

**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.  
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# 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, SEPTEMBER 16., 1886. NO. 36.

**ADVERTISING RATES**

1 square	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year
	\$2.00	\$7.00	\$18.00	\$30.00	\$55.00
1/2 column	1.00	3.50	9.00	15.00	27.50
1/4 column	.50	1.75	4.50	7.50	13.75
1 line	.125	.40	1.00	1.75	3.25

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Good sample rooms for commercial Travelers on first floor.

**CLEAR GRIT.**

About thirty years ago said Judge P., I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography. 'Plenty of them,' was the salesman's reply. 'How much do they cost?' 'One dollar my lad.' 'I did not know they were so much.' He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back. 'I have got sixty-one cents,' said he; 'could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?' How eagerly his bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. 'And what now?' I asked. 'Try another place, sir.' 'Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?' 'O yes, if you like,' said he in surprise. Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused. 'Will you try again?' I asked. 'Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one.' We entered the fifth store and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had. 'You want the book very much?' said the proprietor. 'Yes, very much.' 'Why do you want it so very much?' 'To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the place where he used to go.' 'Does he go to these places now?' asked the proprietor. 'He is dead, said the boy, softly; then he added after awhile, 'I am going to be a sailor, too.' 'Are you, though?' said the gentleman, raising his eyebrow curiously. 'Yes, sir, if I live.' 'Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents.' 'Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?' 'Yes, just like the new ones.' 'It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places.' The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil, and some clean white paper in it. 'A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark,' said the bookseller. 'Thank you sir; you are very good.' 'What is your name?' 'William Havelly.' 'Do you want any more books?' I now asked him. 'More than I can ever get, he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves. I gave him a bank note. 'It will buy some for you,' I said. 'Tears of joy came to his eyes. 'Can I buy what I want with it?' 'Yes, my lad, anything.' 'Then I will buy a book for mother,' said he. I thank you very much, and one day hope I can pay you back.' He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him; and it was many years before I saw him again. Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm, that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the

**SLAKES IN TROUBLE.**

**How an Old Farmer Cleaned Out an Army of Black Snakes.**

Mr. Weller, residing about two miles south of Middleburg, at the foot of Shade Mountain, while engaged in clearing a piece of new ground on his farm on Thursday of last week, was terribly annoyed by the number of black snakes on the patch. Some he killed but a great many escaped his brush fork, and nearly all ran in the direction of a large brush pile in the corner of the patch and close to a bank over a spring which was covered by a thick growth of underbrush. He concluded to investigate matters a little and it did not take him long to satisfy himself that he had struck a colony of the reptiles which had taken harbor under the pile of dry brush. He noticed a particularly large one basking in the sun a few yards from the place, and he proceeded to get a rail from the fence with which to despatch it, but in doing so he broke one of the stakes on the fence. The noise caused by the breaking of the stake evidently aroused the sleeping reptiles, and he witnessed a perfectly volley of snakes darting from under the thick underbrush into the brush pile. He stood riveted to the spot with astonishment, and looking up saw no less than twenty snakes of all sizes striking their heads out of the brush pile. Remembering that he used a bundle of long straw for a seat on his "stone boat," he hastened to get it, and setting it on fire cast it over the brush. In an instant the whole pile was one blaze, and he then witnessed a scene which he says no one would ever care to behold again. The heat was so intense that none of the reptiles could possibly escape, and they rolled out of it black, blinded, and scorched, biting at everything they touched, and in most instances died with their fangs fastened in their own charred bodies—evidently preferring suicide to death in the flames. Some darted from the outside into the fire, madly striking at the flames, until their bright black coats had been turned into an ashen gray by the heat. In fifteen minutes a smouldering stump was all that was left of the brush pile. He was about to leave the spot, when he ventured to look into the stump, which was hollow, where, covered by a thin layer of ashes, lay no less than a bucketful of snakes, resembling huge sausages in a large crock, roasted just hard enough to cause the flesh to drop off.

