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VOL. 60.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 28., 1886.

NO. 4.

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Little Bill's Work.

CHAPTER I.

Little Bill had knocked off work early; not because he was lazy; oh dear no; there never was such another industrious little chap as Bill; but the day had been a fortunate one, and he had sold off all his stock in trade | Bill was in the lucifer match line | and was returning home with sevenpence clear profit in his pocket; no wonder he felt happy; no wonder his little dirty hand was thrust into his pocket, jingling the coppers pleasantly.

He made a call at a cook shop and bought quite a lot of vitals with fourpence lit's wonderful what you can do if you only know how to get to market] next he stepped into a baker's and purchased a half a loaf, then left the shop and ran as fast as his thin legs would carry him, never once picking a piece from the bread, which he cuddled un-

der his arm. Little Bill would not have been a pretty boy even had he been clean, which he decidedly was not; his eyes were small and sharp, his nose flat, his mouth large, and his general appearance starved; probably he thought that dirt kept him warm, for it covered him more effectually than did his garments, which had large ventilation holes here and there, and he evidently made no

effort to remove it. Little Bill lived in a court off Fleet street; I shall not commit myself by saying which court, suffice it that 'twas the most narrow and dirty; probably had you asked Bill he would have said it was a very good court indeed, there was always plenty going on, innumerable small publishers brought out their penny papers there, which brought hundreds of men into the court many times a week, and Bill had almost as much as he could do to give proper attention to the pictures which were posted up ontside the offices; then there was often an exciting row, which ended in a fight and the police; but best of all, now and again two men came with a harp and claronette and played sweet music

other children danced. Little Bill reached the court, and, without waiting to look at any of the new pictures which were temptingly displayed, sped away to its darkest corner and entered the dirtiest house; he staid a moment at the foot of the stairs, while a fit of coughing shook his thin, emaciated frame, then he began mounting the dark staircase till he reached the very top of the house ; arrived there he turned the handle of a door and found it locked.

which almost made Bill ciy, while the

"Is that you, Billy ?" said a childish voice.

"Is 'at 'ou, Billy ?" said a more childish echo. "Yes, why's the door locked? Ask father to open it."

"Father's gone out; he took the key down with him and said Mrs. Green would give it to you when you came home," said the voice which had first me." spoken.

"When 'ou tom' 'ome," came the

Bill did not speak again, but he put down his provisions and retraced his steps as quickly as possible. Mrs. Green occupied the first floor back. Bill look. ed into her room; she was certainly not

Probably he knew from previous experience where to find her, for without a moment's pause he went down the remaining stairs, ran out of the court, and entered the public bar of a public house which stands at the corner of

A number of men and women were standing there drinking, talking and laughing loudly, but pleasantly. Bill went up to a great stout woman and touched her arm.

"Please, Mrs. Green," he said, "will you give me the key of our room ?"

Mrs. Green startled and turned "Bless us and save us, if it ain't lit-

tle Bill," she said; "Why, child, how did you know where to find me ?"

"I guessed you'd be here," answered Bill; then, as the rest of the company laughed, he added quickly "cause know as you like pleasant company." "Well, here's the key," she said,

drawing it from her pocket, "blest if I hadn't cle in forgot it; have a sip of this, Bill." She held a glass of steaming gin and water toward him as she spoke; if possible his face grew paler than be-

fore, and he turned away. "No, thank you, Mrs. Green." "Nonsense, Bill; it'll warm you," He looked up into her face.

"I'd rather take a knife," he said, "and kill myself, than touch a drop of that-than learn to like it."

He turned away as he spoke, and left

"Father has blue devils," said Mrs. cause of course it ain't nice to have Green, as though in apology for little rats and snakes, and-and sich like a Bill, as she tipped off her beverage, crawling about the room if it can be across to the children's mattress. "awful sometimes; can hear him yell- helped, and I think it can, for I believe 'Why can't you get up, Bill, my ways. What a man to take the Chica- ain't gwine to make me no buffday Fox River, ank it don't seem to be ways. What a man to take the Chica- present."

would be a treasure in a thousand ain't gwine to make me no buffday for River, ank it don't seem to be much of a storm after all."

go census. delication and to make the translate, Va-

other children more like an angel than a human." "Where's the mother ?" asked

man. "Lord knows; went off two years a

as bad at times." Bill soon reached home again, unlocked the door, left himself in, and was received with every mark of affection by a small boy and a smaller girl, both equally as dirty as himself.

