Acceptable Correspondence Solicited

Milleim

VOL. 59.

MILLHEIM PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 27., 1885.

NO. 33

BUSINESS CARDS

A. HARTER,

Auctioneer.

MILLHEIM, PA

L. B. STOVER,

· Auctioneer, Madisonburg, Pa

W. H. REIFSNYDER,

Auctioneer.

MILLHEIM, PA R. JOHN F. HARTER,

Practical Dentist,

Office opposite the Methodist Church. MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM PA DR. D. H. MINGLE,

Physician & Surgeon Office on Main Street,

MILLHEIM, PA DR. GEO. L. LEE,

Physician & Surgeon,

MADISONBURG, PA. Office opposite the Public School House. DR. GEO. S. FRANK,

Physician & Surgeon,

REBERSBURG, PA. Office opposite the hotel. Profes promptly answered at all hours. W. P. ARD, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon,

WOODWARD, PA. B.O. DEININGER,

Notary-Public,

Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa. Deeds and other legal papers written and acknowledged at moderate charges.

W. J. SPRINGER, of Dyanopaia of

Fashionable Barber.

Having had many years' of experience, t he public can expect the best work and most modern accommodations.

Shop 2 doors west Millheim Banking House MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA. GEORGE L. SPRINGER,

Fashionable Barber. Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,

Millheim, Pa. Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooning Dying, &c. done in the most satisfac-

Jno. H. Orvis. C. M. Bower. Ellis L. Orvis. OBVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,

> Attorneys-at-Law. BELLEFONTE, PA.,

Office in Woodings Building. W. F. Reeder HASTINGS & REEDER,

Attorneys-at-law. BELLEFONTE, PA.

T C. MEYER,

Attorney-at-Law,

BELLEFONTE, PA. At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

WM. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-Law

BELLEFONTE, PA. Practices in all the courts of Centre county Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

J. W. Gephar BEAVER & GEPHART,

Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on Alleghany Street. North of High Street BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,

ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. C, G. McMILLEN,

PROPRIETOR. Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

CUMMINS HOUSE,

OP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,

EMANUEL BROWN,

An Eventful Night.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

Has any of us, I wonder, a distinctly dual nature-the one dispassionate and just, the other unreasoning and impetuous? Or in some remote and unguessed niche of our souls does there sit enthroned a small and potent demon, which sometimes breaks restraint and lets loose among our better senses the hounds of anarchy to deafen conscience with their yells and hunt our dearest loyes to the bitter death ?

I can moralize and marvel now, since all is over and done! I can marvel if I were possesed by some unguessed and puissant spirit not my own, in one melancholy episode of my life; or if some uncanny and unworthier duality of my being had quickened to volition within me. For certainly what I had been before and what I have been since, I was not in that deplorable time which I shudder to recall.

I was not ill, nor harassed, nor despondent; I was strong of body, my mind was content, my heart at rest, when I was suddenly impelled to the maddening belief that I was wronged as man had never been wronged before, and when every impulse of soul and sense seemed goading me on for vengeance and human blood.

That particular evening I was sitting alone in the yet unlighted library of my somewhat isolated suburban resi-

Outside was a deliciously fresh and balmy dusk-a serene and beguiling hiatus between the setting of an unclouded sun and the rising of a stormy moon! The winds were still; the great maples were motionless; there were no sounds save those of occasional hoofs and wheels along the uneven and ungraded highway, or those of the uneasy river complaining with the burden of the prolonged Spring rains. Nothing was visible but the formless more but the dim gleam of the scented in both her trembling hands. lilac bloom, and of one narrow beam of long and low veranda.

As I sat there gazing dreamily out drowsily to the grumbling of the restive river -somebody began softly intoning some fanciful operatic air, and then presently an exquisite voice aroused the hushed gloaming with strain after strain of happy melody.

With a sense of infinite peace, of serenest delight, I leaned back in my luxurious chair and closed my contented eyes. My Lyre was singing-my wife-the beautiful songstress I had lured from an anticipated carreer of conquest and splendor, and caged in the calmer and prosier stronghold of my wedded affections.

