

The Journal.

Feltner & Dehinger, Proprietors

B. O. DEHINGER, Associate Editor

Millheim, Thursday, Sep. 13.

Terms—\$1.50 Per Annum.

Millheim on the L. C. & S. C. R. R. has a population of 700, is a thriving business center, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles, in which the Journal has a larger circulation than all other county papers combined.

SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

My name is Hunt. Yes, sir; Anthony Hunt. I am a settler and drover on this Western Prairie. Wilds? Yes, sir; it's little else than wilds now, but you should have seen it when me and my wife first moved up here. There was not a house in sight for miles. Even now we haven't many neighbors; but those we have are downright good ones. To appreciate your neighbors as you ought, sir, you must live in those lonely places, so far removed from the haunts of man.

What I am about to tell happened ten years ago. I was going to the distant town, or settlement, to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures, sir, as ever you saw. The journey was a more rare event with me than it is now, and my wife had always plenty of commissions to charge me with in the shape of dry goods and groceries, and such like things.

Our youngest child was a sweet little gentle thing, who had been named after her aunt Dorothy. We called the child Dolly. This time my commission included one for her—a doll. She had never had a real doll; that is, a bought doll; only the rag bunnies her mother made for her. For some days before my departure the child could talk of nothing else—or we, either, for the matter of that—for she was a great pet, the darling of us all. It was to be a big, big doll, with golden hair and blue eyes. I shall never forget the child's words the morning I was starting, as she ran after me to the gate, or the pretty picture she made. There are some children sweeter and prettier than others, sir, as you can have but noticed, and Dolly was one.

"A very great big doll, please, daddy," she called out after me; "and please bring it very soon."

I turned to nod ayes to her as she stood in her clean white-brown pinafore against the gate, her nut-brown hair falling in curls about her neck, and the light breeze stirring them.

"A brave doll," I answered, "for my little one—almost as big as Dolly."

Nobody would believe, I dare say, how full my thoughts were of that promised doll, as I rode along, or what a nice one I meant to buy. It was not often I spent money in what my good thrifty wife would have called waste; but Dolly was Dolly, and I meant to do it now.

The cattle sold, I went about my purchase and soon had no end of parcels to be packed in the saddle-bags. Tea, sugar, rice, candles—but I need not worry you, sir, with telling of them—together with the calico for shirts and night gowns, and the delaine for the children's frocks. Last of all I went about the doll—and found a beauty. It was not as big as Dolly, or half a big; but it had flaxen curls and sky-blue eyes, and by dint of pulling a wire you could open and shut these eyes at will.

"Do it up carefully," I said to the storekeeper. "My little daughter would cry sadly if any harm should happen to it."

The day was pretty well ended before all my work was done, and just for a moment or two I hesitated whether I should not stay in the town and start for home in the morning. It would have been the more prudent course. But I thought of poor Dolly's anxiety to get her treasure, and my own happiness in watching the rapture in her delighted eyes. So with my parcels packed in the best way they could be, I mounted my horse and started.

It was as good and steady a horse as you ever rode, sir, but night began to set in before I was well a mile away from the town. It seemed as if it were going to be an ugly night, too. Again the thought struck me—should I turn back and wait till morning? I had the price of the cattle, you see, sir, in my breast pocket; and robberies, aye, and murders also, were not quite unknown things on the prairie. But I had my brace of sure pistols with me, and decided to press on.

The night came on as dark as pitch, and part of the way my road would be pitch dark besides. But on that score I had no fear. I knew the road well, every inch of it, though I could not ride so fast as

I should have done in the light. I was about six miles from home, I suppose, and I knew the time must be close upon midnight, when the storm which had been brewing broke. The thunder roared, the rain fell in torrents; the best I could do was to press on in it. All at once, as I rode on, a cry startled me; a faint, wailing sound, like the cry of a child. Reining up, I sat still and listened. Had I been mistaken? No, there it was again. But in what direction I could not tell. I couldn't see a thing. It was, as I said, as dark as pitch. Getting off my horse, I felt about, but could find nothing. And while I was seeking the cry came again—the faint moan of a child in pain. Then I began to wonder. I am not superstitious, but I asked myself how it was possible that a child could be out on the prairie at such an hour and on such a night. No; a real child it could not be.

Upon that; came another thought—one less welcome. Was it a trap to hinder me on my way and ensnare me? There might be midnight robbers who would easily hear of my almost certain ride home that night and the money I should have about me.

I don't think, sir, I am more timid than other people; not as much so, perhaps as some; but I confess the idea made me uneasy. My best plan was to ride on as fast as I could, and get out of the mystery into safe quarters. Just here was the darkest bit of my road in all the route. Mounting my horse, I was about to urge him on, when the cry came again. It did sound like a child's; the plaintive wail of a child nearly exhausted.

