

NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears 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 notified the publishers in writing to the contrary.
If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.
ADVERTISING RATES.
1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
\$ 2.00 \$ 4.00 \$ 8.00 \$ 12.00 \$ 20.00
1 column 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
\$ 1.00 \$ 2.00 \$ 4.00 \$ 6.00 \$ 10.00
1 inch 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
\$ 5.00 \$ 10.00 \$ 20.00 \$ 30.00 \$ 50.00
If a subscriber moves to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.
Advertisement notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices 10 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. ARD, 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. GEORGE L. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,
Millheim, Pa.
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,
Dying, &c. done in the most satisfactory manner.

Jno. H. Orvis, C. M. Bower, Ellis L. Orvis
ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
Office in Woodings Building.

D. H. Hastings, W. F. Reeder,
HASTINGS & REEDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Youm & 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,
BEAVER & GEPHART,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

C. G. McMILLEN,
PROPRIETOR.
Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
EMANUEL BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.
House newly refitted and furnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Rates moderate. Tronage respectfully solicited.

IRVIN 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.

WHISTLER'S MARE.

Balky, did you say? Well, she has balked in her life-time, and let me tell you, she'd be of no more account with me than any other horse, if it wasn't for that very thing.

You used to know Becky Ash, perhaps? If you did, you know her to be the brightest and prettiest and best girl in the place. I courted Becky for two years, and everybody thought we'd be married for sure. Well, just so I thought, though we hadn't said so to each other in so many words. I was young, so was she, and I thought it best to get something of a start in the world first.

That was all well enough, you think, and so it would have been if Sim Durwent hadn't come our way with his bleached-out face and soft hands.

Everybody said at once, he'd cut me out, for Becky was by all odds, the best looking girl in the place, and it pleased her to be noticed. So when he asked her to go with him to the picnic that we'd be looking forward to so long, and she said yes, I vowed and declared that Sim might have her for all me; I'd never go with her again.

Sim waited on her after that, right and left. She couldn't stir out of doors but he was with her to carry her parasol, or her shawl, or her fan. He drove a stylish turn-out and took her everywhere. She was chippy as a bird whenever I happened to be around, but I wasn't long in making up my mind that she wasn't half so happy over the swap she'd made as she might be, and one time when a lot of us had gone to the lake for a drive and I took another girl, just to show Becky I didn't care, I found me sitting on a great rook by herself, crying.

You ask what I said to her? Not a word. I hadn't spoken to her, nor she to me, since the day she cut me for Sim Durwent, and I wasn't going to be the first to speak. She was the one to blame not me, and if I'd seen her going to be married to Sim and knew a word from her would put an end to it, I wouldn't have said it.

I could think about her all day, and dream about her o' nights, because that was something that I couldn't help. But to speak to her! To ask her to make up with me and take me back: The words would have choked me, and the longer things went on in this way, the less likelihood there seemed to be of their coming to rights between us. Becky's father looked crossways at me. He didn't like Sim and he thought I'd only been fooling, and laid his going with her all to me. And then, you see, my father thought me a goose and a "softy" to let Sim have it all his own way.

One day father and I were driving along the road with Nance in the shafts when, just at the foot of Benser's hill—you know what a long, steep hill that is and how narrow it is all the way to the top—we overtook Becky walking at a rate that showed 'twas no fault of her's that we came up with her.

"Whoa," said father, putting the lines in my hands and jumping out of the buggy. "I'll change place with you, Becky. You get in and ride and let me walk."

Becky colored like a poppy, and looked as if she'd rather walk her feet off than ride with me, but father had got her by the arm, and before you could say Jack Robinson he had got her, by pushing and lifting, into the buggy.

"Go on," said he, "and when you get to the top of the hill, I'll get in behind."

Becky drew a long breath at this promise, and I own I thought it was just what father ought to do, after throwing Becky and me into one another's faces the way he had.

I shoved up as snug to my end of the seat as I could, and Becky shoved off the other way, and we were ready for a start. We were, but Nance wasn't. The creature wouldn't budge an inch.

I coax'd and scold'd and whipped her, but she stood there so stock still that I thought she must have gone to sleep, and I got out to see. But she was wide awake enough by the looks of her eyes, and if you'll believe me, the jade actually looked mischievous. I tell you I began to feel desperate uncomfortable. Father was out of sight over the hill and what to do I didn't know. If I'd had a match about me, I should have fired her, or if Becky hadn't been looking on, I should have unhitched the contrary creature, and whirled her round and round, nose and tail on a race, till she'd be glad enough to go ahead. As it was I got back in the buggy and made up my mind to tire Nancy out. All I had to do was to gather up my patience and wait and wait till she took it into her head to go.

When I took my seat in the buggy Becky made a move to get out, but her dress had floated out over the seat and I sat down upon it, holding her fast.

The sun poured down hot enough to melt an iceberg, but Becky and I must have been made of marble, for it had no other effect upon us than to blister our noses and scald our cheeks, and this I put a stop to—after I'd got over

MISS RUTH'S SCHOLAR.

Miss Ruth Clifford had taken the seat of authority in her little school, on Monday morning, the period of its commencement.

She was a rosy, pretty little creature of scarcely sixteen, with a dimple in each cheek, lips like May roses, and big blue eyes, where the light seemed to glow and deepen at every impulse that passed through her mind. The idea of her being a grim, stern school-mistress was rather absurd, but then Ruth was poor, and they wanted some one to teach the school who had graduated in the city, so here she was at ten dollars a month, trying to look as old and dignified as possible.

"Teacher! teacher!" croaked little Tommy Martin, "here's Hugh Leslie in the school, and the trustees said he shouldn't come no more, 'cause he didn't pay the last two quarters!"

"Hugh Leslie, come here," said Miss Clifford, pushing her brown curls away from her forehead with a puzzled air, and Hugh shambled up to the desk, a great awkward clown, faily as old as the school-mistress, and a head taller.

"Is it true that you are behind here with your tuition money?" asked Ruth.

"Yes'm, it's true," sullenly answered the young giant, twisting his ragged zap in both horny hands.

"Cause his father gets drunk, and his mother hain't got no money," shrilly interrupted Tommy Martin.

"Tommy, will you be silent?" said Ruth, with dignity. "Then, Hugh, what are you here for?"

"I want to get book larnin'," solemnly answered Hugh.

"Teacher, he's a real bad boy—he thrashed the master last term," piped Mary Hopkins.

"And he stole the picture books out o' Joseph Miller's desk, chimed in Harry Smith.

"Hugh," said Ruth, gravely, "you may go. I don't care for such pupils in my school."

Hugh turned slowly away, still twisting his cap, with downcast eyes and drooping head; Ruth pitied him in her heart.

"Hugh," she said, softly.

"I am sorry to send you away, Hugh. If I allow you to remain, do you think you can behave yourself?"

"I'll try, Ma'am," the boy said, with a gleam of hope in his face.

"And who'll pay his schoolin' money?" demanded the disappointed Tommy.

"My seat," said Ruth. "Go and take your seat, Hugh."

And through all the term Ruth had no better scholar nor more diligent pupil than Hugh.

"You have improved very much, Hugh," she said, as they walked home through the pine woods the last day of the term. "I am sorry I shall not be here next year to help you on, but you must study perseveringly, and you will be sure to prosper."

"I'd like to learn a trade," said Hugh, musingly. "and get a respectable livin'."

"And there is no reason why you should not," said Ruth, encouragingly.

"My folks are a bad lot," sighed the boy, "and nobody wants to employ Siah Leslie's boy."

"But when they see that Siah Leslie's boy is honest and industrious, and wishes to earn a decent livelihood, they will judge very differently."

"Hugh burst into tears.

"Oh, teacher! teacher! you are the only one who ever told me I could be different from the dram-drinkin' set at home. If you only wasn't going away."

Ruth tried to console and comfort the lamenting young Goliath, but the last she saw of him he was sitting with his head against the trunk of a tree, with now and then a strong sob shaking his whole form.

"Poor fellow!" she thought. "I hope he'll come to good."

She did not know that, close to his heart, he was wearing a bit of blue ribbon that she had one day dropped in the school-room. She might have smiled, had she known it—she might have been angry. But to Hugh it was all he had left of the pretty creature who had been like a guardian angel to him.

And ten years passed away, and Ruth completely forgot the young clown of the village school.

"I want you to look your prettiest to-night, Ruth, for I have a new cavalier to introduce to you—a splendid fellow!"

"Indeed! who is it?"

"Well, he is a friend of Mr. Tracy's, just arrived from Europe, where I am told he has distinguished himself in scientific and literary circles, besides having received an inheritance from some far away Scotch relative that makes him independent wealthy. Isn't it quite romantic? And he is so handsome, too! His name is—"

But here some new visitor, claiming

A CLERK'S STORY.

Learning that there had arrived from the far west Saturday midnight a young man who in that section followed the occupation of a 'cowboy,' a reporter called upon him and had a pleasant chat. His name is E. D. Woolworth, and his parents reside at No. 302 Halsey street. According to the popular idea, something with high-top boots, slouch hat, and revolver was expected, but were it not for a bronzed face and absence of the conventional 'billed' shirt, no essential point of difference existed between him and an ordinary individual. Mr. Woolworth stated that on account of the firm in New York city with whom he was employed as clerk reducing his salary from motives of economy he did not think that it paid him to work at the lower figure, and therefore determined to try his fortune in the west. Fourteen months ago he left Brooklyn for Omaha, Neb., where, two or three days after his arrival, he obtained a situation in the office of the Burlington and Pacific railroad. That occupation being too confining for his health, which, he said, was also injured by drinking the muddy water of the Missouri, by the advice of his uncle, Mr. C. D. Woolworth, who owns the Loup stock ranch, Nance Co., Neb., he left the railroad office and began his new life. The ranch is the largest in that section, being 15 miles around, and stocked with one thousand head of cattle at present, not including calves.

"The first day's experience of a 'tenderfoot' on a ranch," said Mr. Woolworth, "is not calculated to make him well contented with the new life, and especially if he be a tender clerk, the change from a well-worn office stool to a less certain seat upon the back of a bucking pony for twelve hours a day is apt to make him homesick. But when you get used to it it's splendid; and I think any average city young man would say as I do if he went there with a will to work. The work is hard and rough, truly, but it is the making of one's health. When I left Brooklyn I weighed 126 pounds, and now I tilt the beam at 140."

The cowboys are a rough class, but make good friends, and so far as my experience goes, not so violent and lawless as they are thought to be. In our section they are not so rough as they are in parts of Texas and Kansas. There is very little drinking, and none on the ranch, and though they are somewhat disposed to attempt alarming practical jokes on the 'tenderfoot' they are fairly peaceable."

"How do you pass the day?" the reporter asked.

"We get up in the 'morning at 5 o'clock. Each man feeds and cleans his pony, and then we 'sail in' to breakfast. By the way, the rations are excellent. In cold weather we get all the best beef we can eat and plenty of white bread, milk, and coffee. There are plenty of wild geese and prairie-chickens on the plains, and last year there were some antelope. The duties of the day consist in supervising the cattle generally, seeing that the gates are shut, and branding and 'cutting out' steers for the market. The two latter occupations are pretty lively. The cattle have also to be protected from thieves, and to this end each cowboy carries a revolver. Almost all day is spent in the saddle, as our work does not cease until dark. By that time you can judge we are pretty well tired out and glad to get to bed. The first day upon the saddle is very trying to a new hand."

"It is not so easy for a green hand to get employment as has been made out," continued the young man. "A young tenderfoot is worth \$20 or \$30 a month until he is 'broken in.' After a year's experience he can get \$40 or \$50 a month. This, of course, includes his rations. Of those who go out west, many return disgusted; buckskin pants, flannel shirts, a slouch hat, and a twenty-foot lash not being sufficient to compensate them for the loss of a dude overcoat and a crutch cane. The climate is splendid; mornings and evenings are, however, very cool, and even in summer blankets are a necessity. The houses are built of Nebraska brick or 'dug out,' which consists of soda a foot square laid one upon the top of the other. The sun hardens them, and they make a staunch and comfortable dwelling, though somewhat hot in summer. No rain falls in the winter, and there is never enough snow for sleighing, owing to the high winds blowing it away as quick as it falls. Lung diseases are unknown and colds in the head are an exception. In short," continued the gentlemanly cowboy, "I would not return to city life and put my nose to the grindstone of office drudgery; no, sir-ee, not for a pension."—*Brooklyn Union.*

EVILS OF SOLITUDE.

Said a physician noted for his skill in curing nerve diseases: "There is a certain healthy, helpful influence which naturally comes from human beings to each other. One of my patients drained all which her friends had to give years ago. We need occasionally a fresh moral and mental atmosphere, just as much as fresh material air to breathe." Another physician, visiting in a country house where the mother, a delicate, affectionate, self-sacrificing woman, who lived but for her husband and children, lay ill, with no disease, apparently, but extreme weakness and weariness, ordered her to go to the city alone; spend a month in absolute idleness, mixing as often as possible with crowds of people who were interested and excited, at church, at concerts, even in public meetings. The patient, a shy, diffident woman, obeyed, and came home with a new color in her cheeks and new life in her heart. "I once asked," said a well-known lawyer, "the famous backwoods preacher, Bascom, what was the secret of his power, as an orator; how he contrived to sway large numbers of men to his will. 'First,' he answered, 'I bring them close to me and to each other. Leave no empty benches between you and my audience. The electric spark will not pass across a gap from one man to another.' " These ideas may seem fanciful to some of our practical readers; but there is a solid basis of truth under them all. Physicians usually bring all their skill to bear in curing the ailments of the body and neglect the mind, which effects every part of the body. There is a human magnetism which we are all apt to overlook in our materia medica. Hard-working women in the lonely farms or isolated villages of this country often find themselves growing irritable and nervous. They do not need tonics or moral discipline. They need friction with untampered minds, new ideas, novel scenes, just as their lungs, after using up all the oxygen in a close room, need the air of out doors. Young girls are too apt, voluntarily, to force themselves into this state, disappointed in natural longings for a congenial companion, they resolve to live alone, and shut themselves into their own souls.

The resources are not sufficient to keep off famine. "Only a God or a brute can dwell in solitude," says the wise old German.

THEY FOUND AN HONEST MAN.

Last April John Fletcher, a farmer of Blooming Grove, Pa., quarreled with his neighbor, John Hobday, and finally shot him, inflicting a severe wound. On the following day Fletcher was arrested and held to await the action of the Grand Jury on a charge of attempted manslaughter. The following month Fletcher escaped from jail in Milford, Pike county, went to his home, where he remained two weeks, and then returned and gave himself up, giving as a reason for running away that he wanted to plant his spring corn. At the June term of court he was found guilty of assault in the second degree. When asked by Judge Seeley if he had any reason to offer why sentence should not be pronounced, he arose and said: "Yer Honor, I have. You see, I have twenty tons of hay out in the field, and it will be worth \$20 a ton next fall, I wish you would let me go and get it in, and then I will come back in the fall and stand any sentence you may pass upon me."

This proposition struck Judge Seeley as decidedly original, but after consulting with Associate Judges Baker and Hornbeck he allowed him to depart on his own recognizance, telling him to be back at the October term to receive sentence. Promptly on the opening of court Fletcher was on hand, and Judge Seeley sentenced him to imprisonment in the Milford jail for sixty days and to pay a fine of \$180. His term was up last Monday and then a new difficulty arose. He had only \$80, and therefore could not pay his fine. Fletcher sent for Judge Baker and offered to give his note for \$100.

"I have no objection," said the Judge, "providing the County Commissioners will accept it."

The Commissioners were summoned, and after being assured by Fletcher "there was no danger, he would pay it if he had to work his finger nails off," they accepted his note without an endorser, and Fletcher was a free man once more.

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 a box 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 mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, relieves 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.

WANTED.

A lot of Cloverseed at D. S. Kauffman & Co's store. Fair price paid. Bring it in.