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ted.

A Quiet Home.

"Dear me!" sighed Mr. Turmoyle, as a burst of shrill, childish laughter sounded from the nursery down the hall stairs and into the sitting-room where he was making out some account. "I wish those children would be quiet! Ain't it almost bed time, Tillie?"

"They are probably undressing," Mrs. Turmoyle replied quietly. "I'll go and see if they are ready for bed."

"Do keep them quiet until they are!"

There was an interval of profound silence, and in about half an hour the mother returned.

"They are all asleep now," she said. "Tom had dressed the kitten in Bessie's doll clothes."

The accounts finished, Mr. Turmoyle leaned back in his chair.

"I wish you had some management with those children, Tillie," he said. "I went over to Stone's on business last evening, and you would not know there was a child in the house, and Stone has five while we have only three."

"Perhaps they were abed."

"They were all in the next room," was the triumphant reply. "Stone is proud of them, and well he may be. There is Willie, just the age of our Tom, studying Latin, instead of dressing a kitten in doll's clothes; and Amy, who will not be four years old for three months reads well and knows the multiplication through. Look at our savages!"

"They are getting along well at school, dear. I think Mark is too young yet to study; the others did not go to school till they were five."

"And Tom just manages to write a letter at twelve, Willie is at Latin grammar. And as for manners, why Tom will make more noise alone than all five of Stone's children together."

Mrs. Turmoyle, being a woman of sense, did not continue the argument, but mentally resolved to see Mrs. Stone the next day, and talk with her about the wonderful secret of having five children and a quiet house.

"I am sure I cannot do it," the gentle loving mother thought, with a sigh.

Seated, the next morning, in close conversation, the ladies presented a contrast as marked as the atmosphere of their two homes. The tiny, blue-eyed woman, who had no heart to suppress Tom's merry whistle or Bessie's laugh, had left a home where constant care only secured cleanliness, and where childish disorder was manifest everywhere except in the best parlor.

She looked at the tall dark-haired woman opposite her, noted the exquisite morning dress, faced with light silk, spotless and unrumpled, and thought regretfully of the marks of ten chubby fingers upon her own, printed there when her baby boy, her darling Mark, had just succeeded in forcing a piece of his "sweetest candy" into mamma's mouth.

She noted the dainty order of the sitting room, where every chair stood primly in its appointed place and not even a thread rested upon the carpet, and remembered Mark's stable for his "spresso cart" and horse under the lounge, and Bessie keeping house on the lower shelf of the book-case.

Visions haunted her, also, of clippings of paper, bits of string, and odds and ends of dolls' finery upon the table.

Drifting from one scrap of maternity talk to another, the ladies came naturally to the care and management of children, and Mrs. Turmoyle complimented her neighbor on the appearance of her house and the proficiency of her little ones.

"I cannot understand how you accomplish it," she said frankly.

"By system," was the reply. "The education of my children begins, I may say, in their cradles. As soon as they can walk they have their own proper place in their own room, and are trained to perfect silence when older persons are present."

Mrs. Turmoyle thought of the noisy chorus of shouts, the eager recital of the day's pleasures or accidents, that greeted papa, aunts or uncles, in her own nursery, and wondered if Tom, Bessie and Mark could be trained to sit quietly in one place for hours at a time.

"At two years of age I teach my children their letters, and after that they are sent to school. All of them were entered in a private school at three years of age, and at a public school at five. In the intervals of school hours my boys have geographical puzzles, spelling games and problems, and the girls are taught to sew."

"But when do they play?"

"Their games and puzzles are sufficient amusement for the boys, and I allow the girls to cut and fit clothing for a large wax doll."

"But do they not have any hours for running, balls, lites, and other outdoor play?"

"I disapprove entirely of out-door play; it ruins clothing, and makes children rude. They have out-door exercise in a long walk to and from school."

As she spoke, the hall door opened quietly, and a fall of footsteps crossed the hall to the sitting-room. Five children, three girls and two boys, came in with languid footsteps, and pale faces from which all childishness seemed stricken. Spotlessly clean, with shiny hair and polished boots, they followed in orderly fashion the lead of the eldest who stood before his mother, awaiting her permission to speak.

