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## Col. Tremayne's Will.

Mr. Bold, the solicitor, found among the correspondence on his office desk one morning, a letter bearing an Egyptian postmark. It turned out to be a communication from a stranger, informing him of the death in the Sudan of Colonel Ernest Tremayne, and reminding the lawyer that the will of the deceased was in his possession.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, glancing at the inscription. "Will of Mr. Ernest Tremayne, eh! Dated sixteen years ago. Executor, Mr. J. Rosseter."

"Captain Rosseter! I know the man," exclaimed Mr. Bold. "I forgot what I've heard of him, but I fancy his reputation is a little tarnished. So he is the executor, is he? Oh! a very doubtful character—quite an adventurer, in fact," said Mr. Bold, looking more and more scandalized. "I wonder what the will says," he added.

Under the circumstances he felt no scruple about opening the envelope and unfolding the will. And glancing at its contents, he said aloud:

"He appoints his friend, James Rosseter, executor, and trustee and guardian of his infant daughter. Everything to the child."

"Not much of an executor and trustee," observed Mr. Bold's clerk, Whittaker, disparagingly. "A nice sort of guardian for a young lady."

"I'm afraid this is very serious, Whittaker," said Mr. Bold, looking perturbed. "I had entirely forgotten about this will, or I would certainly have suggested to the testator to make another. He made it when quite a young man—I recollect now his telling me his wife was just dead—without sufficient reflection as to the character of his friend. In those days I dare say there was nothing against this young Mr. Rosseter."

Mr. Bold was one of those old-fashioned, fussy, self-important practitioners who are apt to assume a sort of paternal authority over his clients. But he was extremely honest and conscientious, and his main idea was to promote the welfare of those who consulted him. He had for some years past, heard rumors concerning Captain Rosseter, which he now considered he ought clearly to have brought to the testator's knowledge. It was true that he was not personally acquainted with the captain, and could not vouch for accuracy of the scandals that had come to his ears. But he knew Captain Rosseter to be an impetuous gentleman, addicted to betting and gambling, a club lounge, without visible means of subsistence; a loud-voiced, jovial, easy going, dissipated person, of a type regarded by grave men of business with horror and distrust.

The old lawyer fidgetted a good deal during the day, nor was his uneasiness allayed by the report of his clerk of his interview with Messrs. Overland & Co., the army agents. From these gentlemen he had learned that Colonel Tremayne had contrived to amass a considerable fortune during his exile and had remitted home for investment from time to time sums amounting in the aggregate to nearly £20,000. Whittaker could obtain no information regarding the daughter of the deceased man. Col. Tremayne's agents recollected that they used at one time to pay for the child's schooling at Brighton, but this was many years ago, and, at the present moment, they knew nothing whatever about the young lady.

"She can't be of age yet," remarked Mr. Bold. "My recollection is that when the will was made the child was a baby. That was the impression I gathered at the time."

"The young lady may have died," suggested Whittaker. "It doesn't follow that she is still alive because the testator did not alter his will."

There is one thing quite certain, said Mr. Bold, with emphasis; "Captain Rosseter must not be allowed to have the handling of £20,000. He must renounce, and the money must be paid into court, which will appoint a proper guardian. Did you find out his address?"

"Blenheim Club," responded Whittaker.

"Humph!" snorted Mr. Bold, seizing his pen.

However, he wrote a polite note to the captain, informing him of Colonel Tremayne's death, and requesting him to call on the following morning with reference to the will.

Mr. Bold was very determined to have his own way, and he felt very little doubt that he would succeed. Consequently, when Captain Rosseter called the next day, he received him with an air of calm assurance and superiority which was calculated to lend weight to his counsels.

"Captain Rosseter," he said, a little stiffly, as his visitor seated himself in the client's chair, "I want to have a chat with you about our poor friend's will. Had you heard of his death, by the way?"

"Yes," said the captain, who seemed somewhat subdued and ill at ease in the presence of the lawyer.

"Ah! What was it? That dreadful climate, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Bold, quietly taking stock of his companion. "Now this is a very unsatisfactory document, he added, in a confidential tone. "To begin with, it is sixteen years old. Extraordinary that the testator should not have changed his views in sixteen years."

