

Deaver & Gephart

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. 60.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1886.

NO. 3.

Table with columns for 'NEWSPAPER LAWS' and 'ADVERTISING RATES'. Includes rates for 1 square, 1 column, 1 line, etc.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER, Auctioneer, MILLHEIM, PA.

L. B. STOVER, Auctioneer, MADISONBURG, PA.

W. S. 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. P. ARD, M. D., Notary Public, Woodward, PA.

B. O. DENINGER, Notary Public, Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa.

W. J. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber, Having had many years' experience, the public can expect the best work and most modern accommodations.

G. L. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber, Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor, Millheim, Pa.

O. R. VIS, BOWER & ORVIS, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

H. HASTINGS & REEDER, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

W. M. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

B. BEAVER & GEPHART, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

B. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

C. G. McMILLEN, PROPRIETOR, Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buses to and from all trains.

C. JUMMINS HOUSE, BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

E. EMANUEL BROWN, PROPRIETOR, House newly refitted and furnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable.

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

S. WOODS CALDWELL, PROPRIETOR, Good sample rooms for commercial Travelers on first floor.

The Workingman's Wife.

"Don't fall in love with her, Junius." "Your caution comes too late, old man. I'm in love with her already."

"My dear fellow," said Bartley, the aged mentor of the pair, "you cannot more afford such a wife than you can afford a steam yacht or an ivory mounted billiard table."

"There's no occasion to tell me that," mournfully replied Dr. Dale. "I'm quite aware of it already. If I was rich I'd marry Miss Clarke to-morrow—always providing that she thought me worthy of acceptance; but as I am only a struggling young doctor, I'll do my best to keep away from her fascinations in the future."

"A sensible decision," observed Bartley. "But she is so pretty," yearningly remarked Dr. Dale. "Granted."

"And she sings like a nightingale," "She ought to, with all the cultivation that her voice has received."

"And she has such a winning way with her," "What difference does that make to you?" said Bartley. "Haven't you resolved that hereafter she is to be nothing to you?"

"Yes; but—," "Stick to your colors then, man," cried Bartley. "Clissy Clarke is nothing on earth but a society belle."

"Yes, Clissy's at home," said he. "But she's fixing a chicken for papa's dinner. And then she's got my trousers to mend. Clissy can't come up stairs."

by a French dress-maker. I declare, I wish I had her knack. Papa is always grumbling about my bills. But that ain't all. Do you know, she gives Besse Layton music lessons, and earns quite a nice little income for herself?

"Dear me!" said the other, with a yawn, "who at the party last night would think it?" "Humph!" remarked the other, "She'll live and die an old maid, see if she don't. Such girls always do. Come, here are our novels at last. Let's go."

The perfumed silken flounces rustled out of the library; the sound of chattering voices died away, and still Dr. Dale sat, with his pencil in his hand, staring down at his memorandum book. It seemed that the gloomy veil which dropped between him and his future life were lifted. In his heart he could have blessed the agile tongues of these idle, gossiping girls.

Clissy, then, was no mere butterfly, but a true, noble-hearted working-girl! He carried back the ponderous medical tome to the assistant librarian. "Much obliged," he remarked, succinctly. "Got through with it pretty quick, haven't you?" said the assistant librarian.

"Yes, I've had very good luck this morning," said the doctor, cheerfully. He went straightway to the cottage on the outskirts of the village, where Clarissa Clarke lived. An apple-cheeked little brother came to the door to answer the knock. "Yes, Clissy's at home," said he. "But she's fixing a chicken for papa's dinner. And then she's got my trousers to mend. Clissy can't come up stairs."

But Dr. Dale laughingly pushed his way across the threshold. "I'll come in and wait," said he. And in five minutes Clissy came in; looking even prettier, if it were a possible thing, in her calico morning dress than she had done in the white satin and pearls of the evening before.

How he managed to speak out the dearest wish of his heart, Dr. Dale never quite knew. He had prepared a form of words on the way, but they vanished utterly out of his mind when the eventful moment came. He could only remember that she stood before him in all her fresh, young beauty, like a human apple-blossom, and that he loved her.

