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On a Hill-Top.

One afternoon, in Central Park, when the late spring was making strenuous efforts to assist herself by means of a shivering fringe of green hung upon naked boughs, and by a tinge of red, like a blush for her tardiness, over the bushes of *Fyrus japonica*, the main drive offered the usual spectacle of pleasure-seekers on wheels, rolling at a discreet rate of speed between Fifty-ninth street and One-hundred and tenth street, and back again, while keeping carefully in view of each other's equipages, horses, grooms, and gowns.

Passing in review the rapid succession of coaches, landaus, victorias, broughams, wagonettes, T carts, tilburies and village carts, sprinkled with less pretending buggies and hansom-cabs, a young man on horse kept his splintered steed in check, curvetting back and forth at the entrance of one of the equestrian roads crossing the principal drive, until a trig policeman began to cast upon him side glances of a decidedly investigating character. Evidently the young man's search was vain, for a look of annoyance came upon his open face, and giving his horse an unreasonable cut with the riding-stick, he at last consented to gallop away from the spot he had so long haunted. At that exact moment another rider cantering lightly along the bridge path, emerged from the trees ahead, bringing face to face with him a pretty girl with golden hair, and a bunch of narcissus in the breast of her well-cut habit.

"You told me you were to drive with your mamma!" she abruptly exclaimed the young gentleman; to which the lovely Amazon replied, blushing slightly and tossing her head, that she could not know she was obliged to render an exact account of her doings to every person with whom she might chance to dance at Mrs. Gardiner's ball. The groom coming up at this juncture diverted conversation from an apparently threatening channel. In the most natural manner our young gentleman's horse was turned, and the couple were making their way through the dreary suburb on the west side of the park, to emerge upon the beautiful Riverside Drive. Here a wide and admirably made road runs parallel with the Hudson, whose tranquil bosom, skimmed by white-winged sail-boats or scarred by bustling steamers along the channel, reflects, on the farther side, the wood-crowned summits of the Palisades and the colors of the sky.

"To enjoy the Riverside," the young man said, "one should resemble the 'true love' of the early English poet, who 'looks not back, his eyes are fixt afore.' Let me recommend you to impose a forfeit on yourself for turning your head one moment from the left as we follow up the avenue. In this way you may be able to preserve the illusion that you are out of town."

"It's all of a piece with everything here," the girl answered, with a discontented glance at the landscape on the right. There, amid a curious combination of squalor and ambitious architecture, she chanced to see the grassy slope in front of a squatter's shanty, where in a wilderness of rubbish and tomato cans, two sportive goats were assuming the attitude of the supporters of the British coat of arms. Beyond an open expanse of rocky hillside, streets and boulevards in various stages of construction were to be seen. To Miss Caroline Heath, aged twenty-one, recently returned from a six years' residence in Europe, the incompleteness of American affairs in general was a source of continual comment. Edgar Barclay, on the contrary, the son of a Western man, who after making a fortune in Cleveland had moved to New York to spend it, was a warm defender of our peculiar institutions, and coming from other lips than those of the present critic, would have resented unflattering comments upon them with emphasis.

They had now turned into a broad boulevard, and followed it to an end, indicated by the presence of workmen with their impediments making a barrier across the road.

"Let us go on," Carry urged. "Yonder, on that hilltop, I see a genuine old house that must have been there since the Revolution at least. I am determined to ride up and have a peep at it."

Apparently uninhabited but for a pale ring of smoke from the kitchen chimney, the old house stood in melancholy isolation upon a bluff overlooking the river. The avenue there in process of construction had ruthlessly shoved off the near side of the hill, leaving exposed a steep and gravelly incline crowned with the straggling grasses of an ancient lawn. Around the white columns of the portico grew walnut and chestnut trees, and in the garden at the rear was seen a ruined summer house, and several broken statues ar-

ising amid an unpruned growth of box. Cocking their ears cautiously at the unusualness of the proceeding, the horses consented to be guided up a precipitous path along the edge of the declivity, Barclay conscious of a feeling of relief when his adventurous young comrade had finally attained her wish, and stood facing the moss-grown portico.

"Nobody lives here, that's plain," said willful Caroline. "Mr. Barclay, I am determined to explore."

So saying, she slipped lightly from the saddle, gathered up her jaunty hat, and ran around through the weedy garden at the side. Barclay, consigning his horse to the groom, followed in time to see her engaged in active conversation with a deaf old dame who emerged from a moldy kitchen at the rear.

