

Deaver & Gephart

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# The Millheim Journal.

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### A Railway Free Pass.

Mr. Adolphus Pettigrew was an elderly bachelor of a thrifty turn of mind. He was very comfortably off indeed, but he never spent a shilling when a sixpence would do, and he acted on the principle that charity, in a pecuniary sense, begins—and ends—at home. But his meanness was not conspicuous, for he was always affable and obliging when it cost him nothing, and he lived so quietly that he was not suspected of being rich. He was a timid, fussy little man, who was extremely correct in his notions, and prided himself above everything on being a law-abiding citizen.

Mr. Pettigrew passed the greater part of his time at the club, where he had the satisfaction of feeling that he obtained full value for the amount of his annual subscription. Among his club acquaintances was a certain Captain Falconer, with whom he had been for some years on friendly terms. For a long time Mr. Pettigrew had been very shy of this gentleman, who was generally regarded as rather a mysterious personage. Nobody knew how he contrived on his half-pay to array himself in the height of fashion, to live in sumptuous style, and to keep up the appearance of a man of means. It was rumored that the Captain obtained a handsome commission on the business he introduced to a well-known West End money leader, and it is certain that he could always be relied upon to put young scapegraces in the way of obtaining the wherewith to meet pressing obligations. But there was no proof that Captain Falconer derived any benefit from these acts of good nature. He was a jovial, loud-voiced, rollicking, boisterous person, who was a hale-fellow-well-met with everyone, and possessed the happy knack of being able to accommodate himself to every kind of society.

Mr. Pettigrew, whose worldly experience was strictly limited, had only mistrusted the Captain because he seemed the sort of man who would borrow twenty pounds without the slightest compunction. He never, indeed, altogether conquered the misgiving, but in course of time—as Captain Falconer made no attempt to impose upon him—Mr. Pettigrew ended by responding readily enough to his friendly advances. The fact was that the Captain won his regard by the occasional gift of a theatre ticket, a seat at the opera, or a card of admission to some privileged entertainment. It was a peculiarity of the Captain's that he was always able to bestow favors of this kind. Mr. Pettigrew was by no means a recluse, and to go anywhere or see anything for nothing added real zest to his enjoyment. He therefore accepted these little tokens of friendship from his Captain in a grateful and appreciative spirit, the more particularly as he flattered himself that the Captain really had a regard for him. This idea, whether correct or not, was certainly excusable, seeing that Mr. Pettigrew had never offered to make the slightest return for services rendered in any shape or form.

It chanced at length that Mr. Pettigrew had occasion to take a journey to the west of England, owing to the serious illness of a rich aunt, from whom he cherished expectations. He had known Captain Falconer to procure a free pass for an acquaintance upon the very line that he had wished to travel by, and he therefore ventured to ask him to do the same thing for him. The Captain, whose good nature seemed inexhaustible, readily acceded to his request, so far at least as might lay in his power. He explained that it was not always easy to obtain a free pass on the line in question, but promised to use his influence, and seemed hopeful of the result. He was better than his word, for when he met Mr. Pettigrew by appointment on the platform of the London terminus on the day of his departure he pressed into his hand a pass to Plymouth and back.

"My dear Captain Falconer," exclaimed Mr. Pettigrew, fingering the document delightedly, "I am really extremely obliged to you."

"So you ought to be," said the Captain, in his jovial way. "I had no end of trouble to get it. I can tell you. Put it in your pocket," he added, rather mysteriously. "Ta! ta! old fellow. Sorry I can't wait to see you off."

Mr. Pettigrew wrung his friend's hand and took quite an affectionate farewell of him. The pass was really a substantial favor, for the first-class fare to Plymouth and back—for Mr. Pettigrew, like many other people, never stinted himself of luxury and comfort at a pinch—amounted to a very considerable number of shillings. He seated himself with great alacrity in the vacant first-class compartment, called for a four-armed, wrapped himself in his traveling-rug, and prepared for a comfortable journey.

### He was beginning to believe he would have the compartment to himself, when, at the last moment, a gentleman, who had before looked in at the window and passed on, now presented himself again, and took possession of the corner seat by the door. As he did so, the ticket collector appeared, and Mr. Pettigrew presented his pass for inspection.

It struck Mr. Pettigrew that the official scrutinized his pass somewhat suspiciously, and, upon returning it, looked at him with a very searching glance. It is probable that the man merely desired to assure himself of the validity of the document and of the respectability of the holder. On both these points he was no doubt satisfied, for he passed on without comment; but Mr. Pettigrew was of a nervous and fidgety disposition, and he suddenly recalled to mind his friend's somewhat pressing injunction to him on the platform to put the pass in his pocket. Without suspecting anything wrong, but with vague misgivings, he now looked at the pass himself for the first time. It was apparently perfectly regular, but he perceived with uneasiness that it was made out in favor of Mr. Moss Levi. The letterpress stated that the reason of the pass being granted should be mentioned in the space indicated for that purpose, and this was filled in by the word "shipping."

Mr. Pettigrew did not at all like the idea of personating somebody else, especially when he proceeded to read the very stringent regulations under which the pass had been issued. The fact that it was not transferable, and was only available for the individual in whose name it was made out, was repeated over and over again with painful persistence. Mr. Pettigrew now understood clearly enough why the Captain had manifested uneasiness. Evidently the pass had been obtained by false pretenses, and by using it he was rendering himself a party to the fraud.

Mr. Pettigrew had one of those excessively tender consciences which are indicative of innate cowardice. He was not the least concerned, on moral grounds, how the pass had been obtained, nor would he have felt any scruple about using it if he could have felt certain of not being found out. But he was appalled at the prospect of detection, and the danger seemed to his excited imagination imminent. The probability was that this Mr. Moss Levi, being apparently connected with the shipping interest, was known to some of the ticket inspectors on the line. The demeanor of the official who had already inspected the pass now seemed to him to have been unpleasantly suggestive of suspicion. It was possible that this man had actually telegraphed down the line to some of his brother officials on the route to look out for the impostor. A cowardly conscience is a remorseless stimulator of morbid imagination, and before he had gone many miles Mr. Pettigrew had almost convinced himself that his worst apprehensions would be realized.

Scarcely less disconcerting than the fear of detection was the idea of having to keep up the character of the person he was supposed to be. A fatal drawback to this was that whereas the name of Mr. Moses Levi unmistakably indicated Hebrew origin, Mr. Pettigrew's nose was a pure Gentile snub. This was so manifest at a glance that the fact was alone calculated to excite suspicion of his identity. Mr. Pettigrew felt that he could not stand against this insurmountable discrepancy and that to attempt to swagger and brazen out the situation—if his identity was challenged—would be hollow mockery. The consequence was that by the time the train reached the first station at which a stoppage occurred, he had fidgeted himself into such a state of abject apprehension that his nervous and agitated manner was almost sufficient to betray him. When the ticket inspector made his appearance, Mr. Pettigrew, who had wrapped his off-lying nose in a muffler and turned up the collar of his coat so as to conceal his features as much as possible, handed up his pass with the air of a criminal. No wonder the official, after looking at it, favored the poor gentleman with a long stare, which made him burst into a cold perspiration. But this man, like the other, returned the pass without raising any objection, to Mr. Pettigrew's unspeakable relief. As the train proceeded on its journey he breathed more freely, and even for a moment contemplated the possibility of reaching his destination without misadventure.

Watching his opportunity, Mr. Pettigrew, when the stranger had turned aside for a moment, suddenly let down the window, and crushing the pass into a ball in the palm of his hand, he cast it forth into space. But this movement, quick as they were, did not escape the attention of the stranger, who witnessed the whole maneuver. He glanced at Mr. Pettigrew in such a significant manner that the unhappy gentleman felt bound to explain.

### 'A most awkward circumstance!' he murmured. 'I was just opening the window when my pass—'

"Dropped out?" interposed the stranger in a sympathetic tone.

"Yes, dropped out," said Mr. Pettigrew, very red in the face.

"Dear me! How did you manage it?" inquired the stranger.

"I don't know. I had it in my hand, and the draught was strong," said Mr. Pettigrew hastily. "However," he added, with more assurance, "it can't be helped. I must pay, that's all."

"Pay. Oh, no! I shouldn't think of such a thing if I were you," returned the stranger, briskly. "You've lost your pass by an accident, but you've only got to say so. I saw it, and will give my testimony."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Pettigrew, not quite knowing whether to feel grateful or not.

After all there was no reason why he should pay the expensive way fare if he could get off doing so, and now that the tell-tale pass had disappeared in the breeze, there seemed no fear of detection. If the official at the next station declined to accept his statement about the loss of the pass, he would only be called upon to pay, and this he was now reconciled to do.

Considerably easier in his mind, Mr. Pettigrew awaited the result of the experiment with tolerable equanimity, and even ventured to exchange ideas with his companion on the subject of the weather. When the next stage of the journey was reached and the inevitable ticket inspector again presented himself, Mr. Pettigrew told his story glibly enough.

"Of course, if I must pay, I must," he concluded, putting his hand reluctantly in his pocket.

"Pooh! Nonsense! No occasion whatever for that," interrupted the stranger. "I know this gentleman had a pass, inspector, and I saw him lose it."

"Will you give me your name and address, sir?" asked the official.