But after he had her hand in his, one arm carelessly thrown around her waist, he told her of the morning occurrence. "Until then, dearest," he said, "I looked upon you as a sort of unattainable luxury—a star to be worshipped afar off only. I knew that I was nothing more than a village doctor, with more ambition than practice—for the present, at least. But now I feel that I may venture to hope. Will you run the risk of sharing my scanty fortunes, Clissy?"

"Willingly, Junius," she answered, looking up into his face with her frank blue eyes. "And to tell you the truth," she added, smiling a little shyly, "I'm almost glad that you are not a rich man. Because, dear, I shall be so glad, so proud to help you a little in my humble way."

Applications for Passes.

When a reporter entered the office of an official of one of the trunk lines in New York recently, he found seated in an armchair a young woman with a pretty little girl in her arms. The young mother was crying softly behind her handkerchief. When a clerk asked what she wanted she said she had been deserted by her husband, and she wanted a pass so as to overtake him and made him support her and the little girl.

"Dear me!" said the other, with a yawn, "who at the party last night would think it?" "Humph!" remarked the other, "She'll live and die an old maid, see if she don't. Such girls always do. Come, here are our novels at last. Let's go."

The perfumed silken flounces rustled out of the library; the sound of chattering voices died away, and still Dr. Dale sat, with his pencil in his hand, staring down at his memorandum book. It seemed that the gloomy veil which dropped between him and his future life were lifted. In his heart he could have blessed the agile tongues of these idle, gossiping girls.

Clissy, then, was no mere butterfly, but a true, noble-hearted working-girl! He carried back the ponderous medical tome to the assistant librarian. "Much obliged," he remarked, succinctly. "Got through with it pretty quick, haven't you?" said the assistant librarian.

"Yes, I've had very good luck this morning," said the doctor, cheerfully. He went straightway to the cottage on the outskirts of the village, where Clarissa Clarke lived. An apple-cheeked little brother came to the door to answer the knock. "Yes, Clissy's at home," said he. "But she's fixing a chicken for papa's dinner. And then she's got my trousers to mend. Clissy can't come up stairs."

But Dr. Dale laughingly pushed his way across the threshold. "I'll come in and wait," said he. And in five minutes Clissy came in; looking even prettier, if it were a possible thing, in her calico morning dress than she had done in the white satin and pearls of the evening before.

How he managed to speak out the dearest wish of his heart, Dr. Dale never quite knew. He had prepared a form of words on the way, but they vanished utterly out of his mind when the eventful moment came. He could only remember that she stood before him in all her fresh, young beauty, like a human apple-blossom, and that he loved her.

But after he had her hand in his, one arm carelessly thrown around her waist, he told her of the morning occurrence. "Until then, dearest," he said, "I looked upon you as a sort of unattainable luxury—a star to be worshipped afar off only. I knew that I was nothing more than a village doctor, with more ambition than practice—for the present, at least. But now I feel that I may venture to hope. Will you run the risk of sharing my scanty fortunes, Clissy?"

"Willingly, Junius," she answered, looking up into his face with her frank blue eyes. "And to tell you the truth," she added, smiling a little shyly, "I'm almost glad that you are not a rich man. Because, dear, I shall be so glad, so proud to help you a little in my humble way."

Josh Billings and the Drummer.

The late Josh Billings was once on a passenger train bound for his old home at Lanesborough, Massachusetts. On the train were several commercial travelers, who, to while away the time, proposed a game of whist. A fourth man was wanted, and a gentleman sitting near was requested to take a hand.

"No; I do not play. But there is an old fellow who is a capital player; try him"—pointing to the "old fellow," who sat demurely on the seat in front. "Good player, is he?" said the commercial man. "Then we'll have some fun with old Haysed," and accosting the quiet, farmer-like passenger the young man, whose cheek was his fortune, blandly said: "My venerable friend, we would like to have you take a hand in a game of cards with us, just to while away the time. Will you oblige us?"

Looking the young man in the face a moment, "old Haysed" answered, "Ya-as, we'll be there in about three hours." "You don't understand, my friend; we want you to take a hand—" "Ya-as, the stand 'o' corn is very good— uncommon handsome."

