

A. HARTER,
AUCTIONEER,
MILLHEIM, PA.

L. B. STOVER,
AUCTIONEER,
Madisonburg, Pa.

W. H. REITSYDER,
AUCTIONEER,
MILLHEIM, PA.

J. W. LOSE,
AUCTIONEER,
MILLHEIM, PA.

DR. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office opposite the Methodist Church,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

DR. J. W. STAM,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office on Penn street,
MILLHEIM, PA.

DR. GEO. L. LEE,
Physician & Surgeon,
MADISONBURG, PA.
Office opposite the Public School House.

W. P. AND M. D.
WOODWARD, PA.

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

G. L. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.
Shop opposite Millheim Banking House.
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,
Dyeing, &c. done in the most satisfactory
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.

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. McMILLAN,
PROPRIETOR.

Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free
Buns to and from all trains. Special rates to
weddings and jurors.

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

House newly refitted and refurnished. Ev-
erything done to make guests comfortable.
Rates moderate. Patronage 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 Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 61.

MILLHEIM PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

NO. 34.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,
DENTIST.



MILLHEIM, PA.
Offers his professional services to the public.
He is prepared to perform all operations in the
dental profession. He is now fully prepared to
extract teeth absolutely without pain.

A. T. Mrs. Sarah A. Zeigler's
BAKERY,
on Penn street, south of race bridge,
Millheim, Pa.

Bread, Pies & Cakes
of superior quality can be bought at any time
and in any quantity.

ICE CREAM AND FAN-
CY CAKES
for Weddings, Parties and other social gather-
ings promptly made to order.

Call at her place and get your supplies at ex-
ceedingly low prices. 34-36

P. H. MUSSER,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
Main Street, Millheim, Pa.,
OPPOSITE THE BANK.

Repair Work a Specialty. Satis-
faction guaranteed. Your patronage
respectfully solicited. 5-1y.

THE
ATTENTION
of the public in general and business men in
particular is directed to the fact that the

JOE
IS SUPPLIED WITH GOOD

PRINTING OFFICE
IS SUPPLIED WITH GOOD

PRESSES
AND HAS A FINE SELECTION OF

EMPLOYS ONLY
Experienced Workmen

AND HAS A FINE SELECTION OF

DISPLAY TYPE
LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS,
STATEMENTS, BILL HEADS,
ENVELOPES, CIRCULARS.

POSTERS, PAMPHLETS,
Legal Blanks, Cards,
and, in short, neat and tasty

Job Printing of all kinds
EXECUTED PROMPTLY AND CHEAPLY.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I
recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

N. W. EBY,
DISTILLER OF—
Straight PURE
RYE WHISKEY
FOR MEDICAL USE.

Woodward, Centre Co., Penna

—GREAT BARGAINS—
—IN—
FURNITURE
—AT—
—W. T. MAUCK'S—
FURNITURE STORE,

WE ARE OFFERING GREAT BARGAINS IN
Chamber Suits, Dining Room & Kitchen Furniture, Chairs, Lounges,
Patent Rockers, Tables, Stools, Cradles, Book Cases, Bureaus,
Rattan and Reed Chairs of all styles, Bedsteads, Frames,
Mattresses of the finest curled hair to the cheapest
price. All kinds of SPRINGS.

NOT UNDERSOLD BY ANY STORE IN THE COUNTY.
GIVE US A CALL. W. T. Mauck.

—THE—
MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.
MUSSEY & ALEXANDER, Proprietors.

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
All kinds of Monuments and Cemetery Work, Iron Fencing, Irons, &c.

FINEST MATERIAL, BEST WORKMANSHIP, LOWEST PRICES.
Call on west end of bridge, Main St., Millheim, Pa. Correspondence respectfully solicited.

J. R. SMITH & CO.,
LIMITED.

Nos. 220, 222 & 224 Front Street,
MILTON, PA.

The Largest House Furnishing Emporium in
Central Pennsylvania.

THE PLACE TO GET A SQUARE DEAL AND THE BEST BARGAINS.

FURNITURE FOR PARLOR, SALOON, DINING ROOM, OFFICE,
COUNTING HOUSE AND KITCHEN.

BED ROOM SUITS OUR FORTE.

Come and Visit a Pleasant Home, Artistically, Tastefully and Comfortably Furnished.

—On the Second Floor we have—
A WHOLE HOUSE FURNISHED
—and thoroughly equipped to show our goods and how to arrange your home pleasantly.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds and the LATEST SHEET MUSIC.
We sell the following celebrated Pianos:
CHICKERING, KNABE, WEBER, BIEHR BROS., GUILD, VOSE AND
NEW ENGLAND.

