

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 \$1.25 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, \$100 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 59.

MILLHEIM PA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1885.

NO. 42.

NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontinuation 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 settled the bills and ordered their discontinuation.
If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.
ADVERTISING RATES.
1 square 1 week 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
1 column 100.00 400.00 1000.00 1500.00 1800.00
1/2 " 50.00 200.00 500.00 750.00 900.00
1/4 " 25.00 100.00 250.00 375.00 450.00
One inch make a square. Administrators and Executors Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices 10 cents per line for first insertion and 4 cents per line for each additional insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

B. STOVER,
Auctioneer,
Madisonburg, Pa.

W. H. REISNYDER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. J. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Having many years' experience,
the public can expect the best work and most modern accommodations.
Shop 2 doors west Millheim Banking House,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

G. GEORGE L. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,
MILLHEIM, PA.
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,
Dyeing, etc. done in the most satisfactory manner.

ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office in Whiting Building.

H. STINGS & REEDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Yocum & Hastings.

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.

BEAVER & GEPHART,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street.

BROCKHERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
C. G. McMILLEN,
PROPRIETOR.
Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buses to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
EMANUEL BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.
House newly renovated and furnished. Especially comfortable. Trunks respectfully solicited.

HIS LITTLE SISTER.

A War Episode Told by an Ex-Confederate Soldier.

Somewhere among the archives of the Confederate Government may be found a document dated about September 3, 1864, wherein Joseph Wilson was sentenced to be shot, and on the back of which is the indorsement, "Approved—Jefferson Davis, President."

You see, my command was then in Virginia, and it was war times of a certainty. We rebels were hard pushed on all sides, having little to eat and less to wear, and it did seem as if a fight had not to be a matter of daily occurrence. Some of us were philosophers enough to endure what we couldn't cure, but the young men, and specially the chaps who had been conscripted, were terribly uneasy. They were ready to give it up as a lost cause and start for home.

Well, this feeling, coupled with starvation rations, ragged uniforms, and daily fighting, sent a good many of our boys over to the Union lines as deserters, and this brings about my story.

One of the conscripts in my company was a boy of seventeen named Joe Wilson. All us fellows of thirty or thereabouts felt like a father to him. Aside from his youth he was poor and pale, with no march or fight in him. Bless you! but the idea of little Joey Wilson helping to breast back a Yankee line of battle would have set 'us all in a roar. He often bemoaned with his ma, and none of us felt anything but pity for him.

One night, after the desertions had gone on and become so numerous that the big officers had to take notice of 'em, a trap was set, and lo! our poor little Joe fell into it. Yes, sir—nabbed "in the act of deserting to the enemy," and maybe you know what that signifies, specially when that enemy isn't cannon-shot away? It was a surprise to us that the lad had plucked up courage 'nuff to make a break, but I reckon he was desperately sick of the Confederacy, and hoped in some manner to get back to his home.

It was determined to make an example of little Joe, and I guess it wasn't over ten days before he was convicted, and sentence approved at Richmond and an order read that he was to be shot at a certain hour. I suppose it was all quite proper and according to army regulations but it must have gone hard with the meek and that court-martial to convict him. Had he been guilty of murder I could not have aided to bring in a verdict against him.

Nobody had seemed to know or care whether he had relatives or not, and so our surprise was great to learn, on the day before he was to be shot, that a little sister had arrived in camp to plead for little Joe's life. It was too late. She had been denied by the President, and of course nobody in the field had any authority to stop the execution. She was in camp all day long, and most of us got to see her. If I should tell you that she was the brightest, chippiest, smartest gal of ten I ever saw I would only be telling you the truth. She was exactly like Joe in looks, 'cept a few points handsomer, an' she had his size and walk and ways. Tell you comrades, when I saw that gal—I believe her name was Nell—breaking down under the bad news and realizing her helplessness, I'd have been willin' to let 'em shoot me in Joe's stead! 'Deed, I would, though I say it so long after. I just wanted to lay my hand on her curly head and say:

"There, there, poor child—don't cry any more! I'm all alone in the world and nobody'll miss me, and I'm going to take Joe's place."

