

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, FEBRUARY 4, 1886.

NO. 5.

NEWSPAPER LAWS
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1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
1 column 4 00 8 00 10 00 12 00 15 00
1 " 7 00 10 00 12 00 15 00 20 00
1 " 10 00 15 00 20 00 25 00 35 00
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A Pleasant Remedy.

Wife and I landed at San Diego, that beautiful city on the extreme south-western corner of California, and, after spending a few days at the Horton House, we took saddle mules and visited the valley of the Cajon, where we stopped over night with Captain Miner, the most friendly of hosts.

Early the next morning we began our climb to the Falls of San Diego, Captain Miner accompanying us. He wished to show us a canyon, covered with chapparal, where there lived a million quails. He stated the number with an easy confidence which proved that he had counted them. We accepted his testimony and did not count. It certainly would have been easy to bag a thousand in a few moments, but I begged so hard for them that the captain turned back toward the wagon-load which he had promised his good wife to bring with him. The California quail is such an exquisitely beautiful bird, and its family life so sweet, that I would have gone on my knees to prevent the slaughter of the innocents. No person of sensibility can study their little ways and then kill them.

After the captain had left us we kept on by the side of the San Diego river, and before night climbed to the foot of the famous falls. While picketing our mules I discovered two young men busy making camp on the opposite side of a canyon. I called to them, and in pantomime invited them to visit us, which they signified they would do after supper. I urged them to take supper with us, but they politely declined. An hour later, just as we had finished our desert of oatmeal mush, our neighbors came. One was a tall, brown-haired, bright-eyed gentleman, of perhaps twenty-six; the other a slight, blonde lad of eighteen. We were much impressed with their intelligence, and pleased with their gentle bearing toward each other. It was in strange contrast with our wild surroundings and with their rough corduroy pants, flannel shirts and pith hats.

They told us they had long been intimate friends, and when the health of the younger began to break, and the doctor had warned him that nothing but a year in the saddle would save his lungs, they had left their home in the East and came to the Pacific coast, where they had been climbing through the mountains, with the aid of mustangs, for three months. Already Fred was quite another man.

To illustrate the change, Fred cracked his thigh, and informed us that three months before, that leg was not more than half its present size. We arranged to meet them again a week later, and already felt that they were dear friends. They were scarcely out of earshot when my wife seized my arm and whispered the strange question: "Do you know what I think?" "I don't; but please stop pinching."

"Fred is a girl," she cried, pinching harder and harder. "How do you know that?" "How do I know it? Don't you suppose I know a girl when I see one?" exclaimed my better half.

"My dear, I came to the conclusion long ago that you knew pretty much everything, but will you tell me how you found out that this young man is not a young man at all, but something else. I grant you that he behaves remarkably well, but might not a young man, by some accident, behave himself?"

"Oh, but that sweetness, that softness, that exquisite delicacy of manner and speech! I am astonished that you can't see; but then you men are so blind."

"My darling, permit me to call your attention to the fact that you have often spoken of my blindness. I would not have you suppose that I doubt what you say. If you had said this young man was a kangaroo or a gross of tack hammers, I should not dare to doubt it. I am only trying to find out your signs of sex."

My better three-quarters made no reply, but went on to say: "What can it mean? Nothing wrong, I am sure. They are beautiful people, and I know would do nothing improper; but what can it mean?" Before their next coming my wife shook her head and said, "What can it mean?" many times.

When they came again we were very glad to see them, and they seemed glad to see us. We recalled that Fred had worn a pair of buckskin gloves when calling on us at the Falls, and had shaken hands without removing them. We had not been especially impressed with the circumstance, for we both wore the same sort of gloves from morning till night, and often slept in them, but on the occasion of their second visit we noticed, and thought if the gloves were removed, Fred's hands would be remarkably small. This tended to confirm my good wife's suspicions.

Our friends invited us to dine with them the next day, and when they were fairly out of hearing, my wife gasped my arm, and in that same excited whisper asked: "What do you think now?" "Think?" Why, I think we have met a couple of well-bred young gentlemen, and—

"Well-bred fiddlesticks! I declare, you men are stone blind. Now, do you pretend to say that you don't see that 'Master Fred,' as the other calls him, is nothing but a girl?"

"Nothing but a girl," is rather cool nowadays, when a man hardly dares to open his mouth in the presence of a woman of any age," I said, as bravely as I dared, to my better seven-eighths. My devoted companion kept it up. That night when I was just dropping off to sleep, she reached over, gave my blanket a jerk to rouse me, and exclaimed: "Why, her whole style, her walk, her voice, her chin, her beautiful eyes, her delicacy and sweetness of manner, and his tenderness toward her—it is all as plain as can be. They are just married; she is threatened with consumption, and as this dress is so much better for saddle work in the mountains, etc., etc. Oh, I see it all just as plain as the nose on your face."

