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TERMS CASH!

The Grizzly's Pocket.

"That's a pretty little girl you got with you in the Pullman, Cap. Grand

daughter ?" "No, she ain't no granddaughter," said "Cap.," looking at the conductor with an injured expression. "I ain't no spring chicken, and yit I ain't no grandad."

"Daughter, perhaps ?"

"Nary daughter." "Niece ?"

"Nur yit niece,"

Cap, gave two or three savage pulls at the long cigar, which had beguiled him from the side of the little girl in the Pullman into the free and easy atmosphere of the smoker, before he saw fit to answer the conductor's, last question. The express (en route to El Paso) had entered on the long run between Oakland Pier-four miles out of San Francisco-and Lathrop, ninetyone miles distant, and seeing several hours without a stop before him, the

"Child of a friend, may be ?"

"See here, young feller," said Cap. at last, "did I pay that little gal's way, or didn't I? Did you punch her cowpon with that silver pistol of yours, or àidn't you? Do I owe this yer road anything? Ef I do, present yer bill; ef I don't, what makes you so all-fired keen to know the whole history of the case ? I ain't a kidnappin' her; you kin bank on that; but all the same she ain't no kith nor kin er mine, and she don't belong to no friend. I'm a takin' her to her mother in St. Loucy.

Jest heft that pile." He twitched a red cotton handkerchief out of an inner pocket and thrust it into the surprised conductor's hand.

"Jest heft that pile," he continued 'it's pure, solid twenty four karat gold; every grain of it belongs to that little gal, and I'll bet the drinks you can't come within a hundred of its value. st heft it once."

The conductor held the handkerchief by its ends, and gravely "hefted" something of about the bulk of an ordinary fist, which was knotted in the center of the rag.

"It weighs about two pounds, I judge," he said, after some little hesitation. "What is the figger ?"

"Well, if it is pure gold, as you say,

it may be worth \$500." "You are jest a hundred out. She is worth \$402.23. A greasly bear played St. Nicholas' game last Christmas eve and throwed that handsome little tribute into the little girl's stocking. He killed ber dad at the same time and died himself-which was two of the whitest deeds as ever a greasly done, to

my way of thinking." To the conductors way of thinking, as well as that of every passenger within hearing, Cap. was altogether too light-headed to be trusted with his own superintendence while making his five day's run between San Francisco and St. Louis, much less to be the pro tem. guardian of a seven year -old girl. He saw the incredulous smiles excited by the remark, and seemed to understand the pitying glances which went

with them. "Of course, you think I am crazy." he said, simply. "They can't be no such thing as that happen. All the curious things has happened already. There ain't no gold in Californy no more, and they ain't no greaslys in the Rockies, and they ain't nothing odd nor outlandish in the whole world. Everything is dead open and shet. What you don't see you don't believe? But all the samee it's true, and ef I told you it happened back in '49 you'd believe it; but becuz it happened last Christmas eye, and becuz I'm here and the gold is here and the little gal is back in the Pullman asleep it seems too much like bringing miracles home to you, and you shake your head and say : 'All a lie the old man's crazy.'

He had the knot in the handkerchief undone by this time, and gave the conductor, as well as two or three of the passengers, a satisfying inspection of the pound and a half lump of dull, vellow metal which it had enfolded. The conductor pronounced the metal to be, without doubt, genuine gold.

"You see, it was this way," said Cap. turning about in his seat so that he could speak to those in the seat behind him as to the conductor in front-"me and the old lady allus calc'late to give our children a little candy and things every Christmas; but when, the day before Christmas, I came home from the store down in the village with a pound or two in this pocket, and a few pounds in that, and a sack full slung over my shoulder, and a wooden elephant with a leather trunk and a Noah's ark, and a doll baby that would sense we'd a ben engaged in sich "busi-might not catch me and tumble to the chance to forgit.

racket, I telt like a full growed St. ing 'Peace on earth and good will toward men.'

" 'Abner,' says my old lady when mean that he'd never squander a dollar for fool toys, and it jest natchelly makes me tired to think of our brats rolling in goodies and that little yeller haired gal without even molasses."

"I saw her bluff and raised it.