"She says we may have water from the well, and leave to look at this lovely river view," cried the explorer. "It appears that the house is owned by one maiden lady, whose family has always lived here. If I may trust to my hitherto infallible powers of intuition, the mistress is a little out of repair in her upper story, and the maid is afraid of her. Come, Mr. Barclay, turn away at this handle. How long is it since I have had the satisfaction of drinking from the 'moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well? There that's deliciously cold and pure. Do you see, this garden must have been a stately one in its prime. I wonder if the ancient dragon would be induced to let us have a glimpse of the interior of the house? I'm positively wild to try."

Nobody withstood Caroline, so Barclay was not particularly surprised to see her return from a second interview with the old woman, beckoning him with a mysterious forefinger.

"We're to see the ground-floor. It is the hour for Miss Stillman's afternoon nap, when she never comes down stairs. Hush! tread like a burglar, and follow me."

In the wake of the ancient guardian our two young people went from one room to another, filled with handsome furniture of the pattern peculiar to a century ago. Old mahogany, fluted fire-brands, stuff chairs, convex mirrors, black-framed mezzotints, knobs of brass or crystal, there ruled supreme, their sway undisputed by the appendages of modern luxury as seen everywhere today. It was in the best parlor that their guide came to a halt, waving her withered hand with a faint show of pride in its faded splendor.

"That's all there is to it," she said, in a croaking voice. "I guess them things is solid."

"Either I am dreaming or that portrait of the lady in the red frock with balloon sleeves resembles you?" Caroline suddenly exclaimed, turning upon Barclay an astonished gaze. "She is enough like you to be your—what?" She paused puzzled by the date.

"My great-grandmother, great-aunt—what you will," said Barclay, laughing. "I wish I were lucky enough to be able to lay claim to her, but unfortunately if we have any weird respectability of this kind in the east, I have yet to be informed of it. My mother, who died in my childhood, was born west, and my father is a westerner, root and branch."

"It is astonishing," pursued Caroline; and even the prurient eyes of the old woman lighted with something like assent.

"She ain't no one belongs to her I ever heered of," croaked the old creature, pointing upward with her thumb. "The last on 'em to die was Miss Talitha, and she's Miss Louise, they was great folks once, I've heerd tell, but that was before I came here. She was pinchin' poor till the city tuk the place to run a road through, an' now they say there's a fortune in the bank for her. She don't spend none of it, sartain sure. The two of us don't eat more'n'd keep a mouse from starvin', an' there ain't nobody else."

"I breathe freer," Caroline said, when, after presenting a gratuity to their guide, the two mounted again and rode out of the enclosure. "After all, I like the sunshine best. But I wish I had seen the queer old lady; and to that point, it is simply your double, deny it as you may."

"I am more occupied in wondering if I can get my horse by that steamp-drill down yonder," Edgar said. "He has a rooted objection to anything of the kind, and this path does not offer much room for antics on his part. Your gray is quiet, Miss Heath; you had better wait here, and let me lead the way."

over, and recovering himself to stand shivering with terror beside Barclay's prostrate form. Before a number of men from the gang at work below could reach him, Caroline was at his side, the groom following. Barclay, catching one glimpse of the face bent over him, tried to speak reassuringly, but fainted in the effort. Without consulting the young lady, the men ran up to the house upon the hill, re-turning with a shutter, upon which they carried the injured man gently along the path he had just descended into the house, laying him down without interference from its guardian in the dim old parlor immediately beneath the portrait of the lady with the sleeves. The bustle of their entrance stirred from her solitude upstairs the other dweller in this silent mansion. Gliding down like a wraith came a tall woman dressed in gray, with melancholy eyes and chill lips that seemingly had never known a smile.

"Open the window and give him air," cried Caroline, unheeding the approach of the mistress of the house.

"Who gives orders for me?" she said, in a monotonous voice. "It is years since those front windows have been opened."

"It is a matter of life and death," answered the girl imperiously, and without further opposition the stiff blinds were thrown back, letting in a flood of afternoon sunlight that flowed in a golden stream across the sufferer's temporary couch. Barclay's face thus revealed to view was untouched by wound or stain. He seemed quietly asleep.

"If the doctor would only come!" began Caroline, interlacing her cold hands. There was an interruption to the quiet of the room, a strange sound, half sob, half laughter, coming from the ghostly mistress of the house. Caroline looked up to see the old woman kneeling at Barclay's side, her dull eyes kindled into a sudden rapture of recognition.

"It is Margaret's son. I knew I should see one of them before I died. Oh, my poor wronged sister! After so many years! Thank God! Thank God!"