I had never wondered if Lyrie might some time regret her marriage with a man neither particularly young nor especially attractive; I had never questioned if she might some time regret the love for which she had renounced a more dazzling life; I loved her, and she was mine. And in the yet undiminished charm of our loving, I had never cared to speculate of what might be-of what might have been in a time of which I had no knowledge; of what might be if for her the charm were dissolved in the alchemy of latent ambitions or undivined illusions.

I distrusted nothing. I apprehended nothing; my mind was content and my heart at rest, as in the dreamy dusk I leaned luxuriously back in my library chair and serenely listened to the exquisite voice singing:

"A passionate ballad gallant and gay, A mental song like a trumpet call ! Singing of Death and Honor which

But as I listened the song ceasedceased abruptly with a sharp dissonance and with a little janfile, as if her fingers had come down with a startled crash upon the resplendent keys of the

Then all was silent. And in the midst of the silence, with a flash and a shock, the unguessed demon unlashed the turbulent jealousies and maddening doubts; or the unreasoning duality of my being quickened to a volition determined grip. which belied my sober senses. At the instant I was assailed by neither a crazy suspicion nor a morbid premonition but by a vivid and impellent conviction | said in strangely strengthless tones, that some concealed and gruesome thing was about to be disclosed to me.

"Something startled her from her singing, and she is not one to be startled by what threatens no evil," whispered the voice which was so unlike my own. "Some person has sulked through the garden and through the veranda casements, and so, unseen and unheard, has gained her presence. She has been too suddenly confronted by some phantom from her past, by the palling crash like the booming of thunghost of some ill starred thing which der, and then a rumbling and roaring she had deemed forever buried from like an onset of artillery. her sight. And perhaps even now she is bewailing what might have been and wards the neighboring hills. I knew I it was a wretched attempt, but he planning for what might be."

Such was the summary of those suddes and inexplicable convictions. I had no sense of hesitancy or scruple; and I was possessed by the deliterate already deluging the land, and sanguinary cunning of a crafty

I neither sighed nor muttered execrations. But I smiled grimly as I arose from my chair and with a stealthy tread walked from the library and down the yet unlighted corridor toward

The door was ajar, and I felt not the minutest surprise as I peered into the apartment and beheld the confirmatory scene which was being enacted there.

There indeed was an intruder-a tall man cloaked like a brigand of romance-a handsome man, whose broad rakish hat flared back from a countenance impressively pallid and haggard His arms were about my Lyrie, her golden head dropped against his breast and she was weeping bitterly.

"I could not believe you would re main from me so long if you were among the living," she was sobbing just andibly. "Can nothing be done? Can we not plan something that I may be near you ?-that you may come to me sometimes ?"

"You were happier to believe me no longer among the living. You will be happier, too, if we shall meet again no more," the man answered with some fierce passion kindling in his haggard black eyes.

He lifted her dropping face, he kissed the beautiful brows, he unloosed her pleading hands-and then he turned sible cavalier. swiftly away. As he vanished through the opened

casement of the yeranda, she glanced up and perceived me advancing toward With the glance her great blue eves

dilated and darkened with unmistakable terror. Perhaps my accusing gaze affrighted her and she feared, she knew not what; for with a scared little cry tinctly enough now. shadows where all was shade-nothing she shrank back and hid her paling face But I did not heed her ! Any

light which issued from a window of tion of hers -whether of fear or 1ethe music-room at the far end of the morse or shame - was nothing to me then. I was intent only in the pursuit of a cloaked figure vanishing outsideinto the balmy dusk and listening a flying shadow where all was shade. I had been impelled to the belief that I was wronged as man was never wrongjust then for her-my vengenance was meant for him for whom she had cared before I met and loyed her, perchance, and for whom she still cared !