**Waiting for the Train.**

Gentle reader, did you ever notice the man who is waiting for the train? He walks into the depot, and after wandering around and gazing at all the time-tables, sits down with a sigh and begins to read his paper; but before he has had time to read an item about a man being bitten to death by New Jersey mosquitoes, he is on his feet again. He hurries up to the ticket office and inquires: "Is there a train for New Haven at 11:30?" "Yes, sir." Then he goes back to his seat again, but suddenly he looks up again at the clock, and hurries again to the ticket office with the inquiry, "Is that clock right?" "Yes, sir." "Thanks." Here he wanders out on the platform and walks up and down a few times, but the impulse is too strong and he again approaches the peddler of tickets. "I suppose the train is on time, today?" "Yes, sir." "All right; thank you." This time he goes to where he left his gripsack and paper and moves them to another seat, and having arranged them to his satisfaction he again nears the ticket window. "Is that ice water in the cooler over there?" "Yes, sir." "Much obliged. You say the train is on time?" "Yes, sir." "And you're sure about the clock being right?" "Yes, sir." "There is—that my train coming in now?" "Yes, sir." "All right; thanks." And then the patient ticket agent closes the window and sits down to wait for the next fiend who wants to take the train.

**Not Used to Being Commanded.**

Owing to the royal dinner party at Hurlingham on Saturday, the Prince of Wales was unable to be present at the debuts of Mrs. Mackintosh and Miss Steer. Apropos of the dinner, an amusing incident took place in the afternoon, which proves that our transatlantic cousins have much still to learn with regard to court etiquette. The Princess of Wales, having previously met and admired the recitation of the latest pretty American export, graciously requested her presence at dinner that evening, upon which the fair reciter expressed her regret at not being able to accept the honor offered her, urging as an excuse that she had promised to chaperon some young ladies to Mrs. Mackintosh's debut. Her Royal Highness replied, with a quiet smile of amusement: "Then I am afraid you must get your friends to kindly excuse you, for I shall expect you," and left the free-born American to discover that royal wishes in this country are commands.—London World.

The bill collector's work is always dull before he gets his pay.

**George Hearst and the Drunkard.**

Senator Hearst is not mean, on the contrary, he is generous with his money, but he is not in the habit of releasing his grip on a dollar until he knows where it is going. For instance:— "Please, sir, will you assist a poor man who is out of work, and has a family depending upon him?" The inquiry was made by a fellow, who darted out of a dark doorway near the senator's newspaper office, one evening last winter. The senator turned a watery eye on the beggar, saw his unshaven face, his shabby raiment, and unwashed, shabby hands. "So you've got a family, have you? Where do you live?" "Round on Pacific street, sir." "Go ahead and take me there. If you ain't lyin' I'll do the square thing, pardner." The man had a family, sure enough. He showed the senator into a foul room in the third story of a rookery. There were three children, a decent looking woman and a sewing machine. The woman wept when questioned. They were very poor, and often hungry. All their troubles came from the drunkenness of the husband. The culprit sullenly owned to the truth of this statement. "All right," said Uncle George, rising. He gave the woman a sum of money that made her speechless. "Come along with me," said Hearst to the husband, who obeyed with alacrity. At the next corner the senator turned the amazed man over to a policeman. "Good this fellow for vagrancy," said the philanthropist. "I'll appear against him to-morrow. He's been striking me for a piece." "Now, you," said Uncle George next day, when he had secured a sentence of three months for the loafer, "if you have a mind to be decent when you get out, come to me and I'll give you a show." And the man, three months later, did come. Uncle George sent him and his family to one of his ranches, where, to do the fellow justice, he has avoided the bottle and behaved himself. "I ain't opposed to drinkin'," the senator is given to remarking. "If a man can afford it, all right; but when he can't I go in for sendin' him to jail."

**How She Won Him.**

"Confession seize all the houses, say I," roared Squire Clingly, striding up and down his snug little library like a wild animal in its den. "Taxes, repairs, insurance, and a 'to let' always hung up on the front door. I say, Foxwell, eh? What is it? A tenant for Rose Lodge?" "A tenant, squire, responded Mr. Foxwell, the real estate agent, seating himself. "Wishes to take possession to-morrow," said Mr. Foxwell. "Will pay \$50 quarterly, in advance. Lease three to five years. Best of reference. A widow lady." "I suppose she must have it," said the squire. "After a house has stood empty for three years I can't afford to stand on trivial objections. But there is one thing I want understood first—she must not expect me to call on her." "All right squire," said Mr. Foxwell, carelessly. "A red-faced virago of 40, I don't doubt," muttered the squire to himself, "who has nagged one husband into the other world and is on the lookout for another; I'll give her a wide berth." So Mrs. Applegate arrived with a bouquiere piano, a mimic aviary, a pool, a whole conservatory of plants, and established herself in Rose Lodge without ever having looked upon the face of the landlord. The squire had gone out one sultry July afternoon to see about the cutting down of some trees on the edge of the swamp, when he heard a little feeble cry for help from the adjoining pasture-field. "Hello!" said the squire to himself; "what's up now?" Scrambling over the wall, the squire came face to face with a pretty, pale-checked girl of 18 or 19, who was perched half-way up the stone-fence, in mortal terror of a huge and belligerent looking bull, who stood up in the middle of the field. The squire burst out laughing. "You silly child," said he. "Don't you see that he is tethered to the ground. He can't get away." She was very pretty, with curly rings and tendrils of silvery hair, a complexion of clear olive, and dusky, glittering eyes! "My dear," said he, "it's natural enough. But you shouldn't be out here alone by yourself. Tell your mother to take better care of you. Where do you live?" "At Rose Lodge," she faltered. "I will walk home with you. What did you come out for—butternuts or butterflies?" he asked, good-humoredly.