"God, guide me!" I said, undecided what to do. And as I sat another moment listening, I once more heard the cry, fainter and fainter. I threw myself off my horse with an exclamation:

"Be it ghost or be it robber, Anthony Hunt is not the one to abandon a child to die without trying to save it."

But how was I to save it?—how find it? The more I searched about, the less could my hands light on anything save the sloppy earth. The voice had quite ceased now, so I had no guide from that. While I stood trying to peer into the darkness, all my ears alert, a flood of sheet lightning suddenly illuminated the plain. At a little distance, just beyond a kind of a ridge, or gentle hill, I caught a glimpse of something white.

It was dark again in a moment, but I made my way with unerring instinct. Sure enough, there lay a poor little child. Whether boy or girl I could not tell. It seemed to be three parts insensible now, as I took it up, dripping with wet, from the sloppy earth.

"My poor little thing!" I said as I hushed it to me. "We'll go and find mammy. You are all safe now."

And, in answer, the child just put out its feeble hand, moaned once and nestled close to me.

"With the child hushed to my breast I rode on. Its perfect silence soon showed me that it slept. And, sir, I thank God that he had let me save it, and I thought how grateful some poor mother would be! But I was full of wonder for all that, wondering what extraordinary fate had taken the child to that solitary spot.

Getting in sight of home I saw all the windows alight. Deborah had done it for me, I thought, to guide me home in safety through the darkness. But presently I knew that something must be the matter, for the very few neighbors we had were collected there. My heart stood still with fear. I thought of some calamity to one or the other of the children. I had saved a like one from perishing, but what might not have happened to my own?

Hardly daring to lift the latch, while my poor tired horse stood still and mute outside, I went slowly in, the child in my arms covered with the long flap of my coat. My wife was weeping bitterly.

"What's amiss?" I asked in a faint voice. And it seemed that a whole chorus of voices answered me.

"Dolly's lost!"

Dolly! Just for a moment my heart turned sick. Then some instinct, like a ray of light and hope, seized upon me. Pulling the coat off the face of the child I held, I lifted the little sleeping thing to the light, and saw Dolly.

and on, until night and the storm overtook her, when she fell down frightened and exhausted. I thanked Heaven aloud before them all, sir, as I said that none but God and his Holy angels had guided me to her. It's not much of a story to listen to, sir, as I am aware of that. But I often think of it in the long nights, lying awake; and I ask myself how I could bear to live on now, had I run away from the poor little cry in the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp, and left my child to die.

Yes, sir, you are right; that's Dolly out yonder with her mother, picking fruit; the little trim light figure in pink—with just the same sort of white sunbonnet on her head that she wore that night ten years ago. She was a girl that was worth saving, sir, though I say it; and God knows that as long as my life lasts I shall be thankful that I came on home that night instead of staying in the town.

A "STUPID" VANDERBILT.

It is pretty well known that during William H. Vanderbilt's youth his father, the Commodore, had very little confidence in his sagacity or business ability. Against the active advice of some of his friends, he persistently declined the young man's co-operation because he thought him "stupid." A story is current on Staten Island which goes to show how the Commodore's eyes came to be opened to the mistake in fact concerning his oldest boy. William owned a farm near his father's and finding that it required fertilization, he applied to him for some manure.

"How much do you want?" inquired the Commodore.

"Oh, about a load," said the son.

"Certainly, I can spare that," was the reply.

When the Commodore visited his place the next week, he found that his yard and stables were swept clean of the great heaps of compost which he had allowed to accumulate.

"Why, how is this?" he said to his farmer.

"Your son came and got it," was the answer. "He said you gave him permission."

The Commodore went fuming to William and said in a bustling way: "See here, young man, what have you been about; how dared you to cart off all my manure?"

"You said I could have it," was the rejoinder. "You told me to take a load."

"A load? why you have got every bit there is."

"I only took a load, father—a sloop load."

The old man's eyes were opened, and he concluded to give the son a "silence" of stock to operate with, and soon after made him Vice President of the Central road.

Little by little.

If you are gaining little by little every day be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little, you are yet constantly accumulating and growing richer and richer every day? Be content; so far as concerns money, you are doing well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.

Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and laying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge. Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best men fall far short in what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last, better to be perfect, but do not become down-hearted so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little fortunes are accumulated; little by little knowledge is gained; little by little character and reputation are achieved.

The Girard estate in Schuylkill and Columbia counties embrace 20,000 acres of land, of which 8,592 acres are coal lands. The productive capacity of these lands in merchantable coal, after deducting waste in the process of mining, makes the enormous aggregate of 174,000,000 tons. The present production is about 1,000,000 tons per annum.