"I've got you such a prime supper," he said, taking the newspaper cover from the vituals which he had bought at the cook shop, "you must eat it fast, and then go to bed in case father comes home; he don't like to find you up." He gave the children each a portion

of meat and bread, then sat watching them. "Ain't you going to eat nothing ?" asked Bill's little brother, looking at

him in great surprise.

"Not yet; don't feel hungry," and again the cruel cough shook him. mattress at the further end of the room and laid themselves down. Bill pulled the dirty coverings over them, kissed both their grimmy faces, then wished them good night, "and if father wakes you when he comes in," he added,

'don't you let him know it." For a time the children were restless but at length they sank to sleep, their dirty arms folded around each other, their dirty cheeks pressed together. Little Bill sat watching them for a time then rose, drank some water from out a broken pitcher, and set out the remainder of the food.

"Father may like it when he comes n," he thought, and then went back to watch the children.

After a time he heard atstep upon the stairs, a heavy stumbling step, but he did not move, and when a man rolled rather than walked into the room, he just lifted his eyes and looked at him quietly, keenly; then rose, crossed the room and gently drew the man to a

"Head bad, father ?" he asked. "Duced bad," the man answered shortly.

Something was evidently the matter with little Bill's father, ague perhaps, for he shook all over, only his head and hands jerked themselves more than the rest of his body, and now and then his arms shot out spasmodically; his face was gray, and great beads of perspiration rolled down it; his eyes wandered round the room, as though seeking for something fearfully.

"I'll just put a bandage on y'ead," said Billy quietly; "there ain't nothing like it. What are you looking at, fath-

The man had risen and stood gazing in horror at the floor. Bill made him sit down, and hastily bound a dripping rag round his hedd. "Is it rats, father ?" he asked.

The man shivered more than ever. "Yes, look, they're coming on to

He gave a great scream, and would have leapt up, but the child's hands restrained him. "There is many, father," he said,

quietly and naturally; "but, bless you, they won't hurt; see, they are quite as close to me as they are to you." The man's head shook so that the wonder was it did not drop off; and he

glared up into the boy's face. "There was such strange things a bout to-night, Bill," he whispered, "lions and tigers -and all after me."

Bill expressed no surprise, but thought a minute. "That's yery like," he said at last,

"I did hear as a menagerie had got loose; did you run, father ?" "And snakes," said the man, not

heeding the question. "Ah, to be sure, there would be snakes," then following the man's eyes which opened wider and wider till they almost seemed as though they would

drop out, "you don't happen to see any of them new, do you, father ?" He pressed his hand more tightly down upon the man's shoulder, and

wetted the rag once more. "There's million's," the man anwered, "all a-coming this way; let me

He wrenched his collar from the child's hands, but he caught him by

er, stop a bit; they won't hurt you, they're-they're tame snakes, and I The man sat down again, his eyes riveted toward the fatrher end of the

"Father," he said, "dear, dear fath-

room; the child coughed till he almost shook himself to pieces, then leaned heavily against his father. "It's kind of you to stay and listen to me, father," he said at last, "be-

"What !" yelled the man, "d'you mean to insinuate that I takes too much; that they ain't there really; that I only sees them in my mind, you -"

"No, no, father," said the by, gentgo; but, bless you, she had them almost ly interrupting him; "why, don't I see them as plain as anything, all a-running and a crawling over each other ?" "But they're gone now," said the man suspiciously.

"Of course they is; you frightened them when you leaped up and yelled. They can't abide noise, but the Lord knows how soon they'll be back again. Why, I do believe," watching the man's eyes, "that they're a-coming now Let me bath your head again, father."

Once more the dripping cloth was bound around the man's brow, once more the child was shaken with his cough. "As I was a-saying, father," the boy continued. "I think 'it's the drink, the smell of it, as draws them ; I've heard that snakes and rats and them sorts are uncommon partial to spirits, and you see, father, there's gen. Supper over, the children went to a erally a little smell of it about you, though it's but one glass you've took."

