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# MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 16., 1885.

.NO. 15.

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"Don't let your good looks turn your head, Lally," were the words that Uncle Solon said to me as he put me on the cars and handed my little canvas traveling-bag after me. "Remember that beauty is only skin deep, and handsome is as handsome does."

The idea of saying such things to me! But Uncle Solon always was pe-

My seat-next to a pleasant-faced gentleman with a black mustache and delightful mysterious eyes, just like those of Fitzalban Mantalembert, in the last novel I had read-chanced to be opposite a slit-like panel of looking glass, and I could not help seeing the reflection of my own face.

What was it I saw there? A round face, all roses and lilliessoft hazel eyes, with a fringe of thick lashes a shade darker than my redbrown hair-a decided dimple in the chin and a trim little figure neatly attired in brown debeige.

Yes, I was pretty; Uncle Solon was right there. And I meant that my face should be my fortune. Unfortunately, I never had any time for books, and my public school education had gone into one ear and out the other, so I couldn't enter the lists with the fortunate governesses who are always making great matches-in story books, at least. Neither could I be lady's companion, for my mistress' son or nephew to fall in love with me, for I could neither play nor sing, and whatever I attempted to read about I invariably stambled over the big words. But it was necessary for me to earn my living in some way, and old Mrs. Fudgeby had sent over a New York paper, in which she had pencil-marked an advertisement for an "up-stairs girl" who was wanted in a house in

"You may be sure it is an excellent place," said Mrs. Fudgeby, "my niece, Helen Maria, sews there, and the lady is most kind and pleasant. And Helen Maria will speak a good word for you. And if you suit, you'll get a good home and capital pay, take my word

(Just like Aunt Peris! Because she wasn't young herself, she had no sympathy for any one who was. Old people were so selfish.)

"But," added Mrs. Fudgeby, "Helen Maria says any one who comes to Mrs. Marcati's must step very light, and speak very low, and be careful not to augh too loud, for fear of her nerves. She's quite, an invalid. She has just discharged all her doctors, and is expecting a learned American physician who has been ten years in Paris, to take charge of her case. But la ! Helen Maria says it's all fancy, and that if her missis had to earn her bread at the wash-tub or the ironing board, it would be different, though it ain't a hired girl's place to express any opinion of

that sort." "Is the family large ?" said I, secretly wondering if there was a handsome son to fall in love with me.

"No," said Mrs. Fudgeby, "a widowed daughter, who denotes herself to be. painting, and two sons."

Two sons! That settled the matter for me. I determined to apply for the place at all hazards. Why shouldn't I succeed as well a Jane Eyre, who by all accounts was an insignificant little black thing without a word to say for

"There won't be much to do," said Mrs. Fudgeby. "You will be expected to make the neds and tidy up the rooms and dust the parlors and attend the door-bell. Mrs. Marcati has a deal of company, and, by-the-by, Helen Maria says all the girls their are expected

to wear caps." "Oh, don't I mind that," said I, for I had once played Grisette in private theatricals, and the little blue-ribboned cap had been particularly becoming to

"The family are quite rich," said Mrs. Fudgeby, but they don't keep no men help. Mrs. Marcati was robbed be long." once by a Swiss butler, and hain't had no faith in men since. And Helen diamonds and fine jewelry locked in the etegere (which Mrs. Fudgeby pronounced 'ettiger') because it's a place nobody wouldn't suspect. There are so many burglars around New York, you know !"

And she went on to relate a good many family peculiarities of the Marcatis, in her prosy, gossipy way, but she never thought to tell me what I afterward, learned to my very great disappointment, that both of the lady's return. It was nearly an hour afterson's were married men.

Then, of course, I made my application at once, and was glad enough to learn, through (lelen Maria Fudgeby, that it had been favorably considered, and that I was to come to No. - Fifth avenue at once. Aunt Peris gave me office, where I have had a longfinterview alone gives us the consciousness of exa new shawl and a deal of good advice with him."

The New Up-Stairs Girl. | to which I paid very little attention. et Testament and a half-dozen crapebordered handkerchiefs. And so I left Milliken's Falls in triumphant pursuit of that fortune which. like a will-o-thewisp, always kept just a little ahead of me. We had not gone far before I dropped the key of my traveling bag, and my neighbor with the dreamy eyes gallantly picked it up for me. "Very awkward of me," said I.

