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VOL. 60.

(Veaver &

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 25., 1886.

NO. 12.

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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 knew 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 pleached-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 been looking forward to so long, and she said yes, I vowed and declared that Sim might have her fcr 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 chipper 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 rock 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

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 creetur wouldn't budge an inch.

I coaxed and scolded 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 it you'll believe me, the jade actually looked mischievous. I tell vou 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 there 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. Becky made a move to get out, but her | Nance's. dress had floated cut 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 for sale at the Journal Store. Price 5 handsome, too! His name is -" Good sameple rooms for commercial Travel- this I put a stop to—after I'd got over cents.

my worryment with Nance enough to think about it-by hoisting an um-

Did you ever notice what a thing to court the breezes a big umbrella is ¿ How the wind did blow under there, to be sure Becky's curls danced about over my shoulder and in my eyes. The blue ibbon at her throat went through with a jig in my ear, and the way her sash wound and twisted itself in and around my nose was ticklish. Becky herself sat as straight as an arrow and as dumb. But as to that, I don't sunpose either of us would have spoken for

But don't suppose that no one saw us or laughed in their sleeves at us, for they did. If there was one wagon passed us while we stood there, there was a dozen, and everyone ground past us in the narrow road as if they would tear our wheels off. The horses crowded Nance without mercy, but the best of em couldn't make her lift a foot from her tracks. Everybody had advice of some kind to offer and the dogs all

By and by Sim Durwent come along, going our way. Becky's curles and ribbons were doing their biggest jumps around my face and ears, and Sim looked mad enough to bite somebody.

"It's going to rain, Mr. Whistler," said he, "perhaps under the circumstances you'd like to have me take Miss Ash home ?"

Becky looked straight ahead and said

"I'm ever so much obliged, Mr. Durwent," said I, "but I'm afraid if we stir, it'll frighten my horse."

"Aren't you afraid of a wetting, Miss Ash?" Sim looked hard at Becky as he said this, and grated his teeth sideways at me.

faint-like, while I could feel the skirt of her dress pull, "I think not." Sim looked at the clouds, turned up his nose at Nance, scowled as savage as

a meat axe at Becky and me, and droye It was going to rain sure. I know I was a brute for not letting Becky go with Sim, but I just felt as if I could

nohow see him carry her off. In a few minutes it began to thunder and lightning, and I could feel Becky tremble in her seat. She was awfully frightened. She pulled her shawl tight around her shoulders and held it clutched with one hahd, and grabbed the back of the seat with the other.

No danger of you falling out of the buggy just now, was what I thought, but I didn't say a word, not I. It was mighty uncomfortable sitting there in that way. Becky didn't so much as to cough. That would have been something.

Did it rain? Well, I guess it did. It more than rained, it poured. And after I'd got the apron fixed over our laps and had nothing to do but to watch it, it got to be the most tiresome rain 1 ever saw. If I could have said, "Look at that, now !" or "Did you eyer see the like ?" or "The gutters have never been so full since the night old Morrow was drowned in one," it would have been a reliet.

But Becky didn't seem to mind it. She just clung tight to her shawl and the seat, and looked straight at Nance's

Be sure she looked sort o' glum, but what woman wouldn't, with her best bonnet out in a shower with a leaky

I was beginning to think the thunder was about done with, when all of a sudden there came the loudest clap I ever

Nance lengthened out her body and aid back her ears, and Becky drew in a long breath and screamed: "Oh, there she goes !" just as if that wasn't the very thing we'd been waiting for, for the last three hours.

I loved Becky more than I eyer did before for saving it, though, and I just put down the old soaked umbrella, that was nothing but a strainer for the rain, and hugged her for it.

"Now own up that you don't care for that girl-faced Sim, and I shall be the happiest man in the world," I

"I don't. I never did," said Becky, the water trickling over her curles and down her nose, "but, oh, Jim, how wet

"So you are." said I, feeling as dry and light myself as though I was up above the clouds, "but we'll soon be home now." For, you see, Nance did go just as Becky said, and in those days, when the creetur took it into her head to go she went.

Do you wonder now that I think a good deal of that mare? And Becky thinks as much of her as I do; for the amount of it is we both know as well as we know our own noses, that she neyer would have been Mrs. Whistler When I took my seat in the buggy if it hadn't been for the caper of

Miss Ruth's Scholar.

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

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 schoolmistress was rather absurd, but then Ruth was poor, and they wanted some one to teach the school who had gradnated in the city, so here she was at ten dollars a mouth, 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 awkard clown, fully as old as the school nistress, and a head taller,

"Is it true that you are behind hand with your tuition money?" asked Ruth. "Yes'm, it's true," sullenly answered the young giant, twisting his ragged

cap 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 "Thank you," said Bessie, speaking 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. 1 don't care for such pupils | she said yes. in my school," Hugh turned

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 schooliu' money ?" demanded the disappointed Tom-

"I will," said Ruth. "Go and take your seat, Hugh." no better scholar nor more diligent pu-

"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." Hugh, musingly, "and get a respectable livin' "

should not," said Ruth, encouragingly, ar has graduated at last." "My folks are a bad lot," sighed the

Siah Leslie's boy." boy is honest and industrious, and to her. 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."

Buth 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 ribhave been angry. But to Hugh it was all he had left of the pretty creature who had been like a guardian angel to

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 caval- nal state. ier to introduce to you -a splendid fel-"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

Mrs. Tracy's attention-it was the day of her weekly morning reception-interrupted her enthusiastic recital, and Ruth Clifford did not hear the name of the new lion.

However, she went home, and, acting on Mrs. Tracy's suggestion, dressed herself in "her prettiest;" no very elaborate costume to be sure, for Ruth was poor, but one whose delicate good taste could scarcely be rivaled. A white dress, relieved by straw colored ribbons and sash, and a few vellow roses in her bright hair, formed the whole of her toilet, but when she looked in the glass after the finishing touch was given, and all was complete, there was a smile of gratified pride on her pretty lips. She did not think Mrs. Tracy would have reason to be ashamed of her friend.

"You are looking very nicely, my love." said the young matron, with a satisfied little nod, as she beckoned Ruth to her side. And five minutes afterward Ruth heard her name pronounced

"Miss Clifford, allow me to present Mr. Leslie."

Ruth looked timidly up into a pair of deep brown eyes, and acknowledged to herself that the European traveler was very handsome, with his stately, erect figure, his Greek features and the polished, indescriable grace of his air and manner.

Mr. Leslie devoted himself to Ruth that evening, and when she went home, she told her mother she never had had such a 'nice time' in all her life before.

He called the next morning to inquire how she was after the fatigues of the party night, and he sent a basket of Northern flowers that evening, and he took her to the opera the next night, but one and presently Mrs. Tracy began to laugh and look knowing.

"You have stolen his heart away with your blue eyes and your demure airs, Ruth," she said, gaily.

And one soft April evening, he ask ed her if she would be his wife-and

ly, "it is right and fitting that your twisting his cap, with downcast eyes happiness should be the care of my of one's health. When I left Brooklyn room, need the air of out doors. Young and drooping head; Ruth pitied him in life, for it is your hand that has lifted I weighed 126 pounds, and now I tilt girls are too apt, voluntarily, to force me to the position I now occupy in the the beam at 140. world." "My hand ?"

> He drew from his bosom a narrow, faded bit of blue ribbon. "Do you remember who dropped this

ten years ago, in the little red schoolhouse at Lakeville ?" Ruth looked at him in surprise. "And do you remember who picked | they are fairly peaceable." And through all the term Ruth had it up? a great awkard fellow, Hugh Leslie by name? Well, he has kept it

ever since, and now he wears it, as a

badge of the devotion he bears his

"Yes."

sweet ladylove." "Yes-but-" "Did you never suspect we were one and the same? Well, I must confess we are changed-and yet, Ruth, I date my first aspiration toward the good and "I'd like to learn a trade," said noble on that day when you offered to pay my neglected schooling, and refused to listen to the parrot-like assersions "And there is no reason why you of those around me. Ruth, your schol-

And Ruth Clifford felt in the newly boy, "and nobody wants to employ glow of her nappiness that she had indeed cast her bread upon the water, and "But when they see that Siah Leslie's | many days afterward it had returned

The petrified wood that is so abundant in the United State Territories of Arizona and Whyoming and the Rocky Mountain regions, is rapidly becoming utilized. In San Francisco there is now a factory for cutting and polishing these petrifactions into mantelpieces, tiles, tablets, and other architectural parts for which marble or slate is commonly used. Petrified wood is said to be susceptible of a finer polish than marble, or even onyx. the latter of which it is driven from the market. The raw material embon that she had one day dropped in ployed comes mostly from the forests the school-room. She might have of petrified wood along the line of the smiled, had she known it-she might Atlantic and Pacific Railway. Several other companies have also been formed to obtain concessions of different portions of these forests. Geologists will regret the destruction or such interesting primeval remains, and some steps ought to be taken to preserve certain tracts in their origi-

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 TRETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufincalculable. It will relieve the poor little suf-ferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery THE GOTWALD MEMORIAL TRACE, published by the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, is now for sale at the Journal Store. Price 5 But here some new visitor, claiming some new visitor, claiming the same is a 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 the same is —"

But here some new visitor, claiming the same is —"

But here some new visitor, claiming the same is —"

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 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 Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to t

A CLERK'S STORY.

Learning that there had arrived from the far westSaturday midnight a young in curing perve diseases : "There is man who in that section followed the a certain healthy, helpful ludwence occupation of a 'cowboy,' a reporter called upon him and had a pleasant beings to each other. One of my pachat. His name is E. D. Woolworth, and his parents reside at No. 202 Halsey street. According to the popular idea, something with high-top boots, phere, just as much as fresh material slouch hat, and revolver was expected. but were it not for a bronzed face and absence of the conventional 'biled' shirt, no essential point of difference existed between him and an ordinary her husband and children, lay ill, with individual. . Mr. Woolworth stated no disease, apparrently, but extreme 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 possible with crewds of people whe it paid him to work at the lower figure. and therefore determined to try his fortune in the west. Fourteen months The patient, a shy, diffident woman, ago he left Brooklyn for Omaha, Neb., obeyed, and came home with a new celwhere, two or three days after his arrival, he obtained a situation in the of- heart. "I once ssked," said a wellfice 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 practical readers; but there is a solid

'The first day's experience of a 'tenderfoot' on a ranch,' said Mr. Woodworth, 'is not calculated to make him well contented with the new life, and especially if he be a tender clerkling, man magnetism which we are all ape the change from a well-worn office to overlook in our materia medica. stool to a less certain seat upon the back of a bucking pony for twelve hours | farms or isolated villages of this couna day is apt to make him homesick. But when you get used to it it's splendid; and I think any average city young | tonics or moral discipline. They need man would say as I do if he went there friction with unfamiliar minds, new "My darling love," he said, fervent- with a will to work. The work is hard ideas, novel scenes, just as their lungs, and rough, truly, but it is the making after using up all the oxygen in a close

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 ribbon from her hair, one autumn day, on the ranch, and though they are somewhat disposed to attempt alarming practical jokes on the 'tenderfoot'

'How do you pass the day ?' the re-

porter asked. 'We get up in the morning at 5 o'. clock. Each man feeds and cleans his pony, and then we 'sail in' to break. fast. 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 prairiechickens 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 ate 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 sods 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,

Evils of Solitude.

If subscribers order the discount in subscribers may

newspapers, the publishers may co-send them until all arrearages are paint If subscribers refuse or maject to newspapers from the office to which the they are held responsible until they has the bills and ordered them discontinue

ent to the former place, they are res

Said a physician noted for his skill which naturally comes from human tients drained all which her friends had to give years ago. We need oceasionally a fresh moral and mental stenosair to breathe.", Another physician, visiting in a country house where the mother, a delicate, affectionate, selfsacrificing woman, who lived but for weakness and weariness, ordered ber to go to the city alone ; spend a month in absolute idleness, mixing as often as were interested and excited, at church, at concerts, even in public meetings. or in her cheeks and new iffe is ber 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 snswered, 'I bring them close to me and to each other. Leave no empty benches between you and your audience. The electric spark will not pass across a gap from one man to another," These ideas may seem fauciful to some of our 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 hu-Hard-working women in the lonely try often find themselves growing irritable and pervous. They do not need 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 er a brute can dwell in solitude," says the wise o'd German.

They Found an Honest Man.

Last April John Pfletcher, a farmer of Blooming Grove, Pa., quarreled with his neighbor, John Hobday, and finally shot him, inflicting a severe wound. On the following day Pfletcher was arrested and held to await the action of the Grand Jury on a charge of attempted manslaughter. The following month Pfletcher 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 Ba ker 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 overcoat and a crutch cane. The clim- the opening of court Pfletcher 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. Pfletcher 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 Pfletcher "there was no danger, he would sir-ee, not for a pension.'-Brooklyn pay it if he had to work his finger nails off," they accepted his note without an endorser, and Pfletcher was a free man once more,

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