

Deaver & Gephart

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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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That Tree in the Road.

"Mr. Walton! I return the flowers which you had the impudence to send to my daughter. I do not consider you a fit person to be on friendly terms with her, and your attention must cease immediately. If you are a gentleman you will obey my wishes at once."

Respectfully,
GEO. WILMONT.

"Papa! You are not—"
Carrie Wilmont paused, the note she had been reading clutched tightly in her hand, with surprise and alarm depicted on every feature.

Mr. Wilmont regarded her very sternly for a moment.

"I shall return those flowers with that note," he said, motioning to a cluster of violets on the table. "I forbid you to have anything more to do with that fellow. I am surprised that a daughter of mine, who has been brought up as carefully as you have been, has no better sense than to allow such a man to be dangling at her heels. Why, Caroline, it is disgraceful!" And he brought his hand down emphatically on the table.

Mr. Wilmont seldom addressed his daughter by her full name. She now glanced up indignantly.

"Yes, utterly disgraceful! I would rather see you in your grave than his wife. He is a scapegrace—a drunken puppy—and don't you dare to have anything more to do with him! Give me that note!"

Carrie hesitated a moment, crumpling it nervously in her hand.

"Carrie!" said her father, reprovingly.

With a sudden burst of tears, she threw it on the table and left the library. Mr. Wilmont gazed after her in astonishment.

"I declare! I never dreamed that the affair had gone so far," he exclaimed.

"Might you not have been mistaken in young Walton?" asked Mrs. Wilmont, her mother heart sympathizing with her daughter. "I have met him when he called, and he appears to be a nice young man."

"Oh, yes! He is one of your smooth talkers, and you women are easily hoodwinked. He is a nephew of Col. Usher, and comes of excellent family, but is utterly devoid of principle. I did not know that he was so intimate with Carrie, until my partner expressed his surprise at our allowing his visits; and I made inquiries, and was shocked to learn what a character he bears. He is no fit husband for any girl, and I can't imagine what Carrie sees in him, when there are so many promising young men she might have."

Meantime, up in her own room the culprit sat, a pretty picture of despair. She was a dainty little creature, and no wonder that many had fallen victims to her charms; but to only one had she given encouragement—Robert Walton. Just the night before she had promised to be his wife, believing that her father would not interfere with her happiness. But her hopes had been suddenly dispelled that morning.

"What! I give up Robert? Never! Never!" she exclaimed, burying her face in her hands. "He is not a worthless scapegrace! Oh, it is so cruel! Just when I was so happy! And he! what will he think when he gets that note?" And her tears fell fast.

Robert Walton was surprised; he dropped the letter on his desk as though it were a live coal.

"By Jove! I don't see what it means," he exclaimed. "Not a fit person to be on friendly terms with his daughter! I don't think that she will agree with him. What could he have heard against my character? And he gazed around his office, as if expecting an answer from the piles of books.

He was an intelligent-looking young man, with a fine, open countenance, and if given to the vices which Mr. Wilmont had mentioned, certainly did not show it. Now his brow was contracted as if in deep thought. A few hours before he had sent the flowers to Carrie Wilmont, little expecting to have them returned, and especially by the rich merchant himself—the one whose good opinion he was most desirous of obtaining.

It is not to be expected that Carrie would submit quietly to her father's wishes. She felt sure that he would not be so cruel as to separate her and Robert Walton, when he learned that she could not be happy without him; she would beg him to reconsider his decision. But he was stern and determined, and Carrie would make no promises, consequently the interview was very unsatisfactory to both. Then a stolen meeting with Robert Walton, and she told him all.

"I cannot understand it, Carrie, why those charges are not true. I will go to him and ask for an explanation," he said, angrily.

"Oh, don't! It will only make matters worse, for he is very angry," pleaded Carrie, knowing that both were hasty, and she had reason to dread a meeting. So Robert Walton reluctantly promised.