However, that couldn't be done. Joseph Wilson was the deserter, and Joseph Wilson must be shot to death as the penalty.

While the big officers couldn't promise anything, they did grant her a favor. She asked for an hour's visit with her brother, and they gave it to her. We had him shut up in the granary of a barn, and on that very morning I was given six men and told to guard him until he was wanted for execution. It was thus that the gal came to me with a bit of paper on which was written:

"Pass Nellie Wilson to see the prisoner on an hour. See that she carries no weapons."

utes I couldn't make up my mind what to do. I figured it out by and by, however.

Under one pretense and another I got all the men but a single guard away from the door, hung the lantern up so as to throw a shadow where I wanted it, and while waiting for the gal to reappear I says to the guard:

"Jim that gal must feel just awful."
"Sartin she does," he answered.
"And when she comes out she'll be crying."
"Reckon she will."
"Poor thing, but I hope none o' us may seem to gaze at her too stout. She might reckon we had no hearts."

I tell you, the last twenty minutes was a full week to me, and I had to keep mopping the sweat off my face. At last there was a knock on the door, and I opened it and let her out. I just felt it in my bones that it was little Joe and so I says:

"Well, child, I'm sorry for you, and please don't think any of us here are to blame."
With that I hurried her out as fast as I could, and then had to sit down for the weakness in my knees.

Next morning—what! Just as I told you. When they opened the door to lead Joe to his death, they discovered his sister in his place, and she was just cute 'nuff to smile at 'em at that. Joey had been gone for hours, and was safe inside the Yankee lines.

Shoot her? Oh, no! They had to let her go, and it was such a smart trick that the big officers didn't want it talked about too much. Me? Well, they did start to do something or other, but Grant made a move just in the nick of time to bust up all proceedings, and nothing further was ever done. Nobody thought I had any knowledge of the plot, but they hankered for a victim, and might have put me in a serious plight but for having other business on hand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Boy that was Buried.

A Madrid (Spain) letter tells this story of the cholera epidemic: In Ulea, Murcia, there was attacked a man of over middle age, the father of a family, and also his little boy, aged 11, called Jose Gomez. The father died, and a few days after, at 6 in the afternoon, the boy died also, and was carried immediately to the churchyard, at the same time when the gravedigger was finishing his day's toil. He viewed the last arrival, but although the grave was almost filled up he threw in the dead body and went away. Upon the next morning, as he opened the cemetery gate, the first thing he saw was Jose Gomez, almost naked, amusing himself.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the astonished gravedigger, "who took you out of that?" "Nobody," replied the boy cheerfully, "I came out myself." "Bueno (good); come here, I wish to speak to you." El chico [the little one], believing that he was to be treated to another burial, began to run, and did not stop until he reached his mother's cottage, whom he frightened out of her wits, and she believed he had come from the other world. "Where is your father?" was the first question put by the poor woman. "Oh," he staved there; but give me something to eat, mother, for I am very hungry." The mother broke out into cries and lamentations, and the neighbors crowded in and tried to surround the chico, who fled and endeavored to hide herself, believing firmly those attempts were promitory of another funeral. In the end he was caught and put to bed, all the time protesting that his one malady was hunger. So they gave him his breakfast, and now he is the pride of the village, as he runs about stoning dogs, which, it seems, was his favorite recreation before he was attacked by cholera. The final touch in the story is a striking instance of the truth of what the poet sang: "They change their sky, not their dispositions, who go across the seas."

She Took the Hint.

At home stations the private soldiers washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do repairs for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay.

Pat McGinnis had a good deal of trouble with his laundress. Sunday after Sunday had his shirt come back with the neck button off or else hanging by a thread. He had spoken to her on the subject, and she had promised to see to it, but still the button was not on properly.

She Was a Good Wife.

