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Fashionable Barber,
Having had many years' experience, the public can expect the best work and most modern accommodations.
Shop 2 doors west Millheim Banking House,
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Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,
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Attorneys-at-Law,
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Practices in all the courts of Centre county Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.
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Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

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House newly refitted and refurnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Reasonable charges. Trunks respectfully solicited.

The Bug Man.

The proverbial straw had broken the metaphorical camel's back. The patience of Charlotte Brantome, usually equal to the exigencies of the occasion, was exhausted. The twins, as a matter of course, were the culprits. They, however, with the complacency natural to boys of six or thereabouts, were indifferent to the tempest of despair which raged within their sister's breast. They had considerably refrained from adding deceit to the guilt, but had confessed, fully and unreservedly, to rifling the canary's nest, to tearing a jacket, and losing a hat down the well, to eating the strawberries that were saved for supper, and to catching their most faithful hen with a fish-hook. The fish-hook represented the straw; Charlotte the camel. She could have borne anything better than downright cruelty developed so early in one of her own blood. She never was a boy.

"And a man was here," said Popsey. "A big man," volunteered Wopsey, the other twin. "And 'e asked us about everything, and we said our mother wasn't very well and our sister was an old maid school ma'am."

Charlotte winced. Where had he picked up that expression? And had it come to that?

"You must not talk to strange men about mother or me. What did he want?"

"He wanted to see you."

"Me?" "Visions of tramps, of spying burglars, only they had nothing to 'burgle,'" as Popsey had said one day, came into her mind. "How did he look?"

"He was beautiful." "He was dreadful," said the twins in duet.

Further questioning elicited these facts: He was young; he was old; he was short; he was tall; he wore spectacles; he wore a mustache, and was a bug-man. In the last and crowning fact the boys agreed.

Practice had made Miss Brantome a tolerable clairvoyant, so far as reading those two small minds was concerned. She jumped at the conclusion that some wandering naturalist chasing an elusive bug had chanced that way, and gave the subject no more attention. She had other things to think of than "bug-men" or any men, and the problem of how to provide a new hat for Wopsey and how to instil remorse into the hearts of her charges drove other thoughts away.

Sitting down on the low door-step of the house that had been home to her for six and twenty years, she tried to reason it out. The sun was yet high, the days were at their longest. Behind her flowed the tireless river; in front of her across the prairie, the hills were green. In the field of rye over the way gleamed a white wooden cross. Her grandfather, in whose veins flowed some of the blue blood of France, had bought a home in this western country when the remnant of an Indian tribe had still property to sell. The deed of sale provided for the preservation of their little burying-ground. The grain grew thick around, but the tiny village of the dead was never disturbed by spade or plough.

Old Pierre, however, had never prospered. Neither did Pierre the younger; and one night, when riding home, his horse shied in the moonlight and threw him with his head against a stone; he left no legacy but the home-stead and a debt to his wife and children. There was a gap of twenty years between Charlotte and the twin babies, and she really had a third infant on her hands, for her mother was nothing more useful than that after her husband's death. She was not feeble-minded exactly, but painfully gentle—strange and unaccountable.

Charlotte shouldered her burdens with a brave heart. Her French accent—for Grandfather Brantome's blood had never filtered through Canada—brought her employment in a school town near by. The long walks back and forth kept the roses blooming in her cheeks, the boys were good—sometimes—and she, being busy, was happy. It requires leisure to be successfully miserable.

The burying-ground typified to her the "daily martyrdom of private life." And now, looking at it, her heart grew light. The new hat would cost but a trifle. Surely there were more strawberries ripe in the garden, the canary would lay more eggs, the jacket could be mended, and old Speckle had provided superior to the fish hook. But what could the boys be screwing about?

"The bug man! the bug-man!" they were shouting, trotting toward her with all their might on their sandy little feet. It was certainly strange. Why should a stranger call twice? That he should come once was not surprising—but twice?

"We showed him your photograph," said Popsey, "and he said you didn't look like an old maid a bit."

"And he said," went on the other terrible infant without a pause, "wasn't he proud to have such a sister; he wished he had, and then he had such a lot of bugs he puts them to sleep with medicine and sticks pins through 'em, and he has a gold watch and he let us wind it up, and we told him to come again some more and here he is?"

Charlotte was speechless, but in some way she found herself rising to her feet to greet a gentleman who was taking off his hat to her and bowing with a grace which even Grandfather Brantome would have approved.

"Miss Brantome, I believe."

