

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, DECEMBER 23., 1886.

NO. 50.

## 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. ARD, M. D.,**  
WOODWARD, PA.

**B. O. DEININGER,**  
Notary-Public,  
Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa.  
Deeds and other legal papers written and  
acknowledged at moderate charges.

**W. J. SPRINGER,**  
Fashionable Barber,  
Having had many years' of experience  
the public can expect the best work and  
most modern accommodations.  
Shop next door to Kauffman's Store.  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

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

Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,  
Dying, &c. done in the most satisfac-  
tory manner.

Jno. H. Orvis. C. M. Bower. Ellis L. Orvis  
**ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.,  
Office in Woodings Building.

D. H. Hastings. W. F. Reeder.  
**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,**  
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  
visitors and jurors.

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

House newly refitted and refurbished. Ev-  
erything done to make guests comfortable.  
Rates moderate. Tronage respectfully solici-  
ted.

**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 Cross of Fire.

There is an old poem, 'Bright Broad-  
way,' which has the rhythm of a song.  
Alice Randolph sang it, to an improv-  
vised melody, as her carriage rolled  
down the gay street, forgetting the last  
verse, where, in the gloom of midnight,  
amid snow and sleet, an outcast died  
on Bright Broadway. Just then the  
street was filled with sunshine and fra-  
grance from the 'piny woods'—the  
breath of Christmas, Alice said, recall-  
ing the little country church, where,  
amid Christmas greens, she had stood  
a year before in bridal attire, looking  
upon the holiday of life undismayed by  
the dismal prophecies of her guardian,  
quaint Aunt Sophy, whose experience  
had induced a poor opinion of men.

The old life and the new were still  
in vivid contrast that evening, when in  
her lovely Brooklyn home Alice ex-  
pressed her enthusiastic gratitude to  
the man whose love had wrought the  
transformation.

'I wonder, Arthur, how I ever en-  
dured my colorless existence in the  
prosry town of Branford. One lives  
more in a single day here than in a year  
where, as Auerbach says, 'nothing ever  
happens.' Day after day the same  
people are in the same places at a given  
hour—a wonderful contrast to  
Broadway with its ever varying combi-  
nation. Then there is the broad river  
flowing past the two great cities, bear-  
ing ships from every sea. I sit at the  
window watching them as they come  
and go, some of them from arctic re-  
gions, some from tropic lands; and then  
there are always ships sailing away  
into the unknown sea, ships that reach  
no earthly port. So over all broods  
the perpetual charm of mystery.'

The charm of mystery enveloped  
Alice's life. After a year of marriage  
her husband's occupation was still un-  
known to her. She had felt a curious  
delicacy about asking questions, and he  
had volunteered no information. Aunt  
Sophy had instituted no investigation,  
because she considered New Yorkers  
'all of a piece anyway,' so inquiries  
were superfluous. Her permission to  
the marriage was granted in character-  
istic fashion.

'Yes, you can have her, as you both  
seem determined, and I don't know as  
you'll make her any miserabler than  
some other man would.'

Since Alice's marriage she had often  
urged Aunt Sophy to visit her, and this  
had been the burden of the answers:  
'I never see no good come of traspin'  
round the world. I hain't never been  
but twenty miles from home in all my  
life, and can't see but I'm as well off  
as though I'd been to China and Aus-  
traly.'

The approach of the Christmas holi-  
days, and the prospect of sharing in  
the glorious festival as celebrated in  
New York churches, beguiled Aunt  
Sophy into undertaking the dreaded  
journey, though she prudently made  
her will before starting. She arrived  
in the city the day before Christmas,  
comparatively calm and happy, though  
haunted by the fear that something  
unhappily might creep into ground-  
pin decorations of the Brantford  
Chapel without the guard of her vigil-  
ant eye. 'Them young folks is so  
flighty.'

Her first expressed wish regarding  
her entertainment was to visit 'them  
tombs where they shut up live folks.'

Alice went reluctantly, as she was  
anxiously looking for her husband, who  
had been absent the previous night  
Courtesy to her guest, however, de-  
manded the sacrifice, and they were  
speedily transferred to the dismal pris-  
on.