This was the beginning, and other meetings followed which were happy-

ness to both. Again Carrie went to her father, but he was immovable. Then the lovers decided on a plan; it was not original, but had served many others under the same circumstances. They would elope.

"I cannot give you the wealth to which you are accustomed, Carrie," Waldon said, "but I can make you comfortable, and my love shall try to atone for the rest. Sometimes I think it is wrong to take you from your beautiful home, lest you should regret it. But, darling, I cannot give you up."

"It is not money that makes happiness, Robert, and I know you will not disappoint me in proving that my parents are mistaken about you. For as much as I love you, it would kill me if they would not forgive me."

"I shall not disappoint you," Waldon answered, decidedly.

So it was settled, and a moonlight night agreed upon. A week passed, and Mr. Wilmont began to relent, and offered to take Carrie out driving one evening, but she refused on the plea of a headache, and went early to her room.

"Strange! That girl is still moping about that fellow, and he was drunk last night. But Carrie says it is not true, and that someone is trying to ruin his character. It is shameful! I would look her up if I thought there was danger of her meeting that villain!" And Mr. Wilmont paced excitedly to and fro.

After the pretty invalid had gone to her room, instead of retiring she donned a traveling dress and took her place at a window, with a large valise, packed to its utmost capacity, lying at her feet. Her room faced the lawn, and she had no fear of being seen by any chance passer-by. The town clock struck nine, and she became nervous. Presently a shrill imitation of a cricket sounded from among the trees; there was a flutter of a handkerchief—and then Robert Walton came boldly under the window.

"Carrie!" he said, softly.

"Yes, Robert." And she stepped out on the roof of the portico and dropped the valise to Waldon.

"Be careful, darling!" came from below, as she stepped from the roof to a tree close by.

"Yes, Robert." And she slowly descended.

"Hurry, pet!" said Waldon, nervously, as she paused.

She did hurry—stepping on a branch which was not strong, and with a crash it fell to the ground. Waldon sprang forward and caught her.

"Are you hurt, darling?"

"No, no! Oh, Robert, they have heard us!" she exclaimed, as a light was seen rapidly moving along the library windows.

Waldon lifted her in his arms and dashed back among the trees, leaving the valise where he had dropped it. He had a horse and buggy close by.

"They are in my room—they know it! Oh, what shall we do?" And Carrie clutched Waldon's arm.

"I think we are safe now," he answered, as his swift horse dashed down the road.

They had decided to go to an adjoining town, and be married by a mutual friend. They knew that Mr. Wilmont would pursue them, and their only hope was in the speed of their horse.

They had gone several miles without hearing any one in pursuit, and were congratulating themselves that their troubles were over, when they came in sight of a dark object across the road which proved to be a large tree blown down by a storm. Here was a dilemma; on one side the road descended by a steep bank to a creek below, and on the other rose a rocky bluff, and if they turned back they were liable to meet those in pursuit.

While they were deciding what was best for them to do, they suddenly heard horses rapidly approaching; they glanced at each other in dismay.

"Stop there, you villain!" shouted a stern voice.

"Oh, Robert, it is father! What shall we do?" And Carrie sprang from the buggy and stood beside Waldon, who had been examining the road.

"You're a dead man!" and the quick report of a revolver followed, but, thanks to Mr. Wilmont's excitement, the ball went wide of its mark, and the culprit stood unharmed.

"Mr. Wilmont, this gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and I congratulate you. His name is Waldon, while you mistook him for James Waldron."

"I only went by the last name, and I thought—well it was a mistake. Bless me, sir, I never knew you were sweet on Carrie," said Mr. Wilmont, seizing Waldon's hand. "Why, I have not the least objection to you and you may have my little girl, for she has caused me a great deal of trouble the last few weeks and perhaps you can manage her better than I can. I saw you in court this morning when you won that case, and I know you will make your way. But I never expected to make your acquaintance in this manner." And he laughed.

The returning home was quite different from the leaving. Mr. Wilmont and his nephew rode alongside the buggy; they were, as Tom Lawton said, 'escorting the conquering heroes home.'

A month later they had joined hands under less difficult circumstances, and the heretofore harsh parent witnessed the ceremony. But although they were very happy, the young folks could not help feeling a trifle disappointed, for it would have been so romantic, you know, if their first attempt had not been frustrated by that tree in the road.

Texas has still some pioneer preachers. The San Angelo paper reports briefly a sermon delivered some time since in that place by Andrew Jackson Potter, the fighting parson. Among other things he said: "I have preached out here on the frontier for the past 16 years, and I have lived and supported a large family. I must say, though, I got most of my support from the cowboys. Years ago, where the town of Uvalde now stands, I have skipped from thicket to thicket in my endeavors to escape from the leaden bullets that were flying around in order to reach a little old log school-house where I could preach to a few women and children. Now, look at Uvalde to-day, with its five fine churches, whose spires point heavenward. I went to Fort Clark to preach several years ago, and started in without a church member, and at the end of twelve months I quit without a member. I thought that was the hardest place I had struck. One day just after the boys had been paid off, I was walking up the street and noticed a lot of soldiers and gamblers collected in front of a saloon. As I was passing one of them hollered: "Hullo parson!" I went across, and they asked me to preach, saying that this was the biggest crowd I'd ever have the opportunity to talk to in Brackett. I said: "Gentlemen, preaching is my business, but I always make it a rule before beginning to take up a collection." Taking off my hat I started around. All that I presented the hat to throw in 50 cents until I came to a young gambler. He looked at the hat, shook his head, saying: "Parson, I'd like to chip in, but I'm busted." I got more money in that place than any I have been in. Holding services at a place one time I took up a collection for the support of missions. There was a poor old lady present who I noticed dropped a \$5 gold piece in the hat. I knew she was very poor and not able to afford so much, and thought she had intended to throw in a quarter, but had made a mistake. So next day I met her husband and said to him: "Look here, your wife put a \$5 gold piece in the hat yesterday. I think she must have made a mistake." "No, no," he replied, "my wife didn't make no mistake. She don't fling often, but let me tell when she flings she flings."

He was Unfortunate. A venerable tramp entered an Austin business house and said to the proprietor:

"I am the most unfortunate man in the world. Please do something for me."

"I don't know who you are," replied the merchant. "You may be an impostor."

"Here is a certificate from Parson Jordan, of Galveston, that I am a hard-working, honest man, who has been unfortunate."

"A certificate from Parson Jordan, of Galveston?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, sir here it is," replied the merchant, handing the paper and said:

"Parson Jordan, of Galveston, is my brother. I know his signature very well and his signature on that certificate is forged."

"Just as I expected," whined the mendicant. "I told you I was the most unfortunate man in the world. Just think of me coming to the brother of Parson Jordan, of all the people in the town, and showing him that forged certificate, when there is not another man in Austin who knows his signature."—Texas Siftings.

Not the Old Days.

The boat was almost ready to leave the bank at Cincinnati when he came aboard. He had a sanctimonious face, a white choker, a frock coat, and the meek and humble expression of his face was good to see. Somebody said he was a Baptist preacher.

The gangplank was being hauled in when the other appeared. He was just as sanctimonious; he choked the same; he sadly smiled as the mate cursed his eyes for not being on hand two minutes sooner. Somebody said he was a Methodist minister.

After the boat got off the two humble-faced went about among the passengers, shaking the hand of good will and speaking soft words. There were only a few of us, and the crowd was soon sized up.

By and by I went to my stateroom. The window was open, and I heard voices. The two sad smilers were talking.

"Well?" queries one.

"Cussed poor crowd!" mournfully replied the other.

"Don't believe there's a dollar to be made," sighs the first.

"Nor I, either. Shall we go down to Cairo?"

"Not by a blanked sight! We'll drop off at the first stop and try highway robbery. If it's got to such a pass that a feller can't raise a chip or two at an honest game of poker on a steamboat, we might as well go out of business!"