The stormy moon was just visible among the thickening clouds; the wind was beginning to sigh among the great maples; the gumbling of the river sounded nearer and more near, so I hastened onward, hearing now and then the uncertain thud of reckless footsteps, or seeing a rakish hat looming like a black silhouette against a

gleam of white moonshine. On and on I hastened in stealthy pursuit, through the extensive grounds, across a wooded inclosure of knolls and hollows, and so emerged upon an aban. dened road -a deeply excavated curve which somewhere intersected the high-

The cloaked figure with the rakish hat had become altogether invisible, but of his propinquity I was certain. For a saddled horse was nibbling the lush swampy grasses in a hollow down the roadway, and there were vaguely suggestive rustlings among the vines and elders between me and the river, which just there widened to a sullen

and almost bankless current. "The clump of elders is his last coyert," I thought, grimly, as I descended into the curving roadway and stalked toward the marshy crescent of ground which flanked the river.

And he was there, indeed; but no erect and hostile and defiant. He lay prone upon the earth, moveless, as if he had composed himself for slumber, and totally unaware that a Cain had

tracked him to his retreat. What denunciations I uttered I do not know; I only know that I clutch ed his brigandish cloak, that I dragged him to an upright posture, and that some murderous thing glittered in my

"A man with broken bones and emp tied veins is not likely to defend him self," I was at length conscious he had And as I glared upon him I perceiv-

ed that his garments were drenched with blood, and that one stout foot dangled uselessly beneath his cloak. "I stumbled over the brink of the

excavated roadway, and some splintered rail has forestalled your bullet," he explained with a sort of satiric humor as I involuntarily lowered the murderous thing which menaced him. At this juncture there was an ap

Instinctively I turned my gaze to- salary.'

river had rent assunder some fettering dam above, and the mighty floods were

the prolonged Spring rains, the restive

would be an impassable torrent. the marshy crescent would be a plunging

I would leave him to his doom, as otherwise!

And then with a shock and a flash. the demon, the lunacy, the unworthier duality, or whatever it might have been, was extinguished within me. Perhaps I had been an idiot already, I began to reflect! If my girlish bride had loved him in a time of which I had no knowledge, even if she still loved him, even if she had meditated wrong by. to me, I should indeed be idiotic to do ought which would be joy to my foes and grief to them that esteemed me, and an eternal ignomy to myself! would instead be his deliverer; would take him back to her, and then I would leave them to themselves; I would have done with them forever, and I would go my way alone !

My reflections, if comprehensive were of short duration. Already a yast ayalanche of seething water was and brush it down with her wings. Or tumbling down the valley, already the if Sambo was only an angel! She danrebelious river was rioting over knolls and hollows, and down yonder in the up as high as she could. Instead of streaming road-bed a riderless horse was whinnying for his wellnigh insen-

"Come," I began in my own natural voice, "life is as dear to you as to me, and I shall not leave you to perish here. Arouse your courage a bit; if you can easily climbed to the broad shelf of the keep the saddle for a half mile, you will desk. There she rested a moment, be safe."

that my vehemence and menaces only take him to her arms, for not far above mystifled him : but he understood dis- hung the key. She had set her little My task was sufficiently perilous,

above the roadway when the watery avalanche thundered down and subwhich he so unlickily stumbled.

I had been too incautious. For even as I momently lingered on the brink ed before; but I had no upbraiding my footing failed me, the flood smote papa's deeds into paper dolls. me, and then I knew no more.

When consciousness was restored to me, I was lying in my own chamber, and my darling was kneeling beside my bed her beautiful beloved face all wan and anguished with a trouble which I knew was for me alone.

"Life was worthless to my poor brother, and you would have given your own that he might live," I heard her murmar. I needed no more to understand the

truth. The night was gone like some weirdly distorted dream; and in the glory and gladness of the dawning, I put an arm about her and drew her to my heart.

"You have never told me about your brother-tell me now," I said.