"You'd better coax the old lady to go upstairs again," said one of the workmen to the servant, touching his forehead significantly. It was evident that all present agreed in his estimate of her mental equilibrium. But until the arrival of the doctor the gray old woman held the unconscious sufferer's hand in hers, from time to time fondling it against her cheek, and crooning over it words of tenderness. When the surgeon came, Caroline, passing her arm round her shoulders, led her from the room.

An hour later, Mr. Barclay, accompanied by Edgar's stepmother, answered the summons sent them by telephone in the neighborhood, appearing to swell the anxious little group waiting in the dusky hall outside the sick room. Edgar had returned to consciousness, but the injury to his leg was exquisitely painful, requiring nicest treatment. Until the arrival of their own family physician, the doctor in charge refused to take the responsibility of sanctioning the removal of his patient. The distressed father walked to and fro in moody silence, and when twilight brought Dr. Gray, urged him to say that Edgar might be carried in an ambulance to his home.

"On no account," said the doctor. "I can't imagine anything more foolish. Unless these people positively turn you out, he should stay here. His situation is extremely critical. I cannot answer for the consequences of a change."

"Here, in this old rattle-trap, with a mad woman for a keeper?" the impatient father wanted to say, but he substituted for it the milder suggestion that they had no claim upon the owner of the house.

"The child of Margaret Lothrop has every claim," said the same hollow voice that had startled all a little while before. At his elbow stood the ghost-like gray lady.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Barclay, astonished. "That's an odd coincidence. My first wife's mother was married twice, I believe, and her first husband's name was surely Lothrop. Edgar's grandmother came from the east, too, though she talked about her early home."

And so it was that, by a strange guidance of fate's leading-strings Margaret Lothrop's grandson was brought into intimate relations with his sole surviving relative upon his mother's side; one who through half a century of alienation and of silence had brooded over the image of her best-loved sister with ever-increasing intensity. Between the handsome lad who for days lay there beneath his grandmother's portrait uncertain whether death or life would claim him as their prize, and the pallid shade of what once was

Jefferson and the Boy.

One day as Jefferson was riding on horseback through Virginia on his way from Washington to Monticello he came upon a boy trudging along with his clothes in a satchel which hung on a stick from his shoulder. He was motioned to get in, and in a moment he was sitting by the side of the President, who opened the conversation by asking him who he was and where he was going. He replied that his name was Morgan and that he was going home from school, and continued by putting the same questions to the President, saying, 'I beg your pardon, stranger, but what might your name be?'

The President replied, 'My name is Thomas Jefferson.'

The boy looked up astonished and asked: 'Not Tom Jefferson, President of the United States?'

'Yes,' replied Jefferson, and as he did so the boy jumped from the gig and into the road, saying, 'I have heard of you, Tom Jefferson. My father says you are a rascal, and wouldn't he thrash me if he caught me ridin' with you. Father knows you and he thinks you are the biggest scoundrel in the country!'

Her Spending Money.

A young girl once complained to her aunt that her father did not give her any spending-money. The aunt was a kind-hearted woman, and thinking to make her niece happy, she presented her with a ten dollar bill. The young lady was delighted, of course, and profuse in her thanks. Shortly after she went on a walk, and upon her return proudly exhibited to her aunt a handsome purse and a gold mounted drawing pencil. She did not actually need either of these articles, but they were pretty and took her fancy. The cost of them were seven dollars. The pencil was lost before many days, and as the remaining three dollars were frittered away, there was little use for the purse. The good aunt was at no loss to see why the father withheld pocket-money from his daughter, and thereafter she herself found some other use for her ten-dollar bills. It should be added that this young lady called herself an economical girl. When she had no spending money she could get along bravely without many things which her soul craved. Yet our readers can judge for themselves, from the incident above related, whether she had the true idea of economy or not. Thrift and economy are greatly advocated as desirable virtues. But these do not mean simply going without what is needed. Economy is to get the most possible out of a dollar; not to waste it and then be driven to practice self-denial. There is a great difference even among very young people in this regard. Give two boys or girls a dollar, and often you will discover when the cash is spent that one girl has an equivalent to show for it. She has her full money's worth of something desirable. This is economy. The other can hardly tell where the money is gone. It has been so foolishly expended that she might as well as well have lighted the fire with it. It is not difficult to acquire habits of true economy, but the practice of it should begin with small sums—the dimes and quarters—and childhood is the time to take the first lesson.

The Students Laughed.

