

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.

# 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 29, 1886.

NO. 29.

NEWSPAPER LAWS. If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid. ADVERTISING RATES. 1 square 1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year. 1 column 7 10 15 20 25 30 40 50. One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors Notice \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

- A. HARTER, Auctioneer, MILLHEIM, PA. B. STOVER, Auctioneer, Madisonburg, Pa. W. H. REIFSNYDER, Auctioneer, MILLHEIM, PA. DR. J. W. STAM, Physician & Surgeon, Office on Penn Street, MILLHEIM, PA. DR. JOHN E. HARTER, Practical Dentist, Office opposite the Methodist Church, MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA. DR. GEO. L. LEE, Physician & Surgeon, MADISONBURG, PA. Office opposite the Public School House. W. P. ARD, M. D., WOODWARD, PA. B. O. DENINGER, Notary-Public, Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa. J. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber, Having many years' experience the public can expect the best work and most modern accommodations. Shop opposite Millheim Banking House MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA. GEORGE L. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber, Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor, Millheim, Pa. Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. done in the most satisfactory manner. Jno. H. Orvis, C. M. Bower, Ellis L. Orvis, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA., Office in Woodings Building. D. H. Hastings, W. F. 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. J. A. Beaver, J. W. Gephart, BEAVER & GEPHART, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA., Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. C. G. McMILLEN, PROPRIETOR. Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buses to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. CUMMINS HOUSE, BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA., EMANUEL BROWN, PROPRIETOR. House newly refitted and furnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Batesmodern- tonnage respectfully solicited. 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 Travelers on first floor.

## The Tramp's Flower.

'Booh! booh! And what you got there? Can't you give me a flower?' Lumple—that was the way her father called the chubby little girl—looked up out of the dark shadow of the vines, where her face resembled a white star. She wondered who it was that leaned over the fence and spoke to her. 'It is a big moon-face,' she said to herself, 'a lot of hair 'bout it. And, dear me, I wouldn't wear such an ornful old hat. And his case don't look very fresh and nice, one bit.' While Lumple was painting the stranger's portrait, he was looking up at the sky, and holding out his hand to the wind to find out the drift of the latter, and make a weather-guess. He now turned and asked again: 'Say, Sis, won't you give me a posy?' Lumple picked a bright nasturtium and gave it to him. 'That's a good one, and I'd rather have it than a lump of gold, Sis.' 'My papa don't call me Sis.' 'Don't he? Well, what does he say?' 'Lumple.' 'Lumple! He beats all at namin' folks; don't he?' 'You got a papa?' 'Not that I know of. Why, Lumple, if he were livin', he'd be as old as that tree back of you, and that would fetch the tree up to seventy years, sure.' 'You got a mamma?' continued Lumple, as if taking the census. 'No the old woman's she's gone'— 'Old ooman?' 'My—my—mother.' 'She gone?' 'Yes.' 'Gone yare?' 'Where heaven is. Don't you know?' 'I spect it's up, up 'bove dat spooce tree, somevare.' 'That's where she is a singin' cherub there, these twenty years.' 'Vare's your home?' 'Home?' The tones were sad, pitifully sad. 'Where's your home?' 'Here, vare papa and mamma are.' 'Where mother is, that's my home. I wish it was, Well, Sis—Lumple, your flower may help me get there.' 'Moye on!' suddenly called out a gruff voice. 'Don't block the sidewalk! Move on!' In an instant, the moon face, the big lot of hair, the old hat and seedy coat which Lumple had been looking at—all vanished, an then appeared a man wearing a blue coat and silver badge, who strutted along and wrapped on the fence with his billy in an important way. Lumple now ran into the house and was met by Aunt Salome, who was keeping house for her brother since the beginning of his wife's sickness. 'Lumple, whom were you talking with?' 'I dunno. He didn't have very nice cose, and hasn't a home.' 'A tramp! Horrors!' 'Tamp?' 'Yes. Sakes alike!' 'I give him a flower!' 'What kind? Not one of those beautiful dahlias?' 'A nasturtium, all yaller. Only he said 'twas gold.' 'I warrant; for that's what he is after.' 'He's a good man, 'cause he said suskin about his old mumma's home in Heaven.' 'Good? I don't want any of his goodness. Ce-phus!' Aunt Salome had now rushed to a back kitchen window, from which she could look out upon the garden where toiled Lumple's father, Cephas Bixby. His face no more resembled his sister's thin, wiry, nervous visage than a shingle. 'Ce-phus! Ce-phus! Why don't you hear me?' 'I hear you. What is it?' 'Who do you suppose is round?' 'Folks say I am,' and here Cephus mischievously contemplated his plump, round body. 'Now, don't plague me. Who do you s'pose has been on the garden fence?' 'A fly, I guess.' Cephas here referred to Aunt Salome's great summer horror. 'Salome, there has been one special fly that I know for two days has been watching your screens and trying to get in. Get in! If I am ever hungry, may I not be a fly trying to get by your screens?' 'You are too bad, Cephus. It was a tramp; and I'm goin' to complain of him at the police-station.' 'Oh! let him go. I dare say the police have seen him; and in fact one went by here only five minutes ago.' 'Well, I'm goin' to make sure and enter the complaint. I know he's spotted the house, and to-night he'll break in here. There's no tellin' what