She acquiesced in silence.

"I am gathering materials for an historical work, and was directed to you for information concerning the antiquities of this region. And I might as well say now that I have references and all that sort of thing."

"Then you are not—" She stopped; he smiled.

"No, I am not exactly a bug man, as these little fellows have called me, although I must plead guilty to a slight leaning in that direction. Yet just now I would joyfully part with the biggest bugs of my collection if in exchange I might examine your grandfather's papers."

He was so gracefully genial that one could no more be absurdly dignified with him than with the golden robin singing on the Indian cross.

"Will you walk in?"

"I will sit out here instead if you will permit me to do so."

So Popsey and Wopsey dragged a chair and then stood motionless and wonder-eyed listening to the talk of discovery and adventure. They did not understand it very well until the conversation turned to Indian lore, Indians and bears they could comprehend. Then the mother, attracted by a strange voice, drew near the door in her melancholy, wavering way.

"The postmaster's wife thought that La Salle was an Indian chief," Charlotte was saying, "and she had heard of Father Marquette, but supposed him the priest down at La Paz."

"I met a woman the other day who thought a herbarium was a bug," remarked Mr. Duncan. Then they laughed.

But everything comes to an end. The boys began a dumb show behind the stranger's back to indicate to their sister that they were perishing for hunger; so she let the conversation lag in order to end the call.

"Come to-morrow and see the papers if you like," she said. "It will be Saturday, and I shall be at home to answer questions."

He thanked her and withdrew jumping over the rail fence which skirted the field of rye, in order to get a nearer view of the cross, on which not one, but a dozen, golden robins were holding a vespere convale. And the teakettle was soon singing in the Brantome kitchen a song as gay as that of the robins, and Charlotte was not her careful self as she picked the strawberries for tea.

"Half of 'em green," said the disgusted Wopsey. "Spect she's thinking of the bug man."

"She runned up the railroad track." No more words were needed. Back of the garden was the branch railway from La Paz. The evening train was nearly due. Leaving the twins to toddle after as well as they could in their exhausted state, she ran. Ran? She flew. The bright invalid shawl was a beacon. Mrs. Brantome sat upon the track idly playing with some yellow flowers. Charlotte knew her patient well.

"Mother," she said, "it is late and the boys are calling, and you must feed the chickens."

The mother shook her head. Persuasion was no persuader. Then Charlotte scolded. Alike useless. Then, as a last resort, she used a gentle force. A failure. Sit there and pull those yellow flowers to pieces—that the poor unbalanced one would do—nothing else. In Heaven's name what was to be done? Those who have had experience know the strength of the insane. The train whistled for the crossing a mile away, and just then (some guardian angel guided him) James Duncan jumped the fence, a wet handkerchief in his hand.

Blessings upon the medicine which subdued the bugs! It subdued this poor woman in a moment and he had lifted her out of danger before the train rushed past. Then he explained. He had been copying the inscription on the Indian's tombstone as the boys went screaming by. He gathered from their incoherent words what the matter was. The chloroform idea was simply an inspiration.

"How can I repay you?" asked wet-eyed Charlotte, as the party, boys, mother and all, were walking back.

"By making over to me Pierre Brantome's manuscripts—and his granddaughter. I can never write the history without her."

"Well," softly, "in the cause of science—perhaps."

And this is how it came to pass that the boys marched up the church aisle before the robins came again, with Charlotte and the bug-man.

The Hero Was slain.

One of the farmers who succeeded in backing his wagon into place at the City Hall market yesterday morning had several errands to do around the neighborhood, and he left his son of fourteen on the vehicle to make a sale of five or six bags of potatoes. The old man had scarcely disappeared when a bill distributor came along and threw into the wagon the first chapters of a sensational serial. The boy grabbed for the "fly" and began to devour the literature in chunks and hunks, and of the half-dozen people who came along and asked the price of his potatoes he answered only one, and him so absent-mindedly that no sale was made. In about half an hour the old man returned. He halted at the back end of the wagon and took in the situation, and then asked:

"George, what you got?"

"Story."

"What about?"

"Injuns."

"Do they kill anybody?"

"They are after a feller and I guess they git him."

"He's the hero I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"Don't sell any taters, does he?"

"No."

"I thought not, but I reckon I'll soon know the reason why!"

With that he leisurely climbed over the tail-board, reached for the boy and the shaking up that youth received will make him dream of earthquakes for many nights to come.