"Well, my son?" she said quietly.

"There is no school this afternoon; the senior class is to be examined," he said, wearily.

"No school! Very well, I will set you some sums after dinner, and find you some words to study in the dictionary."

Silently the five sat down and waited till the visitor departed, uncomfortably conscious of ten weary eyes, and five pallid, pinched faces.

Crossing her own doorway, Mrs. Turmoyle was greeted by a merry duet:

"No school! no school!"

Then the senior:

"Won't you make some bobs for my kite, mamma? There's a splendid wind."

Followed by a sweet soprano:

"And oh, mamma, you promised the first holiday you would trim my doll's bonnet."

"I want a kite, too?" stuck in Mark.

"Oh, do let me get my breath," cried the little woman. "Where's your hat, Tom?"

"Oh, I forgot," said Tom, sweeping it off with a profound bow. "Here, take this chair, and let me take your bonnet and saque upon stairs. You are very tired."

"I'll help make them," said Bessie; "and I'll go and watch Tom mamma, if you don't feel like trimming the bonnet."

"We'll see after dinner," said Mrs. Turmoyle, looking from one round, rosy face to the other, marking the sturdy limbs and dancing eyes. To be sure the hair of all three must be reduced from a state of rebellion before they were presentable at the table, and soap and water were pleasant suggestions in the maternal eyes. There was perfect health and happiness, if the voices were shrill and boots noisy.

"I've been to see Mrs. Stone," she said, when washed and combed, the children gathered around her to wait for papa and dinner, "and I wondered if I could ever make my children as quiet and orderly as hers are."

"Willie Stone is a milk-sop," said Tom, contemptuously. "Always crying because his head aches! He can't play anything, and doesn't move for fear of spoiling his clothes. Wouldn't play foot-ball for fear of getting dust on his shoes! There's a nice boy for you—he might as well be a girl!"

"And mother the teacher had to write a note to Mrs. Stone the day John Gray spilled the ink on Maud's apron. She was so afraid to go home, it was awful! She said her mother would whip her, and keep her on bread and water for a whole day. Miss Lee told her to say it was not her fault, but she said her mother would not believe her."

"Dinner—and here comes papa!" cried Tom.

Mr. Turmoyle came in with a very grave face. He made no comment on the boisterous announcement of the holiday, but stopped to kiss the rosy faces with unwonted tenderness. After dinner he sent the children to the nursery, and he said to his wife, who had been anxiously watching his clouded face:

"Tillie, I met Dr. Holmes on my way home, and he tells me that there have been three cases of scarlet fever from the school. It is raging fearfully, he says."

Mrs. Turmoyle turned pale.

"In the school?" she murmured.

"Well among the scholars."

There was a little more to say, but the heart of each parent sent up a petition to a kind Heavenly Father to keep the plague from their door.

Yet it came. A week later Mark sickened, and in three days more all three were down. Tender, loving care, and unexpected docility of patients, carried the little Turmoyle safely out upon the road to health again. The most nauseous medicines were swallowed if mamma coaxed, and the most stringent stillness was observed when papa was discovered to have tears in his eyes beside Bessie's crib.

The day the children assembled in the sitting-room for the first time was a gala day, but papa was observed to have a sad face.

"While we are thankful, dear children," he said, "for our blessings, let us not forget to sympathize with the sorrows of others. Willie and Maud

Stone were buried to day, and Amy will be dead for life. The others are still very ill."

At bed-time, when the children slept the sleep of convalescence, Mr. Turmoyle came to the nursery, where the blue-eyed wife was laying out the morning clothing.

"Tillie," he said drawing the little woman close in his strong arms, "I have had a long talk with Dr. Holmes, and I cannot rest until I thank you for our unbroken nursery. Next to God you have saved our children."

"I am sure you never spared yourself in nursing," said Mrs. Turmoyle.

"The nursing was the smallest part of it. Dr. Holmes says it was not the scarlet fever that killed Stone's children, but the mother's system. The fever found overtaken brains, bodies weakened by want of exercise, tempers made sullen by a deprivation of all childish pleasures. They were nursed by system, no allowance being made for weakness or suffering, and the two that are gone but precede the two that are dangerously ill. If they recover from the fever they will never reach maturity unless their mother sees her error. 'You may thank your wife's management for your children,' the doctor said to me; 'there was something to build upon in the sturdy frames of those young savages.'"

