

The Millheim Journal,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
R. A. BUMILLER.
Office in the New Journal Building,
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

L. B. STOVER,
Auctioneer,
Madisonburg, Pa.

W. H. REIFSNYDER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. J. W. STAM,
Physician & Surgeon
Office on Penn Street,
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office opposite the Methodist Church,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM PA.

D. R. GEO. L. LEE,
Physician & Surgeon,
MADISONBURG, PA.
Office opposite the Public School House.

W. P. A. R. M. D.,
WOODWARD, PA.

B. O. DEININGER,
Notary-Public,
Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa.

W. J. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Having had many years' experience
the public can expect the best work and
most modern accommodations.

G. L. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,
Millheim, Pa.

J. H. ORVIS, C. M. BOWER, ORVIS L. ORVIS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
Office in Woodings Building.

H. STASTINGS & REEDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of
the office occupied by the late firm of Yocum &
Hastings.

J. C. MEYER,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

W. M. C. HEINLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts of Centre county
Special attention to Collections. Consultations
in German or English.

B. BEAVER & GEPHART,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street

BROCKERTHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

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

CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
EMANUEL BROWN,
PROPRIETOR

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

S. WOODS CALDWELL,
PROPRIETOR.
Good sample rooms for commercial Travel-
ers on first floor.

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 60.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 22., 1886.

NO. 28.

NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontinuance of
newspapers, the publishers may continue to
send them until all arrearages are paid.
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their
newspapers from the office to which they are sent
they are held responsible and shall have settled
the bills and ordered their copies discontinued.
If subscribers move to other places without in-
forming the publisher, and the newspapers are
sent to the former place, they are responsible.
ADVERTISING RATES.
1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
1/2 column 2 00 4 00 6 00 10 00 15 00
1/4 column 1 00 2 00 3 00 5 00 7 50
1 line 10 00 15 00 20 00 30 00 40 00
One inch makes a square. Advertisements
not exceeding 25 lines. Transient adver-
tisements and local notices 10 cents per line for first
insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional
insertion.

Coniston's Courtship.

John Gordon Annesley, Earl of Coniston, sat in the cabin of the Brighton boat, reading his evening paper. He had just folded and put in his pocket a long letter from his friend and partner, Sir Campbell Frazer, in which the gentleman announced that affairs at the Ranch of San Rosalie were going on perfectly, but that he must beg his "dear old Jack" to put off his sailing date just a fortnight, as he now found that he could not be in New York possibly before the close of the month (October) or later.

Coniston was in the midst of a frown over this piece of intelligence as he glanced over the paper. He hated America and Americans; he longed to put the sea between himself and this displeasing nation; he yearned for "shooting" and the Highlands; he scorned the gayeties of all the American watering places, and stopped at the Pavilion—solely, as he openly avowed, because Brighton was an English name for a place, and for the other reason that here he was within an hour of Pier 38 North River, and could step on board a Guoin boat at almost a moment's warning. Coniston, therefore, chafed under the affliction of an additional fortnight in the land of loathing. Albeit the Ranch of San Rosalie was adding a considerable number of thousands to his income, he still—just at this particular moment—wished it at bottom of the Red Sea.

Perhaps, too, he mingled with the afflictions of the exile some memories of Lady Cicely Howard, and the strange penance he had for her during the last London season.

However this may be, Coniston's vacant eye at this juncture took in a very neat little figure as it advanced in the cabin; it was followed by another—a plump, middle-aged lady's figure, much burdened with shawls and wraps, and evidently in deadly peril of a draught, for before seating itself, both the neat little figure and the plump duenna examined carefully the fastening of all adjacent windows.

"This one seems tightly closed, Aunt Dorinda," the girl said, in her clear, light voice.

"Horrible American tone, calculated to lacerate a fog!" mentally commented his lordship.

"No, Polly, no; I am sure—"
"Polly! ye gods!" soliloquized the earl. "Suggestive only of comic opera, milkmaids and parrots. And she has short hair!—he never could abide a short-haired woman. And she was small. Small women had always, from youth up, constituted his pet aversion! Dressed in brown: brown as a color was distressing, in fact it was no color at all! Coniston had all his nation's prejudice in favor of brilliant hues. She is alert, bright, vivacious; all that a woman should not be; what a contrast to Cicely, who was the perfection of languor, dreaminess and repose!—and yet Cicely was sometimes rather of a bore.

He wondered if this young person was a bore? Now that he inspected her, he observed that she had a certain reticence of face and manner that was wholly un-American. She had seen him looking at her, of course. By Joye! where was his paper? on the floor! and yet for some inscrutable reason she did not return his gaze squarely out of those large eyes of hers. It was strange! It struck Coniston as a remarkable fact, worth recording, that he had encountered one American girl who declined to reciprocate the delicate attentions of his eyes.

Why! there came Bradford! such a capital fellow for an American. Bradford knew her. She smiled at Bradford, and allowed him to sit beside her, and gave him her wrap to hold.

To be sure, Coniston remembered that he had always thought Bradford very much of a cad, and not a nice fellow by any means. And Bradford held her wrap, and they all went off the boat together in the friendliest sort of fashion, with the maid trotting after them with the satchels and dogs.

No, he had always had a special aversion for that Bradford! And as for small women, with short hair, dressed in brown—well, his disgust for them was not to be measured by any language.

Nevertheless, as Coniston willy argued with himself, "a man must fill up his time"; so, in an off hand way he just intimated to Bradford that he didn't care—if the opportunity offered—if he did introduce him to Mrs. Waddle and her niece, Miss Grey.

Bradford was apparently magnanimous; besides, he had never presented an earl to Grey before—and he did the deed with satisfaction to himself at least.

Miss Grey bowed slowly to Coniston, and then she turned her attention to a group of lady friends sitting near, leav-

ing Coniston to the agreeable knowledge that he was at liberty to salute her the next time he met her on the piazza or the corridor.

It didn't satisfy him. He went off and smoked a cigar, and conjured up Cicely in the fragrance of the Havana.

Even Cicely did not seem to be as completely a 'boon' as he had fancied she ought to be.

For five days he wandered up and down, and round and round the hotel, 'lounging,' he called it; but the more correct term to describe these peregrinations would be—politely chasing Polly Grey.

Finally he beheld her alone. Neither aunt nor Bradford nor friends—heaven be praised—were anywhere about.

He drew near the big rocker, where she sat with a book in her lap, and suddenly Coniston remembered that he should have to say something beyond 'good-morning,' and for the first time in forty-one years he actually wondered what it should be.

She spared him the attempt, however and glanced up, said:

"Ah! good-morning; you have been up in town, I suppose, ever since the day Mr. Bradford presented you?"

"Up in town?" This was too much, when he had followed her like a detective the entire time.

Coniston looked feebly at her, and then he laughed, and his fair face flushed as he ventured to sit down on the piazza-step at her feet. Polly glanced down inquiringly with steady, demure eyes.

"No," he cried. "Miss Grey, I've been most of the time about a yard and a quarter away from you; but you never seemed to see me!"

"How strange!" Polly says, wonderingly. "Most people would have seen you, now wouldn't they?"

"Women always have before," he assented, with a sigh.

"Then you must have rejoiced in a change, didn't you? Variety is so pleasant to an appetite varied by sameness!"

"No," he answers; "I didn't enjoy it at all. I'll tell you," he says, looking up at her with wide, clear eyes; "to be frank, I hate American women, and you're the only one who ever inspired me with the slightest—"

Coniston stops short; there is something in his listener's face that marks an unerring period in his reckless speech.

"Well?" she asks, sweetly and clearly. "—the slightest?"

The English language is Coniston's native tongue, but it fails him now; he feels the warm blood suffusing his face as his mind runs after an elusive woman.

"Ah, I see; there are some things so much better implied than expressed. But I am so matter-of-fact that I must translate your mute eloquence, Lord Coniston—"

At this moment Coniston is lost in calculating how many minutes he can stand this present temperature of his dead and face—into words, or a word—curiosity, eh? Come, be twice frank—is it not so?"

"You may christen it curiosity, and call it so, pro tem., if you choose, Miss Grey, but—"

The earl again falters.

"Oh!" cries the girl, with a little impatient wave of her hand, and throwing back her pretty blonde head; "how I abhor Englishmen! They are so in terror of even their minor emotions. A Frenchman, a German, an Italian, any other nationality in the world is ready and eager to put his flirtatious propensities into the most delicious language; but an Englishman?—she shudders—"she stops to wonder what he is about to feel, and lo! the emotion vanishes! ha! ha! ha!"

Miss Grey laughs a long, musical, ringing laugh.

Coniston looks at her, and he wonders if he has ever really seen her until this morning? She looks like the brightest part of sunshine as she sits there in it, mocking him.

"Perhaps we do avoid putting what you call our 'flirtatious propensities' into words; but if you will permit [me to say so, an Englishman is only too ready to speak out that which he really feels!"

watching Miss Grey floating about the ballroom principally with Bradford. He stalks out on the piazza, brilliant with lanterns, and then saunters to the other end, where it is comparatively quiet.

Polly sits there, and Bradford—Bradford!—is bending above her, he even has her hand; and now he goes in and leaves her.

Coniston is a madman as he rushes into the other man's place, and leans trembling over her chair. She is quite silent.

"It is I," he whispers, brokenly. "I know," she replies, softly.

"Oh, child!" cries he, "you must listen to me; I am a good-for-nothing sort of a fellow; I have had no religion, not anything, until I have known you, and now you are my shrine. It seems to me at your feet I should lay rare spices, perfumes, flowers, jewels—and all I dare lay there to-night is a human heart—a human life, Polly," he says, lowly stooping his blonde head to hers. "Will you have me?"

He sees her face as she upturns it in the flare of the last lantern; it is as he has never seen it—pale, stricken, awful, calm.

"Well!" she says, at last, with that clear, bright voice of hers, a trifle hard, a trifle matter-of-fact.

"I know, my soul! my queen! I love you and need you," cries he, over come by the sight of her pallor.

"I know," she answers quietly, "I appreciate, value your love; I would not have it otherwise; I should have been disappointed always if you had not loved me. Ah?" she says, looking at her hands, "I reveal in it."

And he had once thought this woman cold, superficial, unlikable.

"My darling!" Coniston says, reaching out his hand for hers.

"But," whispers the girl, drawing away in her silken wrap, "I—I—am engaged to be married to Eugene Bradford. I have been for two years!"

Sir Campbell Frazer had arrived from the West. The Arizona was to sail Tuesday, and both he and the Earl of Coniston were booked on her passenger list.

It was Monday night—'midsummer come again,' people said, lounging about the piazzas of the big hotel—warm, sultry, with great banks of blue-black clouds hovering above the golden rim of the west.

Bradford was up in town, detained by business, as Coniston had discovered. Miss Grey was sitting at the corner of the piazza. He went up to her for the first time since the night of the ball.

"May I sit down?" She looked assentingly.

"I am going to-morrow in the Arizona."

"I know," she answers, whitening. He wonders why, and Heaven help him! he gets up and goes away, when he would rather far have taken the frail, vivacious, alert little woman to his heart.

Presently he saunters back.

"Would you take a ride with me to-night? You know we shall never on earth see each other again. Would you?"

Her eyes flash, her lips quiver; she turns the ring on her finger back and forth.

"Yes," she says, quietly, "I will. I will get on my habit and be down presently."

They ride off—off into the green and silent country lanes, where the dew damps the air, and where the scent of the homestead flower gardens mingles with the breath of the sea as it comes to them.

They do not talk very much, nor yet ride fast. The twilight is gathering and the horses have their way.

Suddenly it grows dark—the blue-black clouds have crept over all the brightness of the heavens and hidden the harvest moon from sight.

their horses heads, 'besides, I—I love you; is it not strange?"

"Very. And you will not regret owning a fellow as—as helpless as I am, Polly?"

"No," she answers, thoughtfully, and looking at her by the lightning's frequent flash, he sees the strength, and warmth, and tenderness, and love, that he has need of.

"Polly," Coniston says, through the pelting rain, as they ride back to Brighton, "it seems to me as if my whole life had been an interrogation point and as if you were the blessed answer to it."

And so it fell out that the reverend pastor of St. Mary's was called upon to marry two drenched people that November night, and that the Earl of Coniston put off his sailing date another month.

The Boy Next Door.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Next to his big brother, for whom our boy entertains a feeling of boundless admiration, the person who has the most to do with educating him is the boy next door. We deny ourselves not only luxuries, but conveniences, that we may place our boy in the best school attainable; we are careful and assiduous with regard to his diet and his clothing, and the ventilation of his bedroom; yet we are often strangely indifferent as to the influence upon him of his familiar friend and playmate. The boy next door stands for the associate who sits beside him in the classroom, who shares his luncheon at the noon recess, with whom he walks to and from school. What do we know about the home atmosphere from which this boy comes, of the principles and code of manners which obtain in his father's house? Is he, like our boy, accustomed to hear the Bible quoted as the rule of daily living, and to see all mooted points brought rigidly to the test, "What would Jesus bid us do?"

It is a great advantage to our little man if he has a brother to whom he may look loyally and trustfully, and whose good example outweighs a myriad precepts. But suppose he himself is just now the only, or the biggest boy in the home; or, suppose the brothers are so far his seniors in age as to be removed from much sympathy with his pursuits? I remember to have heard an eminent physician say that, in his opinion, half the difficulties in family training would be surmounted, if only parents started their eldest children right.

"Let the first boy in the home be truthful and obedient," he said, "and the rest will naturally follow his lead." In the main, my friend's observation has been proved correct. Still, it is neither possible nor desirable to confine our little men to the home companionship, excluding every other, for childhood's world should be an introduction to the larger world beyond it, the world of thought, enterprise, and action.

When, not long ago, I heard a father remark that he must change the environment of a child who had grown up to the age of sixteen in hotels and boarding-houses, because he noticed a touch of forwardness, a certain loudness of tone about the child's manner, unbefitting youth and refinement, I felt like saying, "My dear sir, you are just sixteen years too late in your reformation. No quiet household life now will renew the bloom which the publicity of your previous arrangement has rubbed from the child's mind and manner."

None of us can afford to post-ponement attention to our children's friendships, for whether or not we accept it as a fact, we shall find on examination that the friendships of childhood often give bent to character and affect the entire life.

One of the sweetest, wisest, and most successful mothers of my acquaintance, makes it a point, always, of knowing the mothers of her children's school friends, and of maintaining some sort of social intercourse with them. Not necessarily on the plane of social equality, but in order that she may be assured that no injury to her children's morals shall come through intimacy with those of whom she knows nothing.

I believe in having the boy's play hours under tender mother-brooding, if not under minute mother-inspection. To insure quietude and order in the house, to keep carpets from wearing and paint from stain, many boys are allowed to go where they choose for recreation, the mother calmly satisfied if only they are out of her way. Shall I ever forget the plaintive despair of one little fellow, aged six, who came up stairs, his copper-toed boots emphasizing his desperation at every step.

"I have been in the library, and mamma doesn't want me; I have been in the nursery, and Mary won't have me; I have been in the kitchen, and cook has driven me out; there is no place in the house for me. I know what I'll do, I'll go into the street."

And into the street he went, to find what company he could. And the mother, lounging by the fire with a novel, or matching silks in her embroidery, was content to let him go.

In contrast to this, a little incident which came to my knowledge not long ago may be suggestive. The mother is a woman of many engagements and interests. She had spent a day in arduous work, and as the wintry twilight deepened she lay on the sofa in her fire-lit room, seeking a brief rest for mind and body. Presently she heard a step on the stairway outside, a soft, considerate step, unlike the usually precipitate progress of her twelve-year-old boy. "Darling," she called, "where are you going?"

"Oh, mamma, are you awake? I thought you were sleeping, and I did not want to disturb you. It's so dull in the house, I meant just to go out doors and loaf around awhile till dinner time."

"Come talk to me, dear, and we will not be dull," said the mother, feeling thankful that the opportunity had not escaped her. "I stopped him just in time," she said, gratefully.

A boy can have no better intimate friend after all than his own father. The beautiful confidence with which some sons approach some fathers, telling them not of their success only, but of their defeats, of their trials as well as their triumphs, is the best introduction that a child can have into the knowledge of the Heavenly Father's love.

True as it is, that many hard-working fathers have little time to spare for taking their children's measure, being so busy in bread-winning or in laying up money, that they delegate all their responsibilities to their wives, and are practically strangers to their boys; it is nevertheless a pity and an error. Worse, it is a sin. What shall the father, awakening too late to a sense of his blundering, urge except that old and fruitless excuse, "While Thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

Next to a father a good companion for a growing boy is sometimes to be found in such a guide, philosopher, and friend, as Jonas proved to Rollo. I wish children would still read the Rollo books, as they used to. It is hardly the fashion at present to praise anything didactic in the line of childish reading, but the Rollo books remain unapproached in their fitness for childish minds and hearts; and, over all the years that lie between us, I send my love to Jonas, as one of the best companions a little girl ever had, and the charming mentor of the little girl's brother.

Look well to the boy next door, if you desire your boy to grow in favor with God and man, even as he grows in stature.

Miscellaneous News.

Tin from Dakota.

First Shipment of the Ore from the Black Hills.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The first tin ore ever taken out in the Western Hemisphere arrived at the Northwestern Railway station to-day from the Black Hills, Dakota, on its way to New York. The importance of this fact will be better understood when it is stated that the United States now import \$30,000,000 worth of tin annually. The ore, which will reach this city to-day, is from the mines of a company doing business at Harney's Peak, in the Black Hills, and which, owing to the amount of money actually subscribed, and the fact that it has taken possession of the great tin deposits covering an area of 7,000 square miles, must be looked upon as the greatest mining company extant. Superintendent Bailey, of the Harney's Peak Company, who is in the city, said to-day:

"The tin belt is situated around the base of Harney's Peak, the highest point in the hills, with an altitude of 8,443 feet. This mountain is the granite core of the hills. The granite is 18 miles long north and south, by 13 wide east and west. Around the line of contact with that and the slates, in a circle of from two to four miles wide the tin belt exists. The outcrops of tin are simply enormous, varying in width from 10 to 200 feet, and appear above the surface from 500 to 3,000 feet. In some places they stand from 5 to 30 feet above the surface, so hard as to resist the elements. The geological condition is the same as that of Cornwall, England and other tin districts."

Starvation in Texas.

WEATHERFORD, Tex., July 15.—A telegram was sent to Congressman Latham yesterday at Washington, asking him to secure Government aid for the people of the drought-stricken regions of Texas. Hundreds of families are without the necessities of life.

120 Degrees in the Shade at Fort Keogh.

FORT KEOGH, Mont., July 15.—The mercury yesterday reached a maximum of 120 degrees in the shade. There has been no rain for a month.

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cure indigestion, heart burn, costiveness and all malarial diseases. Twenty-five cts. per bottle. Sold by J. Spigelmyer and D. S. Kauffman & Co., Millheim.

Hunting for a Panther.

A Savage Beast Prowling Around Carbon County—A Girl's Narrow Escape.

