

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. 59.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1885.

NO. 23.

NEWSPAPER LAWS

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## Pretty Mrs. Graham.

That is what I always call her to this day, and in spite of all that's come and gone, it's her true title, for I do believe she was the prettiest creature I ever laid eyes on.

And she was dressed with such exquisite taste, too, it set off her dark bright beauty so well, and she was a dainty, childlike little thing—why, even Dick couldn't help acknowledging her beauty though he didn't take to her from the first.

But I thought him wrong in that, much as I trusted to his judgment, for you see, Dick—well, Dick Fraser and my humble self have been betrothed for several years, and next spring, after Bessie marries, why, I am going to keep house with Dick.

But that isn't my story. When our dear parents died they left Bessie and me this fine old-fashioned home, a good supply of solid, old-fashioned furniture and silver and household linen, a good old-fashioned servant who had lived with us since Bess was a baby, eighteen years ago, and very little ready money.

So, as we could not give up our home, or be parted, we looked about us for two or three good old-fashioned boarders who would stay with us all the year round and be able to pay well for a good home.

Well, we found two, just what we wanted; Miss Burton, an elderly maiden lady, and Mrs. Wootton, a widow lady, who were glad to escape from the dust and noise of the city, and who were well able to pay good prices for our best rooms.

And this they did, only stipulating that we should not take other boarders, but all have a quiet home together.

So we were just a houseful of women, you see—not a man on the place, unless we except Tom, the half-grown boy who milked the cow and tended the garden and drove our little carriage for us.

We had plenty of applications from summer boarders but we never took any until pretty Mrs. Graham came. It was a melting hot day, when a carriage brought her to my front door, with a lively, black-eyed little maid, and she begged so hard to be taken for just a month or two of the hottest weather, saying we looked so cool and delightful out there, and she dreaded the hotel so much, that it was hard to resist her.

Miss Burton was in the parlor when she called, and she was so fascinated by the little widow's loveliness and liveliness that she gave consent to her coming at once.

So I counted the notes to be sure they were right, locked them in a little casket, and locked them in my desk. As I opened the door of my room to go down-stairs, I met Jeannette, who said she was just going to knock. Mrs. Graham was going to walk over to the village—could she serve me in any way? I thanked her, said I would be glad if she would call at the post-office, and went my way to see about tea.

The next morning we all went to church except our servant Emma, who remained at home to have the dinner ready.

In the afternoon, Emma wished to go out, and as I did not like the house to remain quite alone, I remained at home myself. Having a slight headache I lay down upon the sofa in the cool parlor and took a quiet nap. I sprang up as soon as I was awakened, and went up stairs to arrange my hair meeting pretty Mrs. Graham coming down.

"I did not know you were at home," said I. "I have this moment come in and taken off my hat," she said with a sweet smile, "and I was coming down for a drink of ice water."

I heard her go into the parlor, where she sat for a long time playing grand old church music, and singing softly in tones so sweet that it made me think of heaven and angels' music.

Next morning as we were gathering at the breakfast-table, Miss Burton came in, pale and frightened, saying her room had been entered during the night by a burglar, and her watch and chain and all the valuable jewelry taken.

We all sprang up in consternation, and went to her room, where we found the window which opened upon the roof of a veranda partly raised and the shutters pushed open as if surely indicating the way the burglar had entered.

Miss Burton had slept soundly and heard nothing she said, but had noticed her window when she first woke, and upon searching, found all her jewels gone.

"We might all have been murdered in our beds!" cried Mrs. Wootton, pale and trembling, while pretty Mrs. Graham fell to crying like a child, declaring she would not dare to stay another night under a roof where there was no man in the house.

"Did any of the rest lose anything?" asked Bessie. "I haven't noticed in my room," said Mrs. Wootton; "let us all go and look."

And to our rooms we went, I opening my bureau with a sinking heart. It was as I feared—my casket, which had only contained the money, was really gone!

"Neither mad nor deluded my dear little woman," said Dick, coolly. "But I have a little theory about this thing, Mary, and if you will let me work it out I may help you. Got errands to do this morning?"

I was too worried to attend to any shopping for myself, but I remembered Mrs. Graham's lace and answered—"Yes one."