'Gimme that there doll, old lady,' I

sez, 'and a tin horse and about two pounds of that confectinery, and we'll see if she don't have a Christmas yet, all the same. "I put 'em in a sack and waltzed aong the road tell I kem to the place

jest above Pearson's ranch, which lies at the foot of the mountain, and after stumbling down fur about a hundred yards I could almost look down Pearon's chimbly, directly underneath me, and all at once I heard the little gal

"Pearson hadn't lived in them digconductor had strolled into the smoker gin's more'n six months, and we neighbors didn't know a great deal about him; but our wimmen folks they'd a spied out the land a little, as wimmen will, and they 'lowed that Pearson was a-living in the shanty all alone, cepting fur this little seven year-old gal, and they swore up and down than he didn't treat her right. They knew he was a rascal the first time they seed him, and once or twice he was seen a whippin' her with a luther strap. We men didn't take much stock in their talk ; but we laid low and 'lowed that the first time we ketched him red-handed a-whippin' ary gal with a luther strap 'ud be a mighty unhealthy time

for Pearson. "Well, sir, boys, he wus doing that very thing when I lit down on himwith the buckle end, too, mind you; and if I hadn't been a law-and-orderabiding citizen, I swan I'd a shot him her. to one side and guv him the knick-

"You put them in the kid's stocking to-night so she will find 'em when she wakes up in the morning,' sez I. 'It's Christmas morning, and we are all Christians up yer in these diggins,' sez I, 'and if you don't I swear I'll

smash your head.' "He snarled and showed his teeth. like a bull dog that wants to bite but is afraid to, and I swan to man, gentlemen. I wuz downright put out that we'd a let that little gal live all alone so long with sech a human hyena. But, as I said before, I didn't like to take the law into my own hand all alone, so I waltzed off and hunted up some of the neighburs, and told them jest how the land lay, and asked their advice. They all said the same thing.

" 'We'll go down and talk to him ight off,' sez they. "Bring the little gal up to our ranch, after you get through with, him,' sez my old lady; 'she win have a home with us so long as she pleases.' "Thet druy the nail home and clinch" ed her on the other side. The wimmen wuz with us. So we tuk along a stout lariat, with a running noose in one end, kinder handy fur talking to sech carrion ez Pearson, and jest as night waz beginning to sot in we got under way toward his ranch. They wuz six of us-Hank Fletcher, Cale Bledsoe, Stumpy Bluebaker, old man

Basset, Injun Pete and me-jest enough to be judge, jury and execution-Cap, paused here to light a fresh cigar; but before the flame of the match had taken hold on the tobacco

he tossed the burning match aside. "Jest excuse me fur about two seconds, gentlemen, whilst I waltz in and see ef my little gal is a-hankerin' for anything that I kin get her."

The girl was contentedly cuddled up in a corner of the green plush covered seat fast asleep, with her head resting on a soft black and white plaid shawl. With her delicate features and beautiful vellow hair, she would have been considered lovely anywhere, and after seeing her it was easy to understand the look of tenderness which lighted up the old ranchman's face whenever he mentioned his "little gal."

"Well, sirs," he continued upon gaining his seat in the smoker-and by this time every man in the car was a listener .- "well, sirs, we didn't say much, becuz our heads had a i powerful sight of thinking in 'em and our feet wuz busy climbing over the rock toward Pearson's. It wuz a long time legislature.

"But the cards wuz packed agin us. Nicholas and my heart was jest a sing- In the centre of the road, jest where we meant to leave it, "to climb down The Sound Advice of a Wise and toward Pearson's, an' old ; greasly bar was camped as cool as you please, digshe sees my pile, 'I don't believe that gin' among the rocks fur worms. I little gal down to Jake Pearson's ranch | hadn't seen no bar in those diggin's is got a blame thing. Jake is that fur years, and I begun to think that things wuz happening powerful brisk all at once, and thet it never rains fun but it pores, when clip went old man Bassett's rifle and clip went Pete's and the greasly started down the hill toward Pearson's, with a bullet in his

forehead and another in his chist. "You remember I told you that could a'most look down Pearson's chimbly from the road. Well, that's what the b'ar did, an' more. He jest natchelly tumbled down the side of the mountain and gave one big bound jest above the shanty and went kerplump onto the roof, smashing in the rafters like they were straw and knocking the mud chimbly seven ways for Sunday,

"When we got there the little gal wuz in her night dress, standing in the middle of the floor and rubbing her

" 'Is it Christmas ?' she sez, and is St. Nicholas come? And what woke me up ? "I ketched her up in 'my arms and

wrapped my coat all around her, so she couldn't see what had waked her up, and I sez, sez I: "It ain't quite Christmas, yit, honey, sez I ; 'but St. Nicholas is come,

sure and he's got a whole raft of things fur you, up to my ranch.' " 'I want my stocking,' she sez, kinder struggling to git away from me. 'Father don't know I hung it up, Lut I

did, and I want it.' "Well, sirs, jest to quiet her, I found out where she'd hung her stocking. way up the chimbly, where her father couldn't see it, becuz she knew powerful well he wouldn't hev no sech foolishness, and I got one of the boys to kinder hunt around fur it, jest to quiet