> "Not in the least," said he. This little occurrence broke the ic and we soon became great friends. He told me that he had been moose hunting up in Maine. I confided to him that I was going to be the companion -I didn't quite like to say "up-stairs girl"-of Mrs. Marcati, of No. - Fifth avenue. He seemed very much interested in me. He said there was something so attractive in watching the camight he add beauty? I said that was all nonsense. He said he could not that he had not offended me. And the fruit boy came along, and he bought an orange and some bananas for me; and next came the news agent and he purchased a new novel and some pictorial papers, for he said he knew by my face that I was literary; so that, altogether, the journey to New York seemed a deal shorter than I had expected. I was a little sorry that I had told the dreamy eyed gentleman all about the Marcatis, especially with regard to the jewels in the etegere drawer and the ner vous ailments of my new employer, even down to the arrival of the new physician who had distinguished himself in Paris. But of course it didn't matter. Why should it ?

> He wrote down .ny address when we parted at the depot and said that he should certainly avail himself of the yery first opportunity to call.

> I found No - Fifth avenue without any difficulty. Helen Maria had written out the direction very carefully, had any idea of. Mrs. Marcati, a handsome lady in a black velvet gown, said I had a nice face, she hoped I would do my best. Mrs. Maurice, the widowed daughter, said she would like to paint me as Hebe. The two sons and their wives were at the country seat in Yonkers. But I wasn't so much disappointed about them as I should have been if I had not seen the

> dreamy-eyed hero of the railway train. I did my best to learn my new duties and fulfill them to the satisfaction of my new mistress. Helen Maria was there, and the cook, a very genteel woman, with a kitchen maid who did all the dishwashing and floor scrubbing, took quite a fancy to me, although the laundress, a sour faced Scotch woman, said that I was "a deal too giddy and light minded." Still it was quite a pleasant change from Milliken's Falls.

The third day that I was there, there came a ring at the door bell, and who should stand there when I opened it. but my dreamy-eyed hero! "Goodness me !" said I, coloring all

over as pink as a daisy, "is it you?" "Is Mrs. Marcati at home ?" said

"No," said I; "she has just this minute driven away from the door. I should think you would have met herin a dark blue landau, with black hor-

ses and -" "No matter, my good girl," said he, "I will come in and wait. My name is of no great importance. Perhaps vou don't know-I don't remember that I mentioned it -but I am the gen-

tleman from Paris." "The new doctor ?" said I. "La! and you never told me ?"

"Our professional secrets are not our own property," said he as solemn as an

"Please to walk in." sald I. "I am so sorry Mrs. Maurice [went out with her ma, because-" "It don't matter," he said; "I can avail myself of the opportunity to diag-

nose some of the cases scribbled down

in my notes. I dare say she will not He drew out a pocket tablet as he spoke and put on a learned-looking Maria says she keeps a lot of pearls and pair of eve glasses; and I tip toed out of the room, wondering how it would seem to be the wife of one of these New York doctors. So he was a learned man who had really resided in Paris. How good it was of him to be so interested in my silly chatter that day on

> the railroad cars I did not like to interrupt his scientific studies, but as soon as I had finished tidying the bedrooms, I watched eagerly at the door for Mrs. Marcati to ward when I ran down the steps to take her shawl and parasol, and told her that the new doctor had been waiting

> "That is nonsense, child," she said,

"He's here, ma'am ;" said I. "There must be some mistake, mamma," said Mrs. Maurice, and they both

went up the steps and into the parlor. No one was there.

"Oh, dear !" said I. "He shas got tired and gone away."

"Mamma," cried Mrs. Maurice, "the etegere drawers are broken open and all your jewels and money are gone! And the silver card receiver and the thousand-dollar brouzes, and the little Miessonier that Julius brought you from Europa !"

Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! I don't know how I am to tell the end of the story The dreamy eyed gentleman was a confidence man of the most sharpe-like description, and I was arrested as his accomplice and put in jail until uncle Solon came up from Millikin Falls . to testify to my character and bail me out. Oh, I often wonder that I didn't comreer of youth and innocence-and mit suicide, except there was nothing to commit it with. And the judge looked at me, with such terrible big help being frank, and he only hoped eyes, and the lawyer asked such insolent questions. But somehow it was proved that I didn't mean any harm and that I wasn't an accomplice-only a dupe. But of course I lost my place friend. and had to go back to Uncle Solon. Helen Maria Fudgeby was very angry with me, and the Scotch laundress said she had foreseen all from the very beginning.

I don't know whether Mrs. Marcati ever got her things back or not, and I am not likely to know now, for I am determined to stay at home with Uncle Solon and churn butter and feed the little chickens and calves, for I've had quite enough of city life.

