old plantation seemed brightened,
for he received her as from the dead,
believing her to have been dead for
years.

"Father," said she, when they had
talked the subject over, "we will never
be separated again while we both live."
And they never were.

Years passed away and her friend in
Jewette City heard nothing of her. But
one day in the summer of 1837, as the
stage-coach stopped in the village, a
dark-eyed woman stepped out and in-
quired if old Mr. B— still lived there.

Being answered in the affirmative, she
took her way up the long village street
and knocked at my grandfather's door.
It was Frances De Harte.

What a joyful surprise it was, and
how eagerly they listened to what had
befallen her since she went away. She
was a widow now, having married af-
ter her return to Demerara. Her father
died soon after her husband, leaving
a large property to her and the child-
ren. The two little ones which her
husband left were at home in the care
of the servants. Her son John M—
C— was with her, now a grown up
young man.

She visited all the familiar places, es-
pecially the little factory where she la-
bored so long; walked up the hillside
and sat under the shade of the oak tree
where she had so often rested when
sad and weary. And John was with
her, no longer a little child, but whose
strong arm could now assist her up the
hill.

But her visit in this country was not
long; those little ones at Demerara
were in her thoughts, and quickened
her steps homeward.

Among the gifts left her friends was
a cocoanut shell carved by one of her
servants. This was given to my grand-
mother, who kept it carefully during
her life; it then became my mother's
who was choice of it for grandmother's
sake; it is now mine, doubly prized
for its interesting history, and its asso-
ciation with the loved ones gone.

Fifty-seven years have brought great
changes. There is probably no one
now living here who knew Frances De
Harte. If this story were a fiction, we
could tell the career of Captain B—
and how he prospered with his ill-got-
ten gain; we could tell the subsequent
history of that worthless husband;
but if we believe the Lord reigns, we
know that justice has been given them,
but when and how it is not for us to
know.

The oak tree mentioned above is still
growing on the hillside—a beautiful
and noble tree; these fifty-seven years
have greatly added to its beauty and
grandeur. Houses have been built on
the hillside, and in summer time groups
of children can be seen playing under
the tree. But of all who have sought
its shade, which one has a more roman-
tic history than the subject of this sto-
ry?

The Fat in the Fire.

Mrs. Miller is a very stout woman.
At a distance she looks like a water-
tank at a railroad station. She is the
biggest woman in Waco. She is very
sensitive about her corpulence. At a
social gathering she mentioned acciden-
tally that she had been suffering from
rheumatism, but thanks to the skill of
Dr. Blister she was entirely cured of it.

"Dr. Blister is a very popular doctor,"
remarked Frank Cooper.

"I don't think he has a large practice,"
said Mrs. Miller.

"If you are his patient he is bound to
have a tremendous practice," said
Frank.

When Mrs. Miller gave her next so-
cial gathering, it is safe to bet that
Frank will shine by his absence. He
will be the most absent man in the
whole town. Mrs. Miller is so mad a-
bout it, that she is falling off at the
rate of twenty pounds a day.—*Texas*
Siftings.

A French physician has written a
long letter on the advantages of groan-
ing and crying. He tells of a man who
reduced his pulse from 125 to 60 in the
course of a few hours by giving vent to
his emotions.

Persons addicted to the habit of
sticking their tongues out while work-
ing should take warning from the ex-
perience of an Allegheny man, who,
while chopping wood a few days ago,
was struck on the chin with such force
by a fragment as to almost completely
sever his organ of speech.

THE DIAMOND DRUMMER.

Men with Big Fortunes in their
Vest Pockets.One of them Speaks Interestingly
of His Life and Experiences.

"My life is anything but a life of
ease and pleasure," said a veteran
traveling salesman for one of the large
diamond houses in America, seated
in an easy chair at an uptown club.

"I have been on the road for over
twenty years, and have traveled all
over America and Europe," continued
he, taking an easier position on his
chair and lighting a cigar. "It is
sometimes a wonder to myself to think
of what I have been through and lived-
I spent ten months out of the twelve
on the road, and I live nearly
always on the train or boat. I seldom
stop at a city longer than two or three
days. I must stop at the best hotels,
on account of the valuable property I
carry. I start out on my trips twice
a year, from New York, in May, and
November, taking \$150,000 to \$200,-
000 worth of stones with me each
trip. I have a regular route that I go
over once a year. I take the west in
on my May trip and go south as far
as Mexico in November. I am treat-
ed much more courteously than the
ordinary jewelry salesman by the peo-
ple to whom I sell. In the first place,
my having such an enormous amount
of property in my pockets commands
a certain kind of respect. There is a
curious fascination about diamonds
that few men can resist. Nearly ev-
erybody loves to look at them and
watch the different effects of light on
them in various positions. When a
diamond drummer enters a store and
makes known his business, he is gen-
erally invited back into a private room
and asked to show his stock. If a
stone suits a customer, instead of or-
dering so many by sample, he buys at
once, gives his note and the transac-
tion is complete."

"How do you carry your diamonds?"
"In cases like this," replied the sales-
man, taking out a Russian leather
case shaped like a common envelope.
It was about six inches long by four
broad and sewed together with strong
silk thread. It was lined with oiled
silk, and fitted on the inner back with
two compartments also envelope
shape. When folded up two heavy
bands of elastic held the laps. It
looked like an ordinary pocketbook.