**'I came out for a little walk.'**

'I came out for a little walk,' said she, shyly. 'I—I don't know who you are.' 'I am Mr. Clingly.' 'The squire?' 'Yes, so they call me. Why, what is there so strange about that?' he asked, noticing the quick change on her face. 'I've heard of the squire,' said the dark-eyed damsel. 'And I somehow formed the idea that he was cross and elderly. But you—' And here she checked herself in evident confusion. 'Well, I'm not young,' said the squire, laughing, 'and I can be cross. But you needn't be afraid, my child. I shall not be cross with you. Would you like to cross the high road through my rose gardens? I assure you that they are well worth looking at.' 'Oh, indeed, I should be quite delighted!' said the young lady, her dimpled face lighting up all of a sudden. 'A pretty little creature,' said the squire, when his visitor had gone home with both hands full of gorgeous white and crimson blossoms. 'I really think I must call upon the Applegates. I never saw fairer eyes in my life, and she has a voice like a flute. Yes, I'll call! I'll certainly call and see if there's anything more needing doing to make that rattle-trap of a place comfortable.' 'Well, squire,' said Mr. Foxwell, that afternoon when he came in for his usual chat, 'how do you like the widow?' 'The widow! What widow?' 'Mrs. Applegate, to be sure.' 'I haven't seen Mrs. Applegate.' 'Why, yes you have!' 'I'll thank you not to contradict me,' the squire said, waxing choleric. 'I have not seen Mrs. Applegate.' 'Man alive!' cried out the agent, forgetting his respect in his eagerness, 'she was walking with you in the rose-garden this morning.' The squire looked surprised. 'Mrs. Applegate! Was that pretty child Mrs. Applegate?' 'Herself, and none other.' 'Why, she isn't 18.' 'I beg your pardon, 18 years and 6 months. She told me so herself.' 'The deuce!' said the squire. 'Why that business has a widow to be so young and pretty! Well, anyhow, I'm going over to the lodge to call this afternoon.' He was as good as his word. Well, any reader of the great book of human nature can easily guess the rest. The squire had kept himself absolutely aloof from feminine society so long that the first relapse into it possessed all the zest and sparkle that he imagined had departed with his lost youth. Mrs. Applegate was pretty, alone, and poor. The squire was rich, not bad looking, and able to converse well. And so when their engagement was publicly made known in the autumn nobody was much surprised.

**IT WAS NOT A SUCCESS.**

**An Experiment Which Was Not Entirely Satisfactory.**

Just before Eckson and his wife started on their bridal tour, Eckson said: "We want to show people that not all newly-married people are silly." "Yes, we do, Henry." "Now, when we get on the train, let us not pay any attention to each other." "All right." "We'll lean apart from each other and act as if we have been married for years, won't we?" "Yes, O, I tell you what would be the funniest idea in the world, Henry. We'll take different seats, and after a while we'll get acquainted. Won't that be nice?" "First-class, splendid." When they boarded the train they took opposite seats. Henry took up a newspaper, and Mollie looked at the wavering landscape. After a while Henry looked up and saw the conductor sitting with Mollie. Henry chuckled. "Thinks she's in love with him, I reckon," the bridegroom mused. "Believe I'll go forward and take a smoke." His cigar must have been unsatisfactory, for he soon threw it away and resumed his seat opposite his wife. The conductor was telling an amusing story, and Mollie was laughing gleefully. She did not even look at her husband. "This is playing it a little too fine," Henry mused. "I like to see good acting, but she acts a little too well." The train stopped at a station, and the conductor got up and went out, but returned immediately and again sat down by Mollie. Just then a young woman came along and asked Henry if she could share his seat. He gladly consented, musing that he could play even with his wife. A few moments later, while he was busily talking, he saw, with a sweetened thrill of revenge, that his wife was looking at him. At the next station the young woman got off the train, and when the conductor went out Henry sat down by Mollie. "I don't know what you want to sit down here for," she snapped. "Why didn't you get off the train with—?" "What do you want to talk that way for, precious?"