I knew my nose was a big one, and my wife's favorite object for illustrating vast things, but I knew likewise it was a dark night, and that I was lying with my face turned from her. I said nothing but began a series of evolutionary snores, which she finally accepted as genuine, but which, as one can never hear the real sounds in himself, were probably not a good imitation.

She roused me the next morning, and told me of a curious dream she had had about the beautiful bride-to-be. On the way over we rode side by side, where a trail was wide enough to give our mules a chance, and discussed our scheme. Our welcome was very warm; the dinner was excellent. We had finished the stewed-canned oysters, and canned turkey with cranberry sauce, and canned green peas, and were busy on the dessert of canned strawberries and peaches, when my wife opened our little "game." Addressing herself to Mr. Morton (Fred), she asked: "Don't you think, Mr. Morton, if a lady were sick, say of consumption, and needed to live a year or two in the saddle, it would be a capital plan for her to adopt a man's dress and then secure all sorts of freedom?"

Our plan was to look Fred square in the face at the conclusion of the question. It was evidently a bull's-eye shot. He blushed and turned a look of astonishment and interrogation upon his companion, which proved that my wife was right. She always is.

Then without waiting for them to change the subject, I took up my part, and said: "We met a couple the other day, the most beautiful people I have seen in years; the bride lived in the saddle, was dressed in men's clothes, and was rapidly recovering from genuine consumption."

"Where did you meet this couple?" asked Major Barton, by which name Fred addressed his companion. "At San Diego Falls," was my reply.

Then we gazed at the Major. This was our programme. He looked at his companion. They both turned all sorts of colors, and we all burst into roars of laughter. Then followed a long and most interesting talk. My wife had guessed the exact truth; Fred was a bride. The family physician had pronounced his case genuine, pulmonary consumption, and had shaken his head over the near future.

The young people consulted together, and after much anxious doubt, but with the full consent of friends, were married. After a deal of trouble they succeeded in obtaining the proper measurement for Fred's corduroys, and in ten days were climbing the rugged sides of the Sierra Nevadas. They had been zig-zagging through the mountains, and in three months had reached the point where we first met them.

A curious change came over Fred's manners. As soon as the facts were known to us, I imagine he felt very much as Eve did when she became aware that her clothing was very scanty. Whereas Fred had slapped his thigh, talked of the growing muscle, and strided about like other young fellows, now he excused himself, took something out of a bag, went behind a clump of bushes, and soon returned with a blanket arranged like a woman's skirt.

I recall these facts nearly four years after the close of our camp life on the Pacific coast. The occasion was an exciting scene in Central Park, New York. Wife and I, with the old camping instinct upon us, were sitting under a tree in a shady nook in that beautiful park, watching the saddle riders. A pair of wild ones were coming, and I exclaimed: "Those must be mustangs; no other horses could do like that."

Instantly my wife clutched me in that same old place, and cried out: "It's Fred! It's Fred!" We sprang to our feet. The recognition was complete all around. The horses were the same they rode in California. Quiet enough they were there, eating what they could pick up; but here with oats and thorough grooming, they were full of the very dickens. The next day we dined with our friends. It was hard to recognize in our beautiful hostess the thigh-slapping Fred of the mountains.

I complained that the long silken skirt did not look natural. Mrs. R. [we now for the first time learned their real name] invited us to spend the next evening with them. Mr. R. opened the door and told us they had sent their servants out for the evening. In the grand parlor we waited for our hostess. In came Fred in the same old corduroys, woolen shirt, old boots and pith hat. He went striding about the room, regular free and easy mountain fashion, and when the shouts of laughter had subsided, slapped his thigh and said: "When I went to the Pacific coast that leg was so small and soft that it could hardly carry me; now it is big enough and solid enough to carry me through a long life."

"Yes," exclaimed the proud and happy husband, "my wife would not part with those clothes, nor with her splendid horse. She feels, as I do, that they have saved her life. We believe that a good saddle-horse, properly ridden, can carry a consumptive from the grave back into the midst of life and health." I will add, that I have seen many remarkable restorations from advanced consumption through life in the saddle. I think the chances are about as good here as in California.—(Dio Lewis, in Nuggets.)

A Guard for Prisoners.
The Famous Nigger Hounds of the South.

An Exhibition of Their Wonderful Noses at a Georgia Convict Camp.

While at Oldtown I saw a race between a convict and the hounds. It came about in this way: Mr. Williams claimed, and he was backed by Capt. James, that any convict could be selected out of a hundred and sent off to circle through the woods, passing through a dozen squads of convicts; that an hour later, he could put his hounds on the convict's track, and they would thread him through the squad of convicts, never be shaken from his individual track, and finally bring him up.