> Again the man looked strangely into the child's face. "Partial to spirits, are they! Where

did you hear that ?" 'Well, I can't exactly say, father but I've heard that in India and France and-and Iceland, where sich things live, and bite, father, for they're not quiet and harmless like they is here, that they fill tanks with spirits over night, and in the morning there's hundreds lying about as drunk as can be, a-singing and-I mean a-hissing and abiting of each other like winkie; then the people sweeps them up, and burns them; so I thought father, that if that was the case there, may be you, though you ain't to say strong of spirits, yet do smell a little, might draw them yarmints here, for they don't come when me and the little ones is alone; and p'rhaps, father, if you just took a beer for a time, they might go away far

again, Once more the child stopped to cough and again dipping the rag in water laid it on the man's head.

'Try and eat a bit, father,' he said, and silently the man turned to the vituals, then, uttering a mighty scream, flung the boy from him and rushed out of the room.

Bill fell, but was on his feet in a moment, and after his father; the two children sat up in bed, but he had no time to notice them; down the stairs he went, through the court, along Fleet street, up the Strand, on, on, keeping his father still in sight till they came to Trafalgar square, then for a moment the man stopped, then dashed toward one of the fountain ponds and sprang in; quick as thought Bill followed, and they beat about in the water together, the child pulled at the man, drawing him toward the edge, and at length they crawled out.

'How did it happen?' said the man, sobering up at last. Bill coughed again and shivered.

'Why,' he said, quite calmly and naturally, 'we was running a race, and you fell into this 'ere water, and like a silly fool I couldn't stop myself and fell in after. Let's go home, father.'

CHAPTER II.

Little Bill was ill, in fact had been ll for some time, but no one had noticed it; the other lodgers thought his cough a nuisance, as it often awoke them at night, but it never entered their heads that there was anything the matter with little Bill's lungs. However, some days after his ducking in the fountain pond in Trafalgar square little Bill found, to his utter amazement, one morning that it was impossible to move from his mattress; it had been-a trouble often, but at last he really could not get up.

'Sid,' he said, giving his brother a push, 'Sid, ain't it queer ; I can't get

Sid awoke from his slumbers slowly and rubbed his eyes. 'Can't get up, Billy,' he said, 'why

'Well, I don't know; it's mighty queer, but it's because I can't, I suppose. I feel so strange, and faint-like,

that you'll best wake father, perhaps,' Father, strange to say, had stuck to beer for the last two or three days, and came home each night only moderately. almost respectably, drunk; consequently the snakes and rats, not attracted by want to tell you what I think brings the spirit smell, had not put in an appearance. Sid ran to his father's bed

and shook him. 'Father,' he said, 'father, Billy can't get up.'

Father opened his eyes. 'What ?' he said. 'Billy can't get up.'

'Why can't he?' 'He don't know, but he can't,'

'I don't know, father ; but I feel so weak and strange.

He coughed violently as he spoke,

and then a crimson stream flowed from his mouth, and over the dirty coverings; father's face turned very white, and he raised the boy's head. 'Run Sid,' he said, 'run for a doctor Sid paused a moment in horror, then

left the room, fell rather than walked down the stairs, scampered through the court, on as fast as his little legs could carry him; he had no idea where to find a doctor, and probably would have run on forever, or at least till he dropped, had a policeman not stopped him.

'Where are you going, boy ?' he ask-

Sid looked up, and in his agitation did not notice the man's uniform. 'Oh, please sir,' he said, 'are you a doctor ?'

'No, my boy; d'you want one ?' 'Oh yes, sir, please sir, Bill's cut his nouth without a knife, and its bleeding frightful.'

The policeman took the boy's hand and hurried him along till he came to a chemist's shop: it was early in the morning and the shutters had not yet been taken down, so the policeman rang the bell.

In a few moments one of the upper windows was raised, and a head came

'Wanted, sir,' said the policeman. The window was shut, and in a few moments the door of the shop was un-

'Where to?' said the policeman, peaking to Sid.

