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cited.

A Slip of the Pen.

Guy Guthrie was a town-bred youth who found, upon his father's death, that his position was not quite what it used to be when he had an overworked father to foot his bills and keep up appearances for himself and motherless sister.

What the careless boy would have done, had it not been for his father's maiden sister, Aunt Saphronia, no one knows, but she immediately sent for the brother and sister, cautioning them to bring all their belongings, for going to town was a luxury which she or her dependents did not often indulge in.

"If it were anywhere but in the country," sighed Guy, ruefully, "I shouldn't feel so about it."

"The green and blessed country," mused Susie, "I shall like it above all things."

"Yes, because you are a girl, and never have to do anything anyway. Now I'll have to plow and drag and transfer myself into a regular rustic, just for the sake of my bread and butter—a glorious prospect, certainly."

"Beggars cannot be choosers," returned Susie. "And I shall have to work too; Aunt Sophia wrote that she expected me to take care of the poultry."

Quite a roostercatic appearance you will make, won't you?" laughed Guy, ruefully.

"I shall not listen to your fowl talk," said Susie, quickly endeavoring to rouse Guy from gloomy feelings.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," sang Guy from the Mascotte.

"Ba-a-a," came a merry voice from the doorway, and then George Maynard came into the room, saying:

"Practicing up for the stage, Guy? I thought I'd run in for a particular parting call before you left us."

The young man addressed himself to his friend Guy, but his eyes were fixed upon Susie, and he drew his chair up to her side.

"Very grateful, I am, sure," returned Guy, mischievously. "But, as my attractions always grow small and beautiful less when compared with those of my sister, and as I cannot consent to play the wallflower, I will de-camp to see you later."

Quite a youthful couple were the two Guy Guthrie so considerably left to themselves for a last chat before their long separation.

Susie was a delicate little blossom of sixteen years, reared in all the idleness and luxury of a daughter of wealth; the change to the sunshine and activity of the country promised to be a god-send to her, while George Maynard was the picture of health. He was but eighteen years of age, but possessed every instinct of a refined and generous man.

His true heart had been proved by his conduct toward Guy and his sister. When their reverse had become known he had faithfully followed them from their beautiful home to the cheap boarding-house which they now occupied.

"So you are really going into the country, Susie?" said he, when the clatter of Guy's departure was no longer heard.

"Yes," she replied; "and we can never be too grateful to Aunt Saphronia for offering us a home at this juncture."

"I like the country myself, or, rather, think I would like it. I never passed a week outside of the city limits. Perhaps some day, however, if you find a pleasant home there, I shall make you a visit and thus taste the pleasures of rural life myself."

"Yes," said Susie flushing a little. "Guy will probably write you and you will know how we are getting along. The worse fear I have is for him. I am afraid he will not be contented there."

"I shall certainly not lose sight of you, Susie. I think you knew that before I told you, and I want you to promise me before we part that you will not make any matrimonial engagements for five years. It seems a little eternity doesn't it, Susie?"

The young girl made no reply, but the tears in his blue eyes, raised so trustfully to his, told George Maynard how deeply her feelings were stirred.

"Won't you promise me, Susie? And you may be assured, if we are both living, darling, at the end of that time, I shall find you, no matter where you may be."

"I promise," said Susie, in a low tone. George drew the brown head to his shoulder and kissed the sweet face fondly.

"That's a darling. See, Susie, what I have brought you." He drew from his pocket as he spoke a neck chain of elegant workmanship, and suspended from it was a locket of purest gold. He touched a spring revealing a portrait of his own sunny face hidden in the heart of the orna-

ment.

"You see I did not want you to forget how I looked, Susie. Will you wear this for my sake?"

"Indeed I will, George. I shall treasure it as a memento of the happy life I have left behind me."

"And a token of the life of the future, which will be still happier. Is it not so, Susie?"

A glorious rush of color was his answer, which deepened as he clasped the chain around her neck and kissed again her trembling lips.

