

The Millheim Journal,  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**R. A. BUMILLER.**  
Office in the New Journal Building,  
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.  
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,  
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.  
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited  
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$100 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 59.

MILLHEIM PA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1885.

NO. 48.

ADVERTISING RATES					
	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year
1 square	\$2.00	\$4.00	\$8.00	\$12.00	\$18.00
5 columns	4.00	8.00	16.00	24.00	36.00
1 " "	7.00	14.00	28.00	42.00	63.00
1 " "	10.00	20.00	40.00	60.00	90.00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices 15 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**A. HARTER,**  
Auctioneer,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

**L. B. STOVER,**  
Auctioneer,  
Madisonburg, Pa.

**W. H. REIFSNYDER,**  
Auctioneer,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

**D. R. J. W. STAM,**  
Physician & Surgeon  
Office on Main Street,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

**D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,**  
Practical Dentist,  
Office opposite the Methodist Church,  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM PA.

**D. R. GEO. L. LEE,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
MADISONBURG, PA.  
Office opposite the Public School House.

**W. F. ARM, M. D.,**  
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,**  
Fashionable Barber,  
Having had many years' experience,  
the public can expect the best work and  
most modern accommodations.  
Shop 2 doors west Millheim Banking House  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

**G. L. SPRINGER,**  
Fashionable Barber,  
Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,  
Millheim, Pa.  
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,  
Dyeing, &c. done in the most satisfactory  
manner.  
Jno. H. Orvis. C. M. Bower. Ellis L. Orvis

**O. R. V. BOWER & ORVIS,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Bellefonte, Pa.,  
Office in Woodings Building.  
D. H. Hastings. W. F. Reeder

**H. STASTINGS & REEDER,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Bellefonte, Pa.  
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of  
the office occupied by the late firm of Youcm &  
Hastings.

**J. C. MEYER,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Bellefonte, Pa.  
At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

**W. M. C. HEINLE,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Bellefonte, Pa.  
Practices in all the courts of Centre county  
Special attention to Collections. Consultations  
in German or English.  
A. Beaver. J. W. Gephart

**B. BEAVER & GEPHART,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Bellefonte, Pa.  
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street

**BROCKHOFF HOUSE,**  
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

**C. G. McMILLEN,**  
PROPRIETOR.  
Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free  
Buses to and from all trains. Special rates to  
visitors and tourists.

**CUMMINS HOUSE,**  
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

**EMANUEL BROWN,**  
PROPRIETOR  
House newly refitted and furnished. Ev-  
erything done to make guests comfortable.  
Rates moderate. Ironing respectfully sol-  
icited. 5-ly

**IRVIN HOUSE,**  
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)  
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS  
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

**S. WOODS CALDWELL**  
PROPRIETOR.  
Good ample Rooms for Commercial Travel-  
ers on First Floor.

## Winning a Bride.

So Lee Victor has gone to Texas, has he? Expects to make a fortune, no doubt, but it's my opinion he would have done better at home than out in that barbarous country. The ties here weren't sufficient to hold him, it seems.

A flush, like the hue of a wild rose, crept over Blanche Corell's pretty blonde face.

"Oh, mother!" she said, protestingly. "Oh, of course, you believe in him, and trust him," continued Mrs. Corell, meanwhile playing her needle; "but in my day men didn't prove their devotion in that way. If they wanted to marry a girl they married her, and when they went on their travels the wife went too. Lee is not a poor man; he has more than enough to give a girl a good home, but he was always a wild lad, fonder of sensations and adventures than home pleasures. It's a pity, Blanche, you ever favored him. Now, there's Dudley—"

"He has gone to Texas, too," interrupted Blanche, demurely.

"Yes, but to keep a watch on Lee, I'll warrant. You know it was old Mr. Victor's notion, and Dudley Mesrole has a great deal of influence over Lee. He will keep him in the right path if anybody can."

"I think Lee is capable of being his own master," said Blanche, with a little flash in her gentle-blue eyes, "and he is worthy a score of Dudley Mesroles."

Mrs. Corell wisely refrained from pursuing the subject, but the regret that often stirred her anxious heart moved her now.

From her infancy Blanche had found a firm friend and defender in Lee Victor; as time passed the affection between them assumed a new guise, deeper and sweeter, and then it was that the mother's fears began.

The handsome young man, with his careless, debonair way and restless nature, pleased her far less than his associate, whose gentle dignity and air of content won her favor at their first meeting.

In all outward seeming Dudley Mesrole was loyal to his friend, but a chance word, a glance from the quiet, brown eyes, proved to Blanche the regard in which he held her. The night of their parting he had told her the truth.

"I'm going away," he said. "I may never see you again, Blanche, for I shall not return with Lee. Your heart is in his keeping, and while I wish you both complete joy, I could not live here and witness all the happiness I have missed. Good-bye, forever."

