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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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NO. 13.

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I have been using this medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons' Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to action, and at the same time, instead of weakening the digestive and assimilative powers of the system. L. M. HIXSON, M. D., Washington, Ark.  
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## How They Managed.

'Pack up your things as soon as you please, my dear,' said Mr. Chesney. 'We're going to move on Saturday.'  
Mr. and Mrs. Chesney were a matrimonial firm—there was no question about that—but Mrs. Chesney had always been a silent partner in the same.  
'If ever I get married,' said Elma, a bright-eyed girl of seventeen, 'I won't be put upon as Mamma is!' 'Papa is a regular despot—that's what papa is!' decided Will, a tall stripling of fifteen.  
'Where, my dear?' asked Mrs. Chesney, with a little start.  
'Into the country,' said the family autocrat. 'I'm tired of this city business. It costs a great deal more than it comes to. I'm told you can live at half the expense in the country.'  
'But,' gasped Mrs. Chesney, 'what is to become of the children's education?'  
'There's a very good district school in the neighborhood, not more than a mile distant,' explained her husband, 'and exercise will do them good.'  
'And what are we to do for society?' 'Pshaw!' said Chesney. 'I would not give a rap for people who can't be society for themselves. There'll be the housework to do, you know—nobody keeps a girl in the country—and plenty of chores about the place for Will and Spencer. I shall keep a horse, if I can get one cheap, for the station is half a mile from the place, and I've bargained for a couple of cows and some pigs.'  
Will and Spencer looked askance at each other.  
'I'll do us good to walk a mile to school,' muttered the elder; 'but father must have a horse to carry him half a mile to station.'  
'That's father's logic all over,' observed Spencer.  
While Mr. Chesney explained to his wife the various advantages which were to accrue from the promised move.  
'It's unfortunate,' said he, 'that Elma and Rosie aren't boys. Such a lot of women folks are enough to swamp any family. Men, now, can always earn their own bread. But we must try to make everybody useful in some way or other. It's so healthy, you know,' added he, 'and the rent won't be half of what we pay here.'  
'Are there any modern conveniences about the place?' timidly inquired Mrs. Chesney.  
'There's a spring of excellent water about a hundred yards from the house,' said her husband.  
Mrs. Chesney grew pale.  
'Have I got to walk a hundred yards for every drop of water I want?' said she.  
'And a large rain-water hogshead under the eaves of the house,' added Mr. Chesney. 'And I've already got a bargain in kerosene lamps. As for candles, I am given to understand that the good housekeepers thereabouts make 'em themselves in tin molds. There's nothing like economy. Now I do beg to know Abigail,' he added, irritably, 'what are you looking so lackadaisical about? Do you expect to sit still and fold your hands, while I do all the work? Give me a woman for sheer natural laziness!'  
'I am not lazy, George,' said the poor wife, with a bewildered air; 'but—all this is so new and strange at first. But I'll try to get accustomed to it—I'll try my very best.'  
Nevertheless, Rosie and Elma and their mother shed many a salt tear into the trunks and packing-boxes, on