## JACOB.

TWO WOMEN AND A HORSE. It is now nearly three weeks since we took a horse to keep. The family to whom he belonged were going to spend the summer in Europe. We knew the Fletchers slightly. They called on us to see if we would entertain Jacob, their faithful steed. They said they knew if we had him they should rest easy; and they knew that our horse was lame now, and perhaps we might like to use Jacob for his keep. Afterwards we found out that though the Fletchers might rest easy, we could not. We thought well of this proposition. We decided we would have Kentucky's shoes taken off and put her in our pasture back of the barn. When these people drove over from the town where they live, they did not drive their own horse, but came with a neighbor. It happened that we had never seen the horse that we were to take until he came on the day his family left for New York to take the steamer. A man in a very narrow open buggy drove into our yard. Hitched to his wagon behind him was an iron-gray horse so tall that it made one gasp to look at him. It was not that he was so very heavy, but that his legs and neck were so long. Now we know enough to be aware that it is not a good sign to see too much daylight under a horse's. One could see half the firmament under Jacob. The old man grinned as he said he guessed this was the old Barton place. We said it was. 'Well,' he responded, jumping down from his seat and beginning to untie the halter which was fastened to the rear of his buggy. 'Wall, I've brought ye this 'ere railroad bridge, ye see.' My sister and I both stood with our heads thrown back, gazing. I immediately suggested that it might be well to lead the horse home again. I didn't believe we could take care of him, and my sister added that we had had no experience in the wants of a dromedary, or even of a giraffe. The man grinned still more. 'Can't take him back,' he said; 'his folks have gone. Hadn't ye ever seen this critter before?' Then he laughed, and laughed so long that he began to be angry. Jacob, meanwhile, had begun to graze. I saw he had kind eyes; there was no vicious appearance about him. My sister remarked that if she had money enough to travel in Europe she thought she should afford to sell Jacob, where upon the man went off into another laugh, and I asked sternly how many tricks he had. As soon as possible I was told that he hadn't any tricks; he was a perfect horse, so far as he knew. The Fletchers set such store by him they wouldn't sell him at no price, and they thought we women folks would appreciate him. Having said this with great solemnity and emphasis, he put the end of the halter into my hand, placed his foot on the hub of the wheel, and sprang over into his buggy. As he drove away we saw him swaying with laughter, and he kept looking behind at the group he had left. It was a good while before either of us spoke. Our Gordon setter now walked up from somewhere, glanced at us, and walked away again, as if washing his hands of this affair. 'I guess we'll put him into the barn,' I said cheerfully after a while. 'You go in and turn Kentucky out.' 'Gertrude did as she was told. In a moment I saw our horse walk out of the west door into the pasture. She had a loose box, and it was into this that I now led Jacob. The box was not the largest kind, but it was roomy enough for Kentucky to turn round in, and she was a good-sized animal. It never occurred to us that this apartment was not large enough for any horse, or if it was not, that any horse of sense would try to turn round in it. We closed the door and stood a moment, asking each other what we were going to do. We said we hated the Fletchers. We said we hoped they would drown; but we withdrew that wish for two reasons; first, because if they drowned we should have to keep Jacob forever; secondly, because the wish was wicked. As we walked toward the house we heard a great noise of hoofs, and then an ominous stillness, in which we fancied was a kind of choking sound. We ran back and flung open the box door. There was Jacob describing a curve across the room, his hind-quarters being one end and his head the other, both extremities being pressed so hard against either partition that he was curv'd nearly into a half circle, and appeared to be smothering, so twisted was his neck. 'Run for a man!' I cried out, looking wildly round for something, I knew not what. My sister started, while I recklessly caught up a whip and went at the horse, flourishing it across his back. He made a tremendous movement and curv'd up still more; so much so that he released himself and stood head toward me. I ran after Gertrude and told her to come back that we did not want a man; the horse had turned round. She did not hear at first, and I screamed still louder that we did not want any man. Now she heard, and turned, walking with great slowness and dignity toward me. Something in her aspect made me look about, and I saw a gentleman within a few feet of me. He did not attempt to disguise his marriage. He said it did not appear to be a good time for him to call, and he would go on. He was not urged to stay, but he was invited to call some other time and see the horse that we had taken to keep. As soon as possible we hurried into the barn and found