witnesses, and ef I'd a killed him the stocking—with more holes and thout no one by to see fair play, it patches and places where she had cob- ive it causes the gums to recede and might have caused talk. So I jest tuk | bled it herself with cotton string, than ! the strap frum him, and kinder scared stocking-wuz a laying in the asbes jest into decency with a touch or two on where the bar had knocked it when he his own shoulders, and then I tuk him | broke down the chimbly, and they wuz a nugget of gold as big as my three fingers right on top of it. Two or three smaller pieces was scattered around, and it wuz plain to the meanest intellec' that in falling the greasly's paw had clawed out a pocket of gold in the rocks just above the shanty, and the whole had jest natchelly gravitated down

with the bar. "He was dead, of course, and when the boys kem to lift him, Jake Pearson wuz under him, smashed so that he had jest breath enough to tell me where to find the little girl's ma before he

"The next day-Christmas day-we sashayed around there with shovels and picks, and, after some little trouble in tracing it, we finally located the pocket and dug out the balance of the gold. I had every crumb of it melted into this yer brick in my handkerchief, and when we get to St. Loucy I hands it over to little girl's ma, and I sez, sez

"Four hundred and two dollars and wenty-three cents as a Christmas gift for your little gal, from a greasly bar, who wuz a whiter Christian than ever Jake Pearson wuz, madam, beggin'

your pardon,' sez I." "Lathrop-twenty-five minutes for supper !" sung out the brakeman, as the train slowed up at the supper station, four hours and fifteen minutes out of San Fransico .- Detroit Free Press.

The Frog and the Peasant.

A Frog who had long Dwelt in Pond near a Peasant's Cabin was one evening highly delighted to hear the

peasant remark to his wife : "Have you eyer noticed how beautifully that frog sings ?" The speech tickled the frog amazingly, and he at once began his tune and

kept it up all night long. At day-light called out : "If you don't leave here forthwith

"What have I done?" asked the as-

I'll be the death of you !"

tonished frog.

"Kept us awake all night with your croaking !" "But it was only Last Evening that you complimented me on my song."

"That is true, but I heard only brief songs and at long intervals." Moral-It is a dangerous thing to compliment a man who makes the opening speech at a ward caucus. Nine times out of ten he'll want to go to the

at a beauty show.

Advice to Smokers.

Experienced User of the Weed.

From the New York Sun. The deadly illness of General Grant is ascribed to cancer and it is said that the cancerous growth was caused by excessive smoking. The distinguished character of the patient has made the case conspicuous, and many veteran smokers have already discarded the use of tobacco.

We believe that the poison of cancer is distinct from the poison of nicotine. There are, however, a few simple rules commending themselves to every physician which will tend to make the use of the weed less injurious and which it is well to inculcate at this particular time.

In the first place, smoke light-colored cigars. They are less strong than the darker shades. Select the boxes marked Claro and Colorado Claro and avoid those marked Maduro or even Colorado Maduro.

Secondly, never smoke on an empty stomach. Smoke after luncheon of after dinner or supper, but do not smoke long after you have taken food or early in the morning. A light cigar after a hearty meal frequently aids digestion, but if one smokes just before eating, the appetite will be lessened and food will lose its relish.

Thirdly, do not smoke the whole of the cigar. Sacrifice a fourth or fifth, because in the stump the poisonous oil or nicotine of tobacco becomes concentrated. Fourthly, do not smoke more than three or four cigars a day. and in the last place, after smoking cleanse the teeth, and thus avoid their discoloration and impregnation with the fumes of the tabacco. A moderthen. But I 'lowed it wuz best to have "Well, sirs, gentlemen, that thar lit- ate and careful use of tobacco does not harm the teeth, but when ex covers the teeth themselves with the blackening oil of the leaf.

These rules are few and simple, but f followed they cannot fail to be of lasting benefit to every smoker.

Washed Ashore. How \$39,000 were Recovered by a Dead Man's Relatives.

A Halifax [N. S.l?dispatch tells this strange story: A romance has come to light connected with the ill-fated steamship Daniel Steinmann, which was wrecked at Sambro a year ago, when 124 lives were lost. Previous to his leaving home Peter Andreas Michaelson, one of the passengers, deposited \$39,000 and some valuables for safe keeping with one Herschird, of Hasle, Denmark, and took a receipt therefor. he had the money, Herschird refused to return it to the dead man's relatives. Thereupon the Danish foreign minister communicated with Mr. Tobin, the Danishconsul at this port, requesting him to spare no effort to find the receipt. The bodies and wreckage washed ashore from time to time had been carefully searched, and the divers who have been working on the wreck for the past year have kept a sharp lookout for the missing document, but all without succees. Recently a small trunk was washed ashore containing a number of letters and papers. These were turned over to the consul. They were watersoaked and the writing almost obliterated, but among them was the long-looked for receipt, which, atter much difficulty, Consul Tobin deciphered and translated. He has cabled the good news to Copenhagen.