top of the woolen blankets and rugs and piles of domestic linen.  
'I hate the country!' said Elma. 'I'd as soon go to prison and done with it.'  
'Oh, Elma, don't talk so,' said Rose. 'There are wild-roses and robins there, just as one sees on the painted plaques in the store windows. And perhaps we can have a flower-bed, and some little downy chickens!'  
But the first sight of Mullenstark Farm was dispiriting in the extreme. Between rock and swamp, there was scarcely pasture for the two lean cows that Mr. Chesney had bought at 'a bargain,' and the hollow-backed horse, which stalked about the premises like some phantasm Bucephalus.  
The apple-trees in the orchard were three-quarters dead, and leaned sorrowfully away from the last winds, until their boughs touched the very ground; and the fences were all going to ruin, and the front gate was tied up with a hemp string.  
'Is this home?' said Elma, with an indescribable intonation in her voice.  
'We'll get things all straightened up, after a while,' said Mr. Chesney, bustling to drive away the pigs, who had broken out of their pen and were squealing dimly under the window.  
Mrs. Chesney cried herself to sleep that night, and awakened the next morning with every bone instinct with shooting pains.  
'And no wonder,' said Spencer. 'There's a foot of water in the cellar.'  
'We must have it drained,' said Mr. Chesney, with an uneasy look; 'but there's plenty of things to do first.'  
And now began a reign of the strictest economy. Mr. Chesney himself paid for everything with checks, and not an article came into the house or out of it without his cognizance. New dresses were frowned upon; spring bonnets were strictly interdicted; orders were issued that old carpets should be reserved, and broken dishes repaired with cement and quicklime.  
'Save, save, save! That is the chief thing,' he kept repeating, briskly. 'Women-folks can't earn; they should try their best to save.'  
'It's all very well for papa,' growled Will. 'He goes to the city every day and sees something besides the pigs and the dead apple-trees. He orders a new suit when he needs it. Look at mamma's patched gown and Rosie's dyed bonnet-strings! Why, they can't even go to church, they are such objects! He gets his lunch at a restaurant, and we eat cold beans, and drink dandelion coffee and sage tea!'  
'Rays,' fluttered Rosie, 'I've an idea. Mary Penn, who lives on the next farm, you know, came to see Elma and me yesterday. Papa is earning his living; we'll earn something, too.'  
'I should like to know how,' muttered Spencer. 'I might hire out somewhere as farm hand, if it wasn't for that wretched old horse, and the pigs, and the wood chopping, and—'  
'Oh, but there is something that won't interfere with the chores, nor with school!' said cheerful little Rosie. 'Just listen—all I ask of you is to listen!'  
And the weeks grew into months, and the red leaves eddied down in little swirls from the little maple trees, and 'pig-killing time' came, and, with the aid of a lame, one-eyed man, Mr. Chesney laid down his own stock of pork and sausages for the winter with the sense of being triumphantly economical.  
The family had left off complaining now. Apparently they were resigned to their doom. But there were some things that Mr. Chesney could not explain at all.  
A new rug brightened up the dismal hues of their parlor carpet; Rosie had a crimson memento dress, trimmed with black velvet bars; Elma's jacket was edged with substantial black fur; and—grand grand climax of extravagance—Mrs. Chesney had a new shawl, in place of the old broche garment which had been her mother's before her!  
He looked over the housekeeping books with renewed vigilance, he consulted the stubs of his check-book with a glance that nothing could escape.  
'I—don't—know—how—they—manage it,' said he, scratching his nose with the lead-pencil that he always carried. 'I hate mysteries, and I mean to be at the bottom of this before I'm an hour older.'  
He took his account-book under his arm and marched into the kitchen, where his wife was clearing away the late supper.  
'Abigail,' said he, 'how is this? I've given you no money. You've long left off asking for money. How have you managed to smarten yourself and the children up so? I won't be cheated by own wife!'  
Elma set down the pitcher which she was wiping, and came and stood before her father with glittering eyes and cheeks stained with crimson, like a flag of battle.

'Papa,' she said, 'you must not speak to mamma so. Mamma would not cheat you nor anybody else. It's money that we have earned ourselves. There! Now!'  
Mr. Chesney stared at the girl with incredulous eyes.  
'And if you don't believe it, come and see how,' said Elma, flinging down her towel. 'Mary Penn showed us. She told us everything, and gave us the first swarm of bees. There are fourteen hives down under the south wall. Spencer sold the honey for us; and we planted all the nice flowers that grow down in the meadow, that you said was too stony and barren even for the sheep to pasture upon, and Will dug and hoed around them after the chores were all done, and we sent boxes and bouquets of lilies and verbenas to the city every day by Mr. Penn's wagon. And we gathered wild strawberries before the sun was up, and got berries out of the old lane, and the money is all ours—every cent of it!'  
'Honey, eh?' said Mr. Chesney, staring at the row of hives, for Elma had dragged him out into the November moonlight to the scene of action.  
'Well, I've seen these many a time, but I always s'posed they belonged to Squire Penn's folks. And flowers, and wild berries! Didn't think there was so much money in 'em. Guess I'll try the business myself next year. Queer that the women-folks should have got the start of me!'  
And after that he regarded his family with more respect. The mere fact that they could earn money had elevated them immensely in his sight.  
But when spring came he lost his able adjutant.  
Miss Elma incidentally announced to him one day that she was going to be married to Walter Penn the next week.  
'And mamma is coming to live with us,' added Elma. 'She can't stand the damp house and this hard work any longer.'  
But Mrs. Chesney did not go to the Penn Farm. Mr. Chesney hired a stout serving-maid, and laid drapings under the kitchen stoop.  
If his wife really understood her business so well, it was worth while to keep her well and active, he considered.  
'I couldn't well leave papa, you know,' said Mrs. Chesney to Elma. 'He means well, and now that Rebecca Beckel is coming here, and the kitchen is dry, we shall get along nicely. I wouldn't go back to the city for anything now.'  
'Nor I, either,' said Elma. 'And oh, mamma, I shall always love those beehives under the holly-hocks, for it was there that Walter asked me to be his wife!'  
And Mrs. Chesney tearfully kissed her daughter. She, too, had been happy once, and had her dreams.