A better Piano sold here at a lower price than any house in the state. We have no rent and have
supervision of our own business. All the PIPE AND CABINET ORGANS. Everything
at bottom prices. A postal card to us may save you 25 per cent.

CARPETS * TO * SUIT * ALL.
AXMINSTER, VELVETS, BODY BRUSSELS, INGRAINS RAGS,
ART SQUARES, RUGS, MATS, MATTING, STOVE AND
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.

The Finest Assortment of
Silverware, China, Glass and Stoneware, Lamps, Chandeliers & Brice-a-Brae
ever seen. Our Curtains and Upholstering Department is not surpassed in the city. Hotel
Churches and Private Residences furnished at short notice and at low rates.

Our immense Building is literally packed with goods from attic to cellar. We are enabled to sell
the lowest because we sell the most. Everybody visits us and thinks our house a
marvel. The handsome Side-Boards, Bedsteads, Chandeliers, Writing
Desks, Wall Racks, Stove and Marble Mantels in the land.

Busy all the time. Every 3rd & 5th

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

"Oh, Sue, papa says we are really going
to Europe next month! Won't we have
fun! We'll go to the 'Zoo,' that those Eng-
lish books tell us so much about, and we'll
climb to the very tip-top of the pyramids,
and we'll go shopping in Paris—just think
of it—and we'll see the Queen, perhaps. Oh,
won't it be nice for anything?" and she en-
ded in a little scream of delight.

"I think I shall like the ocean best," and
the whales, you know," replied her sister
contentedly. She was the youngest of the
family, and was more of a quiet little house-
body than the rest. "I shall sit and watch
the water, and oh, Alice, just think of the
sunsets, without the least taste of a house or
a hill between!"

"I know," said Alice carelessly, as she
walked with herself around the room.
"There'll be clouds though, I suppose. No
doubt, don't moralize on that, and say that
the clouds are what make the sunset
bright! All I care for is that we're going,
we're going, and we are to sail on the Sa-
maria just six weeks from to-morrow!"

"Why, how nice! Then we'll all be—"
"Good Samaritans!" and Alice's laugh
rang out merrily.

"I don't know about the 'good' part," said
Sue, peering up at her mouth in her funny,
sneaky way. "And I hope there won't be
any thieves on board. Now, Alice, let's
plan."

Here followed such a breathlessly excit-
ing discussion of hats and dresses and wool-
en stuffs for the voyage, as only two girls of
sixteen and fourteen can carry on, when
fairly started. During the succeeding days
the library was ransacked for books of
travel, and directions for the journey. On
the Sunday before the day of sailing, the
minister added the last straw by preaching
from the text, "They that go down to the sea
in ships."

"We shan't have to go down," whispered
mischievous Alice; "papa says you have to
walk right up-hill from the wharf to get on
board."

Sue's face twitched a little, but she looked
toward the pulpit harder than ever. You
couldn't make Sue laugh in church, and
when near the close of a long sermon, some
of the older members closed their eyes, plea-
santly, or knitted their brows absent mind-
edly, and throughout the congregation there
was that subdued rustling of fans and silk
dresses, so annoying to a speaker, the min-
ister was always sure to find one pair of
serious blue eyes fixed upon him, and one lit-
tle pair of ears listening to every syllable of
the "thridly" and "fourthly" he had penned
so carefully in his study. You wouldn't
have caught Sue falling out of window
while Paul was preaching.

Well, Saturday came at last, and a won-
derful day it was. The splashing, muddy
ride from their home to the little country
station on the Eastern railroad, the last look
at the red chimneys and the rounded tops
of the maples and elms, all quivering with
the fresh growth of spring and the rush of
sap through their veins, the stout conductor,
nodding pleasantly to the whole family, as
he swayed along through the aisle and
patted to punch their four tickets.

"Guess you're bound off this time, Mr.
Raymond? Thought I should have to put
another car on to carry your baggage."

It was a curious feeling, this mingling
with the ordinary life of the other passen-
gers, buying the morning paper from the
newsboy, people who would ride over the
same road in a few hours, while they—where
would they be, when night fell?

"It seems just like holding your opera-
glass up to one eye, and looking straight at
'head with the other.' Sue confided to her
mother, nestling closer, and laying her curly
head upon her shoulder.

Out of the cars, and into a hack, with an
express team full of trunks lumbering be-
hind. Then the ferry, which was quite a
voyage in itself, with the great milky waves
rolling after them as they splashed across
the harbor. In five minutes more they were
on the wharf, in the midst of bales,
boxes, teams, men running to and fro, horse-
back leading distractingly, dock-hands rattling
along their noisy tracks, and pervading
everything and everybody, a strong odor of
tar.