And the two meek and lowly chaps shouldered their sad and resigned expressions of countenance, and went down stairs to dodge the clerk.

"Crosses Man in Alabama."

"De crosses man n Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a way-side home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, "mine host" scowled at every one, frowning fault with everything earthly, and I was wondering if he would not grow if the heavenly halo didn't fit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1883, he said: "I didn't like its form, its tail should have been fanshaped!"

But, next morning, he appeared half offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Six weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lithely from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear-complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit and regretted he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife, "we are both much indebted to him."

"How?" I asked, in surprise.

"For this wonderful change in my husband. Your friend when leaving, handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it, and two other bottles, and now—"
"And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growing old dear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again."

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.

The odd Escape from a Bear.

The farmers in the vicinity of Newry do not try to keep many sheep. One of them went up the mountain with a yoke of oxen to haul out some timber not long ago. A very large and hungry bear appeared on the scene and rushed at the cattle with open mouth and eyes full of fury. The oxen snorted and started on a wild gallop down the steep mountain. The farmer's judgement was as good as his cattle's. He had nothing with him with which to defend himself, and he had to think lively to devise a way to escape. He did an amusing but brilliant thing. Running between the oxen he caught hold of the ring in the yoke and dangled there till the oxen had carried him to the foot of the mountain and out of the reach of the bear. The old growler jumped and snarled around the oxen's flanks and tore their hides, but could not reach the man between them hanging on for dear life.—Lewisstown [Me.] Journal.

Looking to the Future.

She hadn't made up her mind about it, and they were so widely, oh, so widely separated—in the parlor—from each other; maybe as much as three feet. There was a passive smile fringed with doubt between them. She was engaged in deep meditation with herself and was looking on the floor, when he said:

"Matilda, why not give an answer to my proposal?"

"Why, I was just thinking how you will look when you get old," she thoughtfully replied.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Death of the Noted Humorist—Sketch of his Life.

Henry W. Shaw, the humorist, known to the literary world as 'Josh Billings,' died at Monterey, Cal., the other morning, from a stroke of apoplexy. The body was embalmed and sent East. Mr. Shaw was sixty-five years old, having been born in Lancaster, Berkshire county, Mass., in 1820. He resided in his native town until he had reached the age of fourteen, when he went West, and for several years lead a frontier life, being engaged in the various occupations of steering steamboats, keeping a country store, and acting as auctioneer in the small Western towns and cities. Finally, becoming weary of this irregular life, and being desirous of giving his daughters a better education than the limited facilities in the West at that time afforded, Mr. Shaw in 1865 removed to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and devoted himself to editing a small paper. It was while engaged in this work that he wrote the first humorous article which attracted attention, principally by its phonetic spelling. He called it "Essa on the Mule." It was extensively copied, and the name of Josh Billings soon became known throughout the land. From that time until his death his career was one of continual financial success. One weekly paper alone in New York paid him \$100 a week for a half-column of matter, and his lectures brought him in a large and steady revenue. In 1873 he began the publication of his "Farmers' Almanac," a book which in its second year had a sale of 127,000 copies, and in ten years had netted the author and publisher \$30,000 each. Mr. Shaw's humor, says a New York paper, was hidden in, and did not consist in mere phonetic spelling, and underneath the bad spelling of his proverbs and aphorisms there is at times a depth of wisdom and philosophy which entitles him to a higher place in the world of letters than that of a simple humorist. He was a thoroughly domestic man, fond of his home and his family, and in his daily life showed none of that eccentricity which his writings would induce the reader to attribute to him. He wore his hair long, not from literary affectation, but to hide a physical defect.

Putting on Style.

A couple of well dressed country Jakes strolled into a celebrated New York restaurant, sat down at a table, and glanced about, making a remarkably unsuccessful attempt to appear at home.

"Gentlemen, what do you wish?" asked the waiter, handing them the bill of fare.

They looked at each other and then at the bill of fare, but they could not find out what they wanted. The waiter became a trifle impatient. Just at this crisis a gentleman, probably a Frenchman, who was eating his dinner, called out:

"Waiter, un verre d'eau."