Guy's footsteps were now heard ascending the stairs, and Susie had only time to dry her eyes when he entered the room. "Ha, ha! If you haven't both been crying. What a precious pair of spoons! Come, Susie and George, down to the parlor. Let's have one more song before we part."

The brother and sister did find a change in the tenor of their lives, but it was a change for the better. Susie growing strong and robust in her beauty, and Guy, forgetting rusticity, delved away at farm work, as if he had been to the manor born.

Occasionally they heard from the old friends, mostly through George Maynard, who corresponded regularly with Guy, but they never had returned, even for a day, to the old scenes.

Two years rolled rapidly into the past and then Aunt Saphronia left them for a better home.

The two found themselves joint owners of as lovely a home almost as they could desire.

Guthrie Cottage was known for miles around for its grand old trees, its verdant lawns, climbing vines, and glorious roses of every variety.

Guy and Susie were entirely happy in their home, although sometimes they did look back to the pleasant days of their childhood.

One day Susie received a letter from a friend of the olden time. It read:

MY DEAREST SUSIE: I have just been listening to some glorious reports of your rural home, and another friend of yours and myself have determined to inflict our company upon you for a time. Who that other is I will leave for a surprise for you upon our arrival. Expect us Saturday.

MINNIE LITTLE.

Susie took the letter to her brother, where he was resting beneath a great oak in the twilight.

"You remember Minnie Little, Guy?"

"Yes I remember her," he replied. "George writes me that she is a beauty and a belle. I shouldn't wonder if she had supplanted you, Susie."

"Nonsense," ejaculated Susie, impatiently. "Why can't you speak sensibly?"

"You think it impossible for another to rival your charms? What an exhibition of vanity, Sue!"

"Will you never cease your joking? I want the ponies and carriage to go after Minnie Saturday."

Impossible, the ponies will be in use."

"Why, Guy, you wouldn't leave her to get here from the station herself, would you?"

"Why not?"

"What a tease you are. I repeat it. I want the ponies."

"And I repeat it, you cannot have them."

"Why, Guy, I don't believe there is a single reason why I should not have them."

"But there is."

"What is it?"

"Because I want them to go after Minnie myself."

"I might have known it," said Susie, laughing. "Don't you want to do the housework, and let me farm it while Minnie is here?"

"Yes," replied Guy, with comical frankness. "That is exactly what I would like."

"I thought so, but it wouldn't do you any good; Minnie wouldn't never notice an old farmer like yourself."

With this parting shot, Susie left her provoking brother to himself.

But before Saturday there came another note which read as follows:

MY DEAR SUSIE: I have been disappointed a day or two in visiting you. The friend who intended to accompany me was Mrs. George Maynard, but a sudden summons to New York has prevented our visiting you together. I shall bewitch you on Tuesday.

MINNIE.

Susie Guthrie read this note through the second time before she could comprehend its meaning.

Mrs. George Maynard. Then George was really married, and his wife had thought of visiting her.

Thrice blessed Providence which had kept her away!

her as it had, for now Minnie Little should never know, for doubtless George's wife was a mutual friend of theirs, and if Minnie knew, George's wife might suspect her secret also.

She unclasped her chain from about her neck and was about to cast it from her.

"I cannot! Oh, I cannot!" she cried, and hid the long cherished souvenir upon her heart.

Guy was thunderstruck.

"I never imagined such a thing," said he; "I haven't heard from him very lately; but Sue one thing, don't question Minnie at all about him, or she may suspect something."

The black ponies were at the depot the next Tuesday evening, and came home again bearing a vision of loveliness in the person of Minnie Little.

She was delighted with the country, going into ecstasies over Guthrie Cottage.

"I never saw but one place as handsome as this, and that is George Maynard's, in the suburbs. You ought to see it, Sue."

No reply from pale-faced Susie, and Minnie rattled away upon some newly-discovered beauty among the flowers.

After a time Minnie and Guy began to quarrel politely whenever they were together. Susie looked on in astonishment, and sometimes she had to use her best endeavors to prevent an open rupture.

Although Minnie doted on the country, she did not like the people who inhabited it at all, she said.

Guy, who had forgotten his own olden tirade about the country, was almost angry.