It was to be hoped that Walter Penn was made of different metal from George Chesney.  
To Elma, however, all the world was cooler de rose. Had she not the eternal 'Lisman of Youth and Love?—Helen Forrest Graves in Saturday Night.

## A Level Headed Chemist.

What might have proved a very tragic occurrence was adroitly nipped in the bud the other day by a Parisian chemist. An elegantly dressed young woman, wearing a thick veil over her face, went into a pharmaceutical establishment at Clichy and asked for a phial of vitriol. The chemist, whose suspicions were aroused by the mysterious manner of his fair customer, asked her some questions, to which she returned evasive replies. He then gave her, instead of vitriol, a bottle of perfume water, and directed a man to follow the fair damsel and to watch her movements. The amateur detective did so, and soon saw the woman take up her position at a street corner, phial in hand. After having carefully uncorked the bottle, she waited, and, as a young man well-known in the neighborhood passed by, she flung its contents, with a yell of triumph, in his face. The man received the perfume water in his eyes, but, although it only made him smart for a moment, he roared like a bull of Bashan, and cried out that he was blinded forever. Meanwhile, the emulor of Marie Beer, who thought she had inflicted a terrible punishment on her false-hearted Adonis, ran away with the speed of an Atlanta, vainly pursued by some of the bystanders who had witnessed the scene. The chemist's man, however, set every body's mind at ease by describing the pious fraud employed by his master for the prevention of another Parisian drama. — *London Post.*

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. Eisenhuth.

## A Modern Xantippa.

Jim Akers was a small, tow-headed, knock-kneed man, with irregular teeth, which made his mouth look like a steel trap twisted out of plumb, says the "Southern Bivouac." His wife was a large, raw-boned woman, fully a head taller and fifty pounds heavier than Jim. She had the temper of a half-famished wildcat, and no ducky just "gittin' religion" was ever half as much afraid of the devil as Jim was of her; he had reason to be. When she was fairly on the war-path she breathed chain lightning and flung cyclones from the tip of her tongue. Nor did she content herself with words only, however bitter and furious. She very often brushed the poor little wretch with a hickory until he felt as if he had borrowed, his back of a saint fresh from the grindstone.  
One bright, golden, delicious afternoon in the latter part of May, Jim felt the patch where he had been hard at work all day and "snuck een" to his cabin by the back way. He proceeded hastily to doff his every-day clothes and don his Sunday garments, casting furtive glances all the while at the black-browed, terrible dame sitting in the front doorway knitting. With trembling haste he completed his preparations and was shambling out again, when his wife, previously apparently of his presence, shot a fierce glance at him, which made him jump almost out of his shoes and brought the perspiration out from every pore.  
'Whar you boum' fur?' she asked.  
'I 'lowed I wuz gwine down to the fish-fry for a hour or two. Them boys is a hevin'—'  
'Well, you 'lowed wrong. You jest hite off them close and go back inter that patch and finish hoein' them per-taters. Don't you distress yerself 'bout no fish-frys.'  
'But I tole the boys I wuz gwine to be thar.'  
'Well, you tole 'em a lie.'  
'But Ed Sykes and Hank Evans is a waitin' fur me now at the cross roads, and I'd ruther not disappoint 'em.'  
'Well, I'd ruther you would. Shet up, now, and do ez you're told.'  
Jim gasped and quaked with fear; but, for the first time in many years, he thoroughly realized the tyranny under which he was crushed. His heart was set on going to a fish-fry, and in that feeble, fluttering little organ a faint shadow, a dim eidolon of spirit became suddenly aroused. He hesitated a moment, ventured even to return the gaze of those glowing, wrathful eyes, and then started, saying:  
'Well, I'm a gwine.'  
Great Jehosaphat! Houp-la!  
She swooped on him like an owl on a mouse. The air was filled and darkened with dust and sandy hair and agonizing shrieks.  
'Ed Sykes and Hank Evans, at the "crossroads," became convinced that Jim's cabin had caught fire, and that he was perishing in the flames. They rushed in all haste to his assistance, but as they neared the spot the clatter subsided, and they heard a stern, feminine voice, which caused them to halt and keep out of sight, say:  
'Now I reckon you'll do ez yer tole.'  
Then they recognized Jim's piping voice, protesting between convulsive sobs:  
'I'd sorter give out gwine befo' you spoke.'

