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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered their papers discontinued.
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Doors, Sash, Shutters,
Blinds, Brackets, Flooring
All kinds of Siding.

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Having our own planing mill it will be to the advantage of those intending to build to consult us.

Contracts made on all kinds of buildings. Plans and Specifications furnished on application, with estimates of cost.

18-1y

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The MOST goods for the
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- AT -

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GROCERY,
No. 32 Main Street,
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Headquarters for Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, Tobacco and Cigars, &c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS AT THE HIGHEST HOME MARKET PRICES.

Remember we do a strict cash business and sell at close margins.

5-1y

Finding a Home.

"I tell you what 'tis Henrietta, I'm a-goin' to speak my mind for once in my life, if I never speak ag'in," announced Miss Matilda Fennil, as she briskly bit off the thread with which she was basting a founce on a skirt of pearl gray cloth.

Miss Matilda looked as severely indignant as was compatible with her plump, mild face, which was still fair to look upon in spite of her "thirty-odd" years; while her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henrietta, looked supremely indifferent to whatever she might have to say.

Mrs. Fennil was quite the antipode of her sister-in-law, being a showy brunette, with eyes that could look demurely coquettish, or spitefully scornful, according to her mood.

"You're a-doin' wrong, Henrietta, an' you know it," went on Miss Matilda, "a-takin' up with this here stranger man, an' aceshilly goin' to marry him, when you've been promised—an' you know you have—to Nat Norraway for the last two years."

"Oh, indeed?" sniffed the widow. "Mebbe you kin console Nat yourself, seein' you're so anxious to take up fur him."

"It's a burning shame so 'tis," continued Miss Matilda, without noticing the interruption. "An' him way off in Maine, or Florida, or some o' them Western States, where there's Indians and bears, a-diggin' an' a-delin' in the mines, to git money enough to marry you. You'd order be ashamed!"

"Indians an' bears! a-diggin' an' delin'—te-he!" tittered Mrs. Fennil, aggravatingly. "Thank you, Tilda, I ain't a-goin' to marry an Indian—nor a bear, neither!"

"Now you know I never said nothin' of the kind," protested Tilda, indignantly. "I said Nat was a-diggin' in the mines, an' so he is; an' here you're a-goin' to marry this Mr. What's-his-name?"

"His name is Mr. Theocrastus Belleville," snapped the widow, tartly; an' if you've got any more to say ag'in him, you kin go some's else to say it! This is my house, an' if you don't like my doin's, you needn't stay under my ruff another day longer. I've give you a home here ever sence Joe died, an' I ain't a-goin' to put up with no preachin' from you!"

"I've done my sheer o' the work, Henrietta," said Miss Tilda, mildly, while a suspicion of tears started in her gray eyes. "An' I think I've earned my vittles and clothes; but if you don't want me any longer, I kin go."

"Yop'd have to go sooner or later, anyhow," said the widow, slightly mollified by her sister-in-law's pacific tones. "Tain't no ways likely Theocrastus would want to be saddled with a poor relation at the very start. As for marryin' him, I'm a-join' the best I kin for myself. He's just bought the nicest house in town, an' furnished it complete, from garret to sullen; and I allus did want to live in town. Tain't no ways likely Nat'll ever make a forchin' out in the mines, anyhow. An' as I said before, when I marry Theocrastus, you'll hey to find another home; an' you might well be a lookin' out fur it now."

Miss Matilda finished sewing the founce on the pearl-gray cloth, which was to be the widow's wedding-dress and then betook herself to her own room to have a good cry, and think over her future prospects.

Finding another home was easier said than done, and Miss Matilda was naturally of a timid, retiring disposition, notwithstanding the bold manner in which she had "spoken her mind" on the present occasion.

But she was not to be left long to her own meditations, for Mrs. Henrietta Fennil was not above asking a favor of her sister-in-law, though she had as good as turned her out of the house half an hour before.

"I want you to go with me to see the house, Tilda," she explained, tripping into the room, in her best dress and a hat bristling with ostrich plumes. "Theocrastus wanted me to meet him and look over it, to see if it suits me; and to go alone."

And Miss Matilda obligingly donned her black-and-white shawl and her old-fashioned hat, and accompanied her sister-in-law on her tour of inspection.

Mr. Theocrastus Belleville was a newcomer in the little village of Crab Orchard, but his recent purchase of a handsome house and his apparently ample supply of money, were sufficient passports to the widow's favor, and the wooing sped on rapidly.

The house was a substantial brick, handsomely finished, with velvet hangings, a dado, hand-painted panels and alcoves.