"Think of a man spending his whole life behind a yoke of oxen," she said.

"But I don't drive oxen," retorted Guy, making a personal matter of it. "I drive the best of thoroughbreds."

"They are not like Mr. Nicholson's," sighed Minnie.

"Mr. Nicholson is a simpleton," said Guy, sotto voice.

"Mr. Nicholson has a lovely turnout," returned Minnie, severely.

Oh, oh! he is just splendid, always ready to take one where she wishes to go."

"But I am ready to take you wherever you wish to go," said Guy, looking at her reproachfully.

"Oh! I suppose so, but then I don't care to go anywhere," carelessly.

And then Guy would hitch up the despised span and drive off to the village and spend the whole day.

"Sue," Minnie would say after a time, "when do you suppose Guy will come back?"

"I'm sure I do not know."

"Do you suppose he went off because he was vexed at me?"

"I can't say. If you think you are to blame for his absence, why do you tease him so?"

"Oh! I don't know," Minnie would reply, and then she would be so silent when Guy did return that he would be angry with her for that.

"You are the strangest pair," said Susie one evening, when she had tried in vain for an hour to make them talk.

"I do believe you are in love with each other."

That must have hastened matters, for the next morning they were both missing.

After her work was done Susie sat down upon the piazza to await their return.

She was engaged upon some intricate fancy work, and while busily counting her pattern she heard a step near her. She looked up to find George Maynard's brown eyes fixed steadily upon her.

"George!" she exclaimed.

"Susie!" he cried, and caught her to his heart.

For a long delicious moment she remained there, and then she drew away.

"Your wife!" she attempted to say severely.

"Yes, if you will have me," replied George.

"But—but, are you not married?"

"Why, no. What made you imagine that?"

For answer Susie put Minnie's letter, which was in her pocket, into his hand.

"I see," he replied. "I'll ask her what she meant by writing such nonsense as that. But I think she meant me, for I proposed coming down here with her."

An hour passed by during which George told Susie of a piece of unexpected good fortune which had befallen him. He wished to be married immediately and take her to the home Minnie had told her of. Susie had scarcely consented when Guy and Minnie were seen approaching them, the arm of the former thrown about the slender waist of the latter. All the mischief had come back to Guy's blue eyes. He took off his hat to the couple on the piazza, and said, solemnly:

"I want but Little here below."

When the laugh had subsided George turned to Minnie.

"Look here, Minnie Little, what did you mean by writing to Susie about Mrs. George Maynard?"

George W. Childs.

Anecdotes of his Generosity to his Employees and Others.

"Whatever may be said of the Philadelphia Ledger and its proprietor," said President Amos Cummings in the Press club, the other day, "George W. Childs is certainly the most generous and wholehearted editor and owner of a newspaper in the world. No worthy journalist or journeyman printer when in need ever applied to him and was refused. A year or two ago Mr. Childs saw that one of his old editors was worn out, and his work lacked the polish that had always characterized it. He called him into his sanctum one morning and said:

"You have worked for me forty years. You have always done your work honestly and acceptably. I am now going to retire you at full salary. Take your wife and children, go into the country and enjoy yourself. Come or send to the office every Saturday and draw your salary. Hereafter your time, as well as your salary, is your own."

The old editor overwhelmed Mr. Childs with thanks, and departed. On the succeeding Saturday he went to the counting-room and the cashier refused to pay him his salary.

"Wait," he said, "and I'll go and see Mr. Childs about it."

He went to Childs, and Childs told him to pay the man for a week's services.

"But he is no longer on the paper," the cashier suggested.

"That makes no difference," Mr. Childs remarked, "pay him his salary as long as he lives."

"But, Mr. Childs," broke in the cashier, "do you know this man is worth over three hundred thousand dollars?"

"I hope he is," Mr. Childs responded. "It speaks well for him. The fact that he is worth that money is no reason why I should not pay him his salary after his forty years of faithful service. If he had squandered his money in rum or dissipation you would have said that it would be all right to retire him on salary because he had no money. His prudence and thrift deserves at least an equal reward. Pay him his salary as long as he lives, and say no more about it."

