

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

R. A. BUMILLER.

Office in the New Journal Building, Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR \$1.50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Acceptable Correspondence Solicited

Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 58.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1884.

NO. 47.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER, Auctioneer, MILLHEIM, PA.

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

D. R. GEO. S. FRANK, Physician & Surgeon, REBERSBURG, PA. Office opposite the hotel. Professional calls promptly answered at all hours.

D. R. D. H. MINGLE, Physician & Surgeon, Office on Main Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

W. J. SPRINGER, Fashionable Barber, Shop 2 doors west Millheim Banking House, MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. H. Hastings, W. F. Reeder, HASTINGS & REEDER, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA.

C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower, ALEXANDER & BOWER, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

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

W. M. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA. Practices in all the courts of Centre county. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

J. A. Beaver, J. W. Gephart, BEAVER & GEPHART, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. C. G. McMILLEN, PROPRIETOR.

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

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

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 Travelers on first floor.

ST. ELMO HOTEL, Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA. RATES REDUCED TO \$2.00 PER DAY.

The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centers of business and places of amusement and the different East-Road depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by street cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure. Your patronage respectfully solicited. Jos. M. Feger, Proprietor.

PEABODY HOTEL, 9th St. South of Chestnut, PHILADELPHIA.

One Square South of the New Post Office, one half Square from Walnut St. Theatre and in the very business centre of the city. On the American and European plans. Good rooms from 50cts to \$3.00 per day. Remodeled and newly furnished. W. PAINE, M. D., Owner & Proprietor.

D. R. A. W. HAFER, Surgeon & Dentist, Office on Penn Street, South of Lath. church, MILLHEIM, PA.

P. H. MUSSER, JEWELER, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. All work neatly and promptly Executed. Shop on Main Street, Millheim, Pa.

J. L. Spangler, C. F. Hewes, SPANGLER & HEWES, Attorneys-at-Law, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Furst's new building.

W. H. REIFSNYDER, Auctioneer, MILLHEIM, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE. FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 10, 1884. Examinations for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to students of both sexes, and offers the following courses of study: 1. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years. 2. A Latin Scientific Course. 3. The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course: (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING. 4. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Agriculture. 5. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry. 6. A reorganized Course in Mechanical Arts, combining shop-work with study. 7. A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies. 8. A Carefully graded Preparatory Course. 9. SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students. Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of a competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information address GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL. D., PRESIDENT STATE COLLEGE, CENTRE CO., PA.

Mrs. Sarah A. Zeigler's BAKERY, on Penn street, south of race bridge, Millheim, Pa.

of superior quality can be bought at any time and in any quantity.

ICE CREAM AND FANCY CAKES or Weddings, Picnics and other social gatherings promptly made to order.

Call at her place and get your supplies at exceedingly low prices. 34-3m

SCHOOL SUPPLIES! A full line at the (JOURNAL STORE.) Parents are invited to call at our place on Penn Street.

MILLHEIM Sewing Machine OFFICE, F. O. HOSTERMAN, Proprietor, Main St., opposite Campbell's store.

World's Leader AND THE WHITE SEWING MACHINES, the most complete machines in market. Each machine is guaranteed for five years by the companies.

The undersigned also constantly keeps on hand all kinds of Needles, Oil, Attachments, &c. &c.

Second Hand Machines sold at exceedingly low prices. Repairing promptly attended to.

Give me a trial and be convinced of the truth of these statements. F. O. HOSTERMAN.

THE LOST BILL.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Milly Barry and Josie King served at opposite counters of a great dry-goods and millinery emporium. That was how they made acquaintance in the first place—nodding and smiling at each other in the intervals of serving customers. When they came to speaking, and by easy stages to the innocent confidence of their age they found they were companions in so many ways—each being orphaned, poor, lonely and very sociable—it was natural that they should presently exchange vows of eternal friendship.

They then hired a little room together, paid equal parts of its humble rent, and went partners in their frugal householding expenses; and when they drank their coffee and ate their Vienna roll opposite each other, across a dainty little table they felt as if they had a home once more.

Milly was a fair, pleasant-looking girl, with soft blue eyes, brown hair, and a fresh red-and-white complexion; Josie was tall, slight, dark and pale, with glossy black hair and large, dark-brown eyes—a very handsome girl, as was often remarked by ladies when she served them, with a rather queenly air.