Mrs. Stone could see no fault in her system, though two little graves attested its weakness. Her children, recovering from the fever, there was no relaxation of home rule, and listless, pale and dull-eyed, they went back to the routine.

Four years passed away, and Tom left home for boarding-school, a gentlemanly boy of sixteen, well up in his studies, and in perfect health. Driving home from the station, after starting upon his journey, Mr. and Mrs. Turmoyle passed Mr. Stone's handsome house, prim and spotless, the garden a miracle of order, and no sign of busy little feet on the walk or border.

"Poor Stone!" said Mr. Turmoyle. "He frets sadly for Amy."

"It was hard to lose her—the last of the five," said Mrs. Turmoyle; "and she was such a patient child after she lost her hearing."

"Too patient. There will be no need now of any system in training. Five children, all under the sod! Oh, Tillie, thank God we have not such a home as the one we just passed! Thank God for the merry voices, clear laughter and even the crying of Baby May! May he guard and bless our little ones, and give them good health, right principles and happiness, rather than give us the doubtful blessings of a quiet home."

Not Much of a Fool After All.

Sam Wednesday, and impecunious citizen of Austin, was supposed to be crazy, and his relatives brought him before the county court to have a "lunatic inquiring" pass on his mental condition, his delusion being that he was very rich. A lawyer proceeded to ask the crazy man questions to test his sanity.

"I heard that you are going to build a \$50,000 residence."

"It is going to cost \$60,000."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, and I am going to start a daily paper with \$250,000 capital. That's a mere trifle for a man of my means."

"You seem to have so much money, perhaps you would not object to lending me a thousand dollars."

"I'd like to do it, Judge, but that would be such a risky investment, everybody would suspect me of being crazy."

The refusal of the supposed lunatic to seriously entertain the idea of lending money to an Austin lawyer caused the jury to decide that Sam was in full possession of his reasoning faculties.—*Texas Siftings.*

Stepping Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly. One-to-day is worth two to-morrows. Always be in a haste, but never in a hurry.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.

Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed except when sleeping.

He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below.

Make no haste to be rich; remember that small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind.

The Vanity of Men.

"Who buys them?" asked a reporter in a Kearney street "notion" shop, pointing to a lot of tiny pocket mirrors, with nail-cleaners, toothpick and comb, all complete.

"I suppose you think the ladies are our best customers," said the "notion" man, "but it is not so. Men, sir—vain men—are the pickers-up of these unconsidered trifles."

"Pretty men?" inquired the reporter.

The salesman grinned. "It don't matter much how they look," he said, "whether they are apes or Apollos; they want a pocket mirror all the same. They retire every hour or so to some secret place to admire themselves. Talk of the vanity of women! Indeed! It pales, sir; it fades away into insignificance by comparison with the admiration the majority of men have for their own mugs."

"Could you mention—not for publication, of course, but for individual satisfaction—the names of some of these purchasers?"

The notion man looked grave. "I could not give away the secrets of my prison-house," he said solemnly. "I never trust a newspaper man, and in the present regard I hold the confidence these gentlemen have reposed in me as sacred. Why, there are some half a dozen who, entertaining a great respect for my critical judgment of physical beauty, step in here every day to inquire how they are looking. Then it is, 'Am I pale to-day, Jim?' or 'Do you think my color is too high, Jim?' or 'That left eye brow is growing a trifle heavy; don't you think I'd better have it trimmed off a bit? If I say your color is too high, my friend is off to the barber's for a dab of powder, or—but this is a dead secret—we accommodate him in this shop. If he is too pale we tinge him up. It's wonderful, positively wonderful. Now, the ugliest men are the toughest. If there is the slightest blemish in a pocket mirror, they won't take it, because, forsooth, it may not faithfully reproduce their bright pearl beauty."

"But there are different degrees of vanity among these male beauties, are there not?"