A writer in the "Vossische Zeitung," gives an anecdote of the famous Orientalist, Gesenius, which has never before been published. He announced a series of lectures to his class in the university on the "Books of Moses." His popularity caused the lecture-room to be crowded, and when the professor entered there was not a vacant seat in the auditorium. Gesenius began, as usual, with the statement of his theme in the opening words of the lecture, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'Genesis is not as old as is generally believed.' In an instant the sentence was greeted with irrepressible peals of laughter from every quarter of the lecture-room; and the startled professor was unable to proceed to his next sentence. It is doubtful whether the old scholar perceived the true ground of this odd reception of his opening statement. The fact is, the Semitic enthusiast had five daughters, all of whom were unmarried, and the students had nicknamed them after the five books of the Pentateuch. The eldest of these old maids was known to the young men as 'Genesis.' So they laughed, and no wonder they did so.

Why the Banker Shed a Tear.

'It is sad to think,' sighed the cashier as he walked into the night with his valise in hand and gazed upon the massive marble bank building, 'sad to think that I must leave that noble structure behind me. But I must do so. I cannot take it with me.'

And dropping a tear he gripped his valise with a tighter grip and hurried off to catch the Montreal train.

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Cheating the Bees.

A Wayne county farmer had succeeded in earning a place in history along with the Connecticut man who invented wooden nutmegs. He lives between Detroit and Dearborn, on Michigan avenue, in a vine-covered cottage back a little way from the road. On the front fence appears the sign, 'White clover honey.' Back of the house is an airy apiary with all the modern inventions for the care of bees, and nearly fifty hives sounded with the cheerful humming of the busy honey makers.

A representative of the Free Press quite by accident, called at the house and found no one at home, and while sitting by an old well cur refreshing himself with cool water from an old oaken bucket, his attention was called to the action of the bees. The cottage is surrounded with roses in full bloom, but these bees did not as bees used to do.

'Gather honey all the day From every opening flower,' but instead were swarming around a large tray which stood near by, and were flying back and forth to their hives. In this tray was half an inch of a sticky mass that looked like syrup. Little sticks were strewn over this substance, and on these the bees were alighting, and, after taking some, flew back to the hives.

'What do you want o' them bees?' The intruder started up and found a barefooted lad standing before him.

'What are the bees taking?' we asked.

'What do you want to know for? Dad said we wasn't to tell any one anything about it.'

'I'll give you a quarter if you will,' said the reporter, now thoroughly interested.

'Well, I dunno what it is. Dad gets it from town in a bar'l. Here's what he gets it in,' pointing to a large cask. On the end of the barrel was the stencil mark, '200 lbs. grape sugar from Michigan Grape Sugar Manufactory.'

'Is that glucose the bees are getting?'

'It's something that dad gets out of that bar'l, that's all I know about it.'

The inquiring visitor tasted it. There was an unmistakable gum drop flavor to it.

'We had hard work to get the bees used to it. Dad put in a lot of syrup at first, but the bees take it straight now.'

'How long does it take to fill a hive?'

'Not near so long as it does when they have to gather the honey from flowers. We've taken out a lot this year already.'

The boy brought out of the house a box of glucose honey which looked as clear and inviting as though the sweets had been distilled from the purest flowers.

'Do you eat it?' the boy was asked.

'Sometimes. It ain't so good as the other kind, but it's just as good to sell. Say, don't you ever give me away to dad, or he'll skin me.'—Detroit Free Press.

Some Derivations.

The word 'pamphlet' is derived from the name of a Greek author, Pamphylus, who compiled a history of the world in thirty-five little books.

'Punch and Judy' is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old 'miracle play,' in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

'Bigot' is from Visigoth, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth, conqueror of Spain, is handed down from infancy.

'Humbag' is from Hamburg; a piece of Hamburg news; was in Germany a provincial expression for false political rumors.

'Gause' derives its name from Gaza, where it was first made.

'Tabby cat' is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called atab, or tafety—the wavy markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat.

'Old Scratch' is the demon Skratzi who still survives in the superstitions of Northern Europe.

'Old Nick' is none other than Nicker, the dangerous water demon of Scandinavian legend.

The lemon takes its name from the City of Lima.

The Snake Guillotine.

The mowing machine is peculiarly fatal to snakes. In their accredited wisdom they do not start to run away until the evidence of danger is upon them. They then raise their heads just high enough to reach above the blades, when they are decapitated. The charge is so sudden that the body of the snake springs high enough to reach the blades ere the fatal knives pass completely over.