I remarked that I could understand how the hounds might carry a convict's track through a crowd of outsiders from some scent of the camp, but not how they could separate one convict from another. "There may be a hundred convicts," he said, "clothed precisely alike, and wearing precisely the same shoes. They may feed together on precisely the same food, and sleep in bunks that touch each other under precisely the same cover. And yet each one of them has a scent that marks him just as distinctly to my hounds from his fellows, as his appearance marks him under your deliberate study."

"And do you expect me to believe that the dogs can catch this scent from the flying touch of his thick shoes on the hard ground?" "Undoubtedly. And further. He may stop in a squad and change shoes with a convict, and the dogs will still follow him. On the hardest ground, his scent will be plain to them, though his shoe soles are half an inch thick. When he runs through the woods, where his clothes touch the bushes, they will trail him heads up, in full cry, fifty yards, running parallel, but away from where he ran."

"Do you mean that you can take fifty convicts, all clad in convict suits, let them run through the bushes, then send the convict the dogs are trailing through the same bushes, and the scent of his body left on the yielding twigs as his clothes brush them, will lead the hounds through the maze?" Yes, fifty yards away, they will run it parallel at full speed. To prove this I will start a convict. I will let others follow him through the woods. I will let him make a semicircle in the woods with fifty yards' radius. When the hounds come to this, instead of following the curve they will scent the opposite side of the circle, fifty yards away, cut across it, take the track up there and follow it."

A gaunt convict, long of leg and flank, was selected for the run. He was told to put off quickly, circle in the woods, take a swift run over the fields, roads, and through every squad of convicts he could find in his way. This he did. The hounds were then loafing about the stockade yard, as listless a lot of dogs as ever were seen. "I am tempted," said Mr. Williams, "to let the convict ride a horse for a mile or two after he has run awhile. I have had dogs trail a convict on horseback four miles, and then take the track where he jumped from the horse."

By this time the flying convict was a small speck on the broad fields, and in a moment more had melted into the horizon and was gone, as if, indeed, he had found that liberty for which his soul panted and had gone as the strong-winged birds go when they vanish in the blue ether.

In an hour we mounted our horses. The hounds were still loafing about in the sunshine. Suddenly Mr. Williams, squaring himself in his saddle, blew three quick, short blasts on the cow's horn that hung at his side. As if by magic, the hounds awoke and charged, at his saddle—eager, baying, frantic, "Nigger!" he said sententiously. Like the wind they were off, nose to the ground, tails up, circling like beagles. Larger the circle grew, the hounds sniffed as spectres, eyes and nose eating the earth for its secret. "They will pass over the tracks of convict squads, but will open on the first single track they find. If it is the wrong track we will simply sit still. They will run it a hundred yards or so, and, noting our silence, will throw it off and search again. When they get the right track, we will halloo and start after the hound that has it. The others will join him, and the race is opened."

At last a red hound, careering like mad across the field, halts suddenly, tumbles over himself, faces about, noses the ground eagerly, lifts his head, "A-a-o-o-u-u" and is off like an arrow from a bowstring. "That's the track," shouts William, and after the howling hound we go. The other dogs join in pell mell at first, then each hound true to the track, in full cry and at a rattling gait. Away off to the left Capt. James calls attention to a moving speck against the sky. "That is the convict circling back to camp," he said. On the dogs went, keen as the wind,

A Cabin 300 Years Old.
Upper Darby township, Delaware county, Pa., boasts of a real old-time log cabin, and tradition says that it was at one time occupied by an English peer and afterward the home of an Indian chief. It is on the property of Thomas Kent, the well-known manufacturer, and is only a short walk from Philadelphia and Baltimore pike.

It has stood there for over three hundred years, and history says was built by an English nobleman, who, with a number of friends, came to this country on a hunting expedition and selected the site as their headquarters. After the Englishmen returned to their native shores it was occupied by a chief of one of the Lenni tribe of Indians for many years, until at last, by the advent of the pale faces, the red man was compelled to move toward the setting sun. The log cabin is in a remarkably good state of preservation, and excellent workmanship is displayed in its construction. The cellar is very deep and is divided into many apartments and recesses, supposed to have been used as the place where the Englishmen stored their old wines and liquors, and some queer looking old bottles and casks are to be seen on the shelves. The cabin at present is occupied by an aged couple, who keep a little candy store and also charge a small commission fee to those who are curious enough to see the interior of the old structure.