Aunt Sophy insisted upon exploring  
every corridor of the structure, greatly  
to Alice's distress, who felt as much  
hesitation in intruding upon the pris-  
oners as though they had been in their  
own homes.

When the distasteful exploration was  
nearly concluded, quite by chance Alice  
caught a glimpse of a prisoner in  
one of the cells, and recognized her hus-  
band. She gazed fascinated; there  
was no mistaking his identity. As  
long as she sees anything in this world  
she will see that dreary cell, its inmate  
sitting in an attitude of deep dejection,  
while far above his head—so high that  
he could not by any possibility catch a  
glimpse of the bright world without—  
streamed the few rays of light that  
showed only more clearly the horrible  
desolation of the place.

Fortunately Aunt Sophy did not  
share Alice's discovery, and so she  
brought to her service that sublime  
power of human self-control that hides  
so many agonizing secrets, and she  
asked quite calmly of the attendant  
policeman the offense of the prisoners  
on that tier, and learned that 'they  
were all pulled in a gamblin' hell last  
night.'

Gambling! This was the myster-  
ious occupation that she had idealized  
as some work of art or literature.  
Strangely enough Aunt Sophy, who

had always had her suspicions, was the  
deus ex machina of the betrayal. Some-  
how Alice endured the drive home, pre-  
sided at luncheon, and then excused her-  
self to her guest.

Alone at last, face to face with the  
horror which had suddenly darkened  
her life, she regarded with bitterest  
loathing her luxurious surroundings.  
They were the wages of sin! The per-  
fume of rare flowers floated around  
her; the December sunshine flooded  
the room; the birds sang blithely, care-  
less that their mistress's heart was  
breaking.

At this time the criminal in his cell  
Alice no longer identified with her  
husband, the one who had made a year  
of life so bright that she often wonder-  
ed if heaven could be better. He was  
suddenly lost, and with him all faith.  
She felt as those must who have for  
years anchored their hopes on the old-  
fashioned religion and then had it sud-  
denly swept away by some apostle of  
the new light, who has nothing to offer  
for the old firm foundation.

'A gambler's wife!' She slowly re-  
treated the phrase, till a hundred  
mocking voices echoed: 'A gambler's  
wife!' How low she had fallen! There  
was acriminal in his prison cell  
who might escape and come home to  
claim her. He would be at liberty to  
take her hand, to kiss her, to force up-  
on her the contaminating influence of  
his presence. The only refuge lay in  
flight. Then the question arose:  
'Where will I go?' There is one refuge

denied to none, however poor, or  
sinful, or wretched—all may flee to  
death. The deep flowing river offers  
graves to all in the great city whose  
burdens pass endurance.

She must yield to the impulse to fly  
from the house. Without she could  
think more calmly; but she could not  
go without a farewell. Every room  
had its history, every picture and or-  
nament its story. But she must not  
linger, or she might be weak enough to  
stay and share a life of guilt. She would  
fly—away from self if possible. How  
she came there, or how long the jour-  
ney had been she could never tell, but  
she found herself with the multitude,  
thronging the bright Broadway—but how  
the thoroughfare was changed! She  
had not noticed the shadows in the pic-  
ture, the gaunt figures shivering in  
the winter's blast like spectres from a  
nether world, gazing longingly at the  
beautiful things in which they had no  
share. Christmas was not for them.  
It only defined more sharply the great  
gulf fixed between the rich and poor.

Night was falling. The time was  
coming to make her way to the dark  
river.

The journey took her through unfa-  
miliar streets—a revelation to her  
guarded and innocent life. Revolting  
sights, exponents of crime and destitu-  
tion were plainly revealed even in the  
dim light. On either hand were the  
homes of drunkards, thieves and mur-  
derers. Homes

Whose Christmas guests are only want  
and care.

The wretched denizens reated the  
sight of respectability, and greeted  
Alice with insulting epithets; she  
went on, untouched by fear or indigna-  
tion. What was this to one who had  
already passed the bitterness of death?  
This path through pugatory was only  
a part of the horror that had suddenly  
surrounded her. Gamblers were ply-  
ing their vocation in the low saloons,  
some of their victims lured to the play  
by women vile as themselves. If she  
lived she might sink lower and lower  
till she came to such degradation. This  
prospect only urged her to the river,  
where crime and misery find oblivion.