#### Grant and the Sergeant.

'I'll never forget the first time I saw General Grant,' said William Ransom, of New Haven, Conn., recently to a number of men in the Foot guard's equipment room in that city. the Seventh C. V., commanded by were lying before Richmond. Day after day we had nothing to do but lie about the camp. On this neverforgotten day that I refer to I was sergeant of the guard a detail of eight men being under my charge. Some of the boys had swapped papers with the rebs, whose picket line was not far from ours, and had given me the Richmond Gazette. I leaned my musket against the toot of a tree and, sitting on the ground, braced by back a gainst the trunk of a tree and read. It was not long before I became deeply interested in a story, and I forgot about the picket's duty, and even such a thing as the war. Suddenly I heard the tramp of a squadron of horsemen approaching. I saw that my men were engaged with some of the Johnnies in a game of poker. The officers did not stop, but quietly rode past, not without looking at me in a peculiar manner. Soon after a single horseman rode up. He had on a slouched hat, an old blouse, and his breeches were stuck in a pair of old

Riding up to me he said: 'Sergeant,

what are you doing here ?' 'On picket duty,' I replied.

'Where are your men?' 'Oh, over there playing poker,' I said, nodding my head in their direc-

'I thought that he was a correspondent for some paper and answered him saucily. Asking my name, regiment and company he rode away. I flung a parting shot at him as he did so asking him if he was not inquisitive. When we were relieved I was called to the captain's quarters, where I was informed that General Grant had preferred charges against me. It was to him I had been impudent. When the captain told me I was under arrest, liable to be shot, I felt like sinking in to the ground. A court martial was held and I was sentenced to be shot at sunrise. In the few hours that I was in the guard house I seemed to live over my life again. Through the efforts of General Hawley the sentence was not carried into effect. I was disrated, however, and for three days carried a snapsack filled with sand about the camp When General Grant visited this city I called upon him. He recognized me and as I left he said: 'Always do your duty.'

To live is not merely to breathe; it is to act; it is to make use of all our sharply. "I have just come from his organs, functions and faculties. This The True Friend.

A certain merchant had three sons. When the youngest came of age he called them together, and said to them in a voice husky with emotion:

'Now, boys, you all go out into the world and acquire a knowledge of human nature. At the end of the year you will return, and the one who has acquired the best friend will receive this magnificent diamond ring.'

The young men having taken the ring to a jeweler and satisfied themselves that it was not a California diamond, accepted the situation and started out. At the end of the year they returned, looking somewhat the worse for wear. The old man immediately issued his call for a mass meeting and they gathered around him. He called for the reports from the various committees.

The first one lifted up his voice and

'I had an affair of honor. I got into alquarrel and a challenge passed. We were to light at ten steps. My friend came forward and took my place. He was badly wounded, but I believe he saved my life. I claim the ring for haying acquired the most self-sacrificing

No. 2 then took the floor and address-

'I was on board of a ship. We had collision. I found myself in the water. My friend was near me on a hen-coop. When he saw me he swam off and let me have the hen-coop. We were both picked up afterwards, but he undoubtedly saved my life. I think my friend

'What sort of a friend have you got to show up on ?'asked the father of the third son.

'I was in a tight place,' he responded. 'I had been fooiing with the tiger, and had lost all my money. My friend came forward and advanced me \$500, and refused to take my note for the amount.' 'To you belongs the ring,' said the merchant. 'Your older brother's friend was simply a better shot. In the case of the other brother, his friend was and everything was far grander than I I was first sergeant in company C. of simply a better swimmer. They took risks, I admit; but your friend has sus-General Hawley. At that time we will never get his money back. You gained the best friend, for he has made actual sacrifices. Here is the priceless gem of the Orient.'

He Only Wanted to See. Judge Gerald Cummings is a respected resident of Fort Worth, Texas, notwithstanding that he is immensely stout and a member of the legal profession. He tried many anti-fat remedies to reduce his weight, but with out any satisfactory result. He finally went to the Hot Springs in Arkan saw, and much to his joy he lost considerable adipose tissue, and returned to Fort Worth in a most happy frame of mind. He thought and talked of nothing else except his loss of flesh.

cently, and said to the butcher: 'Cut me off twenty pounds of pork. The request was complied with. The judge looked at the meat for some

He went to market one morning re

time, and then walked off. 'Shall I send the meat to your house, judge?' asked the butcher.

'Oh, no,' was the reply, 'I don' want it. I have fallen off just twenty pounds, and I only wanted to see how much it was.'-Siftings.

Independence Day.