"Well, go and do it, and then come back here, will you? I think I'll have a plan perfected by that time."

I went to Welling's stopped at the scrap pretty Mrs. Graham had given me. "Can you match this?" I asked of the polite shopman who stepped up. "I wish to purchase some more of it."

He took the bit of lace, and I noticed a queer look come over his face. I also saw two or three of the young men draw near and eye me curiously, and I began to feel embarrassed.

"I don't know," said the shopman, slowly. "Mr. Jones, ask Mr. Welling to step this way."

The young man addressed hurried away, and in a moment the gentleman named came up, which was a relief to me, for I saw something was wrong, and I knew him well, as he was an old friend of my father's.

"This is a bad business, and requires explanation, Miss Mary," he said. "A week ago a lady exactly answering the description you give of Mrs. Graham, came here and bought twenty yards of this same lace. After she was gone it was discovered that the money she paid was bad. We have been trying to trace this lady ever since, but had not the least clew till now. What do you think?"

"I must tell you the bad business at our house last night, which brought me to town to-day."

So I told him my story, and then he went with me to Dick's office. And when I went home I knew all I had to do.

I told Mrs. Graham that I could not find her any more of the lace, and returned her money.

## He Had Seen Mermaids.

"About mermaids," said the captain, as he stood upon the unfinished end of the seawall and surveyed the landlubber reporter of the San Francisco Call with an expression of pitiful condescension. "Why, I've seen'd the most wonderful things in that line. Well, we were over in the China sea. One night, just after we'd past the Formosa group, I was aroused out of my bunk by the mate, who sings out 'Mermaids aboard! Out I jumps and gets on deck in a turn of a helm. You can splice my mains' if there wasn't 'bout twenty of the biggest mermaids a floppin' around the deck I ever seed. Two of 'em had got the fellows on watch cornered and was a kissen 'em."

"The mate had took to the riggin' after hailing me. I was a little 'sprimed, though I had seen mermaids afore, but never more'n one at a time. 'Ladies,' said I, 'make yourselves at home,' and you bet your hawvers they did. They quit floppin', and all got on the rail, side by side, a holdin' their tails in their hands and commenced to sing, and I jest tell you they whooped things up. They skipped through the 'Sweet By and By' and took several reefs in the 'Red, White and Blue' and sledged to port on a 'Life on the Ocean Wave' in beautiful style."

"Didn't see them again, did you?" asked a landlubber. "Well, yes. The next day we was becalmed. There wasn't a smell of a breeze, and whistlin' for it didn't do any good. I was madder'n a stuck whale, for I wanted to make a quick passage. Suddenly I sees a commotion in the water, and, shyer my binnacle lights, if them mermaids warn't swimmin' around us. One of 'em boarded us as slick as could be and ses, 'Give us a rope.' Well, I throwed 'em one and I'll lay to on a lee shore if they didn't tow us till we struck a breeze. Got the rope right in their mouths—about fifty of 'em—and pulled us along. I was so 'bleeged to 'em that I threw 'em a mass of looking-glasses, clocks and shoe blacking out of the cargo."

"Next day we struck another cull and I 'spected the mermaids would pull us out again. They were all around a donnin' their mornin' uniform in the glasses. Hey!" says I, "t'ow us along, will you?" Well, no sooner had I hailed 'em than every one of 'em looked at the clocks which they had slung around their necks. 'Scuse us, cap,' they said, 'we see it's just time to keep our appointment at the bottom,' and cuss me if they didn't all disappear."

**The Biter Bit.**  
Gilholly was in a somewhat intoxicated condition. He came out of the bar room at a late hour. He had sufficient intelligence, however, to know what his condition was, so he concluded to take a hack. As soon as he was inside of the hack and was being driven towards his home it occurred to him that he had only five dollars in the world, and that the sum had to last him until the end of the month, therefore, he could not afford to pay hack hire. Slyly opening the door of the hack he jumped out without the coachman having observed him. He wandered about in foot for half an hour until he found that he had lost his way. He was then compelled to hire a second hack. As he had succeeded so well in swindling the first hack driver, he concluded to try the same trick over again. It succeeded, but unfortunately in jumping from the hack he landed in a pile of fresh mortar, out of which he had much difficulty in extricating himself. After wandering around for several hours in the rain he at last found his way home. On the floor he saw his fine black suit utterly rained by the lime and water. He seized his pants and got out his pocketbook. He counted his money, and discovered that precisely two fares were missing.