The water dashing against the dark  
pier! A horrible refuge from the ter-  
rors and darkness of night, and of a  
desolated life!

Alice paused to gain courage, recall-  
ing a French proverb: 'When one  
dies it is for a long time.' But she  
could not live. In a few hours she had  
measured her own capacity for suffer-  
ing as effectually as by years of agony.  
Gazing at the pitiless stars, she mur-  
mured:

'You will still be shining when I  
have been dead a thousand years.'

She paused, but without faltering in  
her deadly purpose, and gazed at the  
sky. Far above the horizon gleamed  
a luminous point, larger than any star,  
which instantly flashed out—a cross of

fire, vivid and glorious as that which  
dazzled the Emperor Constantine, and  
glows forever in the page of history.

As she gazed at this vision, super-  
naturally impressed, the frenzy which  
had goaded her to destruction was dis-  
sipated—the intense selfishness of her  
intention clearly revealed. Her life,  
instead of being recklessly flung away,  
must be devoted to her husband's red-  
emption. 'What nobler work,' she  
asked, 'than that could be given to any  
woman?' as the natural human love  
asserted itself.

Uphorne by this inspiration, she hast-  
ened toward home, now and again  
catching a glimpse of the wonderful  
cross, still glowing against the dark  
background of the sky, and she wonder-  
ed if the vision had been vouchsafed  
to others on this Christmas Eve to  
save them from despair and death.

A larger outlook of life had suddenly  
dawned. For a night she had been  
homeless and friendless. Could she  
ever forget those who are always so  
desolate?

Alice approached her home with  
mingled emotions of comfort and ter-  
ror, to encounter her husband rushing  
frantically out to seek her.

'O my darling, my darling, I thought  
I had lost you!'

She only answers with the sentence  
that the mocking voices had kept ring-  
ing in her ear.

'A gambler's wife, a gambler's  
wife!'

And the story was told. There was



no denial, no retutation. The crim-  
inal had faced the terrors of the law  
and all consequence of his calling with  
reckless bravery, be completely broken  
down by this despairing acclamation.

This was retribution! At the su-  
preme crisis of life words are few, the  
most intense emotion is silent.

Some hours passed before that  
night's history was told, and Arthur  
Randolph knew how near he had been  
to losing the great treasure of his life.  
Only the sight of St. Augustine's illu-  
minated cross had saved her. He was  
not likely to incur like peril again. A  
solemn vow was registered of the kind  
that is kept.

The hour of midnight struck. To-  
gether, hand in hand they stood listen-  
ing to the faint sound of Trinity's charm-  
ing bells:

Hark the Herald Angels sing!  
The sound floated over the two great  
cities, but there was no pause in the  
midnight rattle. Day and night the  
tide of life sweep on. There is human  
love and noble aspiration forever wag-  
ing war against suffering and evil.

The victory is sure, only it is long in  
coming unless in His sight with whom  
a thousand years are but as yesterday.  
The Christmas chimes meant hope  
and salvation to the two whose lives  
were redeemed—one from sin and one  
from selfishness. Over all the Christ-  
mas peace rested in benediction, while  
the bells chimed:

Joy to the world!

The cross still gleamed with dazzling  
rays of hope amid the darkness of the  
night. Those who sat in darkness saw  
a great light.

Mr. Murphy, the temperance lectur-  
er, quieted a noisy baby in the audience  
by sending out and buying some candy  
for it. Mr. Murphy is not the only lec-  
turer who gives his audience 'tuffy.'

## NAN AND SIM.

Story of an Enforced Christ-  
mas Present.

'Nan come here er minit,' said old  
Bob Horner, addressing his daughter.  
The girl, who stood spreading the cov-  
er on an old-fashioned bed, pretended  
not to hear her father's demand. 'Nan,  
ef I come ater yer, I'll bet yer'll wish  
yer had come. Oh, yer neenter lounge  
around thater way.'

