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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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Good sample rooms for commercial Travelers on first floor.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

A fair, fragile-looking boy, of apparently some fourteen years, stood leaning over the railing in the counting room of Glendon & Co., the great importers and merchant princes of the city of Boston.

There was a look of piteous pleading in his soft brown eyes; and his pale, sad face spoke more than words could tell of the fear and anguish with which his young heart was so cruelly rent.

"It is not myself that I care for," he sobbed, gazing at the hard-featured man who was writing at one of the desks, "but it's my mother, sir—this shock will kill her!"

"Young man, you ought to have thought of that before," replied the hard-featured man, in a cold, harsh tone.

"But I'm innocent, sir. Indeed, sir, I never took the money."

"How, then, do you account for the possession of part of the bills?"

"I can account for them in no other way, sir, than that I must have received them in change."

"But where?"

"I cannot tell where."

The stern merchant, for it was Mr. Glendon himself, looked up, while an ugly light beamed from his merciless eyes.

"William Sanderson!" he exclaimed, laying his watch upon the desk, while the hard lines around his face became still harder, "I will give you just five minutes to reveal what you have done with that money. If at the end of that time you are silent, I shall give you in charge of the officer."

And he resumed his writing.

The boy leaned still further over the mahogany railing, and the great sobs which shook his frail form, it would almost seem, would have moved a heart of adamant.

But the merchant was made of even sterner stuff, and did not once look up until the five minutes had expired.

"Now, sir!" he said taking up his watch with an impatient gesture and glancing at the boy.

"I cannot tell, sir; for indeed I did not steal it, sir—I came honestly by those bills."

"Enough said," was the merchant's quiet rejoinder, as he stamped his foot upon the floor.

"Oh, spare me, sir—spare my mother," pleaded the boy, tears of anguish and shame streaming down his cheeks. "Be merciful and heaven will reward you." "Oh—"

"Enough said!" repeated the merchant with stern emphasis. "Not another word from you, sir—not another word!"

"Officer," he added as a policeman entered, "there is the culprit—do your duty."

And half dead with terror, William Sanderson was dragged away to the prison.

"Only a woman faints, your honor," said the sheriff, in response to the interrogatory of the Judge, next day, in the crowded police court-room.

But, with one wild spring, William Sanderson cleared the prisoner's dock, and was beside the inanimate person.

"Oh, mother, speak to me!" he cried, as kneeling down he placed his cheek to hers. "Oh, I am not guilty—indeed I am not—my innocence will yet be proved. Oh, will not some one bring a glass of water—anything quick!" and he glanced around wildly upon the array of pitying faces.

A medical gentleman who chanced to be present stepped forward.

Giving her a hasty glance, he knelt beside the boy, and placed his hand quickly upon her head.

Then an expression of awe stole over his grave face, and he turned sorrowfully to the almost pallid figure at his side.

"Be brave, my boy," he said, as he placed one hand upon the youth's head. "I can do nothing for her; she is past all mortal help."

In a dazed sort of way he had arose and looked around him.

"Make way for an important witness," called the crier, from the extremity of the court-room near the door.

There was a hurried consultation on the bench, and then Thomas Ellsler was called to the stand.

His testimony was straightforward and conclusive.

He had received the bills from Mr. Glendon himself in change for a draft. Mr. Glendon having called his attention to the fact that they were marked at the time. And he had paid them out to William Sanderson, in change, never expecting to hear from them again.

But having just at that moment read a paragraph in the morning paper in relation to the case, he had hastened to the court-room to prevent an injustice from being done.

Mr. Glendon admitted now that he recollected the circumstance of the payment, which had slipped his memory.

With a strong reprimand of Mr. Glendon the judge ordered the discharge of the prisoner.

Utterly humiliated, the stern mer-

HER YANKEE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.
There is a long lapse of years between that time and this, but the incident has lost none of its pathos or beauty, because of that.

I can see her now as she trips along to school, a sweet little girl of 7 years, her sunny curls blown back from a fair forehead, her bright blue eyes glad in the innocent happiness of childhood.