The explanation was sufficiently lucid. No doubt her brother had been more sinned against than sinning; but all the same he had been condemned for a grievious offense, and he was a fugitive from pursuing justice. For years she had believed him dead, and now I did not marvel she was so startled by the phantom from the past.

And now when all is over and done my mind content, my heart at rest, I can calmly marvel and moralize upon inked and passed over the stone after it as one sees on the ocean before a the chaotic misery of that eventful night! I can wonderingly question if and nothing remains but to take the and tents were invisible, but near one I were possessed by some frenzied spirit impression upon the newspaper to be. not my own, or if some unreasoning The Chinese pressman prints three paand inconsistent duality of my being had been quickened to uncanny volition within me!

Two for a Cent Apiece.

A young editor, bright, poor and punsterous, had won the affections of a rich man's daughter, and they fixed a day for him to call on the father, and on that day he was promptly at the old gentleman's office. 'Good morning, sir,' he said, confi-

dently, but ready to run; 'I have called on you on a matter of-'We don't want any advertising today,' interrupted the old gentleman,

looking up quickly over his glasses. 'I am not on that business, sir. came to ask you for your daughter.' 'What do you want with her?'

'Marry her.'

What for ?'

'For better or worse.' What does the girl say ?' 'She says she will be my wife.' 'Uh! You haven't got a cent in the

word, have you? 'Yes, sir, She gave assent, and nd write to you for the balance of our

what had happened; burdened with got the girl.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Source al.

Weezy was so anxious to help that she made it hard for herself and for the In another half hour the roadway family. She burned her fingers in stirring hot apple sauce for Bridget. She woke np the baby in trying to curl the sea, and my helpless arch-enemy must few hairs on his little bald head. She persish if nothing intervened to spare meddled with mamma's knitting work till she had lost every needle. Papa Havnes laughed at these things; but suredly! I should be an idlot to do when Weezy learned to open his writing desk he looked grave.

"This'll never do," said he to mam "The child will be tearing my pa pers next."

So ne locked the desk, and hung th key above the tall clock beside it.

reach that in a hurry," he said to himself, kissing his little daughter good-

into the kitchen to tell Bridget about dinner. Weezy stayed in the sittingroom to sing Sambo to sleep. Every time she rocked back in her small chair she could see the key shinning over the clock. It loooked very much out of place. She wondered why her papa had put it there. She wanted to whistle with it. Oh hum ! if she was a little speck of a bird she would fly against ced across the floor, and threw him knocking down the key she knocked poor Sambo's stocking yarn head athe top of the clock.

"Lie still, Sambo," cried Weezy, mounting a chair. From the chair she leaning her chin on the top of the desk I had fancied a few moments before and patting Sambo. But she did not heart on getting it.

What do you think the little sprite and accomplished none too soon. We did next? All by herself she scramhad scarcely gained the elevated ground | bied to the very top of that big desk. | lie scattered on the floor, I was going Standing on tiptoe she tried to reach over the clock ! Even then she was not merged even the precipitous brink over quite tall enough to grasp the key with her chubby little fingers; but by perch-

He was safe; but of my own safety | ing upon Sambo she got it at last. By the time mamma came back Weezy had opened the desk and cut one of

> Papa was vexed enough at noon when he saw them. "The loss of that deed will give me

great deal of trouble," said he to mam. ma. "How did Weezy come by the key of my desk ?"

"Hickory, dickory, dock, The mouse ran up the clock !' " answered mamma, laughing.

"Why, why, is it possible !" said papa, turning pale. "I'm thankful she didn't break her neck-our little mouse of a Weezy."-Our Little Ones.

A Chinese Printing Office.

In a San Francisco Chinese printing

office the manner of putting a newspa-

newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a matter satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is lithograph stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the characters is left there. A large roller is has been dampened with a wet sponge, storm. In the distance trees, huts pers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work of the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen is imitative. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on the loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and a layout reside. Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles, and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In all cases, no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does you will do the same, that will make not pay, he gets a job washing 'dishes two, and we can buy a postage stamp or chopping wood, and he does not think scended far, either.

SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

A Dongola Sand Storm.

seething in the sun that happens to be exposed to it; everybody bubbling -positively bubbling-with perspira tion that happens to be in the shade; thermometer looks as if it would burst -I am afraid to say how high the mercury has risen-in fact, the perspiration pours so into my eyes that I and and pain the eve by their glare. A black, dense, mud-colored cloud suddenly appears on the horizon at the south, a first a speck, then grow-"There my young squirrel, you won't ing larger and larger, rolling rapidly toward us, now in the distance, now nearer and nearer. Down go tents, and up in the air go straw huts and After he was gone mamma stepped sheds, while the palm branches wave and nod like the plumes of a hearse caught in a gale, or of the belmet of a knight at a mad gallop.

On, on it rolls, that grimy, fast-rid-

ing cloud. Now I cannot see twenty yards ahead of me. The landscape is suddenly enveloped in a black shroud. It bursts upon my hovel. Away, away,away go my half-answered home my only globe lamp-crash! My bottle of seven days' allowance of limegainst the wall, and he fell flat upon juice-it totters and capsizes. Down come the spiders, and away bolt the rats-whom I encourage to run about lives are reported lost from there. and eat the scorpions, centipedes and white ants. In comes a flock of little crimson-headed bats and tumble exhausted. In have no doors or windows to be blown in, and there is fear of a shower of broken glass, such as I have seen during a sirocco on the shores of the Levant. Books, sketches, writing paper, manuscript, linen, to say, no, the earth-we have no is: A. C. Rand and wife; his son Harfloors here in Ethiopia, buried in a vey Rand, aged fifteen; his nephew moment in black dust; and over goes my only bottle of cognae, kept for medical purposes.

was I going to write? I mean a square hole in one of the four mud walls forming what is called by courtesv a house. I was blinded as quickgel. My eyes were instantly filled with sand, every molecule of which was a burning spark, every particle a scintillation. It wearied me to find my way to my washing-stand, I mean my pile of old wooden cases, on which was balanced my basin, an old biscuit | He was in the oil business in Pennsyl tin, with a classically shaped red amphora in it. Finding it at length I cleanse my eyes, smarting with the fiery dust, and put on a pair of huge per on the press and printing is very green goggles, all glass; these are the primitive. The editor takes American only kind that keep out the sand. Thus armed I looked forth into the

moving mountain of sand. A burning blast like unto the breath of a fiery furnace, scorches my face, dries up my skin, stopping eyery pore. I look into the heavens. The sun was a blood-red ball of fire floating "all in could just make out the winding, leadcolored Nile, lashed into billows. A dense cloud, which enveloped all seemed raining fire, the atmosphere as if seething, boiling, sputtering. And now waltzing, whirling along the banks came the "devils" (shaytams), as the Arabs call them, the sand spoutsaerial giants-each inculging in a passeul, their high, fantastic figures rearing their heads from earth to heaven. One is reminded of the djin of the "Arabian Knights" let out of the casket in which King Solomon had sealed him up, and rising as a tall column of smoke. How grim and grewsome are efreets aenii of the Arab folklore drew and the above facts all came out. their origin from such as these. And a destructive element are these rolling spiral sand billows—powerful agents of disintregation, having a grinding, roughing action on rocks and stones—as they ride the whirlwind, accelerating destruction in a country replete with decaying pedigrees of decay-a country where all changes are not of life, but of destruction-where the characteristics of the scenery around are heaps of University of Texas he gets away with rocks breaking into fragments.

everywhere, into clefts and fissures of stones, eating into and sapping their foundations and acting with immense ghastly dance all around, in a dull and those students do.'-Sutings.

lurid glare. Now I am enveloped in a heaving mountain of sand; the air is stifling, my mouth is parched, speech Midday, everything sweltering and is impossible without wetting the lips, the tongue is swollen. I never before propperly understood "the darkness of the Egyptian plague" which "could be felt." Half an hour—the sand tornado has swept by. I can hear the rush of scared horses, mules, donkeys and cat-tle, as they rush madly by, having broken loose; the tremendous guttural roar and grunting of camels, the howlcannot see the small figures. Rock ing of dogs, and the shrillscreaching of vultures and kites flying before the gale. All nature groans. Half an hour-the Dongcla carnivel of the wild elements of the "Soudan" is over.

Lost in a Squall. A Small Steam Yacht Swamped in

A Minneapolis (Minn.)diapatch gives the following particulars of a sad drowning casuality which occurred a few days since at a well-known summer resort: Shortly after 5 o'clock this afternoon a heavy wind and rain storm passed over Lake Minnesota. The small steam yacht Minnie Cook, with ten persons on board was capsize and every one was drowned. Two bodies have been recovered. The storm is way, away go my half-answered home described by eye-witnesses on the larg-letters. Who shall catch them? 'Go er boats as terrible. The waves were run after them; quickly, quickly, boy. high and rate and hail filled the air. I am enveloped in sand. Over goes The larger steamers put in to shore with great difficulty and it was impossible for the small craft to live in the terrible sea. Other boats and lives are believed to have been lost. The storm

Ex-Mayor Rand ownes a cottage on the lake and vesterday he organized a small party for a sail. When the squall sprang up, instead of putting in at once like most boats, he tried to cross where the lake is narrow to Breezy Point, where his cottage stands. The boat keeled over and went down with-out warning not a handred yards from Breczy Point. Many people from the shore saw the boat when the squal Frank Rand, aged eighteen; his daughter Mary Rand, aged eighteen; J. R. Coykendall and wife and daughter Lu-I put my head out of my window, ald, engineer of the boat, aged twenty was I going to write? I mean a seven, and R. C. Hussey. A special train went out to the lake

with friends of the dead as soon as the news arrived. Ten steamers began dragging for bodies. Mr. Rand owned ly as any inhabitant of the cities of a large property in Minneapolis, and the plain was by the hand of the an- represented some millions of Boston capital invested here. The Tribune here will appear in mourning to-morrow. The boat was old and known to be dangerous. Mr. Rand was born in Boston in 1834, and went to Buffalo when young; he was educated there, and married Oline Johnson of that place. yania and afterward in New York as a manufacturer of gas out of oil; he then became a banker in Aurora, Ill., and came to Minneapolis in 1874. He has served as mayor of that city three terms and was president of numerous companies, Mr. Coykendall being his son-in-law. Seven deaths are virtually in one family. Two married sons sur-

Not Quite Ready.

vive.

A negro and his family living on the Decatur division of the Louisville & Nashville railroad recently attempted a hot and copper sky," while along one of the most sensational swindles of the horizon hung a lurid light, such | the day. There are ten children in the family, and the husband and wife find it hard work to teed so many mouths. At a family council it was finally decided that one of the children should sit down on the railroad track and be run over by a passenger train. The parents would then sue the company for damages, with which the rema youngsters could be ted, clothed and educated. One of the boys was so much struck with the project that he volunteered to sacrifice himself for the ood of the others. Shortly before the train was due he took his place on the track and waited. The train came thundering along. The little chap held the fort. He was true grit until the engine got within a few feet of him. when he gave an unearthly yell, and with a bound into mid-air made tracks. they! No doubt the fanciful ghouls, The authorities invested the matter

A SAFE PLACE.

A prominent citizen of Austin has a hopeful son, who is a student of a university. A few days ago the distressed parent said to an intimate friend:

'I don't know what to do to keep my money safe. Since my son Tom has been attending the law lectures at the it every time. I'll have to get a bur-And these gusts of sand penetrate glar-proof safe and sit on it with a shot gun.

'I'll tell you what to do,' replied the intimate friend; put the money in one mechanical strength, lifting and rolling of his law books. He will never into the rock over rock. There is a wierd and there. I know how much studying