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The New Up-Stairs Girl.

"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.

The idea of saying such things to me! But Uncle Solon always was peculiar. My seat—next to a pleasant-faced gentleman with a black mustache and delightful mysterious eyes, just like those of Fitzalban Mantalbert, 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 lilies—soft hazel eyes, with a fringe of thick lashes a shade darker than my reddish-brown hair—a decided dimple in the chin and a trim little figure neatly attired in brown derobe.

Yes, I was pretty; and 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 stumbled 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 Fifth avenue.

"You may be sure it is an excellent place," said Mrs. Fudgeby, "my niece, Helen Maria, sews there, and she 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 for it."

(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. Marcatti's must step very light, and speak very low, and be careful not to laugh 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 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 as Jane Eyre, who by all accounts was an insignificant little black thing without a word to say for herself?

"There won't be much to do," said Mrs. Fudgeby. "You will be expected to make the beds and tidy up the rooms and dust the parlors and attend the door-bell. Mrs. Marcatti 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 me.

"The family are quite rich," said Mrs. Fudgeby, but they don't keep no men help. Mrs. Marcatti was robbed once by a Swiss butler, and hasn't had no faith in men since. And Helen Maria says she keeps a lot of pearls and diamonds and fine jewelry locked in the etegere (which Mrs. Fudgeby pronounced 'ettiger') because it's a place no-body 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 Marcattis, 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 sons were married men.

Then, of course, I made my application at once, and was glad enough to learn, through Helen Maria Fudgeby, that it had been favorably considered, and that I was to come to No. — Fifth avenue at once. Aunt Peris gave me a new shawl and a deal of good advice

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 has 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 brozues, and the little Miesonnier that Julius brought you from Europe!"

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 sharp-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 commit suicide, except there was nothing to commit it with. And the judge looked at me, with such terrible big 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 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. Marcatti 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.

"I was first sergeant in company C. of the Seventh C. V., commanded by General Hawley. At that time we were lying before Richmond. Day after day we had nothing to do but lie about the camp. On this never-forgotten 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 rebels, whose picket line was not far from ours, and had given me the Richmond Gazette. I leaned my musket against the foot of a tree and, sitting on the ground, braced by back against 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 boots.

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 direction.

"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 into 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 disgraced, however, and for three days carried a sapsack 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 organs, functions and faculties. This alone gives us the consciousness of existence.

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 said: "I had an affair of honor. I got into a quarrel and a challenge passed. We were to fight 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 having acquired the most self-sacrificing friend."

No. 2 then took the floor and addressed the chair: "I was on board of a ship. We had a 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 was the boss."

"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 foisting 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 simply a better swimmer. They took risks, I admit; but your friend has sustained an actual, bona fide loss, for he 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 Arkansas, 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.

He went to market one morning recently, 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 time, and then walked off.

"Shall I send the meat to your house, judge?" asked the butcher.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "I don't 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 Hero.

On a West-day Michigan Central train the other day were a delicate appearing young woman and an intelligent 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 her greatly. At last he leaned forward and addressed her escort:

"That gal's got a bad cough."

"Yes."

"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 between here and Chicago." Pause.

"Lungs?"

"No, bunions. That's purely a bunion cough, you will notice, if you watch her closely."

"Ain't the draught a little strong from that window?" after a longer pause.

"No, she has to have it. It takes 15,000 pounds of air to make her a respectable breath! I have a patent 'breath incubator' which she uses at home. It covers 17,000 acres of valuable land."

"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 over 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 yesterday that I killed three men, a woman and a pair of twins before I could be got under control. I feel very queer about the head now. I—"

"I reckon I'll go into the smokin' car," said the bore, sliding out of the seat. "I don't feel very well myself!"

"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 distinction 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 construction 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 possible 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 called porphyry.

About Advertising.

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 wasteful.

The experience of enterprising and sagacious 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.