Mr. Bold glanced up at Captain Rosseter as he spoke; but the latter either had nothing to say or else did not choose to commit himself to an opinion. He remained silent, and Mr. Bold instinctively mistrusted him the more on account of his reticence.

"By his will, made sixteen years ago," said the lawyer, meaningly, "the testator left everything he possessed to his daughter, and appointed you sole executor and trustee and guardian of his child."

The lawyer looked keenly at his companion as he made this announcement, and felt puzzled at his demeanor. The captain hung his head for a moment and then blew his nose violently. One would almost have imagined that he was sentimentally affected by the news. But the lawyer, being in a suspicious mood, was chiefly struck by the fact that Captain Rosseter studiously avoided meeting his gaze.

"I suppose the young lady, Miss Tremayne, is alive still?" inquired Mr. Bold.

"Yes," answered the captain.

"She must be nearly grown up," continued Mr. Bold.

The captain nodded, but seemed by his manner to wish to change the subject. Mr. Bold noticed this at the time, and thought a good deal about it afterward.

"Of course, Captain Rosseter," said Mr. Bold, in his most convincing and authoritative tone, "you will not take upon yourself the responsibility thrust upon you by this will, which, no doubt, was never intended to stand."

"Why do you say that?" inquired the captain, rather quickly.

"Well, frankly, Captain Rosseter, between you and me, do you consider that you are fitted to be a young lady's guardian? Excuse my outspokenness," added the lawyer, endeavoring to soften his remarks by smiling and showing his false teeth. "but really, now, would you in the testator's place—"

"Anyhow, there is the will," interposed Captain Rosseter, evidently not liking the insinuation.

"Yes, here is the will, but I should certainly advise you to wash your hands out of it," said Mr. Bold, in a fatherly manner. "What I propose to do is to pay the money—by the way, I suppose there is money?"

"I suppose so," said the captain, with real or affected earnestness.

"Pay the money into court and get a legal guardian appointed," resumed Mr. Bold, with cheerful confidence. "You will thus be relieved of all responsibility and trouble."

The captain, who had become very red and uncomfortable, made no answer to this suggestion, but stretched out his hand and took up the will. He read it through carefully, and then proceeded to fold it up.

"I am entitled to have this, I suppose," he said, almost defiantly.

"Well—er—yes, in strictness," replied Mr. Bold, completely taken aback. "But it has to be approved and deposited in the probate court."

"Yes, I know," replied the captain, rising from his seat and thrusting the document into his pocket.

"Am I to understand," gasped Mr. Bold, turning crimson, "that you propose to employ your own solicitor?"

"I have a solicitor," said the captain, shortly. "Good day to you, Mr. Bold."

"Stay! Stay, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, endeavoring to control his indignation, which almost choked him. "I must trouble you to give me a receipt for the document."

"By all means," said the captain, who seemed to have recovered his assurance.

The lawyer struck the hand-bell upon the table sharply, and with forced calmness instructed Whittaker to prepare the necessary receipt. This formality being completed, the captain strode out of the office, leaving the lawyer and his clerk staring at one another in speechless indignation.

"The man is a rogue!" said Mr. Bold as soon as he could speak.

"Means to collar the money," remarked the clerk.

"Not if I can help it!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, with unusual energy. "I'll apply to the court immediately and have the man removed from his office."

"You will have to get evidence first," said Whittaker, prudently.

"Poo! his reputation will be sufficient," returned Mr. Bold, impatiently.

However, when he came to make inquiries about Captain Rosseter—which he proceeded to do forthwith in the heat of his virtuous indignation—he found it more difficult than he had imagined to convict him of serious misconduct. The captain had led the life of a man about town, had had numerous transactions with the money-lending fraternity, had played high and drank pretty freely, and there were dark corners in his career which would not, perhaps, have stood the test of censorious investigation. But there was no recorded act of his that could be pointed out as disgraceful or dishonorable. To Mr. Bold's secret vexation he found that people were inclined to judge the captain leniently, to speak lightly of his faults and lay stress upon his good nature, his easy generosity and his jovial disposition. Moreover, it seemed that during the last year or two Captain Rosseter had abandoned his usual haunts and occupations, had given up cards and had shown distinct symptoms of sober respectability.

The result was that the lawyer could not see his way to make a case against Captain Rosseter which would justify him in invoking the interference of the court or chancery in the interest of the captain's ward. Mr. Bold did not admit that he was beaten, even to himself, and his prejudice against the captain was as strong as ever. He was convinced in his own mind that Captain Rosseter contemplated a gross fraud connection with his trusteeship, and he fully intended to checkmate him. Meanwhile, however, it transpired that there was no living member of the Tremayne family who could be brought forward to pose as next friend to the young orphan, and his technical difficulty, combined with the absence of proof of the captain's doubtful reputation, caused him to defer taking any steps.

At length, however, after many weeks had elapsed, Whittaker came into his master's room one day with a startling piece of intelligence. The ever-watchful clerk had discovered that Captain Rosseter had purchased for himself an estate at Stanmore for £7,000.

"At least he bought it in his wife's name," explained Whittaker. "But the question is, where did the money come from?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Bold. "Married, eh! Is he? I heard a rumor, but he isn't supposed to be married. However, as you say, the question is, where did he get that £7,000 from?"

"I don't think it is difficult to guess," said Whittaker, with a grin.

"Pon my word, Whittaker, I'm afraid it is a case of serious fraud. I know for certain that the man has not £7,000 of his own," said the lawyer, getting excited.

"I wonder where the young lady is?" exclaimed Whittaker.

"We must find out," said Mr. Bold, energetically. "Overland & Co. gave you the address of the school at Brighton, didn't they? Well you must go down there at once, Whittaker, and trace her. I feel it my duty to investigate this matter, for I should not be the least surprised if it transpired that this Captain Rosseter has been helping himself to the trust money."

Whittaker, being entirely of the same opinion, started off on his mission with out delay, and was absent about a week, during which time Mr. Bold fumed with impatience and curiosity. Whittaker's report, when he returned, was not calculated to allay suspicions. He had traced Miss Tremayne through her girlish career, from Brighton to a school at Cheltenham, and from thence to Bath. At the latter city she had resided until a year or two ago with an elderly lady, who had suddenly died, since which event nobody knew what had become of the young girl or where she had gone after leaving Bath.

"I've made up my mind what I will do, Whittaker," said Mr. Bold, after discussing the situation with his clerk. "I shall go and see Captain Rosseter and insist upon his telling me where the young lady is. If he refuses, I shall feel justified in taking legal steps. My belief is that the poor young girl is dead or is being kept out of her inheritance, or part of it."

"It looks black—very black," acquiesced Whittaker.

The consequence was that next day Mr. Bold, who was a plucky determined little gentleman, and was capable of making personal sacrifice for the sake of justice and principle, journeyed down to Stanmore and presented himself at the door of the captain's newly acquired residence. His object was to take his adversary by surprise and to profit by his confusion. His design was partially successful, for no one could have looked more startled and confused than Captain Rosseter, when his sturdy accuser was ushered into his presence.

"Mr. Bold!" exclaimed the captain,

nearly dropping the post-prandial pipe which he was smoking.

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer severely, and as soon as the door was closed he confronted his companion and said: "Captain Rosseter, I have come down here, as solicitor to the Tremayne family for many years, and as solicitor to the late Colonel Tremayne, to demand of you information concerning Colonel Tremayne's daughter."

"Sit down," said the captain, not very politely, perhaps, but with tolerable calmness.

"No, thank you, Captain Rosseter," returned the lawyer, in a tone which showed that he did not intend to be trifled with. "I give you fair warning that if you don't answer my question I shall invoke the aid of the law to find out what I have not been able to discover myself."

Before the captain could reply the door opened, and a young lady entered the room. The lawyer turning round, only caught a glimpse of her as she endeavored to retire, but he perceived that she was young and pretty. The captain, however, called after her.

"Annie, my dear, come in. Let me introduce you, Mr. Bold, to my wife."

Mr. Bold bowed stiffly, and the young lady, as though instinctively suspecting the lawyer's hostile intentions, crossed over to her husband's side and laid her hand lovingly on his shoulder.