'Oh, please sir, I'll show you.' He ran in front of them, and they followed quickly; at length they reached the court. Sid rushed into the house. up the stairs and soon the doctor and policeman stood at little Bill's mat-

'Father' moved away, and the doctor knelt, took the thin hand in his,felt the pulse, lifted the boy's head, looked enough not to be drawn by the smell, if | into the white face, then shook his head you did have a glass of spirits, now and sadly. 'Nothing can save him,' he said.

> 'Little Bill.' he said, 'little Bill.' Bill opened his eyes, the blood had ceased to flow, and only the dark stain showed what had happened. Poor little Bill, he had never had much blood in his weak, thin body; it could not

long supply such a stream. 'You don't see no rats, father,' he whispered. 'No, Bill, my child-my darling.'

'Nor snakes, father ?' 'No, no.' 'Nor-nor nothing, father ?'

'Nothing, Bill-but you.' 'It's all along of beer,' said the child faintly; 'they don't smell nothing now. But father, dear, dear father-promise me you won't go back to the spirits ; Sid can't see as I see, and you have to look at them alone, for I'm-going,' he paused a moment, and his eyes half closed, then he opened them again and

looked up. 'The little ones would be frightened if they saw them, father,' he said, stinging ones might come in time, and kill you all; so promise me father, that you'll not go back to spirits; promise

little Bill.' Round little Bill 'father's' arms were clasped, and he drew him close, close to his side.

'I promise,' he said, 'and I will keep my word, so help me Gud.' A smile flitted across the child's face.

his eyes closed slowly, till his lashes rested upon his white cheeks, one sigh broke from his lips, then all was still. For a moment his father looked at him silently, then cried aloud:

'Little Bill, little Bill, speak to me.'

But little Bill's work was done, and

God had taken him. A Bird's Foresight.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but, becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food.

A California man has a defect in his eyes which causes him to see every obReawakened Memory.

Two years ago a young man living in Vermont village, having finished his academical education, was ready to enter college. But just before the day appointed for his examination he was taken ill. After several weeks of suffering he slowly recovered his health, but discovered that his mind had lost the knowledge acquired by six years of

hard study. Latin, Greek, and mathematics, all were gone, and his mind was a blank in respect to his preparatory studies. His doctor prescribed that he should rest his mind, and familsarize himself with the few simple details of light work.

He obeyed, and found, in his old habit of doing things carefully, the schoolmaster that brought back his old know-

ledge. Before his illness the young man, in order to earn a little money, had taken care of the village church, sweeping it out, cleaning the lamps and doing the work of a sexton. He now resumed this work, and by the physician's advice tried to keep his mind from puzzling itself about his memory. Several weeks went by without bringing any

change in his mental condition. One Sunday evening a stranger entered the church, and, as the sermon was a dull one, gazed carelessly around until his attention was attreted by the lamps on the wall. He noticed that all the wicks were so carefully trimmed that there was not an irregular flame to be seen. He wondered as to who could be the careful sexton, and, happening to be in the place the following Sunday, he again noticed the same uniform trimming of the wicks.

Passing the church pext day, and seeing the door open, he walked quietly in and saw the young sexton sweeping out the central isle. Looking closely at the young man, the stranger asked: 'Do you do all the work about the church?

'Yes, sir.' 'Do you trim the lamps?' 'Yes, sir.'

'Why do you trim them in such a pe culiar way ?' 'Why, the flames are all alike.' 'Father'threw himself down by Bill's

> would not have them uneven, would tion of what we shall do with such you ?' 'No.' answered the stranger, with a smile. 'But it speaks well for your tunate soldier of a higher grade than carefulness. Why, I should think one this that ought to be looked after. The of the flames would fit all the others ex- young man who went into the army

ed in geometry ?'

equal sides and angles-' Before the stranger could finish his sentence the student threw down his broom, rushed frantically out of the church, ran across the street and into his house, where he astonished his mother by exclaiming, in tones of triangle is equal to the sum of the squares

of the other two sides!' In a moment his school knowledge had come back to him, flashed into his mind by the mention of superim posed figures.

Kisses By Mail.

A young postmaster of a village postoffice was hard at work, when a gentle tap was heard upon the door and in stepped a bashful maiden of sixteen, with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?" The young postmaster read as follows:

"I send you three dollars and a dozen kisses." Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses."