The floors were covered with cushiony carpets, the windows hung with handsome curtain, the mantles covered with velvet lambrequins

Mrs. Fennil was quite satisfied. "And now the cage is ready, when can I claim the bird?" whispered Theocrastus, tenderly, to the widow, while Miss Matilda sat at the further end of the room, looking forlornly out of the window. "Why not right away—to-morrow?" persisted the anxious suitor.

The widow looked modestly reluctant, but finally allowed herself to be persuaded, and the morrow was set for the wedding-day, when suddenly the hall-door was thrown open, and Nat Norraway strode imperiously into the room.

The widow uttered a little scream, and clung to the arm of her lover, who looked as if he had seen a ghost.

Nat stared coldly at them for a moment.

"So it is true, Slippery Bill," he said at last. "And you have betrayed my trust and stolen my promised wife. I wish you joy of your prize," he added, contemptuously.

"What do you mean, Mr. Norraway?" cried the widow, in alarm.

"This gentleman is Mr. Theocrastus Belleville. And what do you mean by coming into his house in this way?"

"Mr. Theocrastus Belleville—and his house?" retorted Nat, contemptuously.

"This gentleman, as you call him, is Mr. William Suggs alias Slippery Bill, and this house is mine. I employed him as my agent to purchase it for me before I was aware of his real character."

The widow dropped her suitor's arm, and sank on a velvet covered sofa in strong hysterics.

Miss Matilda rushed to her assistance, while the *quandam* Theocrastus took advantage of the confusion and stole ignominiously away.

Under pretense of owning the house himself, he had sought to marry the widow, who was known to possess a snug sum of money herself.

"I'm glad Nat has forgave me at last, an' sort o' settled down like he meant to stay," mused Mrs. Fennil to herself, a few weeks later. "But I must git rid of Tilda. It's a little troublesome to have her around every time he comes."

And she took the first opportunity to speak to her sister-in-law on the subject.

"I thought you was a-goin' to look fur another home, Tilda," she began.

"Hev you found one yet?"

"X-yes," said Miss Matilda, hesitatingly. "But—"

"Why don't you go to it, then?" cried Mrs. Fennil, sharply. "I don't need you any more; an' if I marry Nat, as I s'pose I shall, he won't be likely to want you around."

"Oh, Henrietta!" cried Miss Matilda, turning very red. "I didn't like to tell you, but Nat has asked me to marry him, and—"

Bang! went the door. The widow had fled to her own; and, much distressed, yet with a thrill of happiness at her heart, Miss Matilda made the simple preparations for her wedding.

There was a quiet ceremony that evening at the little country parsonage—no wedding-feasts, nor presents, nor invited guests. But the newly-married couple who issued therefrom felt a serene contentment with their lot.

And Miss Matilda had found her home.

Plain Words on Business.

Samuel G. Scott, in his address on "Plain Talks to Young Men" in Association Hall, Phila., recently, the following are a few of the particular apt sentences:

"The entrance into business is a momentous event in the life of a youth."

"The applications for positions are so numerous that a man is compelled to take, not what he chooses, but what he can get."

"There are two things he should be willing to do: to work, and to make small wages at first."

"Happy is the youth who intends to succeed, who is ready to pick up the loose ends of knowledge."

"What a temptation there is to misrepresent in business! How many lies there are even in labels!"

"I tell you there is such a thing as commercial morality."

"From the moment that a man is honest because it is the 'best policy,' he becomes dishonest."

Firmness of Senator Wilson.

Senator Henry Wilson was a self-controlled as well as a self-made man. He left his New Hampshire home early in life and changed his name, in order to get out from under the baleful shadow of intemperance. He began on the lowest round of the social ladder, and climbed up rung by rung, until he became a political power in the nation.

The first step he took in the ascent placed him on the pledge never to drink intoxicating liquors. The second step made him an industrious laborer, and the third a diligent reader.

He was sent to Washington to carry a petition against the admission of Texas into the Union. John Quincy Adams asked him to a dinner party, where he met some of the great men of the nation. He was asked to drink wine. The temptation to lay aside his temperance principles for a moment, in order not to seem singular, was a strong one. But he resisted it and declined the glass of wine. Mr. Adams commended him for his adherence to his convictions.

After Mr. Wilson was elected to the United States Senate, he gave his friends a dinner at a noted Boston hotel. The table was set with not even a wine glass upon it.

"Where are the wine glasses?" asked several, loud enough to remind their host that some of his guests did not like sitting down to a wineless dinner.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, rising and speaking with a good deal of feeling, "you know my friendship for you and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget the rock whence I was hewn and the pit, whence I was dug." Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape I fled from my early surroundings and also changed my name. For what I am, I am indebted, under God, to my temperance vow and my adherence to it. Call for what you want to eat, and if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming. But wines and liquors cannot come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the path of another the snare from which I escaped.

Three rousing cheers showed the brave Senator that men admired the man who had the courage to live up to his convictions.

"Lord Timothy Dexter."

As illustrating the diversity of opinion among critics as to proper methods of punctuation, the story has often been told of an author who wrote his book and had it printed without punctuation, and then supplied a page at the close with punctuation marks for each reader to use according to his own taste. A few particulars about this rare book may interest our readers.

This curious production is evidently the work of a man who in our day would be known as a crank, though he was of sufficient prominence to have a place in "Drake's Dictionary of American Biography." He was a New Englander by the name of Timothy Dexter, and the notice of him in the Biographical Dictionary is as follows:

"Timothy Dexter, known as 'Lord Timothy,' remarkable for his eccentricity, was born at Malden, Jan. 22, 1747, and died at Newburyport, Oct. 22, 1806. He rose from poverty to affluence, possessed much acuteness, and was honest in his dealings, but lacked that kind of prudence which so frequently hides bad and sets off good qualities. By his desire to appear in print he frequently exposed his ignorance. His vanity was exhibited by his assuming the title of 'Lord.' He built a house at Newburyport—adorned with 16 wooden statues," etc.

The title of the curious book is "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," by Lord Timothy Dexter, with an Introductory Preface, by a Distinguished Citizen of "Auld Newbury." The copy in hand was printed in Newburyport by Blanchard & Sargent in 1848, and is the fourth edition.

The picture of "Lord" Timothy Dexter and his dog, and the outline of his house, with its wooden statues, are as amusing as the literature of the book itself. The spelling is as bad as that of Artemus Ward or of Josh Billings, and the last page is filled with commas, semicolons, interrogations, and marks, and the like. An accompanying note says: "To avoid dispute all the punctuation marks in this immortal work are printed on one page at the end, so that the reader can pepper his dish to suit himself."

A Story of a Rich Mine.

A Miner who Waited Twenty Years for a Buyer.
And Then Sold a Five-Sixths Interest in His Claim for \$1,600,000.

Recently there arrived at the Gilman hotel in this city, says the Portland (Ore.) News, a plainly or rather poorly dressed, cadaverous-looking man, about 50 years of age, who took a \$1 room. Soon thereafter it was whispered that the new arrival was Thomas Cruse, the man who had sold the Drum Lummond mine, in Montana, for \$1,600,000. Half of this amount is said to be deposited in the First national bank in this city, and the other half in a Montana bank.

It was noticed during the millionaire's presence in the house that he spent no money that he could possibly avoid. On Sunday he asked where the catholic church was, instead of hiring a carriage and traveling as becomes a man of so much wealth, he trudged on foot to the church and back. On Tuesday he left for his home in Montana.

Yesterday a gentleman was met who knew Mr. Cruse well, and he said: "Yes, I am well acquainted with him. For the past twenty-five years he has been a prospector in Montana and Idaho, and his present wealth is due to the fact that he is one of those fellows that get hold and never let go."

"Why, it's twenty years since he struck the mine that he sold for more than a million and a half. In order to develop it he would work for a while for others to obtain a stake for grub, tools, and powder. Then he would put in his time on the mine until his funds were exhausted."

"Finally he struck pay dirt, and his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and for three or four years before he sold out he made a living out of it. How? Why, by extracting a few hundred pounds of ore and taking it to his cabin and reducing it to a pulp in a mortar and washing it out in a bread-pan. You see the mine, although rich, could not be properly developed without capital."

"Being of a secretive disposition, he had a door at the entrance of his hidden treasure which he kept locked at all times, and the miners used to call the place 'Cruse's prison.'"

"The story of the great richness of the mine spread far and wide, and big offers were made for it. Among those who made an offer for the mine was Mackay, of bonanza fame, but the hardy prospector knew full well the value of his find, and would not sell until he got figure. Cruse was a stayer from a way back, and don't you forget it. Had it been me I would have sold out long ago."

"Finally an English syndicate commenced to angle with the lucky prospector, and at one time negotiations reached such a stage that the papers were drawn up and read to Cruse, who was also represented by his attorney. A clause in the agreement was read by which the purchasers could buy the one sixth interest he retained, should they so desire. This jarred on the old man's ear like a false note to an orchestra leader."

