

Charles & Gephart

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The Millheim Journal

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Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,
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Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, &c. done in the most satisfactory manner.
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HASTINGS & 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,**
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- BROOKERHOFF HOUSE,**
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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.,
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House newly refitted and refurbished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Rates moderate. Tronage 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 Two Charity Boys.

"Daniel, I tell you the best thing we can do is to adopt some little boy, and bring him up as our own. Here we are, you and me, in Missouri, hundreds of miles from kith or kin, among persons as was a time ago unknown to us. We've worked and scratched and saved until we've a nice home as the whole of Clinton holds. Now, then, Daniel, when we get old and stiff, who's there to take care of it? Do you remember the day when we came here from Fulton? I reckon you haven't forgot it no more than I. We drove that pair of mules you bought of Joe Smith. They were the balkeest critters anyone ever drove. Them were the only horses we had then, and everything else was packed in one load. Daniel wasn't it in our lower creek them 'ere mules kept us a whole night?"

"No, it was in Ford's creek, about a mile from here," answered Daniel. "You remember, Keziah, that you kept fussing and worrying all the way, for fear we wouldn't be home before night. Just before we got to that creek I told you we'd be home in less than an hour. I didn't calculate then on spending the night there, though. When we was about half way across, them 'ere mules stopped, and not a peg did they move till morning."

"Yes, Daniel, a madder man than you couldn't be found, just then. You sorter cooled down after a while, and went to sleep. Well, we started as soon as the mules was willing, and when we got to our log cabin, way back in the woods, I broke down and cried. This was the lonsest, dreariest place anybody ever made a home out of. You talked kind of cheering to me then, Daniel, and I soon took heart again. We started out hand to hand. Now at the end of a score years we can look around on well-fenced fields and a handsome house and barn, all paid for except the mortgage you're to pay tomorrow. Now, Daniel, it ain't more than just to show our good feelings to the Lord in some way, knowing that he helped us to all this. He has promised to reward us for anything we do to His Lambs, meaning the children that overflow our asylums. Now, Daniel Allen, don't you think you'd better bring home one or two little orphans with you to-morrow?"

"Yes, Keziah, I think I will. Anyway, I'll go down and see them. There, will, the clock is striking nine. Time to go to bed. I'll be sure to bring you a pet or two to-morrow night."

Five o'clock the next morning found Daniel Allen behind a pair of splendid bays, on his way to Clintonville. The good old farmer felt at peace with himself and all the world. His last payment was due to-day, and the money to pay it was securely packed in his monstrous wallet. Henceforth the broad fields and comfortable home were to be all his; he could raise his hand and say,—

"I owe no man a dollar."

"During the time which elapsed ere he reached the city Mr. Allen thought over every possible result of his wife's proposition. His heart longed for the sound of children's voices and laughter resounding through his home, driving away the gloom there and bringing sunshine instead.

But he knew that Keziah's warm, motherly heart would be bound up in whatever child she should adopt, and that she would gratify its every thought if possible. He finally concluded that he would take home two little boys, in order that Keziah and he might have one apiece.

When his business at the bank was finished, he started for the 'Lowood' orphan home. This was a large charitable institution for boys, under the immediate supervision of a friend named Goodly. This gentleman was very much pleased with the object of Daniel's visit, and immediately summoned the boys to his presence, when the farmer picked out the two he wished to adopt. The necessary papers were made out, and Daniel took his departure with the little boys, henceforth to be known as Bertie and Harry Allen. Both of them were bright, handsome children. Bertie was a shy, blue-eyed child of six, Harry a bold, dark laddie of ten years.

The boys were so very anxious to hear about their future home that Mr. Allen had to tell many times about the barn full of hay and straw to play on, and the orchard with the creek running through it. They listened with delight to a description of Flora, the black cat that would shake hands with Mr. Allen. They were glad to hear of the swing in the woods beyond the daisy-strewn meadow. But when Daniel spoke of the little woman at home who was going to be a kind, fond mother to them, they burst into tears of joy. The description exceeded anything they had ever imagined.

Wine with a History.

Twelve Precious Bottles That Once Came Across the Atlantic.

J. A. Murray, of Butte, Montana, is the possessor of twelve bottles of wine with a history. The earliest known of this wine is that it was found in a subterranean vault inside a sealed stone receptacle, in a Jesuitical monastery, that was demolished during a local feud among religious fanatics. It so happened that the eye of an epicurean fell upon it and he secured it as the most valuable of the treasures, and carried it into Poland; presented it to the crown, for which he was rewarded by the highest honors and titles that could be conferred upon an ordinary citizen. At the marriage of the Princess Decherniz of Poland to the heir apparent of the crown of France, the only remaining basket of this priceless vintage was presented to the prince for the nuptial occasion. An unprincipled adventurer by the name of Bouforte, who had secured the position of second steward to the crown, stole twelve bottles of the precious nectar and replaced these with twelve of an inferior article. These twelve bottles he brought with him to America in the year 1790. He communicated the nature of his special treasure to his most trusted friend, Henry Coatway. The cupidity and avarice of the latter overpowered his reason, and he killed Bouforte to secure the wine. The deed was no sooner done than he feared the vengeance of the law, and resolved to fly to distant parts, for a time at least, until the excitement of the murder would die out. Before leaving he buried the twelve bottles with their history far down among the roots of an ancient oak. Fifty years after, on uprooting this same tree, a newly converted Mormon found the treasure and took it with him when he migrated to Utah.

When Brigham Young was made acquainted with the nature of the valuable article contained in the twelve bottles, he informed the owner that God had made him the instrument to find this treasure that he might give it to the head of the church, and forthwith took the vintage.

The wine was in turn stolen from Brigham by an apostate Mormon, who brought it to Montana, and on his death-bed, at the mining camp of Pioneer, he bequeathed to J. A. Murray this wine of such an eventful history, as a testimonial of his gratitude to that gentleman for his having loaned him \$500 at one time for the purpose of calling a hand for Julius Levy, by which he took down a pot containing \$1,300.

When She Spoke.

She was a sweet-faced, blue-eyed young girl, with great waves of golden hair brushed carelessly back from a noble-looking, snow-white brow. Her ruby lips were full and sweet. Innocence itself was in her great blue eyes. Fair and sweet was she in all the purity and guilelessness of her fresh young womanhood.

Two young men had long been watching her with eager interest. Her glorious beauty had enthralled them.

"What a superb girl!" said one.

"Never was lily fairer!"

"How I would love to hear her speak!" said the other. "No 'sweet bells jangled' could be like the words she must utter with lips like those, and a face like that!"

She spoke. A friend came down the aisle, and said carelessly—

"A cold day, Miss D—"

The full red lips parted slowly, the beautiful head turned with superb grace, a smile of seraphic sweetness illuminated the noble features; soft and sweet was her artless answer:

"Well, I should smirk to twitter. Cold ain't no name for it!"

Irish Landlords.

Everything They Own Squeezed From the Poor Peasant.

Dublin would be the most beautiful city in Europe but for two things—its buildings and its people. The aristocracy, so-called, live in tumble-down villas, which, though their white walls sparkle in the sunshine, prove, when approached, to be painted shells surrounded by gardens in ruins. The inhabitants of all these villas are a set of broken-down landlords, who have been compelled to close their country houses and come to town for economy sake; widows living on the dowry paid them by their elder brothers, and mortgaged creditors, who live on the mortgages that they or their ancestors have placed on the land; for in Ireland, with the exception of a few distillers and brewers, who live on the drunkenness of the people, there is no possible mode of obtaining money save from the peasant farmer. The Socialistic axiom that capital is only a useless value, the toil of the worker being unpaid, is in other countries mitigated and almost lost sight of in the multiplicity of avenues through which money must flow before it falls into the pockets of the rich. But in Ireland the direct and rude transfer of money from the horny hands of the peasant to the delicate fingers of the landlord has a horrible smell of slavery.

In Ireland the landlord does absolutely nothing save to grab all the money that the peasant can scrape together. An Irish landlord said: "I have always done, now and do and will continue to do just as the other landlords, for it is impossible for me as the rest of my class to do otherwise; but that does not prevent me from acknowledging the fact that it is a worn out system, at war with the nineteenth century, and something that should be at once abolished. In Ireland every chicken that goes into the pot, every glass of champagne drunk, every silk robe that rustles on the street, every rose worn at the ball, is so much squeezed out of the misery of the peasant's hovel. A few years ago this tribute—for that is what it is—was accepted without a murmur, just as feudalism or slavery was accepted long ago on other lands. But now the scales have fallen from the eyes of the nation and the sore is laid bare in all its ugliness, just as if the inner garment had been removed from the natural body, revealing the flesh covered with scars and pustules. This wound, which hitherto was only visible to a few, you now see everywhere in the most squalid districts of the city as well as in the most elegant and fashionable quarters.

Whistling and Whistlers.

If a boy is allowed to whistle it will turn his attention in a great degree from the desire to become the possessor of a drum, and if paternal firmness be added, he can be kept satisfied without one until he gets to be sixteen years old when he will strike the cornet period.

Shakespeare was well acquainted with the art. He makes Othello say concerning Desdemona: "If I do not prove her false, I'll whistle her off and let her down the wale a prey to fortune, e'en though her very cries were my dead heart-strings."

Negroes are the best whistlers in the world. Frequently one hears a colored improvisatore whistling the quaintest and sweetest melodies, and with the colored males in general whistling comes as natural as grunting does to a hog.

Men whistle when they are happy, and they whistle when they are sad. When you see a carpenter or a house-painter pushing a plane or slapping on the paint and whistling a lively air at the same time, set him down as a man who pays his debts, is cheerful at home and never whips his children.

When a man is sad he whistles in a doleful tone. Nine times out of ten he won't choose a dismal air, but he will whistle a lively tune, a hornpipe or a negro minstrel end song. And he will draw the melody in and out between his lips in a way to draw tears from all listeners. Sometimes a man accomplishes the same result when he is cheerful and trying to whistle real good.

Girls in general whistle in a sort of jerky, disconnected, jim-jam sort of way, and groan mildly between the notes. They'd better let whistling alone.

Vienna Girls.

The system carried out in Vienna for educating girls is entirely worthy of note, says the Buffalo Courier. They are kept at their studies until they are fifteen years of age. Then they go through a course of teaching in the pantry and kitchen, under some member of the family, sometimes under trained cooks, for a year or two years. Thus they learn to do everything themselves, and to know the value of things long before they commence housekeeping on their own account; and though they may never be required to cook a dinner, they become independent of cooks and servants. The Austrian women are the most affectionate wives and mothers. They are as accomplished as any English governess, are as witty in society as a Parisian, and are among the most beautiful women in Europe.

General Grant's Horses.

General Grant was particularly proud and fond of his stud of horses. His war charger was an especial favorite. He took great delight in exhibiting his horses to his friends with whom he was intimate. Once at his stables with a friend he said: "Perhaps you would like to see the horse I rode during all the campaigns I commanded?" The animal was ordered to be brought out. The gentleman was surprised to find the horse no larger than a lady's palfrey—a coal, slender, agile-limbed, black as a coal, intelligent, mild, an eye like a hawk, and a lick on the mane for all the world like a boy's cowlick. It was such an animal as women and children would make into a family pet. The gentleman pronounced the animal a beauty but expressed a doubt as to its endurance. "Endurance!" said the general, "this animal exceeds in endurance any horse-flesh I ever saw. I have taken him out at daylight and kept in the saddle till dark, and he came in as fresh when I dismounted as when we started in the morning. There isn't gold in America to buy him. He is an imported horse of fine breed and was once on Jeff Davis's plantation." This was just before Davis was caught, and the visitor said, "I presume you would exchange the horse for Jeff Davis." "You have said it," exclaimed Grant, "I would exchange him for his old master, but for nothing else in the world."

The value of the pig iron produced in this country last year was \$75,000,000, a sum nearly as great as the combined value of the gold and silver products.

How Tweed Escaped.

The account of the extravagant price paid for human hair to Mr. Dibblee recalls to the mind of that gentleman an incident of Tweed's escape from Ludlow street jail. Mr. Dibblee had had a wig of superior quality and beauty made to cover the temporary baldness of his son, whose head had just been shaved. The son failed to go for the wig at the hour agreed upon, and the father kept his place of business open later than usual, waiting for the bald delinquent. Suddenly an excited man rushed into the store, exclaiming: "Mr. Dibblee, have you a wig that will suit him?"

"Certainly, what color do you want?"

"Oh, any kind. Show me one, quick!"

Mr. Dibblee took the wig waiting for his son, and handed it to his impatient customer. He hastily tried it on, inquired the price, paid a reckless amount, seized the wig, and went away in great haste.

That night the wily Tweed disappeared. The next day New York was all agog with amazement at his bold flight. When it was discovered that he had fled in disguise, Mr. Dibblee thought-ful put two and two together. He soon after met one of the persons who had been accused of assisting in the flight, and, to verify his suspicion, said to him:

"So you succeeded in getting the old man off?"

"Yes; but we should not have done it if it had not been for your wig."—New York World.

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