The old editor died three months afterward, leaving four hundred thousand dollars to his wife and children, but his salary was paid up to the day of his death.

Another instance of Mr. Childs' kindness to his employees is shown in the case of a man who was employed on the Ledger when Mr. Childs first bought it. He was a good workman, but a noted drunkard. When Mr. Childs assumed control he went to him and said, "Mr. Childs, are you going to keep me on the paper at my present salary?"

"What are you getting?" Mr. Childs asked.

"Fifteen dollars a week," the man replied.

"I will double it on one condition," his employer said; "that is, that you shall never drink another drop of rum as long as you are in my employment."

The man accepted the proposition. He afterward became a well-known temperance lecturer in Philadelphia, although he complained bitterly when advertised as a reformed drunkard. Childs kept his eye on him, and he also has just been retired on salary. Whenever he desires to do any special work for the Ledger, he is at perfect liberty to do so. Meantime he draws his salary regularly and his bills of expense are never questioned. He, also, is said to be worth between three and four hundred thousand dollars.

Another instance of Mr. Childs' benevolence was shown in the case of Colonel John W. Forney. As the twilight of life approached Forney became very poor. His good heart had been strained to the utmost tension by pretended friends, and he was barely able to make a living. One day he met Childs.

"I am getting old," the colonel said, "and I owe a good deal of money to persons not able to lose it. If you could aid me in paying my debts, it would make the latter part of my life comparatively happy."

"Go home and find out how much you owe," Childs replied, "and let me know in the morning."

The next day Forney reported that he owed about twenty-five hundred dollars. Childs sat down to write a check for the money, when Forney said:

"Childs, you might as well make it five thousand while you are about it."

The good natured editor filled out the check for \$5,000 and passed it to Forney. Within a week the colonel wrote him a letter, saying that he had no idea how happy the receipt of the money had made him.

"I do not now," he wrote, "owe a cent to anybody in the world, and I am twenty-five hundred dollars ahead."

The colonel, with prehensile friendship, had accepted the generous man's check, as a gift, and not as a loan.

Not long afterward the colonel died. He left his family in comparative poverty. On learning of this Mr. Childs

remembered that while Mr. Forney was clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington, he had paid \$30,000 into the public treasury on account of the defalcation of one of his subordinates. Mr. Childs went to Samuel J. Randall, told him of the situation of Colonel Forney's family, and asked him to see whether the money that had been paid to the government by Colonel Forney on account of the defalcation could not be returned. Mr. Randall investigated the case. It appeared that Colonel Forney, while technically responsible for the defalcation, was not actually to blame. Through Randall's influence Congress passed a bill returning the money to Forney's family, with interest. On looking over her husband's papers Mrs. Forney discovered that Forney had borrowed the five thousand dollars from Mr. Childs. On the next day she appeared at the Ledger office and returned the sum. Mr. Childs said:

"I'll take the money, Mrs. Forney, and place it to your credit. It is for your use alone. As long as you live you shall have the use of it, but I want it placed so that it shall not be swallowed up in case of any misfortune to you."

It is not generally known that the recent action of Congress in making Gen. Grant a retired general, of the army on full pay is due to the efforts of Geo. W. Childs; but such is the fact, as any one can ascertain by talking with the Grant family.—New York Journalist.

A Romantic Incident.

A Feeble Old Mother in Search of a Daughter—At the Wedding.

(New York Herald.)

Among the emigrants who arrived at Castle Garden the other day, was an old woman, bent with age. She had lived her allotted three-score years and ten and her feebleness made her an object of universal pity. On the steamer she occupied stifling quarters in the steerage, but her companions were kind to her, and the voyage was made as endurable as possible. She said that her name was Janowski and that she came from Cracow, Poland. She told an interpreter that she had a daughter somewhere in the states, near the Atlantic ocean, but where she did not know. The government officials finally decided to send her back to Poland under the law which prohibits the landing of emigrants who are likely to become public burdens. The old woman protested, but in vain.