It was in 1854 that there were a few prisoners of war brought to G— for incarceration and kept here several months, well guarded. Little Sallie passed the prison every morning on her way to school, and with childish curiosity, though not evincing any fear, she would look at the gloomy place of confinement giving a glance of commingled pity and awe at the prisoners, peering hopefully from the small windows of the forbidding house. The men, weary of the monotony of captivity, were glad to see the little sunbeam as it flitted by, morning and evening, though it left them in shadow.

There was one, however, pale and sick, whom the child gazed at in mute sympathy, and he in return would smile at her until once he called her, saying: "Come and bid me good morning, and tell me your name."

Attracted by his gentle manner and refined appearance, she approached and said: "My name is Sallie, and what is your name?"

"Charlie," he answered; then he said, "My dear little girl, if you have anything in your bucket please give me something to eat, for I am sick and cannot eat prison fare."

"I will give it all to you, but I don't know how to get it way up there."

"Ask the guards to let you pass."

With childish confidence she went to the nearest guard, but was courteously refused, and going back, told the Yankee. He then bade her ask the guards to pass the bucket to him.

Returning to the sentinel, she said so earnestly, "Please carry this to that poor man, who is so sick," that the Confederate soldier could not resist the pleading eyes and manner, or the compassionate feelings of his own heart, and taking the lunch passed it as requested. So it continued for a week, until the child was seen coming with two buckets, one for herself, the other for "her Yankee."

She was afraid to reveal her secret at home, fearing she might be denied the privilege of feeding her Yankee, and when her mother asked her why she carried two buckets and why she chose the daintiest and best of all on the table, she replied: "Oh, mamma, it is for a poor person not able to buy nice things to eat." The evasion was pardonable under the circumstances. Often did she deprive herself of delicacies to be put into the "other" bucket; and so it went on for four months, the guards allowing her to pass freely, and her mother encouraged her in her charitable deed, but never dreaming who was the recipient.

At last Sallie passed one evening and the prison was empty. Her Yankee and his companions had been exchanged and had gone to join their respective commands. Sallie quietly stopped taking his lunches and her mother supposed she had simply become tired of it.

Four months passed in comparative peace, when the dread cry was heard, "The Yankees are coming!" Every body tried to be calm and collected, but very few succeeded. Soon the town was "blue," and Sallie's mother had her front yard and porch full of the blue-coated strangers and among them two Lieutenants and one Captain. The lady had shut all her little children into the bedroom with the injunction, "Be perfectly quiet."

The Captain announced that he would like to have dinner for himself and men. Pale and solemn, not afraid, but feeling that her intruders were her enemies, she left them, and going to her room to see after the children found them "mute as mice," with the exception of Sallie, who would run to the window and turn the blinds. Her mother begged and scolded in an awful whisper—"Don't do that, Sallie!" "Just a little bit, mamma. I won't let them see me," and sulking the action to the word, she turned the blind very carefully and caught a glimpse of a face that she and she alone of all the family, had ever seen before.

"Oh! mamma, there's my Yankee!" she exclaimed, forgetting all precautions and instructions. "Let me go and see him! I'm not a bit afraid!" The poor mother, already in a state of bewilderment, thought that her bright and beautiful child had suddenly become bereft of her senses, and cried out, "Hush, Sallie! You have no Yankee, and they'll kill you if you go out there!" Being compelled to superintend the dinner, she locked the door to keep the child safe and returned to the kitchen.

When dinner was ready Mrs. —

HER YANKEE.

went through the room into the hall where the soldiers were assembled, Sallie slipped her golden head out and stood partly in the door, while the men, slowly and silently, marched to the dining-room. When the seventh man passed he glanced at the child, and in a moment of glad recognition, caught her up in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Mamma, I tell you this was my Yankee!"