"That little book," continued he, "will
carry about \$30,000 worth of di-
amonds. Nice pile, eh? I have my
vests especially made to accommodate
these cases. I have seven of them
and pockets for each one. All the
pockets are on the front of the vest
and strongly protected from pickpock-
ets. An affective protection against
the knife of the pickpocket is a fine
gauze of steel sewed next to the cloth
of the vest. Very few can go through
that in the short time they have to
work. I never take my vest off, even
while I am sleeping. I have never
lost a dollar's worth by robbery or
otherwise."

"Of course you go armed?"
"Well, slightly," replied he with a
quiet smile, reaching back of him and
bringing out an improved Colt revolver,
38-caliber. "I carry two of these
with me or two Colt's derring pistols
when on the road. I practice shoot-
ing regularly, and I think I can hit a
five-cent piece at fifty paces."

"I can tell you the life of a diamond
broker is one that requires nerve, and
a great deal of sharpness. In the west
last summer, on my way from Denver
to Chicago, I discovered I was follow-
ed by a man who had got wind of my
vocation and the diamonds I carried
with me. I had an alligator skin travel-
ing bag, which I had put up in the
rack over my head in the railroad car.
He evidently thought I was fool en-
ough to put my diamonds in that
bag, by the way he eyed it. At a
way station, about one hundred miles
this side of Denver, we had twenty
minutes for dinner. I went out with
the rest, leaving the bag in the rack.
Instead of going to the dinner table I
took up my stand at the window look-
ing toward the cars. I saw this fel-
low walk up to the rack, take down
the bag and throw the strap of it over
his shoulders. With a satisfied smile
he walked down the steps of the car,
and started out through the station.
A shot from my revolver caused him
to stop and nearly frightened him to
death. He gave up the bag, which only
held some soiled linen and such
things, and I let him go. I have
some adventure every time I go out,
and some day I suppose some one will
kill me, and he laughed lightly and
turned to other subjects.—*N. Y. News.*

Gypsy Peculiarities.

Few more fantastic scenes can be
conceived than a gypsy wedding. The
place usually chosen is a sand pit. In
two long rows, fronting each other, the
attendants take their stand, leaving a
path in the middle, half way down
which a broom stick is held up about
eighteen inches above the ground.

The bridegroom is called, walks down
the path, steps over the broomstick, and
awaits the maiden's arrival. She, too,
is called, walks down between the two
rows of gypsies, lightly trips over the
stick, and is then received into the
arms of her husband. A few days of
feasting follow, and then the wild wan-
dering life is resumed. Children grow
up in the tent of yad, and as the wants
become greater, the gypsy matron adds
another to her resources for making a
livelihood. The fortune she predicts to
the farmer's blooming daughter bring
many a meal to her hungry fam-
ily, and the elegant lady who allows her
stealthily to enter her rich home re-
wards her with money or cast-off
clothes when from the lines of her
hands she has been forlorn a future full
of splendor. Old age comes slowly to
the gypsy race; weakness, pain and suf-
ferings are strangers among them, and
the physician's craft is despised as are
all the other institutions of the Gypsies.

But when death at length enters the
gypsy's tent he is borne, unconfined to
his last resting place, deep in the forest
or on the lonely beach, and as often as
their wanderings bring the gypsies to
the place where one of "our people" is
laid to rest they stop and pay a short
tribute to the memory of him who
sleeps beneath the moss or heather.

Legal Phraseology.

If a man would, according to law,
give to another an orange, instead of
saying: "I give you that orange"—
which one would think would be what
is called in legal phraseology "an abso-
lute conveyance of all right and title
therein"—the phrase would run thus:
"I give you all and singular my estate
and interest, right, title, and claim, and
advantage of and in that orange, with
all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips,
and all right and advantage therein,
with full power to bite, eat, suck, and
otherwise eat the same, or give the same
away, as fully and effectually as I,
said A. B., am now entitled to bite,
cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same or-
ange, or give the same away with or
without its rind, juice, pulp, and pips,
anything heretofore or hereafter, or in
any other deed or deeds, instrument or
instruments of what nature or kind so-
ever to the contrary in anywise not-
withstanding."

Her Soul's Yearnings.

"Aunt Polly," said a poetic young la-
dy, who was visiting in the country.
"What is it, child?"

"Do you never feel as though you
wanted to leave the milk and butter?"
"If I did, child, it would be sure to
spile."

"But your mind; how can you keep it
chained to those common things?"
"Poor child! Why, bless you, my
butter ain't common. It allus brings
an extra price in market, and is spoke
for 'way ahead.'"

"But does your soul never yearn for
the beautiful, Aunt Polly?"
"No, child; I never yearn for nothin'
but baked pertaters. But I do hanker
for them dreadful sometimes, when
they're skeerer an high."—*Chicago*
Ledger.

A flea, one-sixteenth of an inch in
length, can jump a distance of twenty
inches. This is 320 times its length.
The common grey rabbit jumps about
nine feet clear on the level ground. In
proportion to length a horse, to jump
as far as a rabbit, would have to clear
64 feet at a jump. There is no quadruped
that has such