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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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CORPORAL JOHN.

How He Saved the Life of a High-spirited Mexican Senorita.

'Another man killed!' exclaimed Captain Duval. 'The devil take those Mexican brigands. Why, their mode of warfare is worse than anything I ever saw in Algiers!'

Captain Duval had won a medal as a gallant officer in the foreign legion, and had been transferred, at his own request, to Bazaine's command in Mexico. But in his new field of service he had won few laurels. Maximilian's ill-starred reign was nearing its end, and Captain Duval found himself fighting against overwhelming odds.

What galled the chivalric Frenchman more than anything else was the fact that his military education was worth little to him in this semi-barbarous land, where the people resorted to a bush-whacking warfare. On his scouting expedition into Sonora he had lost half of his men without once seeing the enemy. On the march, and around the camp fire at night, the soldiers were picked off one by one by unseen sharpshooters, who seemed to defy discovery and pursuit.

And now another man had been killed. 'What was to be done.'

'Send Corporal John to me,' said the Captain, coming to the door of his tent. In a few moments Corporal John appeared. He was a stalwart young fellow, with an honest American face. His soldierly bearing was that of a veteran. Although a mere youth, he had been trained in war's roughest school. At the downfall of the Confederacy he had made his way across the Rio Grande, still wearing his faded gray jacket, and had joined Maximilian's army.

Corporal John wore his French uniform gracefully, but the lingo of his comrades was too much for him, and this made him a little uneasy in the presence of his Captain.

'My American friend,' said Duval, 'you have fought bushwhackers?'

'Yes, Captain.'

'And sharpshooters?'

'Yes, Captain.'

'And all sorts of devils. I doubt not. Well, then, Corporal John, what did you do with them when you caught them?'

'Click!'

But this prisoner with his arm around the neck of his little mustang, was no ordinary bushwhacker. When the two soldiers seized him Corporal John saw before him a boy of about eighteen, a handsome, spirited-looking youngster, in citizen's dress and armed with a light rifle. Trembling and flushing by turns, the prisoner flashed his black eyes defiantly, and cried out:

'Unhand me, seniors! I will not submit to this outrage.'

He spoke in Spanish, and the corporal understood this language much better than he did French.

'Who are you, and what are you doing here?' he asked, sternly.

The little Mexican drew himself up haughtily.

'It is no crime to hunt,' he replied. 'I am not a soldier. See, I wear no uniform. Why am I treated in this way? Restore my rifle and my mustang and let me proceed on my way.'

It was a wonderfully sweet voice and it had an imperious ring in it. Corporal John wavered a moment, but one of the men spoke up:

'A cursed brigand and caught with arms in his hands in ambush. Remember the Captain's order.'

'I will take him down to the river and finish him myself,' said the corporal, grimly. 'I can't take you two from the road at present. Keep your eyes open.'

There was a protest from the others but the corporal silenced them.

'I won't have any useless noise,' he explained. 'I'll take him to the river, cut his throat and throw him in. That will be the safest plan.'

Tying the hands of the prisoner, he led him through the thick undergrowth down to the muddy stream a hundred yards from the road.

Corporal John looked down relentlessly into the youthful face.

'Well,' he answered, gruffly.

'Senor, this is a brave deed for a soldier, to murder an unarmed prisoner.'

'You and your friends have been murdering our men,' replied the corporal, 'and we must get even and set an example.'

'Senor, let me speak. Less than a month ago a band of your soldiers burned our hacienda. They stabbed my father, a harmless old man, with their bayonets until he was dead. My mother fled into the swamps, where she died of fright and exposure. Well, I will tell the truth. Since then my brother and I have been with guerrillas, and we have done some good work. Do you blame me?'

'No, I don't,' John blurted out; 'but I don't know whether you are telling the truth or a lie. I must obey orders.'

'But senor, would you kill a woman—a girl?'

'Good God!' cried the corporal. Then, when he glanced at the upturned face and saw the liquid eyes with their long lashes, the pouting crimson lips, and the faintly-flushed, dark face, he wondered that he had not suspected the truth before.

'Senorita,' stammered the rough soldier, 'I am sorry that you are in this trouble. You may rest assured, however, that I am not going to kill you.'

'I knew it!' and the girl smiled triumphantly.

'But you ought to be sent to headquarters.'

'And would my life be safe there?'

'No, I don't believe it would,' was the corporal's thoughtful reply.

'Then set me free!'

'Hey?'

'Set me free!'

of shooting and being shot at, but I never yet stood up in cold blood to exchange shots with a man. I don't like it.'

