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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontinuance of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have notified the publishers and ordered them discontinued.
If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.
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1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
1 column 2 00 4 00 10 00 15 00 25 00
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Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

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Auctioneer,
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W. H. REIFSNYDER,
Auctioneer,
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D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office opposite the Methodist Church,
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Physician & Surgeon
Office on Main Street,
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D. R. GEO. L. LEE,
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Office opposite the Public School House.

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Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa.
Deeds and other legal papers written and acknowledged at moderate charges.

W. J. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Having had many years' experience, the public can expect the best work and most modern accommodations.
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Fashionable Barber,
Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,
Millheim, Pa.
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, Dying, &c. done in the most satisfactory manner.
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O. ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
Office in Woodlawn Building.

D. H. HASTINGS, W. F. REEDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Youm & Hastings.

J. C. MEYER,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

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Attorney-at-Law,
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Practices in all the courts of Centre county. Special attention to Collections, Consultations in German or English.

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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 widows and infants.

CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
EMANUEL BROWN,
PROPRIETOR
House newly refitted and furnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Reasonable charges. Respectfully solicited.

MY VEILED CLIENT.

HOW I ESCAPED COMPLICITY IN AN AUDACIOUS IMPOSTURE.

At the time of the incident I am about to relate, I was a young solicitor, with no very considerable practice, and therefore not always so discreet as I might have been had I been able to pick and choose my clients. My business hours were ostensibly from ten to five but the fact of my house adjoining the office made me subservient to the wishes of the public beyond the time stated on the brass plate at my office door. In fact, it was generally after business hours that my most profitable clients came; and though I say I refused many a time the agency of some shady business, still I must confess with regret that once or twice I found myself unwittingly involved in transactions which I would have much rather left alone. One of these I have occasion to remember too well, and I can never think of it but I thank Providence for saving me from becoming an accomplice unwittingly in a most audacious piece of imposture.

I was interrupted one night at tea by the servant entering and saying that a lady wished to see me. Hastily finishing the meal, I hurried into my business room. As I entered and bowed, a lady rose, made a slight courtesy and remained standing. I begged her to be seated, and asked of what service I could be to her. It was a little time before she answered, and then it was in a nervous, frightened way, glancing round the room as if she were afraid somebody else was present. I saw that, although she was dressed in good style, she had not the air of a lady, but, as she wore a thick veil, I could not distinguish her features, though I made out a gray hair here and there.

"I suppose I had better explain who I am and what I want," she began. "I am a Miss Howard, of Graham square, and I want you to make out my will."

I started involuntarily, for this elderly person, though I had never seen her before, had been the subject of many a surmise and many a gossip with the neighbors. She was reported to be very wealthy; but had apparently abandoned the world, for, during the last five years she had shut herself up in her house, seeing no one but her servants. My curiosity was therefore piqued at the idea of making out this old eccentric's will. Taking up a pen, I asked her to give me the particulars of how she wished the property disposed of.

"That is very simple," she said. "I wish my whole property to go to Mr. David Simpson, of Stafford street here. I have never been married; and I want the will framed so as to cut off any heir who might claim relationship to me. I also wish you to act as my executor in seeing my will carried into effect."

I made a note of the instructions, and asked when it would be convenient for her call and sign the deed.

"If you could have it written out by to-morrow night, I could call then and sign it. I would like if you could arrange to have a doctor present to be a witness to my signing—a young doctor, if possible."

"Certainly, madam. To-morrow night at this time will suit, and I will arrange about a doctor being present. —Is there anything else you wish mentioned in the will?"

"No; nothing," she said, rising. "But be sure you make it so as to cut off all relations."

I assured her everything would be as she desired; and after assisting her into the cab which was waiting, noticing the while that she had a slight limp in her walk, I retired to my study to frame the will in accordance with her instructions. Next night, punctual to a minute, she called; and as I had a doctor present, the ceremony of signing was soon over, the doctor signing as a witness along with my clerk, and appending a certificate of sanity, as desired by my client; and the deed was consigned to my safe.

The affair had almost completely passed from my mind, when I was startled one morning by receiving a note from Mr. Simpson, the legatee in the will, informing me that Miss Howard was dead. I immediately proceeded to the house, performed the usual duties devolving upon a solicitor in such circumstances, and made what arrangements were necessary. After the funeral I had a meeting with Mr. Simpson, and explained to him the position of affairs—that he was sole legatee, and that I was executor. He seemed to take the matter very coolly, I thought, but was anxious that everything should be realized as soon as possible. Our interview was very short; and I came away with a strong feeling of dislike for the man, who, I found, had acted as a sort of factor for the deceased lady.

Acting within the duties of executorship, and also with a desire to find out if possible the relations the old lady had been so anxious to cut off, I inserted a notice of her death in most of the leading newspapers in the kingdom. This had the desired effect; for in the course of a few days I was waited upon by a young gentleman, Edward Howard, who informed me he was a nephew of the late Miss Howard, and had called upon me, having got my name and address from the office of one of the newspapers to which I had sent the advertisement. During my interview with Mr. Howard, I was much impressed with his bearing, on my telling him the position of affairs, as he was much more concerned at his aunt's death than at the purpose of her will. He told me that five years ago he had married against his aunt's wishes; she had refused to recognize his wife; and though he had written her several letters, he had never heard from her in reply. He thanked me for my information, and said he would likely see me again, as he was coming into town to a situation he had just been offered.

Some weeks after this, as I was returning home in the evening from a consultation, my attention was arrested by the figure of a woman in front of me. She was hurrying along as if trying to escape observation; but there was something in her style and the limp which she had that struck me as familiar, though I could not remember where I had seen her. Just as she was passing a lighted part of the street, she happened to look around, and the face I saw at once explained to me the familiarity of her figure—both face and figure being an exact counterpart of my late client's Miss Howard! Some-how or other, a suspicion flashed across my mind; my instinct told me something was wrong, and I determined to follow her and see where she went to. Pushing my hat well over my brow and pulling the collar of my coat well up, I followed through two or three streets, and was almost at her heels when she suddenly turned into a public-house, when, so close had I followed her, I heard the attendant say, in answer to an inquiry by her: "Number thirteen, ma'am;" and I saw her disappear into the back premises. I immediately followed, heard the door of number thirteen shut, and glancing at the numbers, quietly opened number twelve, and after giving an order for some slight refreshment to the attendant who had followed me, I took a look around the room.

I found it was divided from the next one only by a wooden partition, which did not reach the ceiling, and that, by remaining perfectly quiet, I could hear that a whispered conversation was being carried on in the next room. The entrance of the attendant with my order disturbed my investigation; but on his departure, and regardless of the old saying that listeners seldom hear anything to their own advantage, I did my best to make out the conversation. I distinguished the voices to be those of two men and one woman. The latter I at once recognized, or at least my imagination led me to believe it to be the voice of the person who had called on me a year ago to make her will. The voice of one of the men was strange to me; but after the discovery I had already made, I was not greatly astonished at recognizing the voice of the other man to be that of Simpson, the legatee in the will. The whole thing flashed upon me at once, and I saw I had been made the innocent machinery for carrying through a clever and daring piece of imposture. I, however, listened attentively to the conversation, in order to fathom the whole affair.

The first sentence I made out came from the stranger: "I told you young Sinclair was the very man to do the work for you. These young lawyers never ask any questions as long as they get the business."

"Well, well," said Simpson, "that is all right now. But the present question is, what is to be done in the way of hurrying him up with the realization of the estate without exciting suspicion? The sooner we all get away from this the better. I am glad that young fellow Howard didn't ask any questions. But one thing's certain, we must get the old woman away from this immediately or she's sure to get recognized. She's been keeping pretty close lately, but I dare say she's getting tired of it. Aren't you, old lady?"

"Indeed," was the reply, "I would be glad to get away from this place to-morrow, if I could. I'm sure I only wish you could have been content with half of the estate with Mr. Edward, instead of burning the will, when you found it was to be divided between you and him, and getting me to do what I did. I'm sure it's a wonder my mistress doesn't rise from her grave to denounce us all."

Where Money Reigns Supreme.