The girls were a direct contrast in personal appearance—another reason for their attraction toward each other. Mill and Josie had not large salaries—the firm which employed them was not remarkable for generosity; quick sales, small profits and very small salaries was the rule, in the "great emporium."

However, by dint of incessant economy, and by reason of sharing expenses, Milly and Josie contrived to put aside a small sum weekly toward a little fund for a great Thanksgiving celebration.

They were both New England girls, and in their childhood's days that day had ever been one of great rejoicing and much merrymaking in the homes that remained in only as a beautiful and half-wed memory.

But for once they determined to make it as much of a joyous reality as the flight of years and the loss of friends and relatives would allow. They laid out in imagination quite a sumptuous entertainment; and on counting up their savings a few days before the festive occasion, and finding that they amounted to the magnificent sum of ten dollars, both girls felt justified in inviting a few friends to help them eat their turkey.

Mrs. Hobson, their landlady, promised to roast the noble bird, and asked permission to contribute a mince and a pumpkin pie; while the girls themselves undertook the cooking of the cranberry sauce and vegetables on their own tiny gas stove—for each felt that half the fun of the entertainment would be lost unless they personally superintended a portion of the cooking.

The great day approached, and it was Thanksgiving Eve, and of course their marketing had to be done after store hours, for neither had been able to get leave of absence during the day-time, the emporium being more than usually thronged because of the coming holiday.

"Come, Josie!" called Milly, from the door of their room, as she drew on her neat gloves, Josie having stepped across the hall for a moment to ask their rheumatic neighbor, just opposite, whether they could do her any service while they were out shopping.

"Yes, dear," Josie answered, "Go on, Milly—I will overtake you at the door."

Milly went on, as directed, very leisurely, and buttoning her gloves as she descended the stairs.

When she reached the lower hall, she waited for Josie before opening the door. Minute after minute passed, and growing impatient, she amused herself by drumming with the tips of her fingers on the banisters.

Five minutes passed, and, with a slight exclamation, she ran half way upstairs again.

"Come, Josie—it is getting late!" she called out, as she retraced her steps. "We will find nothing worth buying."

"Nor I!" replied that young lady, emphatically.

"Are you quite sure?" smiled the visitor. "A certain ten-dollar bill was blown in my face by a stray gust of wind last Thanksgiving Eve, just as I was passing this house, and I have been on the lookout for the owner ever since. Something I chanced to overhear to-day led me here."

"A ten-dollar bill?" both girls exclaimed at once.

And Milly added, in self-reproach: "The window was open, Josie. I stepped across the room to close it, and I never remembered it afterward. How wrong of me! It would have explained everything."

And without a word more, both girls rushed toward each other, and exchanged a fervent embrace.

Mr. Merton smiled and seemed to understand, although neither of the girls remembered his presence just then.

"But it may not be our ten dollars after all."

"That is easily tested," said Josie. "I exchanged our money for the bill at the store that day; and having my pencil in hand at the time, I wrote on the back of it our initials, 'M. and J.' enclosed in a circle."

"And here it is!" laughed young Merton, taking a crisp note from his pocket, and smoothing it out, so that the mark was plainly visible on the reverse side.

"So like you, Josie," said Milly, taking possession of the money. "I shall take care of it this time."

Josie made no answer, but her quick, artistic eye, noted the strong, white, well-shaped hand on which the bill had rested; and some how the look of admiration was caught by the dark, blue eyes of the owner of that hand.

Josie King blushed violently, and looked so handsome that Albert Merton instinctively uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, Miss King, you will forgive me, I know!" he explained. "But I am an artist, and at that moment the turn of your head and the expression of your face, just realized the ideal I have been engaged on. It is a charming subject—if you would only grant me the privilege of a sitting to sketch your head."

Milly discreetly withdrew to a distance, and pretended to examine the recovered ten-dollar bill. Josie did not grant the young artist's request immediately; but her refusal was not of a character to render him hopeless. She subsequently repented of her lack of amiability so far that she granted Albert Merton innumerable sittings; and, in the course of the next six months, his studio teemed with sketches of Josie King's beautiful head and face; in fact, he occupied her spare time so exclusively, and found her so invaluable as a model, that they agreed to enter into a long-term partnership; and on the wedding day, Milly, who officiated as bride-maid, slipped the identical ten-dollar bill into Josie's hand, and whispered:

"Have it framed and put in a glass case, dear. You see our loss was a great gain in the end."