Twelve months went by. Letters from her lover were frequent, and he wrote in glowing terms of his life and luck in the far south west.

At last two weeks went by without the usual missives.

Blanche, fearing her lover might have grown ill, wrote a solicitous letter, but there came no reply; then in her anxiety she wrote to Dudley.

Another fortnight passed. She was standing on the cottage porch one day at sunset, when a tall figure in a gray traveling suit came up the walk.

Blanche sprang forward with a pallor on her face, and her lovely eyes dark with something akin to fear.

"Dudley Mesrole, and alone!" she cried. Tell me—Lee—

He took her outstretched hands and looked down into her face with a pitying expression on his own.

"Lee is safe," he answered; "but there was a strange intonation in his low voice. 'Let us go in, Blanche, I have much to say to you.'

She led the way to the little cottage parlor and sat beside him while he told his story.

Lee Victor was false; he had wedded a girl from San Antonio, and Dudley had come to break the news to her. Like a statue she sat, rigid and silent, while that soft, musical voice related the tale of treachery in a protesting reluctant way, and those gentle hands held her own in a friendly clasp, and those regretful brown eyes looked down into the blue ones that were dark with anguish.

"I would have spared you this," said Dudley, "but is it not best that you should know?"

"Yes, yes," she murmured. "You were always my friend, Dudley."

He smiled half sadly, and then went away leaving her alone with her sorrow.

On the morrow he came again, and the welcome accorded him by Mrs. Corell was more ardent though scarcely less sincere than that of Blanche.

In the new grief that had fallen upon her, she seemed to turn to him for sympathy and solace, and in the days that followed they were nearer each other in spirit than they had ever been before. Blanche had never appreciated him as she did now.

## HUMILIATED COWBOYS.

The Lesson That Was Taught Them by an Unobtrusive Tenderfoot.

There have been a great many stories told of the reckless daring and abandon of the cowboy. He is an American production, and at the sound of the word cowboy the mind reverts to some western locality where law and order are unknown, and are supplied by a rude set of conventionalities, the non-observance of which means violence without process of trial. The typical cowboy must be fearless, ready to shoot at a moment's warning, wild in his make-up and language, and ready to perpetrate a joke on a "tenderfoot" at any time.

But there is often considerable bragadozia in the cowboy, and a good illustration of this fact was told a *Sentinel* reporter by a station agent, who had lived in the west for many years and had been in the employ of various railroad lines in localities where cowboys were numerous.

"I have seen a good many daring deeds performed and coarse jokes perpetrated by cowboys," said the agent, "but I will tell you of a little incident where the wind was taken out of three cowboys by a determined, fearless 'tenderfoot.' It happened only last spring. I was then station agent and telegraph operator for the Northern Pacific Railroad company at a place near the Montana line. It was not much of a place, as it consisted only of a depot, a house or two, and a saloon.

"One morning a traveling man arrived at the depot by stage from up north somewhere. He had a small satchel and a satchel. He was of medium height and rather slight, but was very neatly dressed and wore a silk hat. He was traveling for a New York jewelry house. He was about an hour early for the train east, and he opened his grip on the platform, took out a brush, and dusted his clothing and shoes. He then drew out an old newspaper, leaned up against the side of the depot with one foot projected in front of the other, and began reading.

"Meanwhile, however, three cowboys had sauntered up to the depot. They all eyed him closely and watched his operations. When he began reading they huddled together and talked a while in an undertone. Presently one of them—a big six-footer—left the group and began to saunter carelessly about the platform with his head in the air inspecting the posters on the building and the cornice. When he got around where the traveling man stood, he lifted his big brogan and planted it firmly on the jewelry man's foot. No apology was made. The traveling man merely looked up, drew his foot back a moment, then placed it back where it was. The cowboy passed back to the other two. They all chuckled and joined in a low-toned conversation.

"Soon the cowboy started out again on a similar round, gazing at the roof. When he reached the traveling man he tried to bring down his course boot on the extended foot. The traveling man jerked his foot back suddenly, and the brogan came down with a thump on the platform. Another conference and chuckling followed. Finally the cowboy set out on the third round. Just as he was about to raise his foot to plant it on that of the traveling man, the latter looked up quickly and said: 'See here, there is my foot, and it's going to stay there. You step on it if you want to, but I want to tell you that before you can get off I will kill you.'

"Such a volley staggered the cowboy. He looked at the foot, and then at the small possessor, and finally moved off without stepping on it. Another consultation followed.

"The traveling man calmly read his paper a few minutes, and then took from his satchel three apples. He looked at them a moment, and suddenly threw them a few feet into the air and then quickly drew a revolver, fired three shots, splitting each apple into a dozen pieces before they reached the ground. He replaced the cartridges in the empty chambers of the revolver, and returned it to his pocket.