What Children Should Eat.
Few things are so difficult to manage as the dietary of our little ones. Love leads us quickly to the conclusion that what they like is best for them; and so we say, yes, yes, yes, certainly my darling, certainly; poor dear he shall have what he wants. This gushing indulgence leads straight to bad breath, rotten teeth, pale face, dyspepsia, bowel disease, and death. I have not one doubt that a large part of these misfortunes of childhood come from the table. Every block has its candy store, every house its table covered with sweet, unnutritious stuffs. A diet of greens, good bread, milk, and fruits, would leave the child's breath sweet, teeth white, its digestive machine healthy, its health good. It is too bad that our American children should be so treated. The child of the New World is worth ten times as much to the race as a child in Asia. American children ought to be well used; they may have a glorious future. We are killing them off by the hundred thousand with our amiable saccharine indulgences. Practically it is equivalent to a conspiracy against the welfare of the country to turn these little ones loose among cakes, candies and sweetmeats. Parental indulgence is the largest obstacle in the pathway of American childhood.

Underclothing.
Many outwardly fastidious persons, who would shrink with horror at the idea of wearing a soiled shirt front, and no matter what these expense might be would change collars and cuffs every day, will wear their underclothing two weeks without being washed. The physiologist, aware at all times of the insensible perspiration and the constant passage of effete matter through the pores, would say that it were much more sensible, if needs be, to wear the white shirt two weeks and have the one next to the skin changed at least twice a week. If you see the point we have done our duty and you will probably continue the old style, blocking the drainage from the system, preparing yourself to easily take colds or other diseases. We would prefer as a close companion or bedfellow, a coal heaver or railroad paddy who performed his ablutions daily and changed at night for a calico shirt, to hundreds of persons in the higher walks of life, who wear unsoiled external linen, bathe once in two weeks and in the mean time permit the exhalations from the body to accumulate on their flannels.

Too Much Style.
A prominent New York druggist is spending the Winter in San Antonio, for his health. "What would your trade be, stranger?" asked the genial clerk of the local hotel. "I am a pharmacist."

"A what did yer say?" "A pharmacist."

"Why don't you talk English, and say you are a hoss doctor?"

Married People Would be Happier.
If home troubles were never told to a neighbor. If expenses were proportioned to receipts. If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days. If each would remember the other was a human being, not an angel. If each was as kind to the other as when they were lovers. If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work. If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better. If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts. If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dresses. If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private. If masculine bills for Havanas and feminine ditto for rare lace were turned into the general fund until such times as they could be incurred without risk.

AN eminent citizen of Detroit called upon an eminent physician the other day to consult him about his eyes. "They seemed all right up to three or four days ago," said the eminent citizen, "but then I noticed that the left eye was failing."

"Do you wear glasses?" asked the physician. "Oh, yes."

"Let me see them?" "They were passed over, and after a brief inspection the physician broke into a hearty laugh. "The trouble is with the left eye, eh?" he queried. "Yes, sir."

"No wonder. Look at your glasses." The left hand glass had been lost out. "First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office."

He wanted justice. You could see that in his eyes star off. He didn't want a little bit of justice weighed out in a generous manner and done up in coarse brown paper, but he wanted justice by the car load and at wholesale rates. He hitched his old white horse and dilapidated buggy in front of the drug store, mounted the stairs running up outside to the second story, and his eyes brightened as they rested on the tin sign on the door: "George Boxem, Attorney-at-Law." The lawyer was in. So were a two dollar desk, two fifteen cent chairs, a huge cuspidor, and a rusty stove.

"Morning."

"Morning."

"I'm Jim White, sir. Live out by Gray's Corners. Bought Tompkins' farm, you know."

"Ah!"

"Skinner jines farm with me. His steers get into my corn. I want damages, but he laughs at me. I turn my hogs into his 'later patch.' 'Good! I like a man of spunk.' 'And he kills one of 'em.' 'What!' 'He kills a hog worth two dollars.' 'You don't say! Well, that man ought to be made to understand that he doesn't own this country. What an outrage! Have you demanded pay?' 'Oh, yes, and he said he'd like to shoot me.' 'Is it possible? Why, he's a dangerous man, very dangerous.' 'I came to ask you if—'

"Why, of course you have the best kind of a case against him, and it is your duty to push it."

"Yes, I want justice, but now—how much will—"

"Oh, the cost will be nothing. Just leave me \$5 as a retainer and we'll make Skinner sweat. I haven't heard such an outrage for years. He probably reasons that you are chicken-hearted and afraid of him."

"Well, he'll find that the Whites have as much grit as the Skinners." "And as much to law with?" "You bet!" "That's the talk! We'll make him a very sick man. Your case appeals to me as a citizen as well as a lawyer. Now, we'll secure a warrant as a starter."

Skinner visits the other lawyer in the same village, and the conversation is about the same. White gets a warrant for Skinner, and Skinner gets a warrant for White. First year—Two adjournments, a disagreement, twenty-four days lost time, and a cash expense of \$50 to each farmer. Second year—Three trials, and disagreement, four adjournments, one appeal, and a cash expense of \$150 to each farmer. Time lost, thirty-five days. Third year—Two trials, two appeals, two decisions, and two farms pass in to the hands of two lawyers.—N. Y. Sun.