**'Precious nothing! Go on, I don't want you here.'**

'Precious nothing! Go on, I don't want you here.' 'I suppose you would rather talk to the conductor?' 'I'd rather talk to anybody that will treat me with respect.' 'Now, darling—' 'Darling nothing. I'm going to get off the train and go home, that's what I'm going to do. I'm not going to live with you, that's what I ain't, and when pa asks me why, I'm going to tell him that you didn't treat me with respect. You don't love me, and never did. You used to let on like you did, but you don't even do that any more.' 'Mollie—' 'Mollie nothing. Go on, I don't want you here.' 'Now, don't be foolish. You know how you carried on with the conductor—never saw him before, either.' 'The mischief I haven't! He's my uncle. I was going to introduce you to him, but I didn't want him to know that we were married until just before we got off the train.' 'Mollie!—' 'What?' 'Won't you forgive me?' 'I ought not to, you are so mean.' 'I was jealous and—' 'Jealous?' 'Yes.' 'I didn't know you loved me enough to be jealous.' 'But I do. Don't you love me just a little?' 'Yes, more than you do me.' 'No.' 'Yes.' 'No you don't, precious.' 'Yes I do, darling.' 'If these people were not looking I'd kiss you.' 'Henry, after a short silence, remarked: "It's none of their business." "Put your head on my shoulder. There." He put his arm around her, and when he thought that no one was looking, kissed her. "Do you love me?" she asked. "I adore you." "You make me awfully happy." "You will live with me, won't you?" "Yes, always. We like the old-fashioned bridal tour the best, don't we?" "And we don't care how many people are looking, do we?" "No." "And if they don't like it they can get off the train, can't they?" "Yes, and you will live with me, won't you?" "I couldn't live without you." "I couldn't live without you, either." "Because you love me, don't you?" "Yes, and because you love me, don't you?" Just then a man got up, opened his valise, took out a piece of cake, handed it to Henry, and said: "It's yours. Take it." "I don't want it." "But you have earned it." "I won't have it." "The man threw the cake on the seat, and as he made a break for the forward car, said: "That's the sickest bridal affair I ever saw, and I used to be a captain of a steambot."—Arkansas Traveler.

**An N. F. At A Type Case.**

It is related of the second Mr. Walter, of the London Times, that in Spring of 1883 shortly after his return to Parliament as a member for Berkshire, he was at the Times office one day when an express arrived from Paris, bringing the speech of the King of the French on the opening of the Chambers. The express arrived at 10 A. M., after the day's impression of the paper had been published and the editors and the compositors had left the office. It was important that the speech should be published at once, and Mr. Walter immediately set to work upon it. He first translated the document; then, assisted by one compositor, he took his place at the type case and set it up. To the amazement of the staff who dropped in about noon, he found Mr. Walter, M. P. for Berks, working in his shirt-sleeves. The speech was set and printed, and the second edition was in the city by one o'clock. Had he not 'turned to' as he did, the whole expense of the express service would have been lost. And it is probable that there was not another man in the whole establishment who could have performed the double work—intellectual and physical—which he that day executed with his own head and hands.

**A Very Moderate Fee.**

The smallest fee on record was received by one of the Van Buren (Ark.) attorneys had some papers drawn up. When the work was finished he asked what the bill was. The man of law replied: "Just what you think is right." To his astonishment the man handed him a one and a two cent piece.

of the tempest, ordered every man to his post. It was surprising to see those men bow to the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked if there was any hope. He looked at me and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said rebukingly: 'Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above the water; and then I shall abandon the vessel and not before; nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand every one of you, at the pumps.' 'Three during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board and we went to work again. 'I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool, said he, 'if you will be men.' And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessing of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. As I passed he grasped my hand and said: 'Judge P., do you recognize me?' I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship. 'Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?' 'Very well, sir; William Havelly.' 'I am he,' said he. 'God bless you.' 'And God bless noble Captain Havelly.'—Baptist Union.