The President's Experience. President Arthur and a few friends were enjoying the air and their cigars on the veranda of the White House one afternoon last week when the conversation turned on the experiments recently made by a French physicist on the head of a murderer immediately after the execution.

"The French scientist is of the opinion that the head retains consciousness for several minutes after it was cut off," remarked Gen. Sheridan, who had read a description of the experiment.

"Gentlemen," said the President, removing his cigar, "I know of a still more singular case. I decapitated, on the suggestion of Col. Oehlitz here, a colored Federal official down in Texas, and he made more noise after his head was off than he did before."

"Was he sensible for any length of time after his head was off?" asked one of the party.

"I don't know whether I can say that he acted sensible or not, but it is a fact that he retained sufficient consciousness, four months after decapitation, to cast thirteen votes for Jim Blaine at Chicago, first, last and all the time. Didn't he, Tom?" Col. Oehlitz blushed and was silent.—Texas Siftings.

Cincinnati is to have an old monument, in the form of a ruin, built from the broken pillars and fragments of the court house burned during the riot.

They now make handsome furniture out of pressed black walnut sawdust, which is capable of as high a polish as the solid wood itself.

THE CHINESE IN NEW YORK.

Peculiarities of the Orientals Described.

Their Superstitions and Their Unconquerable Fatalism—A Reporter in a Chinese Hospital.

Soon after the first batch of Chinamen put in their appearance in New York they began to surround themselves with heathen accessories to which they had been accustomed in San Francisco. Before three months had gone by they had several flourishing opium dens, half a dozen "fan-tan" games and lottery joints and a dozen stores for the sale of Oriental commodities. Having provided for the amusements of their daily lives the moon-eyed strangers set up relations with the powers above, by establishing a Joss house, wherein they hang their prayers with commendable regularity and punctuality. Next they set about encompassing order by the founding of a Chinese law court, and lastly, and very recently they completed the social circle of Chinese life by opening a hospital, or more properly, a house where-in the sick may die without bothering their friends and relations.

Chinamen are well known to be fatalists. This trait in their national character makes Chinamen, who are otherwise cowardly, meet death with the utmost stoicism. On the Pacific slope executions of Chinamen have been by no means infrequent, and in no case has the victim of the law failed to march to the scaffold with the fortitude of an Indian. The belief that what is to be is to be, and no act of a person may avert a catastrophe, renders the healing art most difficult of application to Chinamen.

Once John becomes really sick, he is pretty sure to die, because he gives up all hope, refuses to take medicines, and resigns himself stoically to the fate in store for him. He is superstitious, and places what little faith he has in curatives not in drugs, but queer amulets, funny bags, and nauseating liquids blessed by the priests. This superstition affects his relations, and once the hand of death is considered to have set its mark upon the sick man's saffron forehead he is an outcast. He is no more fit to remain in human habitation; for should he die under the roof, a ill manner of ills will fall upon the inmates. Therefore he is hustled out to die. In San Francisco dying men are often found upon the streets. Parents are as ruthlessly sacrificed, once their ailment is considered hopeless, as the poorest stranger—and yet the children of a Chinaman are the most dutiful of any children of any people.

Hearing that a hospital, or sick-house, as the Chinese term it, had been established in Chinatown, a representative of the Commercial Advertiser set to work to find the place, and explored it if opportunity offered. From inquiries made among the white people in the neighborhood, the house was located on the north side of the street, five or six doors from the corner of Chatham street. The entrance was under a stoop, and opened into a long dark hallway, that in turn led into a blind court between the front and rear buildings. The drains from the adjoining houses emptied into the stone-flagged court, the sewage lay in little pools in the broken stench, sending up an overpowering stench. Garbage was scattered over the ground, where it had been thrown from the windows, and lumber boxes and barrels filled up the intervening spaces. Picking his way across the court, the writer reached a deal door that appeared to open into the rear house, but which really opened into a long alley, at the end of which was another door on which was pasted a red sign in black Chinese characters. Knocking produced no response. The visitor lifted the latch, and pushed the door open. A volume of foul air and smoke poured out, nearly stifling the reporter, who drew back for a moment, but recovering he entered. The place was dark, but gradually the eye becoming accustomed to the gloom, it was possible to distinguish the limits of the place. Not a stick of furniture was in the place, but a brazier, made of an old coal oil can, burned in the middle of the room. On one side there were bunks, arranged end for end, and on one, covered by a quilt made of gunny sacks and rags lay a human form. As the visitor approached, the miserable creature half raised upon his elbow, and asked in a hollow voice: "What for?"