VEGETINE.

An Excellent Medicine.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Feb. 18, 1877. This is to certify that I have used VEGETINE, manufactured by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass., for Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous System, with good success. I recommend VEGETINE as an excellent medicine for such complaints. Yours very truly, C. W. VANDERBILT.

Mr. Vandegrift, of the firm of Vandegrift & Haffman, is a well known business man in this place, having one of the largest stores in Springfield, O.

Our Ministers Wife. LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 16, 1877. Dear Sir—My husband was suffering terribly with inflammatory Rheumatism. Our minister's wife advised me to take VEGETINE. After taking one bottle, I was entirely relieved. This year, feeling a return of the same complaint, I commenced taking it, and am being benefited greatly. It also greatly improves my digestion. Mrs. A. BALLARD. 101 West Jefferson Street.

Safe and Sure. Mr. H. R. STEVENS was recommended to me, and yielding to the persuasion of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from Rheumatism, and nervous prostration, superinduced by over-work and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and restorative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the inside, and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have used it for my wife's Rheumatism, and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system of new life and energy. VEGETINE is the only medicine, use, and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

W. H. CLARK, 130 Monterey Street, Allegheny, Penn.

VEGETINE.

The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, most convincingly every one who reads his lettering of new life and curative qualities of VEGETINE as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood.

HYDE PARK, MASS., Feb. 15, 1877. Dear Sir—About ten years ago my health failed through the debilitating effects of dyspepsia, and a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my bowels and took the form of a large tumor, which I suffered for several months in gathering. I had two surgical operations performed in the State, but received no permanent cure. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times. Matters ran on thus about seven years.

I was told by a friend that I should go to your office, and talk with you on the virtues of VEGETINE. I did so, and your kindness passed through my mind. I bought a bottle, and after using it for a few days, I noticed the ingredients, &c., by which your remedy is produced.

By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in VEGETINE. I soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered, and soon felt it was benefiting me in other respects. I did not see the result. I was sick till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in my bowels was cured, and for the most part I enjoyed the best of health.

I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now.

During the past few weeks I had several operations performed at large as my father on another part of my body. I took VEGETINE faithfully, and it removed all the pain from the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effects.

Let your patrons troubled with rheumatism or kidney disease understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases; and if they will patiently take VEGETINE, it will, in my judgment, cure them.

With great obligations I am, Yours very truly, H. R. STEVENS, Springfield, Mass.

VEGETINE.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Glad Tidings to All!

JOHN B. FORD

Has opened a TAILORSHOP in Snook's Building, Millheim, Penna.

Where he is now ready to satisfy all those who will give him their trade in city style. He is a first-class Cutter and Fitter, and as a workman can not be surpassed. With close attention to business, he hopes to receive the patronage of this community and the country generally.

All orders promptly filled and all work guaranteed.

JOHN B. FORD

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers and Rubbers

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER IS AT

KAMP'S!

For Ladies, Misses, and Children's French Kid Button and Laced Shoes.

AMERICAN KID AND BUTTON LACED SHOES.

Calfskin, Kid and Grain Leather Pegged and Sewed Shoes.

Calif. Kid, Upper and Split Leather Boots and Shoes.

Great Bargains for Cash Buyers

NO OTHER NEED APPLY

JACOB KAMP, LOCK HAVEN, PENNA.

BUSH HOUSE,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

F. D. M'CALLON,

Late Chief Clerk of the Robinson House, PITTSBURG, Penna. Proprietor.

Only First Class Hotel in the City. Charges moderate.

BELLEFONTE BREWERY, LEWIS HAAS, Proprietor.

Bellefonte, 25-1 Pa.

IRA T. COTTLE, Fashionable Tailor, Centre Hall.

Having opened rooms on the 2nd floor of Wm. Wolf's warehouse, he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of men's and boys' garments, according to the latest styles, and upon shortest notice, and all work warranted to render satisfaction. Cutting and repairing done.

BETTER THAN WESTERN LANDS. D. R. NEVIN, 725 SANSON ST., PHILA. DELPHIA, PA., has for sale thousands of choice improved and unimproved lands, in Delaware and Maryland within a few hours' ride of the Philadelphia and New York markets. Climate healthy; lands cheap; rail roads, churches and school houses abundant; splendid opportunity for colonists. Send for illustrated Pamphlets, Free.

24-3a

DAN. F. BEATTY'S

Parlor Organs,

Strongest Agency in the County. Policies issued on the Stock and Mutual Plan.

BEATTY PIANO & ORGANS

Best in Use.

DANIEL F. BEATTY

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS. Adopted by all the queens of fashion. Send for circular. E. IVINS, No. 233 North Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Late immense Discoveries by STANLEY and others first added to the only complete.

Life and Labors of Livingstone.

This veteran explorer ranks among the most heroic figures of the century, and this book is one of the most attractive, fascinating, richly illustrated and instructive volumes ever issued. Being the only entire and authentic life, the millions are eager for it, and wide-awake agents are wanted quickly for the far and foreign address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 725 Sanson St., Phila., Pa.

With great obligations I am, Yours very truly, H. R. STEVENS, Springfield, Mass.

VEGETINE.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Glad Tidings to All!

JOHN B. FORD

Has opened a TAILORSHOP in Snook's Building, Millheim, Penna.

Where he is now ready to satisfy all those who will give him their trade in city style. He is a first-class Cutter and Fitter, and as a workman can not be surpassed. With close attention to business, he hopes to receive the patronage of this community and the country generally.

All orders promptly filled and all work guaranteed.

JOHN B. FORD

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers and Rubbers

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER IS AT

KAMP'S!

For Ladies, Misses, and Children's French Kid Button and Laced Shoes.

AMERICAN KID AND BUTTON LACED SHOES.

Calfskin, Kid and Grain Leather Pegged and Sewed Shoes.

Calif. Kid, Upper and Split Leather Boots and Shoes.

Great Bargains for Cash Buyers

NO OTHER NEED APPLY

JACOB KAMP, LOCK HAVEN, PENNA.

JOHN C. MOTZ & CO. BANKERS

MILLHEIM, PA.

Receive Deposits,

Allow Interest,

Discount Notes

Make Collections

Buy and Sell Government Securities

Gold and Coupons,

Issue Drafts a

New York, Philadelphia or Chicago

and possess ample facilities for the

execution of a General Banking,

Business.

JOHN C. MOTZ, A. WALTER, President. Cashier.

BEATTY PIANO

GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT. Agents wanted everywhere. Ad. BEATTY Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Geo. L. Potter, Jno L. Kurtz

GEO. L. POTER & CO.,

General Insurance Agency

BELLEFONTE PA.

Strongest Agency in the County. Policies issued on the Stock and Mutual Plan.

BEATTY PIANO & ORGANS

Best in Use.

DANIEL F. BEATTY

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS. Adopted by all the queens of fashion. Send for circular. E. IVINS, No. 233 North Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Late immense Discoveries by STANLEY and others first added to the only complete.

Life and Labors of Livingstone.

This veteran explorer ranks among the most heroic figures of the century, and this book is one of the most attractive, fascinating, richly illustrated and instructive volumes ever issued. Being the only entire and authentic life, the millions are eager for it, and wide-awake agents are wanted quickly for the far and foreign address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 725 Sanson St., Phila., Pa.

With great obligations I am, Yours very truly, H. R. STEVENS, Springfield, Mass.

VEGETINE.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Glad Tidings to All!

JOHN B. FORD

Has opened a TAILORSHOP in Snook's Building, Millheim, Penna.

Where he is now ready to satisfy all those who will give him their trade in city style. He is a first-class Cutter and Fitter, and as a workman can not be surpassed. With close attention to business, he hopes to receive the patronage of this community and the country generally.

All orders promptly filled and all work guaranteed.

JOHN B. FORD

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers and Rubbers

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER IS AT

KAMP'S!

For Ladies, Misses, and Children's French Kid Button and Laced Shoes.

AMERICAN KID AND BUTTON LACED SHOES.

Calfskin, Kid and Grain Leather Pegged and Sewed Shoes.

Calif. Kid, Upper and Split Leather Boots and Shoes.

Great Bargains for Cash Buyers

NO OTHER NEED APPLY

JACOB KAMP, LOCK HAVEN, PENNA.

J. W. WALLACE & CO.,

Druggists,

Corner Main And Grove Streets,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

A full stock of Drugs & Chemicals constantly on hand. All the

leading Patent Medicines—Painst, Oils and Glass, at lowest prices

The undersigned would again call the attention of the public to the fact that they are still engaged in the manufacture

of

Monuments

Couches,

Headstones,

Shops, EAST OF BRIDGE,

DEININGER & MUSSER.

MILLHEIM, PA.

DAVID F. FORTNEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

BEATTY PIANO

GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT. Agents wanted everywhere. Ad. BEATTY Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Geo. L. Potter, Jno L. Kurtz

GEO. L. POTER & CO.,

General Insurance Agency

BELLEFONTE PA.

Strongest Agency in the County. Policies issued on the Stock and Mutual Plan.

BEATTY PIANO & ORGANS

Best in Use.

DANIEL F. BEATTY

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS. Adopted by all the queens of fashion. Send for circular. E. IVINS, No. 233 North Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey