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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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## Rapid Transit.

It was quite late in the afternoon of a hot July day that the Maxwells' new turnout arrived at the door for a trial trip. Mrs. Maxwell had prevailed upon her husband to invest in a horse and carriage upon the plea that their standing in society demanded it.

'But the expense, my dear!' he opposed.

'Respectability is always more or less expensive; but in this case it is a question whether we are to be nobody or somebody,' she retorted. So he reluctantly yielded.

It was to Flickem, the livery man, they were indebted for the solution of the problem of how to get a reliable horse for a small outlay of money. The horse was guaranteed to have spirit—a "sine quo non" with the lady herself—and to go at a good clip when warmed up.

'Why didn't you buy a cow, George?' she said, looking over the animal's points, and mentally sizing him up. 'He is fearfully and wonderfully made,' she added.

Mr. Maxwell rubbed his smooth chin and smilingly quoted the horseman's proverb: "Appearances are deceitful, you know, Mary, and he may be a great deal better than he looks."

Mrs. Maxwell was critically examining his points from her own view of such matters; the arched neck, and distended nostrils, and eager eye were all missing. Her eye followed along the hollow of his camel-shaped back and rested in disgust upon the rough, stumpy tail. The legs, without which in good shape a horse is nothing, were his redeeming possessions. They were clean and slender, terminating in well-built and small hoofs.

'No spirit; no speed. He'll have to be elbowed every step of the way. But, as he is here, we'll try him, George.'

They started off at a walk, the horse refusing to be urged into a trot by the gentle persuasion of a chirrup or the shaking of the lices over his back.

'I would not do that,' remonstrated Mr. Maxwell, as his wife took out the whip; 'at least not till we've sized him up a little.'

'I sized him up some time ago,' said the wife, emphasizing her statement by a quick cut across his flanks.

Dexter responded simply by wagging his stumpy tail as though a fly had alighted upon him.

'This is exhilarating,' said Mrs. Maxwell, frowning at her husband.

'Flickem said he would go at a good clip when he got warmed up,' observed Mr. Maxwell, consolingly.

'Oh, is that it! Then I'll warm him up, for he is evidently not the horse of the palmist, that must be held in by bit and bridle.' And the irate woman proceeded to warm him with the whip.

A very gentle sort of dog trot was the maximum result of these attentions.

'That is his "good clip," I suppose,' said Mrs. Maxwell, scornfully. 'Let's go home and get a goat.'

'Perhaps he will do better after a while,' suggested the husband. 'Give him a chance.'

The couple had proceeded about a mile from home when at this juncture a sound of wheels was heard coming from behind at a rapid rate. Old Dexter was alert in a moment; his ears were laid back, his head raised high, and a sort of tremor seemed to pass from his head all the way down to his heels. As the light buggy drawn by a livery trotter came abreast of the Maxwells, old Dexter made a spring forward and was pawing the ground at a rate that caused the Maxwells to hold their breath. Mr. Maxwell reached for the lines, but his wife waved him off. She straightened up, and leaning back, braced her feet firmly against the iron foot-rest, and with a good grip upon the lines, they were off like the wind. Her eyes sparkled with excitement and her face flushed with pleasure; she seemed to enjoy the brush full as well as Dexter did. It was only a short spurt, however; the buggy drew up at a saloon, while the driver, a young man, smiled at the Maxwells. But, as the sleek bay horse slackened speed, so did black Dexter, and in spite of Mrs. Maxwell's urging, he resumed his former dog trot.

'Who!' exclaimed Mr. Maxwell.

'The man was right, after all. Flickem said he could go at a good clip.'

'He has some spirit,' said the wife, arranging her disordered hair and hat; 'but a horse without spirit is no better than a woman without any. I like a horse that can go; but I suppose we shall have always to go out driving in company with another conveyance, in order to get him warmed up.'

A little further on they struck a straight, level road running parallel with the railroad track, which is followed, but a few rods distant, for nearly two miles.

Dexter was sauntering on leisurely, ignoring the admonitions and reproaches

of Mrs. Maxwell, who was trying, in vain, to awaken him to another burst of speed, when an engine whistle was heard screaming in the rear, and turning his head Mr. Maxwell saw a train approaching them rapidly from the distance.

'Flickem says he is not afraid of the cars, nor of anything, in fact,' he remarked reassuringly.

'I don't think he is afraid of anything except an exhibition of his lez power,' laughed Mrs. Maxwell, but, at the same time bracing up ready for an emergency, and getting a tight grip upon the reins.

Dexter woke up from his reverie, too, and all the signs of a coming struggle were made manifest in his entire frame, as before. With great gravity, and apparent prevision, as though he had measured the turf before with such a rival, he gave his initiatory spring before the engine was up to him, and Mr. Maxwell again essayed to assist in holding him in; but his wife motioned him off with her head, and retained command. It was like pulling against a sturdy oak tree, pulling against the mouth of that horse. Away they went with a dash, and then Dexter just settled down to steady work. They were madly racing with the locomotive and its long train of human freight.

The grimy engine was the first to discover the novel competition in speed and, leaning from his cab, he gave the Maxwells an encouraging smile and an inviting wave of his sooty hand. The fireman supplemented the invitation by waving his red handkerchief, and grinning his approval. The engineer put his hand to the lever and the train shot ahead, but Dexter was no laggard now, and he held his own at a point on a line with the middle of the train.

The interest in the novel race had by this time extended to the passengers on the train, and the windows on the side nearest the Maxwells were full of excited human beings. There was one look and astonished face on the train looking at them, which Mr. Maxwell recognized. It was old Deacon Pettit. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were members in good standing of the church in which Mr. Pettit officiated as deacon.

'I could never have believed this of the Maxwells, had I not seen it myself,' he was saying.

Just as Deacon Pettit caught sight of, and recognized the occupants of the flying buggy, a sudden jolt had deprived Mrs. Maxwell of her bonnet, which went floating away to the rear, and she sat now braced backward tugging at the lines with a very red face, her long hair streaming out like a pennant.

Amidst the cheers of the passengers and the noise of the train, Mr. Maxwell sat like a statue, knowing that their case was hopeless till the road ended or the train stopped. Glancing ahead, they saw that the wagon road turned off short to the left, while the rails kept straight on. Their only hope was to be able to turn Dexter to the left and follow the road. The boy was taking out the bars. The Maxwells were almost at the turn of the road, and the brute showed no signs of slackening or turning.

'George, he is going to take the fence!' screamed Mrs. Maxwell. He's a hunter! Pull! pull! she cried, holding the left hand toward him. 'Will the boy never get the rails out?'

Maxwell pulled as he had been directed, and with such strength that the lines parted at the middle splice. But had he pulled against the fence post he would have turned it as easily as he could the horse. They were upon the boy, who dropped the last rail, and the three rails lay in a heap over which the buggy bounded high in the air, leaving Mr. Maxwell's hat at the feet of the boy, and Mrs. Maxwell in a heap in the bottom of the buggy. On they sped across the ten acre lot, and the man, who had been on the alert, had already opened another passage way at the far side into his barnyard. Here Dexter called a sudden halt, which landed the couple in a confused mass at the bottom of the vehicle.

Had it not been for the noise of the trains as they neared the turn in the road, the Maxwells might have heard Farmer Bates yell to his wife, as he ran out and sent his boy flying to the bars:

'There comes old Dexter, as sure as fate.'

To which Mrs. Bates had replied:

'Yes, I knowed he'd take the first chance he got to come home agin.'

'He 'pears to be in a hurry, too,' said the farmer, grinning.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell presented a rather sorry appearance at their improvised call upon Mr. Bates. Mrs. Maxwell was also furnished with a cheap straw hat to wear home.

'He's a queer kind of horse, Dexter is,' said Mr. Bates. 'Hev you been buying him, sir?'

'Oh, no!' replied Mr. Maxwell; 'we only came out to try him a little.'

'He used to belong to me some years

ago, but I guess he's been through a good many hands since I had him.'

'He has peculiarities,' chimed in Mrs. Bates; 'but then he's a verry friendly critter when you know 'im.'

'Yes, he is a little eccentric, I have already noticed,' assented Mr. Maxwell, rubbing his sore knees, and looking toward his wife.

The latter burst into laughter, in spite of her bruised and bedragged condition. It was some time before the Maxwells could bring themselves to face the prospect of another drive by Dexter, but as Mr. Bates gave them some points about keeping a tight rein, so that he "could not take the bit," and also pointed out to them another route, quite remote from the railroad, they finally decided to get home as soon as possible, and get rid of the troublesome brute.

They proceeded for a time in silence, cautiously and with trembling, hoping that no incentive would come dashing up from behind to set Dexter off again. Once Mr. Maxwell, upon observing the old rascal's ears go up, turned, and, seeing a buggy coming in their rear, got out and led him to a fence, taking care to secure him with the tie-strap, and then pretended to be fixing something about the harness as the other buggy dashed by them at full speed. Dexter fairly danced with excitement.

'His peculiarities are ineradicable, I think,' Mrs. Maxwell remarked.

'He has carried them far enough for one trip. I shall be glad if we can get home without further mishap,' said Mr. Maxwell, getting into the buggy.

But fortunately their conversation had thrown them off their guard, and the unhappy man had hardly seated himself before Dexter went off with a sudden plunge that nearly threw them both from the carriage. They were entered for another heat, "no lens, volens."

'Come on!' shouted the occupant of the fatal vehicle, taking Dexter's start as a challenge for a friendly brush, and away they went, pell mell.

Mr. Maxwell, as they were flying along neck and neck, glanced at the driver of the other buggy, and, to his chagrin, discovered that he was one of the largest and wealthiest creditors, and the latter was not very long in identifying his rival in the mad race.

'Bad sign that; Maxwell dabbling in fast horses. I must keep an eye on his future transactions.'

Mr. Maxwell waded his hand deprecatingly, and shouted to his friend to slow up, hoping to end the involuntary race and to be able to explain matters. But Milton mistook it for a confirmation of the challenge, and touched his own horse with the whip, and shot ahead a few lengths.

Dexter had a most detestable habit of starting off with a sudden jerk, much after the manner of the primitive locomotives, which gave rise to the disagreeable necessity of bracing one's self, and grasping the seat, also his method of stopping was equally abrupt. This little peculiarity was destined to make trouble for the Maxwells in the contest now going on. Coming to a brook, over which there was a good bridge, and through which also passed a wagon road for the convenience of watering animals, Dexter seemed suddenly to become aware of the presence, on his part, of intolerable thirst. So, instead of keeping to the road across the bridge, he plunged down the side road to the brook, where he came to an abrupt stop by planting his front feet off firmly in the middle of the shallow stream. Mr. Maxwell, not being in that firmly braced position which his wife, as driver of the determined beast, occupied, was thrown out into the muddy water, his hands and face filled with mud, and his heart with rage. The latter was in no measure allayed as he heard his wife almost shrieking with laughter from her more secure and comfortable perch.

'I really cannot help laughing,' she said, apologetically. 'I think I should have laughed if it had been myself in the water instead of you. It is only one of his "peculiarities," I suppose.'

'A horse is a vain thing for safety,' quoted Mr. Maxwell, as he sat dripping in the buggy once more. 'If I am condemned to ride behind that spasmodic brute again, I shall insist upon having him handicapped with a heavily loaded wagon.'

Mrs. Maxwell had planned a little garden party for this afternoon, and her guests were already assembled upon the grounds awaiting the return of their hosts. When she left the house for a drive with old Dexter, half an hour was about the limit of time she had mentally allowed for that pastime; but fate and the locomotive and sundry other turns, together with the willful brute Dexter, had ordered it otherwise. She was now nervously gazing ahead at the assembled group watching the appearance of the buggy, and feeling her old brow, hat and her disheveled hair, gazing also at the wet and much-bespattered man at her side.

The 'garden party' was a failure for that day. But to the deacon's wife an explanation was made which was satisfactory, and which restored confidence again to the troubled heart of good old Deacon Pettit. Also, to the rich creditor's wife, who was one of Mrs. Maxwell's guests, a sufficient reason was given for the new departure of the Maxwells in the matter of racing horses.

When rapid transit is being discussed now in the presence of the Maxwells, a rich color runs riot over Mrs. Maxwell's pretty face and her husband always manages adroitly to change the subject.

'But, Mary, I thought you liked a horse with some spirit?' said her husband afterward, alluding to their ride.

'I don't like spasmodic spirit, either in horse or woman,' she retorted, with a slight frown; 'nor do I admire any thing in the way of rapid transit accompanied by sudden and disastrous stops.'

## Reading Aloud.

If you ask eight persons out of ten, now, they will tell you that they hate being read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, and used only to such a monotonous drone as robbed even the Arabian Nights of half their charm.

The husband, at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her novel or knits in silence. If he read to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be community of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussions as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family pass the hours between each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath because "it would disturb papa." Is this cheerful, or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? I cannot blame them, for they all read abominably; and it is enough to have endured the infliction of family prayers gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance.

But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those (especially those who lived in the country) with pretensions to taste; and it was consequently, far more frequently found enlivening the domestic circle. There were fewer books, fewer means of locomotion, fewer pleasures of winter nights outside the four walls of the country parlor. The game of cribbage, or the sonata on the spinnet, did not occupy the entire evening after six o'clock dinner; and Shakespeare and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now—mainly, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud. The ear, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the memory in youth, than the inattentive eye which rapidly skims a page.

## The Ball that Wounded Hancock.

Dr. Lewis W. Read, of Norristown, thus relates the circumstances of General Hancock's recovery from his wound received at Gettysburg: "I was medical director of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and just before the first of November, 1865, I came home on twenty-four hours leave of absence. I called to see the General, who was in bed at his father's residence. I found him very much disheartened. He had grown thin, and looked pale and emaciated. He said he felt as if he was going to die, and that he had been probed and tortured to such an extent that death would be a relief. I endeavored to cheer him up, and as I was about bidding him farewell he said: 'Good bye, Doctor; I may never see you again.'

'I had my hand on the door knob of his chamber when he said: "See here, Doctor, why don't you try to get this ball out. I have had all the reputation in the country at it; now let's have some of the practical.'

'He was lying in the bed with his wounded limb actually fixed, and all the probing had been done with his leg bent at right angles. The ball had hit him just below the right groin, within an inch of the femoral artery, while he was sitting in the saddle with his legs distended. I went down to my office for a probe with a concealed blade and on my return Dr. Cooper and myself succeeded in straightening the limb and placing it as near as possible in the position it was when the ball struck him. I inserted the probe and it dropped fully eight inches into the channel and struck the ball, which was imbedded in the sharp bone which you sit upon. In a week's time the General was out on crutches, and in two weeks more he attended a Masonic gathering at Odd Fellows' Hall. I forget the caliber of the bullet, but it was a big Minie ball.'

## Furtunes Made in Old Corks.

'You wouldn't think a man could make a fortune selling old corks and bottles, would you? Well, I know a man who bought out a coffin shop twenty-five years ago and began to deal in old corks. Eight years ago he went into the old bottle business, and he is now a rich man.' The policeman who said this took the writer down Mulberry street, and a few blocks below Bleeker stopped before a rickety old building, in front of which stood several barrels filled with bottles of all sizes. There were bottles emptied of Vino Vermouth, Piper Sec and Rhine wine, of Bass' ale, claret and stomach bitters. Inside the shop were seen the necks of a thousand bottles, pointed toward the door like little howitzers. They were piled up and boxed up and were in rows on the floor. From the roof hung dingy demijohns, covered with cobwebs, and in the centre of the room was a barrel of old champagne corks.

'How many corks have you sold today, Hugh?' asked the policeman.

'Eight barrels.'

'How many bottles?'

'Seventy-five gross. You see we never take the labels off, and never wash the bottles. The men who buy wine bottles take the labels as well as the bottles—sometimes want the labels much more than the bottles; but we do not deal in labels. When a junkman comes in with a load of bottles he may have twenty different kinds. We sort them. When we get a gross of a certain kind we know where to sell them. A gross of quart champagne bottles fetches \$1.50; pints \$2.25. Claret bottles sell for \$3.75 per gross, and so do soda water bottles. Bass' ale is worth \$2.25, but for Rhine wine bottles we get \$6 per gross. Tom' gins and stomach bitters at \$4; porter and Vino Vermouth at \$2.25. Apollinaris, quarts, we sell for \$5 per gross, and pints at \$3.25. A gallon demijohn is only worth 20 cents, but larger beer bottles with the patent stoppers bring \$8 per gross. Root beer bottles sell for \$6, while ginger ales only fetch \$1.50. We sell Hathorn, Congress and Geyser bottles back to the mineral spring men in Saratoga for 3 cents per dozen. Most of the small bottles are bought by catsup and table sauce makers. We don't buy medicine bottles. We sell very little stock to medicine men.'

'You know a champagne cork has a sound head and is turned from the bark. It is not cut out as straight corks are made. When it pops from the bottle the head is cut up by the string and the cork looks like a mushroom. We put them all in a big kettle of boiling water and swell them. Then they're as good as new. Ordinary sound corks sell for twenty-five cents per gross, but corks from champagne bottles, made with more labor, bring \$2.50. We have handled enough corks in the past twenty-five years to float the Great Eastern.'

## Look Out For.

The Advertiser who has a good clerical position to offer, but wants you to make 'a deposit of fifty dollars or more as a guaranty of your reliability.'

The Lightning-rod Agent who agrees to encase a farm building with lightning-rods for five dollars, and subsequently presents a bill for one hundred and five dollars—one hundred dollars for the rods, and five dollars for putting them up.

The party who sells rights for a worthless patent process for curing hog cholera and other animal diseases.

Swindlers who claim royalties on some patented article which they may find in a farmer's possession.

Quack Traveling Dentists who advertise to furnish a set of teeth fully as good as the best for a very small sum of money.

ADVISE 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 Dr. WINDOL'S SORREL SYRUP FOR CHILDREN'S TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor mother, whose babe is suffering, in ten minutes, and she will have a sound and happy child. It is pleasant and safe, and will soothe the gums, and reduce inflammation, and give tone and energy to the whole system. Dr. WINDOL'S SORREL SYRUP FOR CHILDREN'S 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.

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