So many years had elapsed since Conway's military experience that the prospect of a fight no longer stirred his blood. He was not an old man, but the fiery ardor of youth was a thing of the past. After years of adventurous speculation in the mining regions of the West fortune had favored him, and for the first time in his life he was realizing one of the dreams of his youth—a visit to Paris.

Unfortunately he had been drawn into a political controversy in a cafe with a member of the Mexican legation, Senor Gomez, a gentleman whose great wealth and beautiful wife were at that time the talk of Paris. In the heat of the discussion Conway had given mortal offense to the Mexican. The result was a challenge, and the American accepted, selecting pistols, and fixing the hour at five o'clock that afternoon, the place chosen being a suburban forest notorious for its affairs of honor.

While the American was wondering whether he had sufficient appetite for breakfast, there was a tap at his door. Opening it he saw to his surprise Senor Gomez, who advanced into the room with a grave countenance in which various emotions were struggling for expression.

John Conway involuntarily fell back in amazement at beholding this unexpected visitor.

'Senor Conway,' said Gomez, 'this visit under the circumstances is unheard of. It is irregular, but you Americans are always prepared for the unexpected. I am here senor, to apologize for my conduct, and to withdraw my challenge. I deeply regret my offensive language, and hasten to retract it. It is my purpose to inform the gentleman, who knows something of the affair between us, that we have no quarrel, and that I regard you as one of the bravest and noblest of men.'

Conway looked into the Mexican's eyes, and saw sincerity there.

'Senor Gomez,' he said, 'I am at a loss to understand all this.'

'Listen!' exclaimed the other, impatiently. 'Last night at the opera my wife saw a face that recalled the greatest peril of her life. She studied it through her glass and became convinced that she was right. When she met me at our hotel, after my return from the cafe where we had our unfortunate difference, she told me all, and begged me to search out her preserver. So, Corporal John, I thank you in the name of my wife.'

Then seeing that the American was more mystified than ever, Gomez continued:

'Have you forgotten your capture of a young Mexican in Sonora when you were with Bazaine? Instead of obeying orders and executing the prisoner, her sex and her wrongs excited your sympathy and you released her.'

'It all comes back to me,' said Conway, excitedly. 'Yes; it is impossible for me to forget it. And the Senorita made good her escape and is now your wife? You are to be congratulated, senor, upon securing such a heroine.'

The two were now unconsciously clasping hands.

'You see that we can not fight,' laughed Gomez, with a tear in his eye. 'Ridiculous,' said Conway.

'Very well,' remarked the other, 'I take it for granted I may tell the Senorita that you will spend the evening with us. You can not refuse.'

Corporal John did not refuse, but when the brilliant Mexican beauty overwhelmed him that evening with her thanks he grew very thoughtful.

When his visit was over and he was on his way homeward the American several times broke out with:

'Confound it all, when she was my prisoner, why the duce didn't I keep her?'

And yet Corporal John was not altogether unhappy.

CREATING A MARKET.—There is a little grocery up Grand River avenue, and the proprietor employs a boy and a pair of paint and a brush, and the following illustrated incident happens about once an hour all day long.

Proprietor: 'William, have you given the telegraph pole, hitching post and front door a fresh coat of paint?'

Boy: 'Just finished, sir.'

'Very well, William. Ah there is a misguided man slanting up against the telegraph pole as he talks. Go out to him, William.'

Boy to misguided man: 'Say, your coat is all paint.'

Misguided: man What! Paint! Why, this infernal pole has covered me all over.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Hang it, what shall I do?'

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

The Physiognomy of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Tuesday has only this hold on our recognition, that it is not so far from Sunday but there is a distinct, if diminished, flavor of its being still 'along the first of the week.' Things promised for this conveniently vague period can still be creditably performed. But to-morrow, we feel, will be already the middle of the week. There is, accordingly, a slight 'hurry up' tinge about Tuesday.

Wednesday is still worse off for identity of countenance. Its face is chiefly to be known by its not being that of any other day in the week, as some persons are known only by their not being anybody else. The middle of its forenoon is the time, when we ask some one, 'What day is this? It has occurred to me that this might be, in quiet families, some special bit of food memento for Wednesday. If the fish was sacred to the Teutonic Venus, and so came into Friga's day, is there not some flesh or fowl that might be considered to belong to Woden? Do we know, indeed, of a wholesome vegetable, a little under a cloud, perhaps, whose subdued fragrance in the house might stir the fountains of memory and of tears, and mark the day? Yet if we search cautiously in our mental impression of Wednesday, we may find a kind of a leisurely and humdrum look that is all its own. The hour of the first-of-the-week dash into great enterprises is gone. We are in the midst of everything, with time enough before us to prevent hurry, but not enough to invite any vigor or attack. This early middle-of-the-weekness it is which vaguely marks Wednesday to the mind.