Mrs. — stood in a state of amazement boarding on stupefaction, and the men were as much astonished. "This is my sweet little Sallie!" the Yankee exclaimed, and the child wound her arms around his neck whispering, "Charlie, I have the Yankee dollar you gave me yet." "Madam," said the soldier, "I must explain this scene, as you seem to be in total ignorance of my acquaintance with your little daughter. While I have never had the honor of seeing you before to-day, I am no stranger, as you see, to this dear little child. She saved my life by feeding me daily for months when I was sick and feeble for want of proper nourishment while a prisoner in this town." With tears filling his eyes he continued, "Ah! you would not be surprised at my loving her if you only knew, could comprehend, the dreariness of prison life and how this little angel brightened it by her visits and her charity. Do not have any fears, madam. I would protect your interests and this child with my life."

I do not know how long the soldiers remained in G— but they left to join in other battles and Charlie was killed in one some time after.

Sallie is married, has a lovely home, two beautiful and interesting children and is a kind neighbor and friend.

HER YANKEE.

The Romance of a Coal Stove.
One day last fall, after talking until his throat was sore, a Detroit stove dealer succeeded in selling a widow a coal stove, but it was with the proviso that if everything didn't work satisfactory to her was to make it. Two days after delivering the stove he got his first call. A boy entered the store and said: "Mrs.—wants you to come up and fix the stove. The house is full of smoke."

A man was sent up, and he found the trouble to be with the chimney. Only three or four days had passed when the boy came in again and said: "That stove is puffing and blowing and scaring the widow to death. She wants the same man to come up again."

He was sent, and it was discovered that she didn't know how to arrange the dampers and drafts. Everything seemed to run well for a week, and then the boy walked in to announce: "She sent me down to have you send that man up again. The house is full of coal gas."

The man went up and applied the remedy, but inside of three days the stove got to puffing; two days after that the fire wouldn't draw; then it drew too much; then gas escaped again. At length the dealer went to the house and said: "Madam, you gave me \$30 for the stove; how much will you take for it?" "I wouldn't sell it."

"But I can't be sending my man up here every two or three days all winter."

"You won't have to. I've concluded to marry him in order to have some one here in case of accident."

And three days ago they were quietly and happily married.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HER YANKEE.

An Awful Calamity.
[From the Arkansas Traveler.]
An old negro with an air of utter dejection sat on a bench in front of a cabin. Some one, seeing that he must be miserably, stopped and said: "You do not seem to be enjoying your home, old man."

"No, honey. De time for my joyment is dun ober."

"What is the matter?"

"Wife duh dead, honey."

"I am very sorry to hear that, and I assure you that you have my sympathy."

"Thankee, sah."

"A man loses a good friend when his wife dies."

"Dat he do, honey; dat he do. I has found' dat out'er my sor', let me tell yer, an' now my good days is all gone."

"What was the matter with your wife?"

"Dunno, honey. She tuk sick one night an' she died de next evening. I wuz er awful blow on me, fur dat wimen wuz earnin' \$15 ebery munf. It wuz awful hard fur her to die jes' arter de white folks had raised her wages. 'Peared like long kes she wucked for \$12 er munf, she kep' her held, but the \$12 'peared like, wuz too much fur her. Yes, sah, she wuz snatched off at de berry time when she wuz de most use to me. I doan know wuz de goin' ter come o' me. I'll hab ter go ter wuck, I've afreed."

HER YANKEE.

Immensely Excited.
He did not look like a joker. One to look at him would have said his soul was so lost in thought that he did not care two cents whether the sun set at noon or at ten o'clock. He entered the ladies' sitting room at the railway station (New York) walked up to a woman whose husband had gone out about ten minutes previously, and calmly enquired—
"Your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?"
"Yes," she replied, turning rather pale.
"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"
"He was," she replied, rising up and turning still paler.
"Had red hair, hadn't he?"
"He had. O, what has happened?"
"Couldn't swim, could he?"
"No! My husband is drowned! My husband is drowned!" she cried.
"Had on a silver watch chain?" continued the stranger.
"Oh, my husband! where is the body?" she gasped.
"Do not excite yourself, my dear madam. Did your husband have on a grey suit?"
"Dear Thomas! my Thomas! let me see him!" she cried.
"Come this way, madam, but do not get excited. Is that your husband across the street at that peanut stall?"
"Yes; that's him; that's my husband!" she exclaimed joyfully. "But you said he was drowned."
"No madam, I did not; but I saw him buying peanuts, and I believed it my duty to inform you they are not healthy at this season of the year."
He walked away, and she stood there and bit her parasol, and started after him like a menagerie on wheels.