## Amusing a Millionaire.

A famous millionaire sat on the edge of a table in the Casino at Newport one night and stared at his boots in dismay.  
'Yaw!' he yawned in an excess of boredom as he raised his eyebrows and rammed his hands deep into his pockets, 'It's slow; monstrously slow.'  
Apparently it was. One or two men in faultless attire smoked near the window. Others sprawled in languid desperation in the deep arm-chairs, and an eminent stock speculator added drowsiness to it by snoring with snub-toothed penetrating regularity in the corner. It was a sultry night, and the negro waiters mopped their black faces as they whispered together in the corridor. The ennuied millionaire could almost hear the lapping of the water in the harbor against the sides of his beautiful steam-yacht. His horses moved uneasily in the heat without and rattled the big pole chain impatiently.  
It was nearly midnight in the Queen of American watering places and nothing was going on. The millionaire kicked his heels peevishly against the table and motioned to one of the waiters. They all scrambled forward in such haste that the oldest one slipped and almost fell. The great man smiled, whereat a wave of joy passed over the dusky group, and all but one retired with teeth in full view. Who is unhappy when a millionaire smiles?  
'Is the campagne well iced?' asked the man of means, good naturedly.  
'It is indeed, sah. De las' bottle wuz froze dead hard.'  
'Bring me some.'  
When the waiter poured it out it was so cold that it dribbled slowly into the glass and sent up a milk white mist almost as thick as foam that raced to the top of the glasses, while the dew gathered in beads on the bottle. The millionaire smiled gently as he gazed at the campagne, and then he glanced at the panting waiter.  
'Would you like to shiver, Thomas?' he asked solemnly.  
'Me, sah?' said the waiter with a chuckle. 'Dere aint no'in in dis beah wuld ud make me shivah t'nighst sah—no'n deedy.'  
'Oh, yes, there is.'  
'Scush me, sah, but I'm roastin', I am; n' I don' b'lieve I'll evah be col' again.'  
'I'll make you shiver in two minutes by the watch, or I'll give you fifty dollars.'  
'Go ahead, sah!'  
Without more ado the millionaire took the champagne bottle from the other's hand, turned it upside down thrust it calmly down the back of the darkey's neck, and left it there while the campagne dripped gently down the waiter's spine. Then, watch in hand, he waited while the loungers sat up, and the waiters moved in from the corridors with their eyes fairly starting from their heads.  
'Don't you shivah, yo fool,' said the foremost of them in a hoarse whisper to Thomas. 'F y' do I'll—I'll kick yo' head offen y' body shub! Y' got a chance fter pay me dem seving dollars now, an' if y' miss I'll lam y'—I will for a fac!'  
Meanwhile the waiter stood there with pursed lips, staring eyes, and clenched fists. His head bent forward, and his legs spread apart, while his breath came in snorts. The loungers were crowding round with their watches in their hands making bets rapidly, while the time wore slowly away. Presently the millionaire shouted:  
One minute!  
Oh! moaned Thomas in a voice like the soulful roar of a cavern by the sea, 'I'm a-goin', I'm agoin!'  
Remember dem seving dollyehs!  
There was an awful hush, the sound of the grinding of teeth, a wild 'Hub-wu-wu-whoool' followed by helpless chattering, and Thomas stood shaking like an aspen leaf, with one eye turned appealingly on the seven dollar man, while the other sought the face of the millionaire. One after another the waiters assayed the test, and for two hours the Casino was the liveliest spot in America. Then the famous millionaire climbed contentedly to the seat of his cart, and murmured as he drove homeward in the moonlight, 'It wasn't so monstrously slow after all.' — *New York World.*

## Another Art Craze.

The latest art work among ladies is known as the "French Craze," for decorating china, glassware, etc. It is something entirely new, and is both profitable and fascinating. It is very popular in New York, Boston and other Eastern cities. To ladies desiring to learn the Art, we will send an elegant china plaque (size 18 inches), handsomely decorated, for one dollar, and a box of materials, with full instructions, upon receipt of five other ladies interested in Art matters, to whom we can mail our new catalogue of Art Goods, with full size extra and without charge, an imitation of painting, 16 colored pictures, etc., only five cents. The catalogue also contains a list of art embroidery and needle work, large bill, for only 15 cents. Margaret Cord, white, 50c per lb; any color, 60c per lb. Other goods at equally low prices. Address, THE EMPIRE NEWS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

## How Shrewd Business Men Have Solved a Great Problem.

"Is there a fatality among our prominent men?" is a question that we often ask. It is a question that perplexes our leading medical men, and they are at a loss to know how to answer it.  
We sometimes think that if the physicians would give part of the energy to the consideration of this question that they give to combating other schools of practice, it might be satisfactorily answered.  
The fights of "isms" reminds us often of the quarrels of old Indian tribes, that they were only happy when they were annihilating each other.  
If Allopathy makes a discovery that promises good to the race, Homeopathy derides it and breaks down its influence. If Homeopathy makes a discovery that promises to be a boon to the race, Allopathy attacks it.  
It is absurd that these schools should fancy that all of good is in their methods and none in any other.  
Fortunately for the people, the merit which these "isms" will not recognize, is recognized by the public, and this public recognition, taking the form of a demand upon the medical profession, eventually compels it to recognize it.  
Is it possible that the question has been answered by shrewd business men? A prominent man once said to an inquirer, who asked him how he got rich, "I got rich because I did things while other people were thinking about doing them." It seems to us that the people have recognized what this fatality is, and how it can be met, while the medical profession have been wrangling about it.  
By a careful examination of insurance reports we find that there has been a sharp reform with reference to examinations [and that no man can now get any amount of insurance who has the least development of kidney disorder] because they find that sixty out of every hundred in this country do, either directly or indirectly, suffer from kidney disease. Hence, no reliable company will insure a man except after a rigid urinary examination.  
This reminds us of a little instance which occurred a short time ago. A fellow editor was an applicant for a respectable amount of insurance. He was rejected on examination, because, unknown to himself, his kidneys were diseased. The shrewd agent, however, did not give up the case. He had an eye to business and to his commission, and said: "Don't you worry; you get half a dozen bottles of Warner's safe cure—all dealers keep it—take it according to directions and in about a month come around, and we will have another examination. I know you will find yourself all right and will get your policy."  
The editor expressed surprise at the agent's faith, but the latter replied, "This point is a valuable one. Very many insurance agents all over the country, when they find a customer rejected for this cause, give him similar advice, and eventually he gets the insurance."  
What are we to infer from such circumstances? Have shrewd insurance men, as well as other shrewd business men, found the secret answer to the inquiry? Is it possible that our columns have been proclaiming, in the form of advertisements, what has proved a blessing in disguise to millions, and yet by many ignored as an advertisement?  
In our files we find thousands of strong testimonials for Warner's safe cure, no two alike, which could not exist except upon a basis of truth; indeed, they are published under a guarantee of \$5,000 to any one who will disprove their correctness, and this offer has been standing, we are told, for more than four years.  
Undoubtedly this article, which is simply dealing out justice, will be considered as an advertisement and be rejected by many as such.  
We have not space nor time to discuss the proposition that a poor thing could not succeed to the extent that this great remedy has succeeded, could not become so popular without merit even if pushed by a Vanderbilt or an Astor.  
Hence we take the liberty of telling our friends that it is a duty that they owe to themselves to investigate the matter and reflect carefully, for the statements published are subject to the refutation of the entire world. None have refuted them; on the contrary, hundreds of thousands have believed them and proved them true, and in believing have found the highest measure of satisfaction, that which money cannot buy, and money cannot take away.

## When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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