In New York, and, I suppose in all large cities, but there especially, money has been made by the fortune. They have hundreds of millionaires, and thousands upon thousands of very rich men. Speculative opportunities afforded by unscrupulous men who to-day live upon their ill-gotten gains. We are on the ragged edge of speculation. Speculation has put into the pockets of rascals millions, and has taken from the pockets of the greedy millions. A new set have come to the front socially and financially. They are vulgar, common, rude, offensive. They boast of their wealth; they flaunt in the eyes of the public their new purchase; they give balls and entertainments to which gentlemen with whom they are unacquainted are invited. They send lists of guests to the newspapers; they furnish, in addition to this, descriptions of elegant toilets worn by the ladies at these entertainments, they inform society reporters of all the details of expenditure; they tell how much they spend for flowers, what the cost of the dinner or supper is to be. They parade before the reporters their gold and silver service, and are particular that they get it cost correctly. They appear upon the streets in the morning with diamonds in their ears, with costly ornaments upon their necks, and expensive bracelets upon their arms, if they be women; with diamond collar-buttons and diamond sets, and heavy gold chains and solitaire diamond rings upon their fingers, if they are men. They are loud in tone, flashy in dress and boorish in manner. All this, vulgar and low-bred as it is, is not bad; it is simply disagreeable, and, doubtless, as time rolls on, social friction will smooth away the roughness, and when the fourth generation appears—by which time, however, the money will doubtless be spent—manhood and womanhood will have their turn. The foregoing refers to the home life of these creatures. In their public and in their amusement taste I find the beacon and the suggestions to which I earlier referred.

"You'll do it as quietly as you can, for the credit of the house," said he.

"Of course," said the detective. "Show us in."

In another minute we were inside the room, with our backs to the door, the detective dangling a pair of steel bracelets and nodding smilingly round the room. The woman fainted. We had no difficulty in securing the men; and in half an hour we had them safely housed in jail.

Before their trial came on, we had worked out the whole story. The woman who had called on me and signed the will was Mrs. Simpson, Miss Howard's housekeeper, the mother of Simpson in whose favor the will was made; and the other man was a lawyer's clerk who had suggested to them the feasibility of such a scheme. The fact of Miss Howard's self-confinement and my own imprudence had nearly made the plot a success, but for my accidental recognition of the house-keeper. Each of the prisoners offered to turn Queen's evidence; but, as we had no difficulty in proving the case, this was refused, and they were sentenced to various periods of penal servitude. I had then the pleasure of handing over the estate to the rightful heir, young Edward Howard, who, notwithstanding that I had nearly been the means of depriving him of his inheritance, made me his agent.

The estate turned out to be much larger than I had at first thought, as I succeeded in proving that a large number of investments in Simpson's name really belonged to Miss Howard, and the management of so large a property fairly put me on my feet as regards business. I have had many good clients since then, but I have often thought that my Veiled Client was my best one, as she was the means of giving me my first lesson in prudence, and my first start in life.

What the Newspaper Does.

Rev. John Rhey Thompson, of New York, says: The crowning marvel of our modern civilization is the printing press. It is impossible to overestimate its vast power. It propagates and defuses information. It gives wings to knowledge, so that on a breath of morning it flies everywhere to bless and elevate. I stand in growing wonder in the presence of the printing press. It lays its hands upon the telegraph and speedily gathers news from all parts of the world, and acute editors and ubiquitous reporters and rapid compositors and flying steam presses commit to paper a faithful photograph of what is going on in the world. And yonder stands the iron horse, with breath of flame and ribs of steel, ready to go to remote portions of the country, dropping packages of the daily papers on the way. Yes, it is a mighty engine for good and a mighty engine, too, for evil. Like all the blessings of this trial life of ours, it is not an unmixed blessing.

Remarkable Presence of Mind.

On a first night at the Theatre Francaise, Regnier, the comedian, now deceased, displayed remarkable presence of mind. He was alone on the stage, and was supposed to be expecting a friend. "He comes!" exclaimed Regnier, looking off on the left. "Joy! I have been awaiting him so impatiently." At this cue his friend entered—on the right. Some one had blundered—his who? There was no time for hesitation, and the veteran player's ready wit came to his aid. "Sly dog!" he said, jocosely, to the newly arrived: "you thought to take me by surprise, but I saw you in the looking-glass yonder." This brought down the house, though the audience had been on the point of hissing the very palpable blunder.

What Astonished Lamar.

The Preparation of a Proclamation in Which Cleveland took a Hand.

From the New York Times.