Jones was well aware that his wife was in the habit of rifling his pockets when he was asleep, but like a wise man, he kept silent on the subject. One night, however, he awoke and caught her in the act.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing, my dear?"
The lady started, her cheeks flushed, the paraloons dropped from her grasp, and she was about to make a full confession when a bright idea entered her head. Recovering her composure, she said:

"I was looking to see whether your pantaloon needed any buttons."
"They do, they do, my dear," he exclaimed, springing from bed, "needed 'em for weeks, months, and I wondered why you didn't sew 'em on; but I waited, for I was sure you would get to it some time and how kind of you to get out of bed at this time of night to attend to 'em. Say what you will, there's nothing in the world like a good wife. Let me turn up the gas a little, so's you'll have all the light you want in sewing 'em on. Got your needle and thread and the buttons? No? Well, tell me where they are and I'll get them for you."

Mrs. Jones proceeded to sew on the buttons, while her husband sat on the side of the bed and encouraged her with words of praise for her wifely care and thought for his comfort, occasionally remarking that go where he would he would always say there was nothing in the world like a good wife.

Then he went to the wardrobe and brought out several pairs of trousers, a coat, two or three old vests, and a number of shirts, from all of which buttons were missing, and cheerily observed:

"While we're at it we'll make a night of it."

Two hours later, when Mrs. Jones, with a weary sigh, removed the thimble from her finger, Mr. Jones patted her on the cheek and said:

"I say it again, my dear, say it again, that wherever I go I will make it known, proclaim it from the housetops, shout it in the highways and byways, that a wife who gets up in the middle of the night to sew buttons on her husband's clothes is a priceless treasure, a crown to that husband and an ornament to her sex."

Then Mr. Jones, chuckling to himself, lay calmly down and slept the sleep of the just.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Thistle and the Cornstalk.

A Canada Thistle which had taken root in a farmer's garden one day saw a blade of corn peeping out of the ground, and in a tone of ridicule called out:

"What a little one for a cent! It's a wonder you have the cheek to force yourself into my company."
The blade continued to grow day by day, and it was of such bright color and looked so thrifty that the thistle finally called to the farmer and said:

"Really, but I can't put up with such impudence, and I hope you will remove that corn-stalk at once."
"And who are you?" queried the farmer, having for the first time noticed the thistle.

"Me? Why, I'm the biggest and handsomest Canada thistle in the business. My genealogy carries me back to king—"
"Umph!" interrupted the farmer. "A hundred of corn is of more value than a hundred thistles. Come out of that by the roots!"
MORAL:—The thief who abuses the law always gives himself away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW GREELY WAS SOLD.

A Story Told by the Alleged Discoverer of Pike's Peak.

Green Russell, of Lumpkin County, Georgia, went to California in the early days of the gold excitement of that country, made a handsome fortune, returned to Georgia, bought the big Savannah plantation on the Etowah River, in now Dawson County, and quietly retired to his farm, but when Kansas was opened to settlers his restless mind carried him out there. He entered a large body of land on the Big Blue River, from which point he explored the Territory of Kansas and reached the Rocky Mountains, taking with him tools to prospect for gold.

In going to the mountains he followed up the Arkansas River to its source at the foot of Pike's Peak, then turning north across the ridge dividing the waters of the Arkansas and Platte Rivers, he struck Cherry Creek, about fifty miles west of now Denver City. Here with his test pan, he found gold from the drifted sand. He followed the creek to where it emptied into the South Platte River, and there established headquarters at what is now Denver City, from which point he prospected the country, finding gold almost any where. He had with him two brothers and another man.

This was in the summer of 1858. In the fall he left his brothers and the other man and returned to Georgia. He says:

"Horace Greely was then making his famous trip across the continent, and he took in Pike's Peak. I remember seeing him. When the six-horse stage coach drove up he got out with a slouched hat and moccasin slippers on, which he had gotten from the Indians. I talked with him a little as he left the stage. That night he made a speech to the miners and advocated the forming of a Territorial Government and calling it Colorado. In a day or two Greely went up into the Gregory diggings, and some sharpers had set a trap for him; they had opened there a mine and had collected a quantity of gold dust, had salted the pit and all got sick. When Greely got there they told him what a fine mine they had opened, and how fortune had turned against them and they were not able to work it. Greely tested their mines, found gold in abundance, and finally struck a trade and paid the mines (or claim). Of course, before Greely worked out the salted gold they were gone."