Jacob with his head in the meal barrel. We pulled him out and decided that he could not be loose in his box, so we tied him to the manger just as if he had been in a stall. He was all right, and he being sure that we placed hay and oats before him and left him. The night passed quietly. When I went to the barn in the morning I saw plainly that I had not fed the horse enough. He had eaten everything I had given him, all the bedding, and about one-half of the manger, which was made of thick pine plank. Also a low hole was gnawed out in the partition. I hastened to give him his breakfast, and I gave him in my anxiety three times as much as the usual quantity. I told my sister what I had discovered, and she informed me that we should have to have our stable and eating-box lined throughout with zinc, for it was not because Jacob was hungry, it was because he was a 'cribber' that he had done this thing. She proved to be right. In less than a week we had the zinc put on, and only barely in time then to save the walls and foundation. I watched the horse once; I saw him take hold of the wood and pull and gnaw. He was lost and bewildered when he could not do that. I think it was for lack of this occupation that he got into trouble the very first night after his dwelling was repaired. We were awakened about midnight by a noise which at first we could not place; but of course as we had had no real freedom since Jacob had come, we immediately thought he was the cause of it. We dressed hurriedly, lighted the lantern and went out into the summer night, which was full of sweet odors and the hum of insects. A whippoorwill was singing on the grindstone under the cherry tree as we opened the back door. When we reached the stall our hearts sank. There were no hay racks spread out, with yards and yards of hind legs on the floor behind him. He was not struggling now, he was lying perfectly still, his head on its side. Although we had never seen a horse like this before, we were sure that he was in a fit. I ran to our nearest neighbor. I ruthlessly pounded and called until he came to the window, when I informed him that the gray horse was in a fit, and would he come right up? He said he would, and I ran back, being perfectly breathless and helpless when I reached home. Gertrude was sitting on a stool behind the horse, looking at him. He lay just the same. 'He is coming,' I said, and sank down on the meal chest. 'I wouldn't run myself to death,' she said. 'I don't know that it is required of us that we give our lives for this horse, though his family are in Europe. I wish they were here with us, gazing at their pet.' The man came. He said the horse was not in a fit. He was well enough; he was only cast. 'Only cast!' cried my sister. 'What more would you have? How long does a horse stay cast?' 'What you want is a good plank,' said our neighbor. We found a good plank. He laid one end of it over Jacob's hind legs, and there was ample opportunity so to do; then he directed Gertrude and me to get on the plank and stand firmly, while he went in the stall. We did not see what he did, we were too much occupied with what we were doing, for we obeyed him. Immediately there was a movement, a lurch, an upheaval. The legs were drawn up, and we flew off across the barn. Gertrude's nose began to bleed, but I only sustained general bruises, which I counted as nothing. The horse was standing. 'I guess he's all right now,' says our friend. 'F'it him up so high he can't get his head down; if he can't do that he can't lie down. I guess he tried to roll. Better put him in a narrower stall. Too much room. Horses don't try to roll in narrer stalls.' When daylight came we harnessed our own horse and went for a carpenter to make a narrer stall. He used it after it was made more than half a dozen times. We turned Jacob out to pasture and drove Kentucky, lame though she was. The reason why we did this was because to harness Jacob was more than we were able to do often. At our first attempt he got away from us six times as we tried to put his bridle on. The instant we slipped off his head he flung up his head even higher than usual, mountain high it seemed to us, and went out of doors if he could, or back into his stall. One of us led him out, the other stood on a chair with the bridle in complete readiness to put it on his head. No, his teeth were shut hard, and his hind legs, so far as we were concerned, hid off. Only those who have tried it on a hot summer day know how exasperated and how helpless we were. But we did succeed. Then we went into the house and rested. When we came out the sight of the horse attached to a low phaeton made us feel that our labor was thrown away. He looked higher than ever; he was monstrous. He would have looked tall in a T-cart or an omnibus. When we sat down and I took the reins, they came to me from such a height, and descended so far before they reached the little dash-board, that I was ashamed. I think we had sufficient reason for putting Jacob to pasture. He tumbled down walls and fences, but we are in comparative peace. When Mrs. Fletcher reached Liverpool she wrote that she hoped we were enjoying that dear horse, and she knew we should be kind to him. She felt perfectly easy about him.—N. Y. Tribune.