An earnest Republican, who since campaign times has learned to respect the intelligence as well as the integrity of President Cleveland, tells a good story that comes direct from Secretary Lamar. It relates to the first business meeting of the Cleveland Cabinet and shows how the President, in a quiet, unostentatious way, opened the eyes of the Mississippi statesmen. Except Manning, there wasn't a member of the Cabinet, who did not manifest some curiosity as to the way in which President Cleveland would conduct his executive household. They found him neither officious nor talkative and though he produced upon every one of them a most favorable impression, when the meeting broke up they didn't know him much better than they did before the meeting began. The Oklahoma boomers were cutting a wide swath in the country just then and the Oklahoma boomer was very generously discussed at that Cabinet meeting, it being resolved that the Secretaries of the Interior and War should draw up a proclamation in accordance with certain views upon which the President with the Cabinet had agreed. Secretary Endicott quickly suggested that Secretary Lamar should put the proclamation in shape and then they would go over it and elaborate it together. "It is a pretty stiff task, but I'll try it," said Mr. Lamar, with a smile that was not hilarious. That night, somewhere about 11 or 12 o'clock, Mr. Endicott's dreams at the Arlington were disturbed by a knocking which threatened wholly to tear down his bedroom door. In stalked the tall Secretary of the Interior. He had brought over a draught of that proclamation. Mr. Endicott read it. Mr. Endicott was pleased and he said so. It was very good, very good indeed, he said. It couldn't be improved upon. Mr. Lamar had struck just the right key. Mr. Endicott had not a single suggestion to offer. He felt pretty sure, he said, that it would meet the President's approval just as it stood.

"Yes, I guess you're right; I guess it will meet the President's approval just as it stands," said Mr. Lamar. "Let me tell you a thing or two. I worked over this thing for hours. I hunted up President Arthur's proclamation against the boomers and tried to build one up of my own with it for a model, but I did not make much headway. Then I started out on my own account and struggled over a lot of blank paper. It was not a very satisfactory showing that's a fact, but I strayed over to the White House with it, had a talk with the President, read him the document and asked him if he had any suggestions to make. I said to him frankly: 'Mr. President, it doesn't suit me.' He looked over my draft and then he said to me in a quiet way: 'Suppose you let me try my hand at it, Mr. Secretary.' He took up his pen and he wrote. He didn't stop, he didn't hesitate; ideas seemed crowding one right on top of another. When he was done he read it to me. That is all—what you've read and approved. Let me tell you, Mr. Secretary, President Cleveland is a business man; he knows what he means and he means what he says. He is simply a revelation to me."

Corners His Pa.

About a month since the wife of the editor of the Magazine of Humor and mother of the inquisitive young gentleman aforesaid, had a queer attack of a complaint that is becoming chronic in our family, which left her with another daughter, and affected the editor in precisely the same way, and when their youthful knowledge glutton came home from school he was considerably surprised.

"Where did you get it?" he inquired.

"The doctor brought it to us," the editor incautiously replied.

"In his pocket?"

"Yes," the editor assented.

"In his vest pocket?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"Wrapped up in a piece of paper?"

"Yes."

"With its name printed on it?"

"Yes."

"What is its name?"

"Why—son, it is—that is, we have not named it yet," the editor inconsistently exclaimed, in the dire moment of his surprise.

"Where do the doctors get the babies for people?"

"Oh, they find them!"

"Who loses them, pa?"

"Oh, God let's them drop down from heaven and the doctors pick them up."

"It's awful high up to heaven, ain't it, pa?"

"Thousands of miles."

"And if anybody would fall down from there, it would kill him, wouldn't it?"

"I should think it would, my son."

"Then why don't it kill the babies?"

"Why, because—oh blank it!"

"Do they fall in a blanket, pa?"

"Yes, that's what keeps them from being killed."

"Who hold's the blanket?"

"Why, the people close by see a baby falling when it is away up, and they run out and hold the blanket."

"And catch it?"

"Yes."

"And find it?"

"Certainly."

"Then how does the doctor find it if the people that held the blanket found it?"

"Oh, you bother me."

"Pa, do all liars go to hell?"

"Of course they do."

"Where is hell, Pa?"

"Why down under the earth."

"Pa, how are you going to get down there and when will you start?"

Grand tableau consisting of an editor, a boy and a shingle.—Through Mail Magazine.

A Singular Race.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race, called the Kubus, who are too shy to mix with the other races of the island, and dwell in the recesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays, and thought to be little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never willingly face a stranger. Their trade with the Malays is consequently carried on in a strange manner. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The Kubus approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat a gong, and retreat. The trader returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient, as he thinks, for the purchase of the goods on sale. Then he retires, and the Kubus reappear and consider the bargain. And so, after more withdrawals and approaches and gong-beatings, the respective parties come to an understanding, and carry off independent their bargains. The Kubus in their wild state do not bury their dead. They live on snakes, grubs, fruits, and the flesh of any deer or pigs they can slay. They are skillful spear-men, and throw stones with marvelous accuracy. They know of no state after death. In some physical respects they assimilate closely to the anthropoid apes.

Deininger's Ready Reference Tax Receipt Book is growing in public favor.

Customers from a distance are beginning to call for it. It is an admitted necessity for every tax-payer who does his business in a practical manner. It is arranged to last for ten years and sells at the low price of 40 cents. Call and see it at the JOURNAL Store.

HOLD ALL WHEAT.

Commissioner Colman's Advice to Farmers.

This Year's Crop Below the Average—Amount of Injured Grain—The Illinois Field.

Agricultural Commissioner Colman thinks farmers had better hold on to their grain. In a bulletin issued from his bureau the following advice is given: "This year is peculiar in having an unprecedented supply of old wheat in the hands of traders; the effect is naturally an unexampled effort of holders to advance prices. Now, it is not the province of an official statistical service either to advance or depress prices, but to tell the truth. This department is expected to look to the interest of farmers, but experience has shown that their interest is not advanced by underestimating the crop. The growers are at the wrong end to profit by misrepresentation. Distance, heavy transportation and many occasions of delay are circumstances against them; the telegraph, organization and capital favor the buyer. It is repeatedly proven that misrepresentation of crop production insures only to the advantage of the speculator or wealthy purchaser. Honesty, then, is the best policy for farmers in crop reporting. With immense stocks in commercial hands, high prices will benefit mainly the traders now; in two or three months with stocks exhausted and a new crop ready for delivery the buyer will magnify European supplies, exaggerate the outcome of the American product and offer low prices."

A PERTINENT SUGGESTION.

"Here a suggestion is pertinent. The wheat harvest of the world in 1885 will not be an average. Hence prices will eventually advance. But it should be remembered that it requires a full year to move the wheat crop of the world. Heavy harvests following deficiency do not depress prices materially for many months after gathering. The culmination of the effect is often in the following year. So the large production of last year now fills the granaries of Europe and America and prices are low in the face of the current crop failures. No great advance will occur till the excess of stocks shall be consumed."

"Let the farmer, therefore, who is not pressed for money, deliver slowly until commercial stocks are depleted, watch the markets, and if he can hold till late in the autumn or winter, he may profit by the scarcity. But he must not assume the existence of the scarcity which is prophesied by the bulls of the present hour and hold for extraordinary prices, refusing reasonable advances, or his ultimate loss of price, interest and ratage may prove a sorer calamity than the early autumn sales. This is a true word for the ear of the wise farmer."

Dropping Uhurt 3,000 Feet.

In September, 1857, upward of 15,000 people were at Lemon Hill and along the banks of the Schuylkill to see M. Godard go up in a balloon along with his brother and drop the latter out from among the clouds in a parachute. It is said that the feat had never been attempted before in the history of ballooning; it was a startling novelty, and the people crowded to see it. When the balloon sailed gracefully upward outside of the enclosure M. Godard and two friends were in the basket, while below M. E. Godard, his brother, was seated upon a small bar of wood attached to the parachute. It looked like an immense umbrella. The balloon went over the Schuylkill in a southwesterly direction, and after it had reached an altitude of about 6,000 feet began to slowly descend. Then the parachute began to expand. When within about 3,000 feet of the earth the cord was cut and the parachute rapidly descended, with Godard hanging on to the bar. The balloon shot upward again. The descent of the parachute was keenly watched by thousands of spectators, and many expected to see the daring man dashed to the earth in the twinkling of an eye. It was observed however, that as the parachute neared the earth the descent was slow and easy. At last the man and his big umbrellas faded out of sight over the hills, and we learned next morning that he came down all right on his feet, like a cat, about half a mile west of the old Bell tavern, on the Darby road.—Phila. Times.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—J. H. Frank, west of Millheim, gives notice that he has for sale a superior quality of wheat, which he calls "Farmers' friend," for seedling purposes. Farmers desiring some of this excellent wheat are requested to apply to him.

DEININGER'S READY REFERENCE TAX RECEIPT BOOK IS GROWING IN PUBLIC FAVOR.

Customers from a distance are beginning to call for it. It is an admitted necessity for every tax-payer who does his business in a practical manner. It is arranged to last for ten years and sells at the low price of 40 cents. Call and see it at the JOURNAL Store.

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Remarkable Presence of Mind.

On a first night at the Theatre Francaise, Regnier, the comedian, now deceased, displayed remarkable presence of mind. He was alone on the stage, and was supposed to be expecting a friend. "He comes!" exclaimed Regnier, looking off on the left. "Joy! I have been awaiting him so impatiently." At this cue his friend entered—on the right. Some one had blundered—his who? There was no time for hesitation, and the veteran player's ready wit came to his aid. "Sly dog!" he said, jocosely, to the newly arrived: "you thought to take me by surprise, but I saw you in the looking-glass yonder." This brought down the house, though the audience had been on the point of hissing the very palpable blunder.