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses, I want them, too." It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them she had never encountered

After she arrived home she remarked

to her mother: "Eh, mother, but this post-office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system ali hollow."

was under arrest for stealing chickens smile, Some of us have been troubled "I dunno," said the darky. "When of late about the stories of corruption Father rolled out of bed, and went ject multiplied nineteen times. He were you born?" "What am de use to be developed by investigations at would be a treasure in a thousand of my tellin' you my buffday; you Washington; but now we have got to

NEWSPAPER LAWS If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinuate.

A STRUGGLE IN LIFE.

Army Wrecks, and the Way in which They were Made.

"You want to know why I gave the old fellow a dollar?" asked an ex-army officer, as I questioned the propriety of the donation that he had made to a rather rough specimen of humanity, who had asked for money enough to get

him a dinner. "The case stands this way," he said ; 'there are men who ask me to help them who cannot get their own consent to ask others. This is not because I am under obligations to them, but because they know that I know the stuff they are made of. Now, this poor fellow was always-run down at the heel in the army. I have seen him do a great many things that I felt at the time I could not have done. His one good quality was his capacity to do the right thing in time of battle or in time of great excitement, and I have complimented him scores of times upon deeds

of uncommon bravery. "While he was in the army his mother died, and his father made a disreputable marriage. In the year last year of the war his wife ran away with an old rival, and the boy that he cared most for went to the bad. The first thing this good fighter did when he left the service was to use his pay and extra bounty in prolonging a disgraceful spree. He got into all sorts of trouble and disgrace, and nobody cared to have much to do with him. I found him sick and ready to die. Remembering what the man had been, and remembering the discouragements that met him when he came out of the service, I

made an attempt to save him. "I did save him in so far as preventing him from becoming a drunkard is concerned, but since the last engagement in front of Atlanta the man has not had the spirit of a squaw. He has worked hard, but nearly always at a disadvantage. When he gets down he comes to me because he knows that I will understand that he is in need. He is the sort of fellow, you know, who, rather than submit to any humiliation from an old comrade, would walk out the pier and jump into the lake. My 'Oh, but they ought to be. You heart is sorely troubled over the ques-

"There is another type of the unforactly if it were superimposed on them.? from the purest and highest motives, 'Superimposed! Isn't that word us- who lost his health and strength and capacity to do in the hard service of 'Certainly. If polygons, having actual war, and who came out of the service saddened, proud, and highspirited, as only a thoroughly educated soldier can be, and took up the burdens -the new burdens- of civil life, without a murmer, with scarcely a hopesuch a man stands for a class. There are thousands of men whose army eduamph, 'Mother, I know that the square cation stimulated and cultivated a natof the hypothenuse of a right angle tri- ural pride that was very great. Their experience in the army contributed also to the growth of a sensitiveness that

has become morbid. "Their struggle in life since the war has not made them grumblers, but it has not blunted their sensitiveness. They have never asked for pension or for favor of any kind. Some of them are burdens to their family, or are depending for their support upon appreciative friends. They are dropping off by the hundred every year, going down without a murmur, without any credit mark, with simply a crooked leg or an empty sleeve or an ugly scar pointing to a record of rare courage in the army. It is not strange to me that such men would rather come to an old comrade for help than to go to a soldiers' home or to the public. I can't explain it, but I can understand it, and so I gave the man a dollar."-Chicago Inter-Ocean.

AN ANECDOTE.

A prominent Methodist bishop asked

President Liucolm, early in the war, what was to be his policy on the slavery question. 'Bishop,' said Mr. Lincoln, your question is rather a cool one, but I will answer it by telling you a story. You know Father B., the old Methodist preacher, and you know Fox River and its freshets? Well, once in the presence of Father B., a young Methodist was worrying about Fox River, and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river. Father B., checked him in his gravest manner. Said he: 'Young man, I have always made it a rule in my life not to cross Fox River till I got to it. And,' said the president, 'l am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I get to it.' The bishop smiled but said nothing. A few days afterward a young Methodist minister called on the president, and on being presented to him, simply said: 'Mr. President, I have come to tell you that I think we have got to Fox River ! "How old are you?" asked a Justice Mr. Lincoln thanked the clergyman of the Peace of "Jim" Webster, who and laughed heartily, adding, with a of the bod a madata that attach