"Annie, my darling," said the captain, with singular gentleness, "you must let me tell Mr. Bold your little history. How your father, my good friend, on leaving England, laughingly confined his little daughter to my care. How I used to call and see you at school with my pockets full of sweetmeats. How your bright face and innocence brought sunshine into my heart when it was full of darkness. How you grew up and teased me and made me realize the unworthiness of my life. How I strove to be better, only to learn my weakness. How at length, upon your old school-mistress, with whom you lived, dying, two years back, you voluntarily consented to devote yourself to reforming—"

"Nonsense, James," interposed the girl, putting her little hand over her mouth and kissed him impulsively.

"The captain bore his infliction cheerfully enough, though his eyes were moist as he turned again to the lawyer and said: "The long and short of the matter is, Mr. Bold, that I married this young lady two years ago, with the full consent of her father, Colonel Tremayne."

"You might have said so when you called upon me that day," retorted the lawyer, feeling smaller than he had ever done in his life.

At a sign from her husband Mrs. Rosseter glided out of the room, and when the door had closed the captain retorted: "So I might, if you had been civil. But your manner was so suspicious, and I may add, insulting—"

"I'm very sorry," interposed the lawyer, looking shamefaced.

"Pshaw! Never mind my dear sir," cried the captain, heartily. "It was my own fault—an unpleasant reminder of my past life. Thanks to my wife, I have mended my ways, turned farmer, grown respectable—the least I could do in return for the sacrifice she made in throwing herself away upon me. There was no concealment, she married me with her eyes open, and her father also gave his consent after I had made full confession of my career. He knew, poor fellow, what it is to fall. God bless Ernest Tremayne! He trusted me with his child and his child's fortune. In all your experience, Mr. Bold, you will never find a more faithful guardian and trustee than I shall be, in spite of my antecedents."

"I believe it, Captain Rosseter—I honestly and sincerely believe it," exclaimed the lawyer, genuinely moved; "and if you will permit me to apologize to you, and to shake you by the hand, I shall feel more comfortable—I shall indeed."

## The Fatal Folding Bed.

An expression of profound gloom on the face of a friend led to inquiries which elicited a tale of sorrow and suffering. "Do I look mournful?" he asked. "Do I bear the appearance of a man whose soul has been entered by the iron of adversity? Well, that's the way I feel.

You know, I moved day before yesterday. Well, hurt by the unfeeling remarks of my late landlady and the fact that she retained my trunk (as a gage d'amour, I suppose) I sought the seclusion of a West Side boarding house. The room is pleasant and the man who occupies the other half a very nice fellow. Night before last I went home early, and when ready my new chum boldly approached an innocent-looking piece of furniture, and after a little sparring for time let in with right and left and brought to view a comfortable bed. I had never seen a folding-bed before, and was a little astonished.

However, I made no remarks but turned in. Last night my chum was out, and I didn't know what to do. I loafed around the room, now and then casting a glance at the folded bed and admiring its compactness and air of gentility, but somehow I did not feel like tackling it all by myself. But it had to be done. I remembered that my chum had first lifted the top. I did that. But when I let go it came back with a slam that started the baby owned by the second floor front into a wild symphony of woe. Then I sat down and thought. To gain time on the bed I undressed. Say, did it strike you as chilly last night? No? Well, it was. Indeed it was cold. The combination of that fact and my abbreviated costume urged me to renew the attack. This time I pushed the top past the centre of the spring, and when released it went on with a noise loud enough to arouse the pug in the room across the hall. By that time I was reckless. I seized a strap and pulled. The whole thing began to come. I strapped it half way and considered. Considering was hard work. So was holding. I pulled, it came, and I went. But I didn't go far enough, and the bed caught me. I was underneath. The Charleston man on the floor below dreamed he was at home.

Well, when I got out and took an inventory, I was minus considerable skin, but the accession of my eyebrow balanced things. The bed was open, but the middle was way below the average. But I was too impatient to be particular. With considerable emphasis I turned out the gas and rolled in. As soon as I hit the bed it shut up—that is, as close as it could. It was close enough. For about ten minutes I would have swapped places with any one of the seven anarchists and given him odds. When I got out of that place there was not enough left of the bed-clothes to make a respectable bandage. I know, because I tried it. What I suffered you will never know.