"No, sir; there is but one degree and that is the superlative, but there are different degrees of candor. Some are modest and will declare that their moustaches or beard are always getting tangled. Now, there's a good-looking blonde railroad agent on Montgomery street who bought a six-by-four mirror from me the other day, which he keeps in his breast pocket. He is a glutton about his personal beauty, he is; but a real estate man, a fair, stout young person whose office is near him, has found out that he has this glass and begs the loan of it a dozen times a day."

"Then, as a matter of fact, you have more customers among gentlemen for those pretty little articles than among the other sex?"

"Five to one, sir; the percentage of those who carry pocket-mirrors is small among ladies, but eight out of every dozen men have one stowed away in the vest pocket. Why," continued the notion man, "some big, smirking fellows—business men—have come in here and asked me if I could teach how to blush. Just think of it. Fellows in the forties, sir, who have not known a blush for twenty years, believe it would be becoming to them if they could flush up like a moss rose when a girl glances at them. The ancient rounder got hold of the secret and made all the rest hopping mad to learn it. You won't give it away? Well, when he wanted to blush he'd jab a pin into his leg and keep his mouth shut."

"What did the mouth have to do with it?"

"Because the pin would make him feel like swearing and keeping back the blasphemy was the effort that sufficed his cheek. That's the true business, s'help me. Do you want to look at any nice pocket combs to-day? No. Then excuse me, for here's a dude that does," and the philosopher resumed his professional air, and advanced on the customer with interlaced fingers and a captivating smile.—*San Francisco Daily Alta.*

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at St. Petersburg. It is six hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred and fifty in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely manoeuvre in it. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron, and exhibits remarkable engineering skill in the architect.

Keep at one thing—in nowise change.

SARAH ANN JONES' PAPERS.

Reminiscence of Farm Life—What Gains of Jeremiah's Leaving the Gate Open.

One morning in July I had to bake bread and churn, besides doing all the other household work, so I put the bread in to the stove oven, and I took the churn and set it down under a big oak tree that stands in the back yard.

I had just commenced working the churn when I saw Jeremiah pass through the gate into the barnyard.

"Jeremiah," says I, "you have left the gate open."

"Never mind," says he, "I am coming back in a minute."

I didn't think any more about the gate then, but just as I was ready to take out the butter, I happened to look over into the potato patch, and there was a hog rooting up the potatoes.

I called, "Jeremiah!" as loud as I could scream, but all I heard in reply to this patriotic appeal was the word, "Jeremiah!" echoed back from the barn.

My eyes wandered back over the landscape in search of my absent husband, and finally beheld him about a quarter of a mile away, seated on the top of a rail fence in the shade of a large cottonwood, talking to Bill Jinks, who was in the lane on the other side of the fence, burdening the back of an old horse, that I always called Bonaparte, not because he was an uncommonly ambitious animal, but because the greater part of him was composed of bones.

I am well acquainted with both men, and I know that there was little likelihood of Jeremiah returning to the house for the next two hours, so I reluctantly left the churn and went to the rescue of the potatoes. As I started I called the dog. Tige had followed Jeremiah, and knowing that he had gone to sleep in the shade of the cottonwood, but as soon as he heard me call him, he started on a run. Jeremiah heard me at the same time, and slid down off the fence, and sauntered leisurely towards the house.

A hog can always see if a gate is left open when he wants to get into mischief, but never when you want to drive him out. Five times that four-footed quadruped and myself revolved around that potato patch at a speed that would have started the precession on a living skeleton in January, but when we passed the gate the sixth time, the brute struck up toward the house, and he and Tige met and had a wrestling match in the butter and buttermilk where I had left the churn. The milk-house door was standing wide open and I made a rush for it, but before I could reach it I saw the hog dart through it, followed by Tige. I heard a tremendous squealing and tearing around in the milk-house, and pretty soon Tige came leading the hog out by the ear. I looked within, and if I ever saw destruction I saw it there. For a moment I forgot everything but the sad spectacle before me, but—

"Sunken self-consuming anguish! Can the poor heart always ache? No, the tortured nerve will languish, or the strings of life must break."