What is Good Breeding.

Genuine good breeding is simply general walk in life which always avoids giving unnecessary pain, which sinks itself, and which is uniformly kind to all people. A factory girl in this sense the peasant came down with a club and may be, and often is, as well bred as a princess. The very height of good breeding is to behave one's self properly, and there are millions of hard working matrons and maidens who can do that, and much more than that. The flowers and the fun, the frolies and the fairy like abundances of enjoyment which wealth can purchase, are often, it may seem unequally divided. But good breeding, the art of always being frank and vet dignified, of patient selfcontrol, thought for others, of kindness to all, is as general as the gift of a heart A duchess, in the best sense of the term, is no more well-bred than a milkmaid, if the latter has a gentle mind and disposition.

ought never to fire another gun.

Among the reminiscences of the war the following extract from an inter-

A Silent Man.

view with an old Virginia Methodist preacher is interesting:

'Yes, my house was full of your generals last night. There was Sheridan, Humphreys, Meade, Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others, and they were a lively set and full of fun, and all were quite jolly with the exception of one officer whom I noticed sitting in a corner smoking and taking but little part in the sports in which the rest were engaged. They all went out of the house but this solitary, silent man, and as I was going out he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink. On offering to get him some water, he said : 'No. sir : I am a younger man than you, I will go myself,'and as I passed out he came up behind me. When in about the middle of the hall my little granddaughter came running toward me, but the silent man, spreading out both arms, caught her, taking her up, fairly smothered her with kisses, said : This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me homesick.' To the question. Where is your home? he replied: 'Galena, Ill., but I have my family at City Point, and am anxious to get back to them.' I said 'Will you permit me to ask your name, sir ?" 'Certainly; my name is Grant. 'Grant,' exclaimed I; 'Gen. Grant?' and I stood there awe stricken and paralyzed with astonishment, while my heart went out after this man. I thought to myself, here is a man whose name is now in the mouth of man, woman and child, throughout the civilized world, and yet withal he exhibits no emotion and seems unconcerned and unmoved until the little child reminds him of his loved ones at home, and I fairly broke down, as General Grant had been pictured out to us as a bloody butcher and I had looked for a man looking as savage as a Camache In dian. To say I was agreeably disappointed when I saw Grant expresses my feelings but feebly.

How Jackson Got His Title "Old Hickory."

Ben Perly Poore, in his reminiscences, says : General Jackson was known among the soldiers who served under him as 'Old Hickory,' a sobriquet given him during the Creek war. His brigade was making a forced march, without baggage or tents, to surprise the Indians in one of their villages, and were for several days and nights exposed to the peltings of a March storm, the rain freezing as it fell. General Jackson got a severe cold, but did not complain, as he tried to sleep in a muddy Probably imagining that no legal evi- bottom among the half-frozen soldiers. dence would ever be forthcoming that | Captain Allen and his brother John cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark and made a covering for the general, who was with difficulty persuaded to crawl into it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp, and seeing the tent kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins the toper cried: 'Hello, Old Hickory; come out of your bark and jine us in a drink!' Therefore the general was known in camp as 'Old Hickory,' and when he was talked of as a presidential candidate, the nickname was adopted by his supporters. The 'liberty tree' of the revolution was revived in the 'hickory tree,' planted at every cross-road and village by the enthusiastic Democrats, while they sang : Freemen, cheer the hickory tree,

The White House.

Long its boughs have sheltered thee.

The White Honse covers about onethird of an acre, and it has cost-up to the present time-about \$2,000,000. It is modeled after a castle in Dublin, and the architect, who was a South Carolina man named Hoban, got \$500 for drawing the plans. When it was first built, awayback in the nineties, it cost \$300,-000: but the British burned out its insides and its cost has since added to that sum about \$1,700,000. In it all of the Presidents (since Washington) have lived, and each has added to its beauties and its expenses. I think it was John Quincy Adams who brought the first billiard table which was used in it. But in John Adam's time it was only half furnished; and Abigail Adams used to dry her clothes in the big east room. Year by year, however, the furnishing has gone on, until now it is a sort of a museum of art and beauty.

It is said that bees and wasps will not sting a person whose skin is smeared with honey. This, of course, may be perfectly true, but the trouble with A spring poet sings: "Will they the blasted insects is that they won't al