"Give me one of them too," said one of the countrymen.

"One of what?"

"A verdon."

The waiter smiled, disappeared, and returned in a moment with a glass containing some transparent fluid.

"The same for me," said countryman number two.

Once more the waiter disappeared, and in a short time brought the desired refreshment.

The two strangers looked at their glasses, then sipped the contents and gazed inquiringly at each other.

"Calculate you have to drink this here stuff a long while before you like it," remarked Jake number one.

"I don't brace a feller up worth a cent, but here she goes."

The two glasses were emptied, and then, with a very majestic air, one of them thumped on the table. The waiter came.

"What's the damage?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"We ain't doing New York on the cheap plan," and he squeezed a nickle into the waiter's palm.

"When they got out on Broadway, one of them said:

"Jedediah, if I didn't know that ere, stuff was verdugh, I'd swear it was water."

Fixing a Masher.

In the first place he was fifty years old, baldheaded, and ought to have been ashamed of himself. In the next, he probably had a wife and four or five children in Cleveland and he had no business running after straggling gods on a railway train.

There were about twenty passengers in the coach, and of these only five were females. The one who laid over all the rest for youth, good looks, and a far-away look in her eyes, had a seat in her eyes, had a seat all alone, and she seemed disposed to pursue a dime novel.

This old bald head, this old wrinkled in human form, on whose wretched forehead the kiss of a fond wife could yet be for sixty cents on the dollar, got his eyes on that girl at an early date, and the conductor had scarcely made his round before he walked up the aisle and plumped down beside her. She betrayed her surprise and maidenly modesty. Indeed, she looked too coy and sweet for anything.

The old masher began to talk, making himself fully at home, and after a little the girl seemed to enjoy his company. The rest of us did pity her from the bottom of our hearts. So young! So unsophisticated! So ready to fall into the net being spread for her by that old gravel-roofed hyena!

It might have been half an hour after he sat down when we saw the back of his neck flash to a deep red, succeeded by a pallor which would have put roller flour way back alongside of her. Had he found a carpet tack? Did the motion of the cars make him seasick?

Then we saw her shake her head, to emphasize her words, and pretty soon the old masher pulled out his wallet and counted \$50, and put the bills in her hand. This was no sooner accomplished than he bobbed up, returned to his original seat, and sat down with a "D—n it!" which was heard all over the car.

The girl counted the money twice over, nodded her head as she finished, and the bills went down behind the lace at her throat.

Old bald head! But wasn't he mad? He snorted and kicked and scraped, and nobody dared go near him until the train reached Dayton and the sad-eyed girl got off. Then he spat out. Says he:

"Durn my buttons! but we were talking away as sweet as sugar when she suddenly says:

"'Mister I want fifty dollars!'"

"'Not of me!'"

"'You bet!'"

"'Cause why?'"

"'Cause if you don't I'll stand up here and scream out that you have insulted me! The men on this car will not only punch your old bald head until it will ache for the next six months, but your name will get into the papers and your dear wife hold a surprise party over your remains. Come down!'"

"She had me. I forked over."

Every listener realized that he was telling the solemn truth, and every man gasped out:

"By the great horn spoon!"

SAVAGE SEA ELEPHANTS.

Marine Monsters that Bite off and Throw Rocks.

"Did you ever meet with a sea elephant, captain?"

"Oh, yes. Up 'round Behring's straits I've often seen them, and they are tough fellows, too," replied Captain Gilderdale to the reporter of the New Haven News.

"Are they hard to kill?"

"No; it's easy enough killing 'em, but when they are dying they kick up a great fuss. With their little short teeth I've seen 'em bite off a piece of rock as a spittoon and throw it at a man with fearful force. I found one on a reef one day, and as we needed some more oil I ordered the boat steerer to make for the gully way in the rocks where he was. We came right up to him, put an iron into him and hauled him after us in clear water.