And fortunately I was aroused from my sorrowful meditations by the voice of Jeremiah exclaiming as he came around the corner of the house:

"What's all this row about, Sally Ann?"

I replied to Jeremiah's question by giving him a very forcible lecture concerning his carelessness, then I turned around and went into the kitchen where I found my bread burnt as black as a coal. I had just taken the bread out of the oven when I heard some one knock at the door.

I wiped the perspiration from my face, and obeying the summons, found myself face to face with Mrs. Gumbrel, the worst gossip in the country. I felt like shutting the door in her face, for I was sure that she had heard the close, if not the whole of my lecture to Jeremiah. I tried, however, to act as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," said she.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gumbrel, says I.

"Won't you come in?" says I.

"Yes, I'll come in for a minute or two," says she.

"Will you take off your bonnet," says I.

"Yes," says she, "I'll take it off while I stay, for I can cool better with it off."

She took off her bonnet, and I knew then she had something to communicate before she left, and I resigned myself to endure her company until she was ready to leave. I didn't have to wait long, for she was anxious to unburden her mind.

"Did you hear about the picnic?" says she.

"What picnic?" says I.

"Why," says she, "Mrs. Brown is going to have the young folks over, in their wood lot, next Thursday afternoon, to a picnic."

"Well," says I, "if there's anything that I hate and detest and abominate and despise it's a picnic; but, of course the young folks won't feel that way about it, so I must do some cooking for Jacob and David."

"O," says she, "your boys are not to be invited."

"Why," says she, "I heard Mrs. Jinks tell Mrs. Green, that she heard Mrs. Brown tell Mrs. Sikes, that she wasn't going to invite anybody but the most respectable families, and she named several families that she intended to leave out, and your family was one of them."

I was pretty well stirred up any way, and I didn't stop to think what I was saying, so, says I, "I'd like to know what has made the Browns so mighty respectable all at once. Maybe my boys are not as respectable as Brown's boys, but I know that Jeremiah's father was never put in jail for hog stealing and my mother wasn't a washerwoman."

"La, Mrs. Jones!" says she, "was Brown's father put in jail for hog-stealing, and was Mrs. Brown's mother a washerwoman? Well, I declare! I had never heard of that before, but I always did think that was a kind of a low set for all they put on such big airs."

I took a thought then about what I was saying; so, says I, "I didn't say whether they were or not, I said mine and Jeremiah's wasn't."

She started soon afterwards, and struck a bee line for Brown's.

A few days afterward, Jeremiah came home in a terrible state of anxiety. He said that Brown was threatening to prosecute me for slander, because I had told Mrs. Gumbrel that he used to steal hogs for a living, while his wife took in washing.

"That all comes of leaving gates open, Jeremiah," says I.

"I don't see what leaving gates open has to do with letting your tongue run about business that don't concern you," says he.

"Well," says I, "I was so worried by the trouble that I wasn't responsible."

Jeremiah put on his hat and went out to the barn, and for a wonder shut the gate after him. I sent the following note to Brown through the post-office.

"MR. BROWN—I'm not afraid of your prosecution, but remember that you are a candidate for Sheriff and if I hear any more of your gab, I'll tell all I know about you."

I never received any reply to that note, and I suppose Brown must have been guilty of some meanness that he thought I knew about, for I heard nothing more about a slander suit.

The families of Brown and Jones however, have not been in speaking terms since.

A Smart Scheme.

Two darkies had to carry a large desk to the house of Dr. Blister, who had bought it at a furniture store. When they arrived with the desk he was in and directed them where to put it. The darkies expected to get a quarter piece at least for their extra trouble, but alas! the doctor did not give them anything at all. He forgot all about their sufferings in carrying the heavy desk up two flights of stairs.

They consulted together for a moment in the hall, and then they began to fight and pound each other, calling each other all manner of vile names. No such uproar had been heard since the adjournment of the Legislature.

Dr. Blister hearing the noise, came out and wanted to know the cause of the disturbance.

"Dis heah nigger kep' for hisself de money what you giv him for us bobe, for totin' de desk up de stairs," said Sam.

"You is a liar. De doctor didn't gib me de money. You got de money and kep' it," retorted Jim.

"You are both