"I told you so," laughed Alice excitedly, as
they passed up the smooth gang-way plank
and found their way to the saloon. Sue was
in a high state of nervous delight, while
Sue, on the other hand, was feeling sober at
the thought of leaving home. She had never
known how dear it was—even the old
tarry docks and warehouses—until half an
hour later, the last hawser was thrown off,
and the ship, with a tremor from stern to
stern, began that third, third, of the propeller-
wheel which was not to cease until they
should signal for a tender, off Queenstown
Harbor. They all stood upon the upper
deck, waving their handkerchiefs to those
on the wharf, as long as they could see them.

By this time the steamer had reached the
middle of the stream, and, heading for the
open ocean, was soon past the Outer Light,
with her journey fairly before her. Then
Sue felt the surge of homesickness come
over her, until it seemed as if she must fling
herself overboard, rather than be borne off
in this great, remorseless ship. And that
little patch of blue water was to widen,
widen, until it should stretch away, full three
thousand miles between her and home. A
large drop trickled down her cheek and fell
upon her hand, which was helplessly clutch-
ing the brass rail encircling the hurricane
deck. As she turned away, her eyes blurred
so that the great roll seemed as
weary as the volunteers of black smoke that
poured steadily out of it.

Sue knew what was the wisest thing to
do in such a case, and she did it. She look-
ed about to see whether she could help com-
fort anybody else. Presently she found an
old lady, who was trying to adjust herself
with a heavy rug, in one of those long
steamer chairs that are so hard to get into
when they are straightened out. Sue help-
ed her, and then tucked the rug about her
feet so snugly that the old lady thanked her,
and asked her if she felt badly at leaving
home. This opened Sue's heart at once, and
they were soon the best of friends.

Before long, as she sat on a camp stool,
talking to her new acquaintance, and to her
mother, who had also been comfortably
wrapped and tucked in by her little daugh-
ter, she began to have a queer feeling in the
top of her head. Looking up, she noticed
with some interest that the upper bar of the
railing now and then dipped below the ho-
rizon line; that sometimes it went quite a
distance above it; that she was leaning
slightly, first one way then the other, to
keep her balance, as the ship swung on the

long, easy swell of the ocean; that people
did not talk so much as at first; that it was
very unpleasant to have the deck-steward
urge her to "ave some lunch." In short,
our poor little sailor soon disappeared down
the companion-way, and it seemed ages be-
fore she climbed the stairs again. Such
nerves as filled the next two days she had
never known. O, how she longed for five
minutes on shore.

"How near are we to land?" she had once
asked in utter despair; and the cheery ste-
wardess replied: "Only a mile and a 'alf,
mum; 's just under us!"

Among Sue's troubles were two life-pres-
servers, which were suspended from the
ceiling of the stateroom, and tilted slightly
with every motion of the ship. They were
in the shape of rings, to be fastened around
the body, and, in the midst of her sick fan-
cies, she could not get the idea out of her
head that they were immense doughnuts,
pointed white, which she must eat at once.

Father and mother recovered first, then
Alice, and last of all, Sue. Then how sweet
the air, how beautiful the long, foamy
sweep of the waves, the rosy clouds,
the passing ships that now and then flitted
like white moths upon the horizon. She
used to get up very early in the morning
and the bluff, kind-hearted officer would in-
vite her up with him on his high bridge,
where she could see the whole ship spread
out like a map, and could look off over the
gray water and gray sky, until the east
grew all aflame, and slowly, grandly, the
full, bright sun arose.

"Isn't it like the 'King of glory' coming
in?" she had once said timidly to the red-
bearded first-mate.

"Yes, Miss," he had answered in his short,
hearty way, and he comes every day, as
soon as ever the gates are up."

So the hours went by quietly, peacefully,
and the faithful engine never ceased to
throb, night or day. Sue watched whales
and sunsets to her heart's content. Alice
spent much of her time in walking up and
down the deck with the captain, and learn-
ing to play shuffle-board and ring-toss.
Father and mother read and t-ked, and
dozed in the warm sunshine.

One of Sue's favorite occupations was to
go as far forward as possible, on the upper
deck, and watch the storage passengers, of
whom there were two or three hundred, on
board. She pitied them because they looked
so poor and miserable. Some of them
seemed to be returning to their old homes,
discouraged and hopeless. Some laughed
and talked noisily, but most of them curled
up, wherever they could, on stanchions or
heaps of rope, and lay there, many of them
wretchedly sick, through out the day. They
generally ate, drank and washed in full
sight. The worst thing was that they were
treated as if they were cattle. They were
dressed roughly back and forth by the offi-
cers, and at a certain point a rope was
drawn across the deck, to prevent them
from intruding upon the cabin-passengers.
They nearly all had a weary, hopeless, hun-
ted look, which went to Sue's heart. Still,
she could do nothing for them. The rules
of the ship were very strict: she had car-
ried out some grapes, after dinner one day,
to a delicate-looking young girl, who had
crept up on deck for the first time that
morning, and for this little kindness Sue
had been sharply rebuked by the head stew-
ard. "She mustn't interfere with the steer-
age," he had said; "the Cunard company
would look out for them." So she could do
nothing but watch them wistfully, and long
to help them.

They were six days out from Boston.
The ship had encountered head winds, and
would not reach Queenstown for several
days, the officers said. When Sue came on
deck that morning, she thought she noticed
a commotion among the storage passengers.
They gathered in groups, talking earnestly,
and glancing now and then toward the
hatchway that led to their quarters below.
The sailors seemed with one accord to avoid
them as far as possible. The jovial first
mate was quite silent, and walked the deck
with a quick, nervous step, now casting a
glance at the huge maelstrom, which had been
set during the night, now pausing a mo-
ment to regard the ragged crowd on the
deck below. Never during the voyage had
there been so many of them in sight at one
time. The ship fairly swarmed with them.

Already the cabin passengers were eagerly
inquiring what was the matter, but could
learn nothing. During the whole forenoon
the taciturnity and mysterious air of the
officers increased, until several men of influ-
ence from the cabin, among them Mr. Ray-
mond, went upon the captain as a com-
mittee, to ascertain once for all the cause
and nature of the disturbance that was mak-
ing itself felt throughout the ship.

They found him in his little deck state-
room, talking in low, earnest tones with
the ship's surgeon, and made known their er-
rand. "If you don't give some explanation,
captain," they said, "there will be a regular
panic on board. The ladies are afraid there
is a fire in the hold, or that the ship has
sprung a leak. Let us know at once what
is the matter, and we will either keep si-
lence altogether, or make such a report as
shall satisfy everybody that it is nothing
serious."

"Gentlemen," replied the captain calmly,
after a moment's silence, "you are distur-
bing yourselves unnecessarily. I have hard-
ly thought it necessary to explain to pass-
engers all the proceedings on board my
ship, but I am willing to tell you the truth
about this alarm. An infant died in the
stateroom last night, of some childish
disorder, and was buried. I believe an
older one is sick now. The doctor was just
informing me that he thought it best, as a
mere matter of precaution, to fumigate the
quarters. That is all."

"And where is the sick child?"
"I left it in the steerage," answered the
doctor, "until I could have the hospital
made ready. I shall remove it myself, soon,
before disinfecting the place."

The passengers withdrew, not more than
half satisfied, and Mr. Raymond went to
tell his wife what he had heard. He found
her in her state-room, busily talking with
the stewardess, who had already told the
news under a strict pledge of secrecy, or it
will cost me my place, mem. And the poor
little creature, she that's sick now—it's
measles like, I think—is left there alone
in that hole of place and only three years old
and half frightened to death, no doubt."

"But her mother is with her?" asked Mrs.
Raymond.

"Indeed she's not, mem. She's just in
the charge of strangers, who are taking her
over to the 'old folks' in Ireland, you know.
And not a soul will stay with the poor lit-
tle thing, they're so frightened with the
sickness, you know. The doctor, he tried to

"Two or three, but they won't do it. He
says he'll have to be nurse for the child
himself, after the smoking's over."

"Henry," said Mrs. Raymond to her hus-
band, "don't you think you had better
speak to Sue and Alice, and ask them not
to go forward? You needn't tell them
what is the matter, you know. They've
been on deck since this morning."

"You are right, dear, and I'll see if any-
thing can be done for the child. If money
can hire a nurse I'll find one."

Without further words he left the state-
room and took his way to the deck. He
soon found Alice, deep in one of Mrs. Whit-
ney's books, behind the wheel-house.

"Alice, dear, I wouldn't go forward of the
smoke-stack today. They're cleaning the
storage quarters, and the air is very un-
pleasant."

"Very well, papa," without looking from
her book.

"Promise me, dear."

"Why of course I won't, if you don't wish
me to, sir," said Alice surprised at her father's
earnestness, and turning to see the reason.
But he was gone, and she dropped
back into her book. Presently he returned
with a troubled face.

"Alice, have you seen Sue, lately?"
"No, papa, not since I came on deck.
Why?"

"I wish very much to speak to her. Please
try to find her."

Alice turned down a leaf and rose reluc-
tantly. At that moment the quartermaster,
who was in charge of the deck, touched his
hat and said: "I see'd you little girl on the
lower deck, sir, about two hours ago, goin'
forward."

The troubled look on Mr. Raymond's face
deepened. He turned away at once. Meeting
the young doctor as he did so, he spoke
a few words to him in a low tone, upon
which the two went immediately down the
companion-way, and walked with quick
steps toward the bow of the ship. They of-
ten had to pause, and pick their way a-
round the groups of storage passengers
who were about the deck in every conve-
nient position. Some of them stared at the
well-dressed gentleman with the troubled
face, and some of the began a question to
the doctor; but the two kept on without a
word. Past the kitchen, with its steamy,
vegetable odors, past the engine room, and
its never-resting, polished steel bars vibrat-
ing up and down, back and forth. At each
of these places the doctor asked a single
question of the men in charge and then
went on. Not a look nor corner, not a rag-
ged, woolen-faced group of women and chil-
dren escaped the anxious, searching glance
of the father's eye. The walk was repeated on
the other side of the ship, but without result.
As they passed one door a sickening, sul-
phury odor crept out, and a few curls of
smoke.

"They're preparing for the fumigation,"
explained the doctor, keenly watching his
companion's face. "I thought we'd best do
it, to prevent the authorities."

"Then they went straight to the head of
the stairs that led to the dark, ill-ventilat-
ed storage. There the doctor paused and
checked Mr. Raymond with his hand.

"I wouldn't go down there," he said, light-
ly, with his rising English accent; "it's
rather a disagreeable place, you know."
Suddenly his face changed. "Hark!" he
said. And Mr. Raymond listened.

Faintly, sweetly came a girlish voice up
out of the darkness. Some one was singing.
Ah, if the roar of the wind and the dull
breaking of waters against the bows would
but stop for one little moment! Hark—
they could hear the words now:—
"Jesus, lover of my soul!"

The doctor glanced again at Mr. Raymond's
face. It was blanched white as the foam on
the wave-tops that could be seen over the
bulwarks as the ship rolled.

"Doctor," he said, "let me pass. That is
my little girl singing."

"Oh, never mind," said the doctor, still
holding his arm across the companionway;
"I'll go down and get her up."

"Doctor, why won't you let me—your
said—"

The surgeon glanced over his shoulder
and saw that they were alone. Then he
looked the other full in the eye, and said
slowly:

"Because it is—small-pox."

"Then for God's sake let me go by! Stand
aside, I say, or I'll knock you down and
pass over you!" For the tall, wiry young
doctor had placed himself before him, and
was directly blocking the way.

"You will do no such thing, sir. You
are not strong enough to master me, and
if you try, I will have you put in irons.
I will go down and bring your daughter up.
She shall occupy my stateroom for the rest
of the voyage. If her mother chooses to
share it with her, and keep away from you
until we land, she may do so. You cannot
see her, and afterward go back among the
passengers."

"While the billows near me roll,"
Again the childish tones, with a little
tired tremble in them, rose above the sound
of the waters. Mr. Raymond covered his
face with his hands a moment, then turned
away.

"Her mother will come," he said.
The doctor quickly descended the stairs.
The steerage was divided by rough parti-
tions into small compartments, around
the sides in the open space in the centre, where
the dining-tables made of pine boards,
once clean and fresh, but now stained to
a dingy brown. In each compartment
were two berths, one on a side, one over
the other. These berths were filled with
various untidy heaps of bed-clothing, as
their occupants had hurriedly left them in
the morning, and the air of the whole place
was foul and stifling. In the farthest cor-
ner, on the edge of one of the wide berths,
sat Sue, her pretty brown steamer-hood
thrown back on her shoulders, holding the
sick child in her lap, bending over it, and
rocking it to and fro as she sung.

"I am glad you've come, doctor," she said
simply. "I was getting tired. Have you
found anybody to take care of this little
girl? Because if you haven't, I am going
to stay with her to-night."

NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers are not satisfied with the quality of
news papers, the publishers may continue to
send them until all arrears are paid.
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their
new papers from the office to which they are sent
they are held responsible until they have settled
the bill and ordered their discontinuance.
If a subscriber moves to other place without in-
forming the publisher, and the newspapers are
sent to the former address, they are not liable.

ADVERTISING RATES.
1 square 1 week \$2.00 1 month \$5.00 1 year \$10.00
1 column 1 week \$1.00 1 month \$2.50 1 year \$5.00
1 line 1 week 50c 1 month 1.25 1 year 2.50
One inch makes a square. Administrators
and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient ad-
vertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first
insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional
insertion.