"The cowboys witnessed the act without saying a word, and soon, completely cowed, turned and left the depot. The traveling man told me after they left that he would have killed the three of them had the fellow stepped on his foot again, and I think he would, as he was quick as lightning. He then showed me a medal he carried, which he won as being the most rapid and one of the best shots in New York. The story simply illustrates that there is sometimes a great deal of fetitious valor and daring about the cowboy."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

—Deininger's Ready Reference Tax Receipt Book is growing in public favor. Customers from a distance are beginning to call for it. It is an admitted necessity for every tax-payer who does his business in a practical manner. It is arranged to last for ten years and sells at the low price of 40 cents. Call and see it at the JOURNAL Store.

## So-Hateful With a Rifle.

Arkansas Traveler.]  
Minnie Sackmeyer, only daughter of old Hudson Sackmeyer, was said by every one to be the handsomest girl in Moffet county, Arkansas. The old man thought he loved a 10-cent piece with painful ardor, sent Minnie to a boarding-school where she received a liberal education. Shortly after returning home, she became acquainted with Harvey Watson, a young lawyer. This acquaintance so pleasantly begun skipped friendship and bounded into love. They became engaged. Watson had no idea the old man would oppose him, but he soon learned that he had lightly estimated the old fellow's character.

"Mr. Sackmeyer," said the lawyer, meeting the old man in the field, "I suppose you have noticed the attachment which has sprung up between your daughter and myself."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, throwing down his hoe and starting at the lawyer. "No, sir, I haven't noticed any such a blamed thing, and I don't want to notice it, nuther, let me tell you."

"Why, my dear sir, I did not think that you would object to our marriage."

"I don't object to you, but I don't want you to marry my daughter. I don't spend so much money on her education to have her fling herself away."

"You don't know what you are talking about," replied Watson. "I stand high at the bar, even if I do say so myself. I have an income more than sufficient for the support of a wife."

"Oh, you ken blow your own horn, I ken see that, but I don't ken how much money you ken make. It don't take away the fact that you air a lawyer. My daughter shall never marry a lawyer, I can tell you."

"What have you against lawyers?"

"The back of my hand, that's what."

"What is your reason?"

"Reason enough. A confounded lawyer tuck a case agin me some time ago an' beat me out the best steer I ever seed."

"I have nothing to do with that, Mr. Sackmeyer. You cannot condemn all lawyers for a wrong which you fancy—"

"Fancy thunderation! Don't I know when a man does me a mean trick? Don't I know when he works agin me?"

"So you declare that I shall not marry your daughter?"

"Was that that, I swear it."

"Suppose we marry anyway."

"If you do, it won't be good for you. I'd follow you to the end of the world to get a shot at you, an' I'm awful with a rifle, the neighbors say."

Watson turned away. He loved the girl, but he did not want the old man to get a shot at him. He doubted not but that the girl would run away with him, but he could not afford to leave a business, which to build up had required years of hard work. He went to the house. Minnie, with anxious face and an ill-at-ease manner, met him at the door.

"What did he say, Harvey?"

"Said that we should not marry."

"Oh, how hateful! but, precious, can we not run away?"

"Yes, we could run away, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, you see, I hinted something of the kind, and he said that if we did he would follow me to the end of the world to get a shot at me."

"Oh, how hateful!"

"Do you suppose that he would do it?"

"Yes, precious, he would shoot the top of your head off. He's awful hateful with a rifle."

"I think," said the lawyer after a few moments of perplexed meditation, "that we'd better worry along with him a while. Perhaps we may gain his consent."

"Yes, that will be the best. Remember that I would run off with you in a minute if he wasn't so awful hateful with a rifle."

Several weeks afterward, Watson won a large railroad case. The report that he had received a fee of \$5,000 was circulated throughout the country. Hoping that Sackmeyer had heard of the decision and that it might have influenced him, Watson hurried to the farm. He found Minnie in a state of happy expectancy. She knew that her father could no longer oppose the marriage. Watson went out into the field where the old man was at work.

"How do you do, Mr. Sackmeyer?"

"Middlin'; how is it with yourself?"

"First rate. I suppose you heard of my recent success?"

"Yes."

"Do you still object to our marriage?"

"Yas. Don't ken if you waster gain a hundred cases, you shouldn't have her."

## A Professional Engineer.

The Result of Monkeying with a Boiler by a Greenhorn.

"I don't want to pass through another such a season as the one through which I have just passed," said Dan Parkright, the actor.

"Have had a hard time, eh?" some one replied.

"Yes, about as tough a time as a white man cares to see. Our company went to pieces in Texarkana. Having done some little work in a newspaper, I decided to play journalist until times got better, but, sir, I couldn't get a place. I offered to work on your board, but no, I couldn't get in. After awhile, giving up the journalistic idea, I struck out afoot. I wanted to avoid the regular lines of travel so that my chances for getting something to eat would be better, consequently I went through the country. Houses were few, and I came very nearly starving to death. One day I came upon a small saw mill, situated in a dense forest. I stopped and just as I was about to ask for something to eat, a man—who I soon discovered owned the mill—turned to me and asked:

"Do you understand this business?"

"Ah, a chance for work. 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'I am well acquainted with it.'"

"Know anything about running an engine?"

"Oh, yes, it's my business."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to see you. My engineer quit me yesterday, and I can give you regular employment. What will you work for?"

"Two dollars a day."

"That's pretty steep, but as you are a professional engineer I reckon you are worth it. Come in and have some dinner, and then you may go to work."

"I went in and proceeded to devour his dinner. I was a trifle nervous in view of my coming responsibility, and I tried to think of everything I had read applicable to machinery. I knew how to start the thing and I knew how to stop it, but that was about all. After dinner I boldly walked up, and when everything was in readiness, turned the little hot wheel. Away she went. One of the hands, an old negro, remarked to some one who stood near him: 'Dat white man, un'erstan's his business, sho's yer borne, he do.' I was getting along finely, and I saw that the proprietor was pleased. A spring of cold water gushed out of the ground a short distance from the mill. I went down to get a drink. Just as I stooped down an awful jar shook the earth. My gractions! the mill's boiler had exploded. The proprietor, who escaped unharmed, rushed at me with dangerous fury. I thought that I would cool him off with a pleasant remark, and I said to him:

"Hold on, Cap'n, why didn't you tell me the thing was loaded?"

"The pleasant remark was a failure, for I saw that he could not take a joke. He rushed into a shanty, brought out a Winchester rifle and shot at me as long as I was in the neighborhood. The firing, I think, stopped about sundown that evening. I was glad when I came to the mill, but I was a great sight gladder when I got away."

—*Arkansas Traveler.*

THERE is a clock at Brussels which comes about as near being a perpetual motion machine as can be invented, for the sun does the winding. A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up-draught of air which sets the fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a break on the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough, and the machinery does not wear out, the clock is practically a perpetual motion machine.

## An Item for the Ladies.

For all dinners, says *Harper's Bazaar*, there is entirely a new departure in the way of decorating the table. All the flowers are put on in high vases, so that the guests can look underneath the flowers. The Carlsbad beer glasses, called "schooners," are very much used to hold the high-waving bouquets. The elaborate dinner cards are all gone out, and a plain card stamped with the monogram of the hostess alone marks the place where the guest is to sit. A menu is placed for the host or hostess on a little porcelain slat held up by a bracket, but that is the only one on the table. For both ladies, and gentlemen's dinners the same arrangement of wine obtains, except that at the former sherry and biters are not offered. It is only fair to say that scarcely any of this wine is drunk by ladies, therefore it seems ostentatious to serye it so freely. Two soups, white and clear, will be passed, and two kinds of fish, to give each guest a choice. An old fashion is being revived of bringing in the roast on a silver platter, the host carving. Silver dishes are used for the vegetables and for the salads, but not to eat from; there is something unpleasant in cutting anything on a silver dish. The finest of Derby ware or porcelain should be used for the plates. Cut glass is very much in fashion for the ornamental dishes of the table. We hear many inquiries as to the propriety of buying the colored glass now in fashion for the table. It is very pretty, but one may grow tired of it. Some of it is too gaudy for taste. For ladies' lunches also a truce has been sounded to the expensive decorations of dinner cards, painted ribbons and bags for bonbons. The menu also has been simplified. Chops with peas, a spanish omelet (a delicious dish this), birds broiled, fried potatoes, mushrooms on toast, artichokes, salads, champagne, coffee and fruit; this is now deemed a very stylish lunch for ladies, and is not overloaded. Roasted almonds, salted, make a very good relish after the sweets.

### Plenty of Stocks, but no Cigars.

The stranger who hails from the East and has the odor of wealth about him no sooner registers at a hotel in Virginia City than he is approached by a pale faced, intellectual gentleman with downcast eyes, who observes:

"Perhaps you are looking an investment? Shares in the Great Colorado Irrigation Company are bound to advance twenty per cent. inside of a month. Chance to clear \$50,000 in six weeks."

"Don't want any."

"Then you might have your pick of stocks in fifty-six silver mines, fourteen new banks, five new railroads, two navigation companies, five oil wells, six canal companies and twenty-one proposed new cities. Sure to double your money in four weeks."

"Don't want any."

"Then, stranger, for heaven's sake lend me a dollar! I haven't had a cent cigar nor a square meal since I can remember. Don't come out here to be a burden on the county."

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken by your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? It so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no other remedy so safe and so satisfactory and so pleasant. It regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.