What Sort.

What sort of a morality is that which satisfies a man in the nonpayment of a debt as long as his creditor refrain from "dunning?"

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the nonpayment of a debt because it is a small amount—a trifle?

What sort of morality is that which calls the attention of the creditor to an overcharge, but is silent about an undercharge?

What sort of morality is that which seeks to evade meeting his creditor lest he should be more plainly reminded of his indebtedness?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the nonpayment of a debt because the creditor is presumed by the debtor not to need what the debt calls for?

What sort of morality is that which gets offended when asked to pay a debt which the debtor promised to pay long before the time of dunning?

What sort of morality is that which ignores moral obligation as to a debt, and pays only when the civil law compels?

Fighting off Death.

Conductor Frazer, of the International and Great Northern Railroad, tried to fight off death a few hours in order that he might see his wife once more. He had been shot by a tramp and had been taken to Tyler, Texas, in a dying condition.

"Help me fight back this cruel death boys, until my wife gets here," said the dying man cheerily.

The doctor had already told him he could live but a few hours. With a calm courage he heard the verdict and called all of his wonderful force to his aid in the struggle to live till his wife arrived.

"Tell me exciting stories," he said to the boys around his bed "for I must make this run till she comes."
And the boys did laugh and tell big stories, poor fellows, when their stout hearts were filled with sad regret. The hours sped rapidly by; the merry voice of the conductor grew fainter and fainter, but his courage never faltered.

A telegram from his wife in answer to one sent to her some hours before, was brought into the room and read. She was coming on a special train; the road was cleared for her passage and with lightning speed her train was annihilating. What a race! A young woman in the full flush of love and a life pitted against the king of terrors. The news nerved Frazer for a moment and his efforts to keep up were renewed. A little later another telegram arrived.

"Old boy," whispered a brakeman, "she will be here in an hour."
"Turn me over, boys," he said.
It was done. He whispered to an attendant:

"Charlie, I—I cannot run on this schedule. Good-bye!"
He was dead.

Never Missed.

How a Bright Operator watched the Variable Wind.
"The prairies of the west are a great place for wind," said a telegraph operator. I used to have a station out in Nebraska, right out on the open prairie, and the way the wind blew there was a caution. But it was a lucky wind for me. At a station about thirteen miles west my girl lived, and as I had no Sunday trains or business of any kind I used to go up there and stay over Sunday. But a lively horse from Saturday night to Monday morning cost me too much money, and so I rigged up a sail on an old tie-car. All I had to do Saturday night was to hoist my sail, push that tie-car out on the main track and in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. For more than a year I went to see my girl every Saturday night by means of that sail-car. Pretty sleek, wasn't it?"

"Yes, pretty sleek. But do you mean to say that the wind blowed in the same direction every Saturday night during all that time?"
"Of course I don't."
"Well, how did you manage it those nights when it blew in the other direction?"
"Easy enough. I had another girl at a station fifteen miles east."

According to the last United States census there are 563 establishments in this country devoted to the proprietary medicine business, employing 4,015 operatives, with an aggregate investment of capital amounting to \$10,520,000, and the annual product is valued at \$14,682,000. The New York State leads all others with an invested capital of \$3,512,430, which is about one-third of the entire country's investment. Pennsylvania comes next and Missouri ranks third in invested capital, followed respectively by Ohio and Massachusetts. In the amounts of annual product New York again stands first, followed in order by Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, the other States standing about even. A fair calculation is that about twenty-five American proprietary medicines have at present a very large sale in England.

A Mighty Sentence.