"Now I understand how it happened," he exclaimed, "I paid these two hack drivers their money when I first got into their hacks, but I was too drunk to remember. So in swindling two fares out of the hack drivers I have swindled myself out of that amount, and walked home besides. The ruined clothes are worth at least forty dollars."

**An American Fireside.**  
An American woman is lecturing in England on marriage, domestic habits and kindred subjects. Her idea of fireside bliss is illustrated by an ideal picture of a cozy room with pretty children and a cat and a dog playing about. Enter to these the husband, tired but happy. He throws himself into an easy chair, in attitude of careless repose, which he completes by placing his feet in his wife's lap. With their usual guilelessness and faith in what they are told concerning American affairs, the English who unfortunately hear this lecture will henceforth stubbornly believe that all American husbands are in the habit of resting themselves with their feet in their wives' laps.

## Sugar by Electricity.

An entirely new process for refining sugar, electricity being the agent employed, is one of the latest discoveries.

If the half that is claimed for it be true, it is also one of the most important that has been made in the last half of this century. The process is said to be a dry one throughout, disposing altogether with boiling and the use of boneblack. It is claimed that no syrup whatever is produced, the whole product being hard sugar of nearly, if not quite, absolutely purity—namely, 100 per cent. cane sugar, per analysis. This result has been obtained from the lowest grades, the parcels treated ranging all the way from ten pounds to over a ton in weight. The refined sugar is obtained within four hours from the time the machinery is set in motion, and the process is continuous, the output of fine sugar being kept up so long as the raw material is fed in and the machinery kept in motion. The cost of the process is almost ridiculously low, being set at not more than eighty cents per ton, with a guarantee that the loss will not be greater than about one-half of one per cent. The cost of the requisite machinery, including power and apparatus needed to put the sugar into barrels and the buildings required to inclose the works, is estimated to be about \$100,000; in England, for an output of four thousand barrels every twenty-four hours.

**Paid by the Private.**  
The Baltimore Sun revives the following story of Elias Howe, the inventor of sewing machines:

At the outbreak of the war, when he was a millionaire he enlisted as a private to show his patriotism and independence. Money grew scarce, and his regiment, which was sent South, was left unpaid for three months. At the end of that time Howe, in his private's uniform, one day entered the office of the quartermaster and asked when the soldiers of the regiment were to be paid.

"I don't know," replied the quartermaster. "Well, how much is owed them?" blandly asked the private. "What is that to you?" said the storekeeper, with a look of surprise. "Oh, nothing," said Howe, nonchalantly; "if you'll figure out the amount I'll give you my check for the whole business."

"Who are you?" gasped the quartermaster. "Elias Howe, and my check is good for the pay of the entire army." The quartermaster made out his bills and Howe gave him the check for three months' pay for his regiment. The government afterward reimbursed him.

**The Politest of Military Clerks.**  
"When Grant was in Chicago, three or four years ago," said an army official, "he lounged about Sheridan's headquarters a good deal. His son Fred was at that time on Sheridan's staff, but was absent one day, and Grant took his place at Fred's desk and looked after the business. A nervous, fidgety, irritable old fellow came in to inquire for some paper that he had left with Fred. When he stated his case Grant took up the matter in a sympathetic way, and proceeded after the manner of an over-anxious clerk to look the paper up. The document could not be found, and Grant, apologizing, walked with the old gentleman to the door. As I walked down the stairs with the mollified visitor he turned and asked: 'Who is that old codger?' He is the politest clerk I ever saw at military headquarters. I hope Sheridan will keep him." I answered quietly, "That is Gen. Grant." The fidgety old gentleman, after staring at me for a full minute, said, with considerable fervor, "I will give you 50 cents if you will kick me down stairs."

**His Loye was Chilled.**  
"Love you!" echoed the young man; why, I'd walk through fire to sit by your side for ten minutes!" "That's awfully nice. I wish pa loved me that way?" "Doesn't he?" "Oh, no. She asked him at dinner for a \$300 camel's hair shawl, and he made her cry?" "Why, he said that, with wheat touching a dollar, and he a half million bushels short on a delivery at eighty-seven cents, she'd better be thinking of calico at six cents a yard. Why, what ails you, Augustus?" "I—that is, I've got to meet a man at sharp 3. Half a million bushels short, eh? Good-day, Miss Fairbanks." And he went off kicking himself for not being in love with an ice dealer's daughter.

## A STRUGGLE WITH A COW.

**Unexpected Result of Sam's Twisting the Calf's Tail.**

The Cow Resents the Act with Disastrous Consequences to Her Drivers.

There is nothing that demands staidness of a high order as much as the driving of a cow with a young calf to any particular place. Two Dallas colored men took a job of this character yesterday, and although they gave the matter their careful attention, the result was very far from satisfactory to anybody but the cow, who seemed to enjoy it very much. Sam and Bill were to get a dollar to take the cow and calf and put them in the yard of the owner, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who lives at the south end of Elm street. After trying in vain to get the cow to understand in which direction they preferred she should go, Sam and Bill called a cab-driver meeting, at which the following campaign plan was agreed upon: Sam was to take up the calf in his arms and go ahead, while Bill was to hold the cow back by the rope which was fastened to her horns.

"Ef she goes too fast," said Bill, "I'll jest hold her back." "And ef she don't follow fast enough, I'll jest twist dat calf's tail, and den she will come right along," said Sam.

Sam took up the calf and went ahead, while Bill, in order to get a real good hold, tied the rope around his wrist. The procession proceeded slowly in the desired direction, and would have reached its destination in safety had not Sam, a tempted Bill to get off a joke on Sam, so he called out:

"Sam, jest twist dat calf's tail." Sam did so, and the calf bleated as if it was opposed to an encroachment on its performance. The old cow began to trot. So did Sam, holding on to the calf as if he had stolen it. Then the fun began. For every once in a while the cow would polish her horns in the ceiling of Sam's pants. Bill could not get his hands out of the rope, and, as he had short legs, he had hard work keeping up with the procession, or rather in not letting go. He ran so fast that the kinks in his wool straightened out. Finally he gasped:

"Sam, untwist dat calf's tail." Sam's legs moved so rapidly that they looked like spokes of a buggy, but he called back:

"Look out dar, don't let go dat rope, de cow's gainin' on me!" "Drap de calf, Sam," called poor Bill, whose arm was coming out of its socket. "Drap de calf, for I can't keep up wid de cow. Go slow, or I'll turn de cow loose on you," which, however, was more than he was able to do.

Bill made the next fifty yards on his back, he still most unwillingly retained his hold on the rope. Fortunately, the cow overlooked Sam, and in return for his kindness in picking up the calf, she picked him up on her horns and threw him over into Mr. Carlyle's yard. Bill, who was rather tired of chasing the cow, thought he would climb over and see what Sam was doing. She appeared to understand his wishes in that direction, so she started on a run to help him out, or rather in. She was a little late, but he went about ten feet further into the field than he would have done without her assistance. There was neither of them so badly hurt as they were when old Carlyle came and told them that the contract was that they should put the cow in the yard. Instead of that, the cow had put them in the yard, so the dollar belonged to himself as the owner of the cow.

It is thought a lawsuit will grow out of the matter.

**A Man of Honor.**  
Colonel Griggleson, by the unhesitating manner by which he has purchased goods on credit, and by the hesitating manner in which he has paid for them, fails to occupy a place among the fortunate class of men known as "good customers." The other day, just after the colonel had ordered several articles to be sent up to his house, the merchant of whom he had just ordered the articles, said: "Colonel, I would like the best in the world to favor you, but I really can't carry you any longer." "By the way, that reminds me of a joke I heard in Washington last—" "Never mind about Washington. I can't afford to let you have the goods. You owe me a hundred and fifty dollars already." "My dear friend," said the colonel, lighting a cigar, "do you suppose I can, in justice to my honor, afford to pay a man who refuses to trust me? I may be peculiar, but I can't help it. My father was very much the same way. Don't remember the old gentleman, do you? You would send these things up as soon as you can. Good morning!"—Arkansas Traveler.

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