"Certainly," again interposed the stranger, before the startled Mr. Pettigrew could speak. "This gentleman is Mr. Moss Levi, the agent of the Silver Crescent Steamship Company. You only have to telegraph to London and ask for instructions. Tell them to wire reply to Plymouth, and look us in till we get there. The gentleman is well known to your colleagues there."

The inspector, civilly enough acquiesced in this arrangement, and the stranger glanced at Mr. Pettigrew for his approval. But Mr. Pettigrew had turned very pale, and looked the picture of dismay. The plan suggested would have been excellent if he had been the person he pretended, but as it involved the necessity of his being identified by some one who knew Mr. Levi, the drawback was at once apparent. In fact, now that it was too late, Mr. Pettigrew realized his folly, and cursed the stranger's well intentioned interference.

However, he had committed himself irrevocably, and there was nothing for it but to face the situation. The more he thought of it the less he liked it, and all his former fears revived with painful intensity. After all, if he had kept the pass no difficulties might have arisen, but he had now rashly brought upon himself the very danger he had apprehended. Detection was inevitable, and what was worse, the fact of his having nothing to show was calculated to suggest that his personation of another person was an impudent fraud, without a shadow of an excuse. The train was rapidly approaching its destination, and Mr. Pettigrew pictured himself being dragged before a magistrate and held up to public disgrace as a railway swindler.

In the midst of these agonizing reflections, Mr. Pettigrew's glance encountered that of his companion, who seemed, from his manner, to divine what was passing in his mind.

"I suppose you realize, sir, the awkward fix you laye got yourself into," said the stranger sharply.

"I—I—what do you mean?" gasped Mr. Pettigrew.

"You know very well what I mean," returned the stranger. "You said you were Mr. Moss Levi. It is a lie—an impudent imposture. I am Mr. Moss Levi."

"You!" ejaculated Mr. Pettigrew, faintly.

"Yes, sir. It is not the first time I have been personated upon this line. The directors have determined to prosecute, and the result of my message will be that you will be taken into custody at Plymouth."

"But—but I had a pass," cried Mr. Pettigrew, transfixed with horror and consternation.

"A forgery," said Mr. Levi, with an unpleasant laugh; "You wisely got rid of it. However, that won't help you much."

"Good heavens! you are joking!" murmured Mr. Pettigrew, wiping the perspiration from his brow, with a trembling hand.

"You'll see," said Mr. Levi, ominously.

### 'But, sir, it is a mistake. I will give you my real name and address. I can bring any evidence you like of my respectability,' cried Mr. Pettigrew in a frenzied manner.

"I cannot anticipate the investigations of the police," said Mr. Levi coldly. "As for your respectability, at all events you are traveling without a ticket on pretence of being somebody else. The penalty is a month, I believe," he added in a matter-of-fact tone.

"This cold blooded way of putting it was more than Mr. Pettigrew could bear. He yielded to a veritable panic, and almost fell upon his knees, imploring Mr. Levi to assist him.

"The matter is not in my hands," said Mr. Levi, apparently touched by his companion's distress.

"I will pay anything—anything!" cried Mr. Pettigrew wildly.

"A hundred pounds?" queried Mr. Levi.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Pettigrew, with a start.

"Give me a check for £100, and I will assist you to escape," said Mr. Levi, with a sudden change of manner. Have you your check-book handy?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pettigrew, scarcely understanding.

"Here are pen and ink," said Mr. Levi producing a writing-case. "I will undertake to square the police and hush the matter up."

"But how?" inquired Mr. Pettigrew, staggered by the amount demanded, yet too terrified and agitated to demur.

"I have a ticket," said Mr. Levi, producing it. "Take it and get out at the next station—the one before Plymouth. Leave the rest to me."

Mr. Pettigrew was literally terrified into complying with these terms. He had no time for reflection, even if he had been capable of doing so. The train was already slackening speed, and before he knew where he was, he found himself safely landed on the platform of the station short of Plymouth, having paid the substantial sum of £100 as the price of his freedom.

When he came to think the matter over calmly afterwards he began to suspect that he had been swindled. He accordingly went on to Plymouth, and the next day he made inquiries at the station, but they knew nothing whatever about the matter, as every passenger by the train he mentioned had delivered up a ticket in the ordinary way. It was clear then to Mr. Pettigrew that, although his enterprising fellow-traveler had provided him with a ticket in the manner described, he had taken the precaution to retain one for his own use, which had enabled him to escape all unpleasantness. Mr. Pettigrew on arriving at this conclusion, at once telegraphed to his bankers to stop the check; but he received a wire in reply stating that it had already been cashed. This, in conjunction with there having been no difficulty at Plymouth about a lost pass, so clearly pointed to a deliberately planned conspiracy that Mr. Pettigrew in his virtuous indignation, did not scruple to demand an explanation from Captain Falconer. But the Captain only laughed at him for his folly, and could with difficulty be restrained from telling the story to every one in the club; and to this day Mr. Pettigrew cannot make up his mind whether Captain Falconer was a party to the transaction or not. However, he has never asked nor received a favor from him since.

### The elocutionist also seemed to be agitated when she came out to recite the next piece and found an audience composed exclusively of four-legged chairs with a light dust settling down over them. This was discouraging.

There are very few audiences so hard to please, so apathetic and cold, as one built up entirely of the ordinary square-topped chair upholstered in natural wood. An elocutionist who could move such an assemblage to even the faintest applause would have to get right down off of the stage and stir it up with a ten-foot pole.

Although it is very painful the *Bell* must mildly criticize the way we left the hall. Of course, when we want to go out, it is our privilege, but would it not be better to whistle and let the speaker know we are going than to break loose and stampede between the acts like a herd of panicky Montana steers? Would it not at least be in better form to yell "good-bye!" and slam a couple of chairs up on the stage to attract the attention of the company than to slip out as though a vigilance committee had a rope around our necks?

We do not want a lady who comes here to entertain us to go away under the impression that we thought she had the small-pox. If strangers should look in while we are getting up so that the chairs were all falling over back they would by liable to make uncomplimentary comments. We do not want Eastern friends who may be visiting here to see us coming down the stairs from a popular and instructive entertainment with our claw-hammer coat tails flying out behind so you could play croquet on them. Far from it.

Instead of the wild charge with leading citizens sliding down the tin eaves-spouts let us have the more deliberate departure. Where we now but our heads through the wall and yell for the fire company to come and help us down let us in the future quietly slip out as if going to see a man. —*Estelle (D. T.) Bell.*

### THE TWO THOMASES.

The Embarassing Way That One of Them Acted.

"I do love this little parlor-kitchen, and I pity rich girls who never get tired, so as to rest in such a one. I could not live with out the music of a tea-kettle," said young Bella Haynes, as she lifted the bright kettle from its hole and set it on top of the shining stove. The "parlor kitchen" was indeed a model of neatness and cheerfulness. The unsightly utensils had all been removed into an outer shed-room. A bright oil carpet, a red table-cloth, a chintz-covered lounge and rocking-chair, a cheerful-faced clock, and a few interesting pictures gave an air of quiet refinement and hospitable comfort to the room. "Now that every thing is ready," she added to her feeble mother who sat in the gay rocking chair, "I'll run up to the depot and meet him. Do you suppose I shall know him? I was only seven when he left, and all I remember of him is his very white forehead and his very red cheeks. Which do I look handsome in, my gray or my blue dress?"

"You are not very handsome in either," said the mother smiling; "but as you will have the evening work to do, you had better wear your blue one."

Then the light-hearted girl threw open the cupboard door and said: "Bread pies, cake, tongue, ham and honey. When we sit down to tea, you'll be like 'The Queen in the kitchen Eating bread and honey.'"

And being unable longer to control her feeling, she clapped her plump hands, and throwing her arms around her mother, kissed her over and over again.

Soon after, Bella, arrayed in her simple flannel, stood in the grim old depot waiting for her brother, who had been for eleven years working in the mines, and laying up the means of support for the future.

He had written to his mother: "Don't be afraid you'll see either a desperado or a rowdy. I look rough and hard, but I'm your boy for all that. Not an oath nor a drop of liquor has passed my lips since they kissed you, eleven years ago."

Was it any wonder that his mother and sister were overjoyed at his coming? At six o'clock the New York train came thundering up, and quite a number of passengers stopped at W— The young girl eyed them all carefully. There was but one young man among them. He was too large, and not nearly as handsome as Thomas ought to be, according to her idea.

(Continued on fourth page.)

### LEAVING A HALL.

How It Is and How It Should Be Done by Progressive Citizens.

Last Saturday evening a lady gave an elocutionary entertainment in one of our opera houses. Along toward the last of it a breeze sprang up and began to toy with the tin roof as only a breeze can with a tin roof that is somewhat inclined to flop up in places and slam back down again. Some of the audience happened to hear it and got up and went out to look at the weather. Then the rest stepped out a moment. They thought a cyclone was coming.

The elocutionist had just finished reciting "Oh, why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" It wasn't. It was one of the most humble spirits that ever got right up and made the dust fly as it went out.

It only took the audience about ten seconds to vanish. The win blew a little around the corner and then the coat tails of the mayor and Common Council and prominent citizens on foot slapped against the door casing as the wearers went out. Several members of the Legislature and other distinguished persons leaped from their seats out through the door and then with a long easy stride stepped from the top of the stairs over into the middle Second street and ran for cover. It was an impressive scene when the brave men and fair women and the beauty and the chivalry of Estelle stood up and fought for the right of way through that door.