The day for sailing arrived, and she was told that she must go on board of the vessel. Age had made her childish, and she sank upon the rude wooden seats and cried as if her heart would break. An official gathered up her bundle of clothing, when the shawl which was wrapped around it became loose and the clothing fell out. An envelope, torn and soiled, fell on the floor, and the official picked it up. It bore the postmark of Newark, N. J., and was addressed to the old woman in Cracow, Poland.

"Where did you get this?" asked the interpreter of the old woman.

"My daughter Jennie sent that," she replied sadly. "She is my only child, and all that I have on earth."

It was decided to take Mrs. Janowski to Newark and endeavor to find her daughter. A gentleman, who had become interested in the old woman, volunteered to go with her, and next morning they started. Arrived at Newark inquiries were made, and a Hebrew woman was found who said that she knew Jennie very well.

"Come this way, I will show you," she said.

The trio proceeded up Canal street until they came to a frame house in front of which a crowd had assembled.

"Jennie is to be married to-day," said the guide. "The ceremony is just being performed."

The old woman forced her way through the crowd in the narrow entry. In the neat but poorly furnished room the wedding guests had assembled. The bride, attired in a dress of spotless lawn, trimmed with fresh daisies, stood besides the groom, a fine looking young Hebrew, awaiting the words which would make them one. A commotion was heard in the hallway, and as the guests at the door separated, the bride uttered a cry of "Mother!" and the old woman rushed into her arms. The scene between the mother and daughter was very affecting, and tears of joy were shed at the nuptial feast.

A Low Valuation of His Life.

I remember upon one occasion the Boyton was called upon by the frantic cries for help of a man who had got beyond his depth and plunged into the breakers, followed by a surf boat. The treacherous undercurrent, setting strongly seaward, had caught the unfortunate swimmer, and he was being rapidly carried out of the reach of assistance. Boyton seized him just as he was about to sink for the last time, and had him hauled aboard the boat. The man was utterly exhausted and it was nearly an hour before he was fully restored. He took off his bathing suit, dressed himself and then with rare magnanimity took from his vest pocket a fifty cent silver half dollar which was not as plentiful as now and handed it to Boyton saying:

"I owe you my life, sir, and I hope you will call upon me whenever you want a favor. Take this money and treat yourself and your assistants to good stiff drink. You certainly must be chilled through."

Boyton is of Irish extraction and a quick-witted as Philpot Curran.

"I think you have made a mistake," he said. "You put too much value upon your life. Permit me to give you your change," and before the creased fallen miser knew what to reply, Boyton had thrust into his hand forty nine cents in pennies, three-cent pieces and ten-cent notes. "I will keep this note as a souvenir of the value of human life," said Paul, coolly putting it into his pocket. He has it to this day.—Phila. News.

Senatorial Snuff Takers.

When Senator Thurman first learned to take snuff, says a Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader, there was hardly a man in the United States Senate who was not addicted to it. It was an inveterate snuffer, and there a story that he once stopped in the midst of an argument before the supreme court, and stepping to the front asked Chief Justice Marshall for a pinch of snuff. Captain Bassett, the venerable doorkeeper of the Senate, said they used to be a snuff-box kept on the desk of the President of the Senate, and one of the duties of the pages of the past was going to this box and bringing a pinch of snuff to different Senators. Captain Bassett was a page when Van Buren gave him every week fifty cents to buy snuff for his box. The last week of his term he told Captain Bassett to fill the box but forgot to pay him, and so President Van Buren owes Bassett fifty cents to this day. When Fillmore came Vice-President he grew disgusted with the Senators running up to his desk in the midst of a speech to get a pinch from the Vice-President's snuff-box and he told Mr. Bassett to buy two and put them on each side of the desk in the recess of the wall. Mr. Bassett did this, and the snuff-boxes are kept there to this day.

Correcting Her English.

"There," said a woman to a tramp, "is a nice dinner, but I shall expect you to saw a little wood for it."

"Certainly, madam," politely replied the tramp, attacking the dinner with both hands, "but you will pardon me, I trust, if I venture to correct your English."

"My what?"