Thursday, however, begins to have a dim penumbra of a sense of end-of-the-week about it. It has to a greater degree the hurry-up suggestiveness of Tuesday but with this marked difference. On Tuesday it was the haste of hope; now it is haste of fear. It is the day of feeling oppressed with the lot of things that were to have been done (on Wednesday we should have said 'to be done'; now we use the regretful or remorseful 'to have been') done this week—and here we are, we say, 'past the middle of it.' Thursday is therefore the working day par excellence. If a man ever does any stroke of solid work—if he is not constitutionally opposed to 'working between meals' at all—he is likely to do it now.

Recognizing a Portrait Unexpectedly.

A little five-year-old boy from Philadelphia, now on a visit to his grandfather in Baltimore, has been greatly admired for his sweet, intelligent countenance, shaded by a profusion of light curly hair. Not long since a photographer in Philadelphia succeeded in catching by the instantaneous process a perfect likeness of his features, lit up by a laugh, and was so pleased with it that a large picture was made and retained as an ornament to his gallery. One of the men employed in the gallery was induced to sell one of the smaller pictures to the manager of a cotton-mill, and five thousand copies were made to be used as a sort of trade-mark to the shirting muslin manufactured in the mill. The father of the boy being connected with a large firm in the dry goods trade, was one day astonished at seeing the portrait of his laughing pet pasted on a piece of muslin he was examining. He began an investigation, and soon discovered how the picture had been obtained. He notified the mill-owner, and in consequence of his remonstrance the pictures not already used were surrendered and destroyed.

Never Saw One of His Children.

A genuine Yankee having bored a newcomer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his hopes, his means and his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family. 'Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them.' After this reply the two sat a few minutes in silence, the inquisitive man began again—'Was you ever blind, sir?' 'No, sir.' 'Did you marry a widow sir?'

'No, sir.' Another interval of silence—'Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?' 'Yes, sir, I so stated it.' Another and a long pause. Then the Yankee recommenced: 'How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?' 'Why,' was the reply, 'one of them was born after I left.'

—SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL.

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

THE GROOM TROTTED

How a Bride From the Country Proved Her Authority with Great Success.

He was a tall lanky, young fellow with watery blue eyes, faded hair, and a mustache which looked like a streak of red paint. From head to foot he was attired in store clothing, and but for a very pronounced expression of anxiety on his face he might have passed for a jolly young farmer seeing the city. In his arms were half a dozen bundles, and beside him stood a pretty young woman, who wore over a silk dress a plush cloak of fashionable make and a Cleveland hat. The color on her cheeks was suggestive of long acquaintance with country air. It was plain as a whitewashed fence that they had but recently been married. They stood on the corner of Clark and Madison streets and watched the cars go by for a few minutes, and then he said, with a little cough of importance:

'Well, Sarey, I reckon we'll git on one of these cars and ride over tew the depot. It's 'bout time we was goin.'

'Mercy, Steven, how you talk. There ain't no use of ridin' when we can just walk over to the dapo.'

'Now, Sarey, I'm s'prised at you opposin' what I want to do. I'm your husband, ain't I?' spluttered the young man.

'And I'm your lawfully wedded wife,' replied the bride with great asperity; 'but we might just as well have it out right here. It ain't a speck more'n five square to the dapo, and that ain't no further than it is from our house to the pump in the meader and you've to walk that every mornin' and night, sure as you are a foot high. You can't take no street car for that pump, and you can't save ten cents no quicker and no better way than just a trotting over to that dapo with me. You can argue or trot, jest which you choose, but I ain't going to get into one of them cars if I staid here till Sally Wiggins' baby is an old man.'

He decided to trot.—Chicago News.

ABSENT-MINDED WOMEN.

A Few Cases of Mental Preoccupation in the Gentler Sex.