This morning the landlady informed me, that had she known I was a subject to delirium tremens, she would have refused the admittance that gave me a chance to ruin the reputation of her boarding house. As I left the house the boarders poked their heads out and whispered: "That's him; he had 'em bad last night," and similar encouraging remarks.—*New York News.*

## Rice at the Fair.

Everybody, almost, knows what a wide-out short-up figure Billy Rice, the minstrel, has. Well, about two weeks ago (at least so we are informed) Billy was at an agricultural show in a one-night-stand town, and as he stood in a thoughtful attitude contemplating the exhibit, the editor of the country paper and a farmer passed by.

"Look there," whispered the editor, "that's Rice."

"Where?" inquired the farmer.

"There," said the editor, "pointing toward William."

"Rice?" repeated the farmer, inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Well, by gosh, it's the funniest rice I ever seen. It looks a blame sight more like a pumpkin. Let's go an' take a look at it."

Billy met the farmer half way and paralyzed him.—*Washington Critic.*

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office.

## A Ship's Remarkable Voyage.

Captain J. N. Armstrong, now in command of the bark Kalakaua, loading lumber at Port Blakely for the west coast of South America, was in Seattle the other day. Captain Armstrong will be remembered as the commander who brought the ship Templar from New York to San Francisco a few years ago on one of the most remarkable passages on record. After being out for some time, the captain went to a foreign port, and for some reason his crew, excepting the officers, left. Finally two English ships came in, and from them Captain Armstrong made up a new crew, and after being out four days, the entire crew, including the captain and his daughter, were taken down with yellow fever. The first mate died, and several of the sailors. Those who had the disease less violent threw the dead overboard, one by one. The ship drifted about without a pilot or navigator for more than a year. The captain, for two years, was so violent from the ravings of the fever that he had to be chained to the deck to keep him from jumping overboard. He wears the scars from the chains and lashings to this day.

During the year that the ship drifted about, the second mate and three or four of the sailors recovered, but being out of sight of land, and not understanding navigation, they were powerless to do anything with the ship. Finally the daughter regained her reason, but not her strength. One day she sent for the second mate and asked him to carry her on deck, which he did. She then sent for her father's instruments, and by the aid of these and her knowledge of navigation she figured out the location of the vessel. She then took the charts from the cabin and traced out a route to San Francisco. She then practically took command of the vessel and ordered the second mate and surviving members of the crew to make sail, and gave them the direction in which to sail. Every day for months she would be carried on deck to take the sun and give her orders.

Days and weeks passed and the ship continued on her journey. Being so light-handed the vessel could not be properly handled and could carry but little sail, consequently her progress was slow. After many weary, dreary months the Captain regained his reason, and when he learned of what his daughter had done he was greatly surprised, and declared that had he been placed in the same position he could not have done better. The ship was loaded with general merchandise, the cargo being insured for over \$2,000,000. The long absence of the ship, and no tidings from her, led the owners and all interested parties to believe that she, with all hands on board, had been lost. Imagine their surprise, after the supposed fate of the ship had almost passed from their minds when one bright day in summer the ship Templar, with her cargo all intact, came sailing into San Francisco bay.

## The Man With a Glass Eye.

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

"Speaking of glass eyes," said an old lawyer, "brings to mind a little incident that occurred in Chicago. Among our young professional men is one whose brilliant black eyes would attract attention anywhere. He goes much into society, and is quite a favorite among the ladies because of his eyes. One of these beautiful black eyes is glass, but it seems so much the counterpart of the other that not one person in a hundred would detect its artificiality. Among the members of his profession not one knows that the young man has only one good eye.

On one occasion he escorted a young lady to the refreshment tables and entertained her with pleasant chat in a way that he thought was making a favorable impression. As they were taking ice-cream he looked up as she gave utterance to some startling exclamation, and was surprised to see her eyes fixed on him with a look of mystified intendment and horror. She was a well-bred girl, but something so astonished her that she continued to look at him in a way that raised the question of his sanity. A fly had lit square in the centre of his black glass eye and remained there, he, of course, unconscious of its presence. The spectacle of that eye looking at her with a fly on it and the owner making no attempt to brush it off was too much for his companion. His explanation, even, was not quite satisfactory. She had believed so implicitly in those magnificent eyes that she has since that time regarded him as something of a fraud."

A beautifully carved reindeer's horn is the latest relic of prehistoric man found in the caves of France.