The opening sentence of the Bible, "In the beginning God created the Heaven and the earth," contains five great universal terms, and speaks of many boundless totalities—God, Heaven, earth, creation and the beginning. It is, perhaps, the most weighty sentence ever uttered, having the most gigantic members. In its comprehensive sweep it takes in all past time, all conceivable space, all known things, all power and intelligence, and the most comprehensive act of that intelligence and power. This sentence is a declaration on nearly all the great problems now exercising scientists and philosophers.

DeKaggs—There is a most peculiar odor judge, that issues from a crevice in the bank near my house. I think it is natural gas.
Judge—Why don't you test it?
DeKaggs—I don't know of any convincing test.
Judge—Touch a lighted match to the crevice.
DeKaggs—But it might explode and blow me up.
Judge—Well, great Scott! do you want any more convincing proof than that?

A TOO WILLING WITNESS.

The Confidence Man Who Was Set Hard Upon by a Gentlemanly Stranger.

It happened in the neighborhood of Castle Garden. A tall man, attired in the prevailing style of Podunk, met a very pleasant gentleman who was extremely solicitous regarding his comfort. By degrees he seemed to win the confidence of the tall man, who after much entreaty consented to accompany him to a neighboring bar-room.

"You say you have traveled out West," observed the tall man.
"Yes; indeed," responded the pleasant gentleman.
"Did you ever see a bar-room fight in Idaho?"
"Did I?" responded the gentleman as he leaned back in his chair and put on the look of an experienced cut-throat.

"Well, once," observed the tall man, "I was detained in Tin Cup, which I may remark is one of the best camps in the Territory, and of course there was nothing for me to do but sit around the bar-room. I was kept there four or five days. The last day I was there a stranger about your size came in the place and offered to play a game of poker with the boys for a night's lodging. He had just fifty cents with him and it cost a dollar to sleep in Tin Cup when you took your clothes off. Well he found lots of the boys ready and willing. They played four or five hands, when the stranger, who had accumulated five dollars, opened a jack pot for five dollars. They all came in. He had four aces and a king. Some other man had four kings and an ace, and this led to a little argument. The stranger grabbed the stakes and leaned up against the wall until everybody else was out of range, and we all gave him the money by mutual consent. We had the funeral of the other man the next day."

"Just as I was about to say," interrupted the gentlemanly man.
"You?"
"Yes, me. So you saw that fight?"
"Eh?" responded the tall man, with a look of surprise on his face.
"You were there at that fight?"
"Wasn't that what I said?"
"Well, I am delighted to meet you. I—I am the stranger. I have longed for a witness of that fight for years. Shake."

They shook.
About three hours afterwards when a policeman appeared in that locality he noticed a small, gentlemanly-looking man limping across the Battery as if he had sat down on something warm, and a tall man leaning against a lamp-post contemplating the scene with evident satisfaction.

"Merely a little friendly argument," said the tall man in explanation. "You see he knew my father in Podunk. He used to go to school with my sister, and was engaged to my cousin. I began to loose confidence in him when he told me this as I don't live in Podunk, haven't any sisters and my only cousin is a man. But when he saw a fight I was lying about and tried to borrow fifty dollars of me on the strength of it I felt moved to expostulate with him. That was all, 'Good-night.'"

In the South.
Its Industries Striving to Outstrip Northern Ones.
But for the industrial activity in the south much more causes for complaint would exist in northern industrial centres. A vast amount of capital is finding employment in southern states. Mills, factories, saw mills and shops of all kinds are springing up. The capital engaged ranges from \$1000 to \$100,000. Among the enterprises are saw and planing mills and furniture factories. New flouring mills are going up. Fruit evaporating concerns, cottonseed oil mills, ice factories and machine shops are among some of the recently undertaken enterprises, large and small are springing up, to say nothing of house and store building. In fact, a spirit of industrial enterprise seems to have broken loose in the south, which will go far to help us tide over what would otherwise be a very serious depression.

NOTICE.—The new Process Roller Flour, manufactured by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall, is for sale at D. S. Kauffman & Co's new store, Main street Millheim, Pa.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL.