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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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A TRUST WELL KEPT.

The torrent of mutiny in India that had been gathering volume and force in secret for months had burst its barriers at last, and was sweeping along as though past all control. The gallant old Colonel Pratt had paraded his regiment in front of his bungalow, and with his gray hair rippled by the warm breeze, had expressed to them his ill-founded confidence that, though all the other Sepoys rose in rebellion, they would never rise. His men, whom he always spoke of as "his children," greeted his speech with ringing cheers. Two hours after they had murdered the veteran, and under their own chosen leaders, were marching to Delhi, their band playing, with the curious inconsistency for which the mutineers from first to last were famous, the English national anthem, "God Save the Queen." Allahabad had fallen. Every officer at the mess table, with one exception, had been butchered by the sergeant who stood behind him, and struck with his knife when the signal was given. The one who escaped the general doom, and who was called, when the story was told, the "Martyr of Allahabad," sprang through a window of the mess room, and reaching the banks of the Ganges plunged in and swam for many miles; hiding in the jungle during the day, and drifting with the current at night; suffering incredible hardships, to die of native fever induced by the exposure when friends and apparent safety were reached at last. Other officers belonging to that ill-fated mess escaped. Not many, and those only because they were not at the table when the murderous signal was given. One of them, having been detained by regimental business, was hurrying to join his comrades when a woman stopped him by coming with a startling suddenness from the shadow of a clump of bamboos beside the road. "Sahib, don't go on!" she said, speaking in her own language. "They are all dead by this time. Boden Singh was behind your chair, his knife ready, and had you been in it you would have been with Allah now. Boden Singh was mad with rage, and waiting. He had waited so long that he said he could wait no longer. He wanted to murder you last night when you were asleep on the charpoy, but I told him if he did so it would not be easy to get the officers all together at the mess to-night. So he agreed to wait a little longer and stab you in the back, as the others were stabbed, while he stood behind at dinner. He has killed somebody else by this time, to make up for having missed you. Yes, it is terrible, but why did you put the grease on the cartridges? Ah, here they come!" The butchery was over, and a troop of soldiers, accompanied by the servants who had slain their masters, were marching down the road, headed by a band playing "Rule Britannia." The woman who had spoken was Pooniah, the wife of the villain Boden Singh. Boden Singh was the "bearer," or body servant of the officer who had been warned. I was the officer.

"Quick, Sahib!" she exclaimed, hastily, as I stood irresolute in the middle of the road.

"They will see us in a minute. Hide in the clump of bamboos!" And in a moment we were crouching there, side by side, while the mutineers came on, marching with that steady military step that they had learned so well from their English masters. They had learned some other things, too, from the same teachers, and in the next few months they showed all too plainly that the seed of instruction had not been cast upon barren soil.

"Why did you put grease on the cartridges?" At that moment, with life and death hanging about evenly in the balance, those words and their evil interference were ringing in my brain. Assuredly the pork grease on the cartridges had in some degree hastened the mutiny. The cartridges of that day had to be bitten before they were used, and both Hindu and Mussulman abhor the flesh of the pig, though the higher classes eat imported hams and bacon, and protest that they are not the same meat at all. The Sepoys had gone on biting the cartridges contentedly, and with no idea that they were putting the unclean thing into their mouths, until the rebellious rajahs, watching for such an opportunity, willfully pointed out the grievance. Several of the regiments protested and asked that the grease on the cartridges be changed, so as no longer to clash with their religious principles, and had the advice, strongly urged, of the astute Sir John Lawrence, then collector of Agra, afterward governor-general of India, been taken their requests would have been granted at once; but India's rulers, in the pride of a century's almost undisturbed possession, feared nothing, suspected no danger, and drifted blindly on to the sharpest crisis in England's later history.

Unfilial "Prince John."

While his father was President young John Van Buren visited England, and as the son of the President of the United States, he received great attention. He dined with the Queen, who was then a young girl, where his superior grace of manners, fine conversational powers and witticisms made him appear to greater advantage than the titled flunkies who were around Her Majesty. He attended one of the balls at Buckingham Palace and danced with her, and the story was told that Her Majesty became very sweet on him. It was this incident that gave him the cognomen of "Prince John." There was another story in circulation about him which illustrates his want of special reverence for his father. The old gentleman and John had a habit of lying in bed in the morning. Finally, one day the former said to his son that a reform must be instituted—that both must rise earlier. The hopeful agreed and suggested that the first one who got up should go to the room of the other and pull him out of bed! This was agreed to. John was out all the following night on a "lark" and did not reach home till next morning about 5 o'clock. He went to his father's room and took hold of him for the purpose of pulling him out of bed. The old gentleman protested against being disturbed, saying he had not had sufficient sleep. "Look here, governor, it was your own proposition that we should institute a reform in regard to lying in bed so late. Here I am, up at your request, and you won't fulfill your part of the agreement. Remember, the one who got up first was to pull the other out of bed. So now get up, or I'll pull you out." Tell it not in Gath! This young scamp made the President of the United States get up in spite of himself. After seeing the old gentleman dress himself the rascal sneaked to his own room and was soon in his bed asleep. The story got out by John telling on his father to a lot of boon companions. John afterward became a famous lawyer and politician.

Love vs. Friendship.

I sat in my office, my chair tilted backward and resting on the wall. The smoke of my cigar circled upward in fleecy rings. But before I attempt any more figurative language, I will tell who, and what and where I am!

My name is Leslie Randolph, and I was a rising young lawyer at the time, with considerable practice. The town in which I had the honor to have a home, was C—, which name, as it stands, you will not find on the map.

I was still in the horrible state of bachelorhood.

I sat in my office and tried very hard to think about an important case that was to be tried that day, in which I was counsel for the defense; but, strange to say, my thoughts would revert to the stranger whom I met the night before, who did seem to me a good kind of a young lady.

But my heart was impregnable to female charms. But—well, maybe I did think I'd like to have a wife like Miss Lindley. I wasn't going to think of a fool it any more. I wasn't going to be a fool—not I!

"Perhaps," my thoughts ran, "it would be pleasant to fall in love with her. Wonder if I'm not more than half smitten."

Then I would break off suddenly and begin to rehearse my speech in the case of Brown vs. Smith most heroically.

But it was strange that I got terribly confused, so that I got the names Brown and Smith terribly mixed up and did, once in a while get the name Lindley in.

My thoughts were broken off suddenly by the abrupt entrance of my friend, John Carlisle, known to the public as "Dr. Carlisle."

We had been playmates in youth, and as we grew up we remained firm friends. Whenever one was fortunate the other rejoiced. When we met he called me "Lee" while I called him "Jack."

"Morning, Lee!" said he, as he took a chair and sat down.

"Good morning, Jack!" returned I, wondering what he'd say if he knew what I had been thinking of just now.

"Lee, I've come to tell you something," said he, as he began to fidget with a button on his coat.

"Tell ahead, Jack."

"Well, Lee, you remember last night at Jones'?"

Did I? That was the very place I had met Miss Lindley, and Jack Carlisle had been there too. I merely nodded assent, and he continued:

"Lee, I believe I'm more'n half way in love!"

Ah, he was, was he? Then I wasn't the only one who had been affected. I wondered whom Jack did like!

"Humph!" I growled merely to draw him out.

"You needn't humph, Lee. It's so. You don't know what it is to—"

And the doctor, without giving expression to the all-important word, lit a cigar.

"Well, Jack," ventured I, "who is the favored one?"

"Who, indeed, Lee!" said the doctor with a laugh.

Like a flash of lightning it occurred to me that Dr. Carlisle had flirted a little more with her than he ought to have done.

"Miss Lindley?" I gasped, and I felt pale, and shouldn't wonder a bit if I was pale.

"To be sure!" laughed the doctor.

"You, Jack Carlisle! You in love with Miss Lindley! She will be mine, sir!"

And for want of a table upon which to bring my fist I brought it down upon my knee, to the slight discomfiture of that member.

"What!" thundered he. "Yours? You aspire to the hand of 'Miss Lindley'? You, sir?"

It is strange how jealousy will transform the warmest friends to the bitterest enemies.

"Yes, sir!" said I, fiercely. "Mine, sir!"

"Well see!" exclaimed the exasperated doctor, as he bolted out of the office. "We'll see!"

During the trial I conducted myself creditably, and even won the case, at which I was greatly astonished. When the trial was passed, I went straightway to my office and enjoyed a full hour of love dreaming, and during that time I made up my mind to see Miss Lindley that evening, not a very fashionable evening, by the way, being Saturday.

I found her at home, and willing to see me. After some remarks about the weather, fashions and sundry other things, I said:

"We met last evening for the first time, Miss Lindley."

It was the first time I had called her by her name.

"Miss Lindley!" said she, with a laugh. "I am married, Mr. Randolph, and am Mrs. Lindley, as I had occasion to remark to your friend, Mr. Carlisle, a few minutes ago."

I don't know how I got out of the house, nor do I recollect whether I bade her "good-by" or not. The next thing

That Agent Lacked Push.

"About four weeks ago," said a farmer on the market the other day, "I concluded to get rid of several old stumps near the barn, and I came in and purchased some giant cartridges. Next afternoon I went at the job, and had just got a cartridge tamped down in the first stump when I saw a man drive up to the house. That was nothing to bother over, however, and I lighted the fuse and ran around the barn to wait for the explosion. I had only got in place when I heard a voice calling:

"Ah! there Sharp! I want to sell you a machine. The best washing-machine ever made."

"It was the chap who had driven up, and my wife had sent him to hunt me. He was within ten feet of the stump when he called. I had a two-minute fuse on the cartridge when I heard his voice, and I called back:

"For Heaven's sake get out of that!"

"Oh, I'll get out after I have sold you a machine. Sharp, where are you?"

"Well, sir, you can have my ears if that infernal idiot didn't walk up and rest his elbow on the stump, and he was there when she exploded. He took a rise of six or eight feet, came down spread eagle fashion, and then scrambled up and made for his wagon with slivers sticking out all over him. When he went by the house my wife asked him if the machine saved ten per cent. in soap, but he never answered nor came to a halt. He just sailed over the forewheel to his seat on the wagon, gave the horses a cut with the whip, and was a mile away when I went out to the road to inquire if his machine was full-jewelled."—Detroit Free Press.

Johnny's List of Best Book s.

Sir John Lubbock's list of one hundred best books has created wide comment and induces several other persons to prepare a little list. Old Simeon Sipples asked his fourteen year old son Johnny the other day to write down what he considered the best one hundred books, and the youth immediately began as follows:

1. 'Yellow-haired Nance': The Pet of the Slums.
2. 'Double-jointed Jake': The Circus Boy.
3. 'Blue-devil Dick': The Indian Exterminator.
4. 'Squint-eyed Bob': The Roller Rink Detective.
5. 'The mysterious Demon'; or, The Ghost of Shantny.

At this point Johnny's father, who was looking over his son's shoulder, brought his rattle can down so vehemently on a spot where it would do the most good that the titles of the remaining ninety five books were obliterated from the corridors of his memory and the list will never be finished.

Are Twice Two Four?

Mr. Frank Galton somewhere tells an amusing story, since profusely copied by all the anthropologists, of how, during his South African wanderings, he once wanted to buy a couple of sheep from an unsophisticated heathen Damara. Current coin in that part of the world is usually represented, it seems, by cakes of tobacco, and two cakes were the recognized market price of a sheep in Damara land at the time of Mr. Galton's memorable visit. So the unsuspecting purchaser chose a couple of wethers from the flocks, and naturally enough laid down four pieces of tobacco to pay for them before the observant face of the astonished vendor. The Damara eyed the proffered price with suspicious curiosity. What could be the meaning of this singular precipitancy? He carefully took up two pieces, and planted them in front of one of the sheep; then he took up the other two pieces, with much wonder, and placed them in front of the other. Goodness gracious, there must be magic in it! The sum actually came out even. The Damara, for his part, didn't like the look of it. This thing was evidently uncanny. How could the super-naturally clever white man tell before hand that two and two made four? He felt about it, no doubt, as we ourselves should feel if a great mathematician were suddenly to calculate out for us a "priori" what we were going to have to-day for dinner, and how much exactly we owed the butcher. After gazing at the pat and delusive symmetry of the two sheep and the four cakes of tobacco for a brief breathing space, the puzzled savage, overpowered but not convinced, pushed away the cakes with a gesture of alarm, took back his sheep to the bosom of his flock and began the whole transaction over again "de capo." He wasn't going to be cheated out of his two sound wethers by a theoretical white man who managed bargains for live sheep on such strictly abstract mathematical principles.

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, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures colic, wind, 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 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.

Rachel and Jacob.

This true story comes from an old sea-board town in Maine: Jacob loved Rachel, but Rachel wouldn't have him. Jacob labored on, pressing his suit at intervals, and after each rebuff telling her he was bound to win her yet, and convince every one she cared for him as much as he in his heart knew she did.

"Very well," cried the indignant Rachel, with a toss of her head, "keep right on till you make folks believe that, and when you do I'll marry you!"

"THANKS."

A correspondent writes to the New York Journal of Commerce that in conversation with a friend some time since he stated that the use of "Thanks" in place of "I thank you," was highly improper, and was like using "cents" for "gentlemen," and she asks for information upon the subject. The Journal says:

We have answered this several times by mail for ladies who were too timid to have their little notes appear in print, but we desire to give an answer that, as far as our readers are concerned, will set the question at rest. Many have written against this brief utterance, and not a few have denounced it as modern slang. This is wholly a mistake; it is good old English, and as unexceptionable as any phrase in the English language. Shakespeare puts it in the mouth of his most cultured characters. In "Twelfth Night" Sebastian says:

My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks.

In "Measure for Measure" Isobel says:

Oh, were it but my life, I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.

Claudio—Thanks, dear Isobel.

And further on we have from the duke himself, "Thanks, dear friend, Escalus, and 'Thanks, Provost, for thy care." In other plays we have "Thanks, good Egeus," "Thanks, Pompey," "Thanks, sir," "Thanks to your majesty," "Thanks, gentle uncle," "Thanks, noble peer," "Thanks, gentle sir," "Thanks, gentle Norfolk," "Thanks, good Montgomery," "Thanks, noble Clarence," "Thanks, my lord," and many more, enough to redeem any repetition of it from the charge of being "highly improper."