What Astonished Lamar.

The Preparation of a Proclamation in Which Cleveland took a Hand.

From the New York Times.

An earnest Republican, who since campaign times has learned to respect the intelligence as well as the integrity of President Cleveland, tells a good story that comes direct from Secretary Lamar. It relates to the first business meeting of the Cleveland Cabinet and shows how the President, in a quiet, unostentatious way, opened the eyes of the Mississippi statesmen. Except Manning, there wasn't a member of the Cabinet, who did not manifest some curiosity as to the way in which President Cleveland would conduct his executive household. They found him neither officious nor talkative and though he produced upon every one of them a most favorable impression, when the meeting broke up they didn't know him much better than they did before the meeting began. The Oklahoma boomers were cutting a wide swath in the country just then and the Oklahoma boomer was very generously discussed at that Cabinet meeting, it being resolved that the Secretaries of the Interior and War should draw up a proclamation in accordance with certain views upon which the President with the Cabinet had agreed. Secretary Endicott quickly suggested that Secretary Lamar should put the proclamation in shape and then they would go over it and elaborate it together. "It is a pretty stiff task, but I'll try it," said Mr. Lamar, with a smile that was not hilarious. That night, somewhere about 11 or 12 o'clock, Mr. Endicott's dreams at the Arlington were disturbed by a knocking which threatened wholly to tear down his bedroom door. In stalked the tall Secretary of the Interior. He had brought over a draught of that proclamation. Mr. Endicott read it. Mr. Endicott was pleased and he said so. It was very good, very good indeed, he said. It couldn't be improved upon. Mr. Lamar had struck just the right key. Mr. Endicott had not a single suggestion to offer. He felt pretty sure, he said, that it would meet the President's approval just as it stood.

Corners His Pa.

About a month since the wife of the editor of the Magazine of Humor and mother of the inquisitive young gentleman aforesaid, had a queer attack of a complaint that is becoming chronic in our family, which left her with another daughter, and affected the editor in precisely the same way, and when their youthful knowledge glutton came home from school he was considerably surprised.

"Where did you get it?" he inquired.

"The doctor brought it to us," the editor incautiously replied.

"In his pocket?"

"Yes," the editor assented.

"In his vest pocket?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"Wrapped up in a piece of paper?"

"Yes."

"With its name printed on it?"

"Yes."

"What is its name?"

"Why—son, it is—that is, we have not named it yet," the editor inconsistently exclaimed, in the dire moment of his surprise.

"Where do the doctors get the babies for people?"

"Oh, they find them!"

"Who loses them, pa?"

"Oh, God let's them drop down from heaven and the doctors pick them up."

"It's awful high up to heaven, ain't it, pa?"

"Thousands of miles."

"And if anybody would fall down from there, it would kill him, wouldn't it?"

"I should think it would, my son."

"Then why don't it kill the babies?"

"Why, because—oh blank it!"

"Do they fall in a blanket, pa?"

"Yes, that's what keeps them from being killed."

"Who hold's the blanket?"

"Why, the people close by see a baby falling when it is away up, and they run out and hold the blanket."

"And catch it?"

"Yes."

"And find it?"

"Certainly."

"Then how does the doctor find it if the people that held the blanket found it?"

"Oh, you bother me."

"Pa, do all liars go to hell?"

"Of course they do."

"Where is hell, Pa?"

"Why down under the earth."

"Pa, how are you going to get down there and when will you start?"

Grand tableau consisting of an editor, a boy and a shingle.—Through Mail Magazine.

A Singular Race.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race, called the Kubus, who are too shy to mix with the other races of the island, and dwell in the recesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays, and thought to be little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never willingly face a stranger. Their trade with the Malays is consequently carried on in a strange manner. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The Kubus approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat a gong, and retreat. The trader returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient, as he thinks, for the purchase of the goods on sale. Then he retires, and the Kubus reappear and consider the bargain. And so, after more withdrawals and approaches and gong-beatings, the respective parties come to an understanding, and carry off independent their bargains. The Kubus in their wild state do not bury their dead. They live on snakes, grubs, fruits, and the flesh of any deer or pigs they can slay. They are skillful spear-men, and throw stones with marvelous accuracy. They know of no state after death. In some physical respects they assimilate closely to the anthropoid apes.