'There are a great many anecdotes on record regarding the absent-mindedness of men,' said an acquaintance to a Chicago Journal reporter the other day, 'but you do not hear much about the mental preoccupation of the other sex. Whenever it does occur, however, it generally shows itself in her attire. Not long ago I saw a fine-looking, handsomely dressed matron riding down town in a South Side car. Her elegant black silk robe was well protected in front by a very domestic and serviceable looking gingham apron, over which she had her seal-skin saccie. It was evident that she had paid a hasty visit to her kitchen immediately before donning her wraps. Again, I noticed some weeks since—before the cold weather came—a well-attired lady walking serenely down State street, perfectly unconscious that she was destitute of any head covering. She had been paying a visit to the milliners and had forgotten her head gear. A lady once told me that after trying on some hats at a fashionable store and making a selection for an order to be filled, the trimmer remarked: 'I can take the size of the frame from the bonnet you have on, or isn't that your own?' Most certainly, said the customer, stiffly. The proprietor, who was an old friend of the customer, smiled and queried suggestively: 'Of that you are sure?' The customer put up her hand, turned to the glass and beheld herself arrayed in one of the store's pattern hats. 'It actually made my blood run cold,' she said, 'to reflect that I might have been as absent-minded in a store where I was not known, and might have started for the door. Imagine it!'

A Mother gave her little boy two bright, new pennies and asked him what he was going to do with them. After a moment's thought the child replied: 'I am going to give one to the missionaries and with the other I am going to buy a stick of candy.'

After awhile he returned from his play and told his mother that he lost one of his pennies.

'Which did you lose?' she asked.

'I lost the missionary penny,' he promptly replied. How many grown people are like that little boy!

Worse Than Small-Pox.

A Great Danger Which Menaces an Unsuspecting Public.

The Brompton Hospital for consumptives, in London, reports that over fifty people out of every hundred consumptives, are victims of constipated or inactive kidneys.

Consumption is one of our national diseases, and the above report goes to prove what has often been said in our columns during the last eight years, that kidney troubles are not only the cause of more than half of the cases of consumption, but of ninety out of every hundred other common diseases. They who have taken this position, made their claims after elaborate investigation, and their proof that they have discovered a specific for the terrible and stealthy kidney diseases, which have become so prevalent among us, is wise and convincing.

We have recently received from them a fresh supply of their wonderful advertising. They have challenged the medical profession and science to investigate. They have investigated, and those who are frank have admitted the truth of their statements. They claim that ninety per cent. of diseases come originally from inactive kidneys; that these inactive kidneys allow the blood to become filled with uric acid poison; that this uric acid poison in the blood carries disease through every organ.

There is enough uric acid developed in the system within twenty-four hours to kill half a dozen men.

This being a scientific fact, it requires only ordinary wisdom to see the effect inactive kidneys must have upon the system.

If this poison is not removed, it ruins every organ. If the bowels, stomach or liver become inactive, we know it at once, but other organs help them out. If the kidneys become constipated and dormant, the warning comes later on, and often when it is too late, because the effects are remote from the kidneys and those organs are not suspected to be out of order.

Organs that are weak and diseased are unable to resist the attacks of this poison, and the disease often takes the form of and is treated as a local affliction, when in reality the real cause of the trouble was inactive kidneys.

Too many medical men of the present day hold what was a fact twenty years ago, that kidney disease is incurable, according to the medicines authorized by their code. Hence, they ignore the original cause of disease itself, and give their attention to useless treating of local effects.

They dose the patient with quinine, morphine, or with salts and other physics, hoping that thus nature may cure the disease, while the kidneys continue to waste away with inflammation ulceration and decay, and the victim eventually perishes.

The same quantity of blood that passes through the heart, passes through the kidneys. If the kidneys are diseased, the blood soaks up this disease and takes it all through the system. Hence it is that the claim is made that Warner's safe cure, the only known specific for kidney diseases, which is sold so largely by all dealers, cures 90 per cent. of human ailments, because it, and it alone, is able to maintain the natural activity of the kidneys, and to neutralize and remove the uric acid, or kidney poison, as fast as it is formed.

If this acid is not removed, there is inactivity of the kidneys, and there will be produced in the system paralysis, apoplexy, dyspepsia, consumption, heart-disease, headache, rheumatism, pneumonia, impotency, and all the nameless diseases of delicate women. If the poisonous matter is separated from the blood, as fast as it is formed, these diseases, in a majority of cases, would not exist.

It only requires a particle of small-pox virus to produce that vile disease, and the poisonous matter from the kidneys, passing all through the system and becoming lodged in different weak points, is equally destructive, although more disguised.

If it were possible for us to see into the kidneys, and how quickly the blood passing through them goes to the heart and lungs and other parts of the system, carrying this deadly virus with it, all would believe without hesitation what has so often been stated in advertisements in these columns, that the kidneys are the most important organs in the body.

They may regard this article as an advertisement and refuse to believe it, but that is a matter over which we have no control. Careful investigation and science itself are proving beyond a doubt that this organ is, in fact, more important than any other in the system as a health regulator, and as such should be closely watched for the least sign of disordered action.

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. Eiseuhuth.