"You sick?" interrogated the reporter.

"Me velly sick," answered the Chinaman, falling back with a groan.

"Hungry?"

"No—no can eat."

"Where are your friends?"

"No got friends. All gone."

As the poor fellow ceased, a hollow cough told the story. He was dying from consumption, which carries off fully half of his race in this country. Poor food, insufficient clothing and an unsanitary mode of life soon work havoc with the weak physique of the double

and his vicious habits of opium smoking and gambling hurry him on until too weak to stand, his friends carry him to the sick house.

There was nothing more to learn, John was dying, and he would do nothing to help himself, for was not the hand of death upon him? So, leaving a small piece of silver in the talon-like hand of the sick man, the reporter left. As he stepped into the court the proprietor of the sick house was coming in with a tin plate of rice and a diminutive cracked cup of tea.

"What is the matter with that man, John?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, him die."

"The sickness?" (consumption.)

"Yes. Him die to-morrow."

"Where are his friends?"

"Him friends plenty rich. Got'em store. Payee Sam Kee plenty money keep Ah Jim?"

"Why don't you get a doctor?"

"Wha' for? Him die. Wha' for spendum money doctor?"

"Why don't his friends keep him home where he can be comfortable?"

"All same had Joss come, he die there. Ah Jim all life. Him die plenty click have big fan'ral. Send'm bones back China."

The next day when the reporter called Ah Jim lay in a pine box. He had on a new suit of blue glazed muslin and a skull cap with a bright red button. His face wore a calm expression, and the thin hands were crossed over his breast. Funeral pious burned and little gilded paper crucifixes were scattered around. Across the street grand preparations were making for a great funeral feast, for Ah Jim had died out of the house and he could now be honored.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Where the Difference Came In. A certain gentleman requiring legal assistance had been recommended to one of the two brothers, but had forgotten the Christian name of him he sought, so he called at the office of the one first found and asked for Mr. Podger.

"That is my name, sir."

"But there are two of you of that name here in town?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish to consult with the Mr. Podger—excuse me for the allusion—who wears a wig?"

"We both wear wigs, sir."

"Well, the one I seek was divorced from his wife not long ago."

"There you hit us both again, sir."

"The man to whom I was recommended has recently been accused of forgery, though, I trust, unjustly."

"There we are again, my dear sir. We have both had that gentle insinuation laid at our doors."

"Well, upon my word, you two brothers bear a striking resemblance. But I guess I have it now. The one I am after is in the habit of occasionally drinking to excess—sometimes to intoxication."

"My dear man, that little vice is unfortunately characteristic of the pair of us, and I doubt if your best friend could tell you which was the worst."

"Well, you are a matched pair certainly. But tell me," continued the visitor, "which of the twin it was that took the poor debtor's oath a few months ago?"

"Ha, ha, we were both in that meddle. I was on Bob's paper and he was on mine."

"In mercy's name!" cried the applicant, desperately, "will you tell me which of the two is the most sensible man?"

"Ah, there you touch bottom, my friend. Poor Bob, I can't stretch the truth, even to serve a brother. If you want the more sensible one of the two I suppose I must acknowledge the corn. I'm the man."

Bill Nye's Advice to Parents. Do not constantly tell your boy 'how tall' he is—that he 'grows like a weed'—and finally make him think he is a graffe. If you keep it up you will finally make a round-shouldered, awkward, bashful bean-pole out of a mighty good looking boy. If every tall boy in this country will agree to lick every wooden-headed man who tells him 'how he does grow,' I will agree to hold the coat of said tall boy. I am now dealing with a subject of which I happen to be informed. The same rule applies to girls as well. If you want to make your daughter fall over the piano and yearn to climb a tree whenever she sees anyone come toward the house, tell her 'what a great swalloping tom-boy she is getting to be.' In this way, if her parents act judiciously and in concert, we can soon have a nation of young men and women whose manners and carriage will be as beautiful and symmetrical as the plaster cast off a sore toe.

The Chinese Government offers amnesty to all Chinese subjects who will return home and enter into the service of the Government in the war against France.

The average number of hairs on the head is 120,000.