## A FIENDISH WOMAN.

Barbarious Treatment By a Foster Mother. A Little Boy Subjected to the Most Outrageous and Inhuman Cruelties—The Husband Afraid to Interfere. DETROIT, Mich., July 22.—Colonel T. C. Hudson is a well-known Detroit. He is entry clerk in the Custom House here, and lives with his wife in good style at No. 140 Locust street. A tremendous sensation was caused yesterday by the application of a neighbor named Mrs. J. J. England to the Probate Court to appoint C. M. Stocking guardian of Clarence, the 5-year-old foster child of Colonel and Mrs. Hudson. Mr. Stocking is the agent of the Humane Society, and the proceedings were taken on the advice of the society. Mrs. Hudson is charged with the most inhuman treatment of the child. The story of her brutality is a narrative that would be incredible if not proved by the testimony of a former domestic in the Hudson family and other eye-witnesses, including Mr. Hudson himself, who seemed utterly unable to prevent it. He declared yesterday that the 'pure devilishness' of his wife rendered it impossible for him to interfere with her torture of the lad. One of her favorite modes of punishment, the domestic says, was to double him up, with his head between his legs, tie him in that position, place him in the bath-tub and then turn the water on him. If he kicked or squirmed she would take him out and beat him until his back was black and blue. Another method of punishment was to tie his hands behind his head and place him in a dark cellar, where she would keep him for hours at a time. If the boy told Mr. Hudson when he came home of what had occurred Mrs. Hudson would give him a worse punishment the next day. The boy was on several different occasions made to stand in the corner of the room with his face pushed up against the wall for hours at a time. Mrs. Hudson would sit where she could see him, and every once in a while would call out, 'Push harder; I can tell when you are not pushing hard,' and the suffering child would push so hard that his nose would be almost flattened out. Another method of torture was to make the boy bite his own tongue, and Mrs. Hudson would compel him to do this until his tongue would swell

## Innocent Childhood.

'Tain't so,' triumphantly exclaimed Bobbie from his perch on top of a chair gazing down at Algernon's head. 'What is not true,' doubtfully asked his sister Maud. 'Why, you said Algwy was so green that grass was growing from the top of his head, and (determinedly) there ain't any here.' How Maud explained the situation is unknown.—Detroit Free Press. Settled It. Grandpa was telling about some one who was very heavy for his size, and he said: 'He is the biggest man I ever saw for his size.' At this all smiled, so he tried it again. 'I mean he is the heaviest person for his weight I ever knew.' Then, after a pause, 'What are you all laughing at?' and grandpa walked off in indignation. Of Interest to Ladies. The new treatment for ladies' diseases discovered by Dr. Mary A. Gregg, the distinguished English Physician and nurse, which has revolutionized the entire mode of treating these complaints in England and is now being introduced into the U. S., under a fair novel plan. Sufficient of this remedy for one month trial treatment is sent free to every lady who is suffering from any disease connected with the female system. No trial packages will be sent after Aug. 1st, 1886. Address, GREGG REMEDY COMPANY, PALMIRA, N. Y. A Brigadier General of the late war is pursuing the humble though honorable avocation of street car driver.

## NEIGHBORS.

MR. J. A. McDONALD, Reedsville, Pa. DIED AT SEA.—Some time ago I had a severe attack of chronic diarrhoea. Could obtain no relief. A friend gave me a part of a bottle of your 'Curtis' Carmelite Cordial, and a few doses entirely cured me. The balance of the bottle went around among the neighbors. Since then I have written to New York and Philadelphia for the medicine but could not procure it. I traced up the bottle we had and found it was purchased of Mr. Jacob Cowan, merchant in Altoona, and from him obtained your address. Please forward me one dozen bottles by express at once, as I do not wish to be without it in my family and wish to sell it in my store. Single bottle Curtis' Carmelite Cordial guaranteed to cure any case of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, cramps, pains and all irritation of the bowels incident to change of climate, diet and water. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents. Sold by J. Eisenhut, Millheim, Pa.