"I want that stricken out, and I'll give you just five minutes to do so. If you don't the jig is up," sententiously said the man who had waited twenty years for a purchaser.

"Well, but that's a mere formality, and it's not likely the company will want to freeze you out," said the representative of English capital. This sort of expostulation was kept until the hands of the clock marked the expiration of the five fateful minutes.

"The jig's up," slowly and sternly said Cruse.

"And indeed it was, and the failure to accede to the request made by Cruse cost \$100,000 extra, and it was several months before he resumed negotiations. Had the clause been stricken out five-sixths of the mine could have been purchased for \$1,500,000, but when the negotiations were resumed \$1,600,000 was asked and received for five-sixths of the Drum Lummond mine."

The mine is situated about three miles from Butte City, M. T., and is probably the richest gold-producing mine in the world.

Shakespeare Versus Hash.

"I tell you sir," said an eloquent boarder, referring to Shakespeare, "that man has left his impress upon the thoughts of the world, and his influence will reach to the remotest posterity. When we come under the influence of his genius we no longer grovel in the dust, thinking only of bread and butter, but we—"

Just then the dinner bell rang, and he fell over a chair in his mad haste to get at the provender and at the next moment he was eating soup at the rate of a quart a minute.

Remarkable Presence of Mind.

There were half a dozen old fellows sitting on a bench in a public park talking upon various subjects, and finally they began to tell stories as to wonderful feats and presence of mind they had witnessed. One old gentleman told of the building of a mill in York State, where a number of upright posts had to be put in about six feet of water, with the end resting on the rocky bottom. In lowering one of these posts, the end became entangled in the coat tail of a man in a boat, who was steadying it, and took him to the bottom; but before he could get untangled, he was pinned fast under nearly six feet of water.

"With wonderful presence of mind," said the story teller, "he slipped out of his coat and came up. His coat remained under the post."

A lean, lank-looking fellow had been listening came up, saying: "That's a remarkable incident, but nothing to what I saw in Milwaukee Bay about thirty years ago."

"What was it? Tell!" exclaimed all the party at once.

"I was out in a boat with a friend. We had started out for a fish, and had taken our guns along to shoot ducks, if any should happen along, which was a common thing in those days. Well, we hadn't been there long before I, in some way, lost my powder-horn overboard, and it sunk in thirty feet of water. There it lay on the bottom in plain sight. My friend said he would dive for it. I tried to persuade him not to, but he was determined. I noticed he didn't take off his powder horn, and before I could call attention to it he was in the water. I waited about twenty minutes—"

"Twenty minutes!" they all exclaimed.

"That's the exact time, my friends. I held my watch in my hand, and timed him. After twenty minutes I began to get a little nervous, and I looked over the boat; and what do you think I saw?"

"I suppose your friend laid on the bottom of the lake drowned," ventured one.

"No; you are wrong. Here is where he showed his presence of mind and dexterity, thieving disposition. There he sat on the bottom of the lake, pouring the powder out of my horn into his own and whistling. That's what I consider a remarkable incident of a man's presence of mind."

No reply was made by any of his listeners, but each one quietly got up, looking suspiciously at the story teller, and left him alone, master of the situation."

Where the Old Shoes go To.

It has long been known by many persons what become of the old tin cans which are picked up throughout the city and carried away in wagons, but it has only recently been discovered to what use the old shoes are put. Occasionally wagons go through the city and return toward New York heavily laden with old shoes and boots—those that have been thrown away as worthless. It is quite an industry in New York, gathering these, and they are said to be worth five cents each. The foreman of a wall paper factory in the city mentioned says that different prices are paid for different grades of leather, and that a pair of calfskin boots will bring fifteen cents. The boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off them. Then the nails and threads are removed and the leather is ground into a fine pulp ready for use. The embossed leather paperings which have come into fashion lately, as well as the stamped leather fire screens, are really nothing but thick paper covered with a layer of this fine pressed leather pulp. The foreman of the factory to which the reference is made says that the finer the quality of the leather the better it takes the bronze and old gold and other expensive colors in the designs painted on them. Fashionable people think they are going way back to mediaeval times when they have the walls of their libraries and dining rooms covered with embossed leather. They don't know that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw into the ash-barrel a month before form the beautiful material on their walls and on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire. Many other trades use old shoes and boots, and the tops of carriages are largely made of them, ground up and pressed into sheets. Book-binders use them in making the cheaper forms of leather bindings, and the new style of leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast-off coverings of the feet. There is very little wasted in this world.