HER YANKEE.

Played To a Freeze Out.
Over in the treasury a story is told at the expense of a high official. The air in the room was rather chilly, but the clerks were found busily at work in their light office coats. They had warned the bulb of the thermometer up to seventy-five, and awaited developments. The official remarked that it was cold and shivered and looked un- easily at the room. The clerk leisurely glanced at the thermometer and said it was very comfortable. The official looked and saw and wondered.
"I think I must have a chill," he said, but he went to his desk.
Pretty soon the clerk in front of him deliberately pulled off his coat and resumed work.
"I am sure I must have a chill" again remarked the official, but every clerk had his nose down to business, and hadn't time to answer.
"Good heavens!" exclaimed another in a loud voice, pulling off his coat.
The official, still muffled in his overcoat and shivering, went over again and looked at the thermometer. A clerk had in the mean time applied the lighted end of a cigar to the bulb, and the mercury had jumped to eighty.
"Dear me!" said the official, "I'm afraid I'm going to be sick." After a little he pulled on his gloves and started for home, took quinine and whiskey, and went to bed. When he returned to the office next day the story met him in the corridor. He says it is all right; he is well, and the fellows who played it on him are sneezing their heads off.

HER YANKEE.

American Thorough-bred Horses.
Formerly thorough-bred horses, as usually bred here, were either a trifle under or over fifteen hands high, as a general rule, very few reaching to or exceeding fifteen and one-half hands. Their weight in working condition varying from nine hundred to twelve hundred pounds. Stallions of this size were not suitable to get sufficiently stout class of roasters, and in consequence of this, our farmers would seldom take their mares to them, even if their services were offered at quite moderate prices, as they often were, when not fast enough to win at a race, or for some other reason not kept on the course. Now among the best, and we believe the most successful breeders, thorough-breds are preferred of fifteen and one-half to sixteen and one-half hands high, and weighing eleven hundred to thirteen hundred pounds. These are large enough to get powerful carriage horses and general roasters, on cold-blooded mares of good size. In England occasional thorough-breds attain seventeen hands, and we believe Harkaway and Harkforward were a trifle over this; but are not certain as to the fact. This is rather an undesirable size, but they were splendid horses, very fleet, and got superior stock. A grandson of Harkaway, we are informed, is now standing in Kentucky, and is a worthy descendant of this great horse—A. B. ALLEN in *American Agriculturist* for February.

HER YANKEE.

Two Wall Street Pictures.
A speculator in four years has paid one firm in Wall street the sum of \$250, 000 in commissions, says a New York letter. He was a wealthy man when he went into the street with a laudable but unwarrantable desire to increase his patrimony by speculating in stocks. Now, so heavy have been his losses that he would be satisfied if he possessed the sum he has paid out in commissions. As it is, he will cheerfully accept a clerkship in the said firm, who wish to avail themselves of his numerous acquaintances to increase their custom. If he had been contented with a handsome sufficiency for the day, amounting really to superabundance, he would now be in affluence instead of in the position of comparative destitution he is.
On the other hand, a young clerk a few years ago commenced to speculate in the street with \$200, the savings of a year's abstinence from smoking, and now is worth in real estate over \$1,000, 000 and several more in securities. In Wall street speculation, more than in anything else, what is gain for one man is ruin for another.

HER YANKEE.

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? If 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, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, 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 SORRELTY 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 sold by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

HER YANKEE.

In 1813 there was built in Wal- tham, Mass., a mill believed to have been the first in the world which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from raw cotton.

The United States has three times as many telephones as all Europe.

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