"You don't want any more of that," said the old man, as he finished business and dropped the "fly" overboard. "The Injuns not only overtook the hero but they slew him in the most fatal manner, and don't you forget it! Now you git up'n gallop and sell these 'taters!'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The fancy in boudoir furniture is to have the wall paper, window curtains, portiers and carpets to correspond in color, while the chairs, lounges and fauteuils are upholstered variously in plush of different but harmonizing colors, tinsel shot, moynage brocades of several kinds and many fancy chairs of cane or bamboo, gilded or painted and cushioned with plush; or jute velours, tapestry finely fringed in Louis XIV or Louis XV styles, and all sorts of fancy plush covered tables, stands, etageres and low bamboo five o'clock tea tables and sofa tables, not to speak of the Japanese screens and cabinets and bookcases, small desks and other pretty objects and conveniences that mark the individuality of a woman of taste and refinement.

Hints to House Furnishers.

SPECIALTIES FOR SPRING.
Streets and stores are alive with lustres and splendors of spring.

The house cleaning craze is at its height, and the furnishing centres teem with novelties of the latest order.

The modern parlor resembles an illuminated mosaic; each article of furniture and bric-a-brac differing in color, form and combination from every other artistic confection or trifle the room contains.

Stylish and serviceable portiers, piano and table covers are made of rich wine or brown shades of Nonpareil velvet, with border bands of the broche variety, the pattern being outlined with gold or silver braid or tinsel cord.

An item of interest to the "Lords of Creation" occurs in the occupation by Max Stadler of his new store, corner Grand Street and Broadway, New York, and the illustrated catalogue and price list of all classes of clothing furnished by this enterprising dealer, on receipt of name and address. Garments of perfect style are sold at figures which scarcely more than cover the cost of materials and manufacture. Such are the facilities vouchsafed at the great centers of supply.

Literary News.—The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, now completing its sixty-fourth year of continuous publication, has recently received a surprising impetus in circulation by original popular improvements, under the talented management of one of the most successful newspaper men in the country. The management announce their cordial desire to renew intercourse with all old friends, and to obtain the approval of myriads of new ones, who will naturally wish to enroll themselves. In order to facilitate this purpose they will send a beautiful souvenir free to applicants who furnish their address to the publication office, 726 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Diphtheria has been so prevalent that the best treatment should be known. The patient absolutely requires extraordinary nutrition and general stimulation to resist and overbalance the slow fever that consumes the strength and also to counteract the deadly growth of fatal fungus in the vital passages. Immediate use of Duff's Pure Malt Whiskey fills these grand essentials, and will produce wonderfully magical results when faithfully prescribed. No case of failure has ever been known. Protect the patient from exposure and harmful excitement, but stick tenaciously to the remedy until recovery is complete.

Every new subscriber to "Strawbridge & Clothier's Fashion Quarterly" gets one volume of Musical Bric-a-Bric, Instrumental selections; or one volume of Musical Bric-a-Bric, Vocal selections. Pretty cover, clear type, full sheet music. The "Quarterly" is the cheapest ladies' magazine in the world. The Spring number contains 120 illustrated pages; colored plate of Paris Fashions; cut paper pattern Supplement; complete original Nolette, by Robert Grant; new Waltz by Sousa, leader of the Marine Band; etc. Cut this out, enclose 50 cents, mention your choice, instrumental or vocal, and send to Strawbridge & Clothier, Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

A Precocious Writer.

Asking the Commissioner of Pensions to Retain Her "Papa."

The personal mail of Commissioner of Pensions Black is very heavy, and frequently contains some curious communications. A few days ago the General received a letter from a little girl of fourteen years, whose father, a Republican, is President of the Board of Examining Surgeons in a Western town, and she was afraid he would be removed. She said her father was in the army, that he brought home with him after the war a disease from which he had not recovered, and which would ultimately prove fatal to him; that he was a good "papa," and she asked General Black not to discharge him. She enclosed a postal card addressed to herself, and said: "My papa does not know I am writing this letter. If he did he might not like it; so if you grant my request please make an X on the back of this postal card. Nobody but me will know what it means, but I shall know that my papa will not be discharged."

The letter received General Black's personal attention. "I have received your little letter," he said in reply, "and have read it with interest. I will file it carefully away, and when I come to take up for action the matter of the reorganization of the Board of Examining Surgeons at — I will give it just as careful consideration as I would like to have given to a letter from my own little girl, written under the same circumstances. If your papa is a good man, a good surgeon and a faithful officer of the Government, I will try and keep him."