There is a wide spread belief among Americans that the Declaration of Independence was signed on the "Fourth of July." The writings of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, as well as the printed journal of the Continental Congress, bear out this idea, but a recent investigation by the chief librarian of the Boston public library, shows that we have all along been laboring under a mistake. The declaration was read and agreed to on the 4th of July, but it was not signed. It was ordered to be authenticated and printed during the afternoon, and on the following day copies were sent all over the country. On the 19th it was resolved that the declaration be engrossed on parchment and signed by every member. On the 2nd of August nearly all the members signed it. Thornton, of New Hampshire, did not sign until November 4th of that year, and McKean did not sign. until 1781. Of course no one proposes to change our day of celebration. It is a fact that our independence was announced to the world on the 4th of July and that is enough. The signing of the document was of less importance.

At the sixth annual commencement of the Jefferson medical college, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, 176 new doctors were graduated, of which 89 were from Pennsylvania.

SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

A Crushed Bore. On a West-bound Michigan Centra; train the other day were a delicate ap-

pearing young woman and an intelli-

gent looking young man, evidently husband and wife. Immediately behind the couple sat a man-to be found on every train-who would die if not permitted to hear the sound of his own voice at all times and in all places. The young lady had a troublesome cough, a fact which seemed to bother

the talking machine behind har greatly.

At last he leaned forward and address-

ed her escort : di bezere fin vitasve "That gal's got a bad cough,"

"Yes." teed add not suscite "Ever try catnip tea?" "She hasn't drank anything else for more than two hundred years. She caught a severe cold in Jerusalem in 1568. I had fifty barrels of catnip tea put into the baggage car for her use

"Lungs ?" le cess al ession bas "No, bunious. That's purely a bunion cough, you will notice, if you watch her closely."

between here and Chicago," Pause,

"Ain't the draught a leetle strong from that window?" after a longer "No, she has to have it. It takes 15,000 pounds of air to make her a re-

spectable breath ! We have a patent breath incubator which she uses at home. It covers 17,000 acres of valua ble land. satisfydesti e of fedica "Did you say she was your wife ?" "No, I didn't say anything of the sort. She's one of these new fashioned

infernal machines that I'm taking o-

ver to England to blow up the queen.

The only trouble is that I'm subject to

fits, and when I get one of them I break things up terribly !" "What brings them on to you ?" "Talking! Why, it was only yester day that I killed three men, a woman and a pair of twins before I could be got under control. I feel very queer a-

bout the head now. I-"I reckon I'll go into the smokin' car," said the bore, sidling out of the eat. "I don't feel very well mys "Don't hurry away !" shouted the

young man, while a general titter ran through the car .- Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Modern 'Tower of Babel. Our great monument at Washington, erected in memory of the Father of his Country, enjoys the destinction of being the highest monument on earth, It is over 500 feet high. But in the next Paris exposition it is proposed to build a tower higher than anything made or imagined since the days of Babel. It will be more than 1,100 feet in height, which is three times higher than the top of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. and double the height of the great pyramid of Cheops. The constructor will be M. Bourdais, the same who built the famous Trocadero Palace at the late Paris exhibition. In a recent report he gives a comparative table showing what elevations can be obtained by building with different kinds of material. The limit he places to man's power of building upwards is fixed by ascertaining at what time the lower parts of the structure will give way beneath the load resting upon them, either by becoming crushed out of shape or by cracking and breaking in pieces. And of substances the most stubborn in this respect is not iron, as some persons might suppose, but porphyry. The former can, as M. Bourdais believes, be used for a building carried up to the height of 7,000 feet, while the latter might form the foundation of a pile fully a thousand feet higher. But this is supposing that the pyramidal form of con-

called porphyry. About Advertising.

struction is used, which is, of course,

the most solid and durable. This could

never be admitted at a Paris exhibition

and so the cylindrical form would have

to be used, which would reduce the pos-

sible height to about one-third. But

the proposed tower would be built in

several pieces, of which only the lower

one would be of the expensive marble

Poster advertising, rock and fence painting, and flooding the mails with circulars and postal cards are some of the forms of advertising which disgusts more people than they attract and even when effective, are a very wasteful

mode of reaching the public. In the selection of a proper medium many points of value might be taken into consideration by advertisers. Newspapers which are not respected and faithfully read are not good mediums for advertisers. Newspapers that are purchased to! while away a half hour on a street car or elevated railway, and are not carried home do not sell anybody's wares. Such papers are no better than circulars and almost as waste-

The experience of enterprising and sagacions business men demonstrates that the best results attend advertising in home newspapers-those which go into families and are read by one after another in the home circle .- N. Y. News .