The commercial man was annoyed. "Speak a little louder," suggested the gentleman in the seat behind: "he is somewhat hard of hearing." "My friend!" shouted the young fellow, "will—you—take—a—hand—in—a—game?" "Ya-as, game is uncommon plenty; all you want is—"

"Oh, go to the deuce! You're as deaf as a post!" and the man of cheek subsided, amid the laughter of his companions. When Lanesborough was reached, "old Haysed" arose to depart, when he quietly handed his card to the commercial man, who sat glum in his seat, and in a particularly comical way remarked: "Young man, when you travel on your cheek, don't get hay-seed in your eye. See?"

The young fellow glanced at the card. The superscription was—"Josh Billings." Josh got off the train, and the man of cheek had to find a seat in another car to escape the "run" on him by his companions.—Harper's Magazine.

The clerk at the stamp window smiled at the youngster's question, and winked in evident enjoyment at the by-standers. Then he said: "Sonny, I suppose you've got third-class matter?" "I dunno," was the dubious reply. The clerk laughed, and repeated his winks at the interested spectators who had overheard the dialogue.

"Well," he said finally, and mimicking the boy's manner, "if it ain't writin' an' it ain't printin', I guess we'll have to call it third-class matter and send it along for you pretty cheap. What does it weigh?" "Nuthin'," said the boy, as his mouth stretched into a grin that threatened to fracture his ears. "Nothing?" repeated the clerk. "Yump," muttered the boy, reeling his smile slightly.

In that case, then, sonny," said the clerk, with hilarious animation, "we'll send your package through for nothing." "Sure pop?" questioned the boy, as he edged back a little from the window. "Sure pop," repeated the clerk. "I pledge the honor of the government. Hand over the matter that weighs nothing."

A Forgotten Veteran.

Left Behind in the Desert by All His Comrades.

He had been thrown out as a vidette, and for hours he had peeped into the darkness around him to watch for the slightest sign of danger—listened like one who realized that the wily Arab of the desert steals upon his prey with all the silent cunning of the American Indian. As the stars of the night began to pale before the advance of dawn he felt like one reprieved. While he watched, the enemy had, for once, seemed to sleep. Daylight would bring a continuation of the march, and every hour would witness a skirmish, but even a battle does not unnerve a man like standing vidette on a lone and dangerous post.

What! Has he become blind? Daylight now covers the desert, and the vidette is looking towards the camp of the night. There is no camp. At midnight he left 800 of his comrades. This morning there is no sign of life. He looks to the right, but there is no vidette. He looks to the left—no living thing meets his eyes.

He stands and peers and stares and blinks. Is he awake? If so, is he blind? Has the night played some strange trick on him in this land of strange things and strange fancies? He moves toward the spot where the night halt was made, but he advances slowly and cautiously, and he hesitates now and then as if to reason with himself. Ah! He is neither blind or deaf. Here is a cap—there a belt—here a rope—there a sack, to prove that the camp had been here. Here are tracks of men and camels, there a broad trail leading away to the south.

In the stillness of night a messenger had come to the little band, ordering an instant change of march. Quietly and without alarm the men had turned out, the beasts made ready, and the videttes called in. All but one! In the hurry and the darkness he had been overlooked.

Leaving on his carbine and looking over the trail left to show the change of march, the soldier reasoned it all out. His command had been gone for hours. He was alone and on foot. Overtake them! He smiled grimly at the thought. The sun and sand and thirst of Egypt were as deadly enemies as the spears and bullets of the Arabs. He had neither food nor water. A hundred miles of burning sands, and hot winds lay between him and a blade of grass—a single drop of water.

The soldier turned to survey the desert plain. To the east, nothing but sand; to the north, nothing but sand; to the west, nothing but sand; to the south—ah! He straightened up, shaded his eyes with his hand, and for a long minute continued his gaze, then he let his arm fall. A score of Arabs were riding down upon him.

Without undue haste—with the dignity befitting an old veteran—the soldier took from his breast and pinned to his coat a medal. Upon its bright side were the words: "The Boer War." He pinned on another which said: "For Services in Zululand." There was a third—a fourth—a fifth. In his twenty years of soldier life the old man had a thousand times been a target for bullets. This was his last campaign. Death was riding down upon him, and he would die like a soldier—as a British soldier.

When the savage horsemen were a half mile away they halted. The old soldier was ready and waiting. There was no thought of taking him a prisoner—no thought of surrender. There was a moment of consultation, and then the bunch of horsemen deployed in line and advanced at a gallop. "Steady, now! Crack! Crack! Crack! Two horsemen tumbled from their saddles—a third reeled about in his seat like a man mortally hit. Before another shot could be fired the murderous lances drank blood and the old soldier lay dead.

community there are a great many fundamental elements that must enter in. But the one neglected element of economy is cooking. It is astonishing to think what sort of thing we have to eat, and in what condition. I consider the kitchen as being the devil's own organized kingdom against the kingdom of health in the human family.

The want of economy springing from the want of knowledge; the gross food, the greasy food; the want of delicacy and regard for the fine elements of health and life—it is amazing, it is piteous, it is heathenish. The heathens live better than we do oftentimes in that regard. We do not want any French morality, but we should like some French cuisine—the art of one onion to make a dozen soups, every one of a different flavor; the art of rendering the poorest meat and the cheapest, such as are within the reach of all, into such tasteful and relishful dishes as shall perfectly satisfy the men that gorge themselves with pork and rube beef and all that; and to teach young women how to wisely and economically and delicately to cook is to lay a foundation under their future married life that will avail very much. I would not hold back any moral or religious element, but the kitchen has a great deal to do with grace in civilized circles.

What the President and the Cabinet Read.

"Who is the best reader in the Cabinet?" a Washington bookseller was asked the other day. "Folks say Lamar is," replied the dealer. "He may be, but I never heard of his buying a book. If he reads he doesn't keep pace with the times. I reckon Bayard is the best reader. He buys a great many books and keeps right along with the best writers. His reading is of a sober, statesman-like character, and he does lots of it. He comes in to buy his own books, and I have never seen him look at a novel. The President, I understand, is a good reader, but the only book I know of his having bought is Blaine's. He bought that a few days after he came to Washington. A great many books go to the White House. Col. Langmont buys many good books and nearly all the popular periodicals, but I don't know who reads them. I suppose many are got for Miss Cleveland. Secretary Whitney reads a great deal. He doesn't confine himself however, to politics, history or philosophy. He is very fond of novels and reads many. Some are the best and some are the lightest. He reads such novels as 'The Vagrant Wife,' 'The Tinted Venus,' 'Called Back,' 'Struck Down,' &c. Secretary Endicott reads novels, too. But he never buys anything in English. He always gets French novels and reads a great many of them. The other members of the Cabinet we don't see much of. I guess there is no one in the Cabinet who buys so many good books as Blaine does. He buys everything on sober subjects by well-known authors. He gets much the same books as Bayard does, only the range of his research is wider. Logan isn't anything for buying books.

Historical Trees. The tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. The tree on Boston common, where, tradition says, seven Tories were hung. Elm tree on Cambridge common under which general Washington first drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the continental army. The charter oak. Pine tree near Fort Edward, N. Y., where Jane McCrea was murdered by the Indians. The thirteen trees planted by Gen. Alexander Hamilton on his estate near New York, representing the original thirteen States. The oak tree at Franklin, N. H., on which Daniel Webster, when a boy, hung his scythe and said to his father, 'Now the scythe hangs to suit me.' The apple tree at Appomattox under which General Grant received the surrender of General Lee.

Mr. Beecher on Cooking. At a concert given for the benefit of the Working Girls' Society, Mr. Beecher, after describing the object of the society to be the education of the working girls in useful branches of knowledge, such as dress-making, cooking, type writing, millinery, etc., said: 'Of dress making, there is no need for me to speak. It comes by nature. But cooking: In all the efforts that are being made known to economize and lift up the ignorant and the working classes of the com-

'The candles you sold me last were very bad,' said Jerrold, to a tallow chandler. 'Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for that.' 'Yes, sir; do you know they burnt to the middle, and then would burn no longer?' 'You surprise me! What, sir, did they go out?' 'No, sir, no; they burnt shorter.'

THE more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint.

'OLD man Pennybaker has married again.' 'You don't tell me so.' 'Yes, and he has married a right young girl, forty years younger than he is.' 'Well, I declare. His other wife only died six months ago and he went on so at the grave that I expected that he would loose his mind.'

'Well, you see your prediction has come to pass.'—Texas Siftings.