A VILLAGE FIRE.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)
DOWN EAST, June 24, 1885.

Did you ever see a fire in a country town? If you have not, you have missed much that goes to make life memorable. Probably you have been to the circus, to see the animals, or, may be, you are an open and avowed sinner and went to see the show, and stayed to see the concert thereafter, and didn't care who knew it. But no man's experience can be couched complete till he has seen a New England village fire. He may have been to the circus, he may have gone to the theatre when he was in the city that time, he may have participated in Decoration day services, been at a Sunday school celebration when a thunder shower came up, or, even, as was once my high privilege, he may have seen a riot between two or three hundred Irish and Italian railroad natives. These things are all very well in their way, but lump them all up and they will not make a shadow to the hurrah that surrounds a fire "down East."

The town was as quiet as a graveyard. It always is. The irregular street is fringed with elms, and the green window shutters on the white cottages set in the apple trees, looked as pretty as a picture. At Amasa Gray's house all was quiet and serene. Hannah, his wife, was in the garden planting onions. The two small children were making mud pies in the loam. Amasa, himself, was a mile away building a stone fence. Hannah had been in the garden sticking onions, in that graceful position one must necessarily assume when you "stand up to it," and she was facing the white-washed barn. Presently she rose up slowly, and thought she smelled something. It wasn't onions, though they were present. She looked around, and her heart leaped into her throat. Out of every crack and chink in the neat white painted kitchen, black smoke was pouring. She ran to the house just as a window burst out and the red flames swept up. Nobody will ever know how it happened.

Hannah screamed "Fire." The neighbors heard it and the yell became general. If there is anything that can put more vitality into a country town than the cry of fire I want to know it.

There was no mistake in location, the smoke, black and rank, curled up overhead. The first on the ground was Aunt Betsy Sawyer, of the general shape and build of an ordinary shock of cornfodder. Aunt Betsy was "doing" some preparation in the kitchen when she heard the cry, and she rushed out with a huge iron spoon in her hand, and she did not lay it down until two hours later, when she allowed, as she sat down at home, that she was all "done up." One of the sights of the hour was that spoon being flourished around. Deacon Jas. Johnson had been reading the Weekly Clarion and Farmer's Friend on the back porch, with his iron bowed spectacles on his nose. He threw his paper down, upset the chair, and "lit out" for the scene of action in his shirt sleeves. When he got there he tried to get in at the front door, and seizing the glistening brass knob tried to open it outward. He struggled and twisted and pulled but it wouldn't come. Finally he gave one mighty pull, and, as the knob came off, the door opened itself. It is currently reported by people who were there, and had personal knowledge of the fact, that Deacon James actually swore at the door. There was never anything done about it in the church, although it was talked over. The sisters often referred to it at the "teas" as an evidence of the possible blackness of a man's heart though he does occupy shining places in the church. It was too well established for denial that Bro. Johnson did say, just as he gave the knob the last mighty yank that brought it off, and burst his vest down the back at the same time, "dod gas it," and those who heard it said that he said it as if he meant it. Miss Mehitabe Ann Jones, the village dress maker, was in the very act of putting herself together when she heard the cry. She has never been known to appear on dishabille before, never; but she started to the fire with that wiggle-waggle run that nobody on earth has but an old maid. She had on her wrapper, but all her fixtures were back in her room, and she looked like a pillow slip with a lath inside. She had on old slippers and red stockings, and carpet rag garters. This valuable piece of information is due to the fact that an en route Miss Mehitabe fell down. Arriving she did signal service by squealing "Fire" at the top of her voice.

The storekeeper was counting eggs when he heard the yell of fire. He dropped the two handfuls of eggs on the floor and, as he afterward graphically expressed it, "let them and the store go to thunder" and tore down the street.

A countryman coming into town in a two horse wagon saw, from the end of the street, the crowd and the fire, and he larrupped his horses into a run to get there. They got frightened and ran through the crowd and over the hill at the other end of town, but just as they cleared the brow he took one look backward and was seen no more. The blacksmith stopped in the middle of a

Catch a Weasel Asleep.

[Chicago Times.]
Two of the bidders for the Government envelope contract, on their way from Holyoke to Washington, were talking over the situation with much assumed candor. It was readily agreed that, as the bids had been registered, there could be no risk in comparing notes; so each promised to mark his bid on paper and pass it over. Both scratched away, the papers were exchanged, and both were blank! Each weasel counted on the somnolent condition of the other.