EASTON, Pa., July 14.—Miss Mary Christman, living two miles from Stony Creek, Carbon county, while on her way home yesterday from a visit to a friend, was chased by a large panther. She was walking on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at the time. The panther came from the side of the mountain, and she did not discover it until it was but a short distance from her. She ran to the house near by, reaching there in time to avoid being attacked. The animal was about two feet high and five feet long. The same panther chased a lot of berry-pickers on the mountain during the afternoon. They ran to Rockport and gave the alarm. Last evening several men, armed with rifles, started for the mountain to search for the beast, but up to noon to-day had not succeeded in capturing it. This is supposed to be the same panther that frightened the switchmen at Penn Haven a few weeks ago.

LOSSES BY STORMS.

Hail, Rain and Lightning in Lancaster County.

LANCASTER, Pa., July 15.—Parts of Lancaster county were visited by severe hail storms yesterday afternoon and evening, the most severe sweeping in a belt half a mile wide through Conestoga, East and West Lampeter, Strasburg, Leacock and Earl townships. The tobacco was badly cut, but luckily most of it is small, and time will repair that damage. Where the tobacco was well advanced, though, the damage is irreparable. The corn was cut and knocked down, and the oats was leveled to the ground as if a heavy roller had been drawn over the fields. Hailstones in Strasburg were two and one-half inches long and half an inch thick, and in New Holland they were nearly as large as a man's fist. O'Brien's circus tent in New Holland was flooded. It was pitched in a hollow, and the water was over a foot deep. Landis Brackbill's hog-pen in West Lampeter was struck by lightning, and five shoats were killed. Daniel Roether's barn, in West Earl, was struck by lightning and fired, but the neighbors extinguished the flames. A setting hen was killed, and the eggs were burned black.

Heavy Storm at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, July 15.—A terrible rain storm visited this city to-night. It was more severe in the western section, being a kind of waterspout, unroofing many houses on Stricker street and Harlem avenue. Harlem square had trees torn up by the roots and limbs of others were wrung off. On Fremont avenue nearly all the houses were flooded. The damage will be great. The storm broke at Hollins street and moved northward 10 blocks to Harlem avenue. Joists were caught up by the wind and hurled through the air, carrying the destruction to windows and in some instances knocking chimneys and bricks from the tops of buildings. At a late hour to-night some of the streets are impassable from the blockade of tin roofs and scantling. No personal injury was sustained as far as can be ascertained.

The Storm in Indiana.

MARION, Ind., July 15.—Reports of a wind, rain and hail storm which swept over this county on Tuesday show that the devastation was much greater than indicated by the first reports. In some places hail fell and covered the ground two inches, and in other places corn, oats and fruits are in a total loss. The corn stalks are stripped and broken. Oats are beaten flat on the ground, and the fruit is beaten from the trees. Wheat, which was nearly all in the shock, will, much of it, have to be gathered out of the woods and corn-fields where it was carried by the wind. Probably a hundred buildings in the county were unroofed or blown down. The damage is roughly estimated at \$75,000.

Crops Cut to Pieces in Illinois.

CHICAGO, July 15.—The growing crops of some 30 square miles of territory in Champaign, Condit, Hensley, and Tolono townships, Illinois, were considerably damaged by the hail storm of Tuesday night. Corn and other vegetation were literally cut to pieces. Thousands of panes of window glass were broken. The loss can not fall below \$100,000. The storm was accompanied by a whirlwind, and its effects are seen on territory six miles wide and twelve miles long.

Fruits and Crops Damaged in Ohio.

NEWARK, Ohio, July 15.—This city was visited by one of the most severest storms ever known yesterday. Over \$50,000 damage was done, the greatest loss being to the fruits and growing crops. Several business blocks had their roofs carried away. Men, women and children were terribly frightened. The storm was of about an hour's duration, the wind high, hail terrific, lightning fierce, and rainfall heavy.