'Pap,' said Mrs. Horner, looking up  
from her work of baking corn bread on  
the hearth, 'don't nag at the child.'

'Martha ever when I want yer ad-  
vice I'll ax fur hit. Nan, air yer com-  
en?'

'Yes, I'm er comin. Kaint yer gin  
er body time?'

'Oh, yas, ken gin er body time, but  
don't feel like given' er body eternally.'

The girl slowly approached him, and  
he continued: 'When I wuz out ter  
the sco' the yuther day I hear that  
you yuz a goin' ter marry Sim Buck  
next Christmas.' The girl's eyelids  
dropped. 'The fellers out ther that  
peered to know all er bout it said yer  
love no nuther fit ter kill. Whut yer  
got ter say er bout it?'

'Nuthin.'

'Wall, then, I'll say suthin. Ef I  
kitch Buck round here I'll hurt him,  
an' mo'n that ef yer run off an' marry  
him I'll foller yer up. Wall, never  
mine, yer ehan't marry him, that's all.  
I've been er tellin' yer fur er long time  
that I want yer to marry er preacher.  
Thar never wuz er preacher in our  
family, an' it's now time thar was one.  
I've sot my min' on this, an' yer  
meenter think I ain't goin' ter have  
it thater way. W'y jis look at Preach-  
er Martin's wife. She gits er new cal-  
iker coat ever when she wants it. Er  
new one, min' yer. Er new caliker coat  
all spotted ez putty ez yer please. I've  
don't said enuff. Ef Buck comes on  
this here place er gin it won't be good  
fur him.'

Old Horner was a hill-side farmer  
in the northern part of Arkansas. He  
lived in the conventional double-log  
house on whose stack chimney the  
whippoorwills sang their melancholy  
songs when the summer's twilight  
settled down. The old man was set in  
his ways—had become convinced  
that he was right and that every one  
else was wrong. He was tall and  
gaunt, with long, yellowish hair and  
a sickly sprinkling of beard, like a thin  
growth of wire grass, growing where  
the land is poor. His wife had been educated in  
to meekness, and thought that she  
should find her greatest pleasure in hov-  
ering over the sizzling bacon and watch-  
ing the hoe-cake. Nan, the girl, was  
a beautiful blossom, full of life, but  
afraid of her father. Sim Buck, to  
whom Nan was secretly engaged to be  
married, was the neighbors' said, 'a rip  
snortin' sort uv er fellar that mou't er  
mount ter suthen ef he would try, but  
the chances wuz er gin him.'

Mrs. Horner took up the swupper, and,  
sighing wearily, said:  
'Come, pap, an' eat er snack.'

The old man drew up his chair, wait-  
ed with an air of impatience, until the  
other members of the family were seat-  
ed and then asked a blessing, begu-  
ning with an elongated 'gracious Lord'  
and ending with an unintelligible sigh.

'Ain't yer goin' ter eat nothin',  
Nan?'

'Ain't er hungry.'

'Buck's tuck yer appertite, I reckon.'

'Sis!'

'Heard whut I said. Wall, never  
min', I'll take his appertite the next  
time he comes on the place.'

'Pap,' said Mrs. Horner, don't tor-  
ment the child.'

The old man took a swallow of but-  
ter milk, looked at his wife and replied:  
'Let us don't have no advice, Martha.  
Keep in the straight an' narrar path  
an' don't fret.'

About one month later, on the day  
before Christmas, old Horner, while  
splitting a 'rail-out,' some distance  
from home, accidentally stepped in the  
opening of the log just as one of the  
'gluts' flew out. The two sections of  
the log closed on the old man's foot  
and ankle, and but for the thick  
sole of his boot, would have crushed  
his foot. He uttered an exclamation  
of thankfulness, muttered a few words  
in praise of old Riggsby, the shoemak-  
er, and then attempted to liberate him-

self. This, he soon found, was not an  
easy or even a possible task. His axe,  
maul and wedges were beyond his  
reach. He shouted until he could no  
longer cry, and then, in despair, he be-  
gan to pray. The stiff sole of his boot  
began to yield, and the splintered sides  
of the log began to painfully press his  
foot.

'Hello, old man!'

Looking up, with a start of joy, the  
old man beheld Sim Buck leisurely ap-  
proaching.

'Fur the Lawd's sake, Simmie, run  
here!'

'Ain't in no puttickler hurry,' the  
young man replied, tearing off a chew  
of tobacco.

'Great heavens, don't yer see how  
I'm fixed?'

'Ah, hah! Sim replied, as he came up  
and carelessly sat down on one end of  
the log.

'Confound yer fool soul!' shouted the  
old man, 'ain't yer got no sense?'

'I'm all right; ain't nothin' the mat-  
ter with me. Come ter think er bout  
it, thar do peer ter be er fool in the  
neighborhood, an' it sorter peers like  
he's du' jammed his foot inter the  
crack uv er log.'

'Never mind, I'll fix yer fur this.'

'Peers like you've already fixed  
yuse?'

'Sim, fur God's sake split open this  
log an' let me git outen here.'

'Don't like ter split wood, but ef  
yer've got any plowin' yer want done I  
don't mind doin' it fur yer.'

'You air a brute, the old man raved.

'Yas, that's whut they said down in  
the holler, but the branch kep on er  
runnin'.'

'Simmie.'

'That's me.'

'Please turn me er loose.'

'I ain't got er holt uv yer.'

'You air the blamedest fool I ever  
seen.'

'That's me, an' ter-morrer will be  
Christmas, too. 'Lowed that I'd come  
over an' take dinner with yer, but I  
hear that yer didn't want nobody but  
peachers ter come round yer.'

'Turn me loose, Sim, an' yer may  
come.'

'Tell yer whut I'll do. Turn yer er  
loose ef yer'll gin me er Christmas pres-  
ent.'

'I'll do it, I'll gin yer er calf.'

'Come er gin.'

'Two hogs.'

'I won't do it!' the old man indig-  
nantly shouted.

'All right, then; good-bye.'

'Hol' on, Sim.'

'Wall.'

'This thing is er bout ter pinch my  
foot off.'

'Ah, hah, but I must go.'

'Say, Sim.'

'Wall.'

'I'll gin yer the gal. I cain't stan'  
this no longer.'

'Shall we take it down in writin'?'

'Oh, mussy, no; my word's ez good ez  
my bond.'

'All right.'

'He soon split open the log and liber-  
ated the old man.

'Come on ter the house, Sim, an' git  
yer present. Thar ain't no back-down  
in me.'

When they reached the house the old  
man said: 'Hide out here till I go in  
an' have some fun with Nan.'

He had never seen his daughter look-  
ing so happy.

'Whut's the matter, Nan?'

'Nuthin'.'

'Wall, whut makes yer giggle thater  
way? W'y, Martha's gigin' too. I  
wish I mer die ef I ever seed sich a  
pack er geese. Confound yer, Sim, I  
told yer ter stay out thar. W'y, look  
at the gal, a kissin' the fool fellar.  
Martha, whut do all this mean? W'y,  
dog my cats, whut yer wantin' kiss me  
fur? Wall, wall—er haw, haw—I never  
did see the like.'

'Old man,' said Sim, 'it won't be  
many hours now till Christmas, an' I  
tell yer whut I 'lowed was best. Jest  
ez soon ez ther first rooster crows air  
ter the clock strikes twelve I'm goin'  
out, git a justice uv the piece an' git  
married.'

'Yer ain't er goin' ter do no sich uv  
er thing!' the old man exclaimed. 'No,  
sir, yer ain't er goin' ter budge, fur I'm  
goin' ole man Horner, when he takes a  
notion, is er good one.'

When the clock struck twelve Sim  
said: 'Now lessen fur the rooster!'  
Ding him, will he never crow; thar he  
is! Git yer nag, ole man.'

Old Horner soon returned, and the  
couple were married. At the breakfast  
table, while the neighbor's guns were  
firing salutes to the Saviour's birth-day,  
old Horner said: 'I still don't un'er-  
stan' why yer all giggled so yistidy  
evenin'.'

'W'y, pap,' laughed the girl, 'it wuz  
cause we had du' slipped up on yer  
so?'

'How'd yer slip up on me?'

'W