

Beaver & Gephart

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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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## MILLY.

"I guess poor Jim will have to go without his supper to-night," said Widow Hosmer, as she peered anxiously out into the bleak, rainy twilight. Pete had sprained his leg so, slipping down out of the hayloft, that he can't take a step on it, and I suppose you and I will have to finish the chores, Milly."

"All right, mother; I can milk old speckle as well as not; and then we have only to close up things for the night. Pete managed to get the hay down before he got himself down, but I do think he is the most awkward, unlucky creature that we ever had on the place. Here it isn't a week since he almost cut his thumb off, and it's a mercy he didn't burn the house up yesterday, when he went and started the great fire in the fireplace without ever taking the boards off the chimney!"

"Yes, that's so; he does seem a bit unbalanced; but I feel sorry for the poor fellow. He's groaning dreadful with his leg, and won't let me do a thing for it; says he has got it wrapped up and thinks it will get easier after he gets to bed. I gave him some liniment for it and he went to his room, and now comes this dispatch from Jim, and no one to go to the station with his lunch."

"Never mind, mother; we'll fix it somehow," answered pretty, brown-eyed Milly, as she bustled about, putting on her waterproof and overshoe preparatory to finishing the chores, and the darkness hid the rosy flush with which she said as the first tinkling streams of milk made music in the tin pail: "Mother, I believe I can carry Jim's lunch down to him myself!"

"Mercy, Milly! I'd never dare to let you!—the night so dark, and the road so long and lonely! No, indeed, child; Jim would never allow it."

"I know, but it is too bad for the poor fellow to go without his supper this cold, bleak night, and I know every inch of the way with my eyes shut."

Mrs. Hosmer shivered a little as she drew her shawl closer against the keen autumn blast, and one could see that her resolution wavered a little.

"A cup of nice, hot coffee from home would seem sort of cheerful to him," she said, in a meditating tone, "and it's proper kind of you to make the offer, child; but I doubt it's being safe for you going so far alone."

"Nobody would be likely to be out such a night as this, unless it should be some of the neighboring farmers, and even if there were the darkness would hide me."

"I'm afraid to let you go, Milly. I've heard of tramps, and—"

"I'll tell you, mother; I'll take Jim's revolver! He left it in his room the last time he was at home."

"Well," began Mrs. Hosmer, doubtfully, "though you'd never dare to use it."

"Yes, I would, if I really needed to!" responded Milly; "so let us call it settled, and go in and get something nice put up for lunch."

Really pleased down in her maternal heart for this regard for her son's comfort, Mrs. Hosmer gave a reluctant consent; for Jim was her only and almost idolized child, little Milly being only the daughter of a dear dead friend whose child Mrs. Hosmer had gladly taken to her home and heart.

The farm was small and Jim detested farming, so a man was always employed on the place, while ambitious Jim risked life and limb as an engineer. He was now a handsome, stalwart fellow of twenty-six, whose broad shoulders, bronzed face, and merry eyes were secretly enshrined in Milly's heart as her ideal of all that was noble and manly. As for Jim, he, too, had an ideal, and often as he sat waiting on his engine he pictured a future freestone to which he could turn for rest instead of to his barren boarding house, and the woman's face that always smiled his welcome in its light was wonderfully like the little picture of Milly that he always carried in the pocket of his blue flannel shirt. Many a time the engine light shone over the sweet face as it lay on his grim paln at intervals of work, and Jim would whisper, softly, "By and by, little girl," as he carefully slipped it back where it beat with every beat of his heart.

Working faithfully and steadily, secretly laying the foundation of that ideal home, Jim had gained the respect and confidence of his employers and was on the road to promotion. But his work now was somewhat varied, and when the busy season came and freight was moving freely, he often ran a "wild train" through Rockfield, as the little place was called, where a station had been erected for the accommodation of the surrounding farmers.

On these occasions he generally sent home a dispatch, as in the present case, and on return found a tempting lunch waiting his coming, and sometimes, if the weather was fine, got a glimpse of

was it that she knew, as by instinct, every step of this ground, even the very rocks piled on the edge of the rocky gorge, that now were meant for the crushing out of human life. Only at Jim's last visit she had walked with him here to this very spot. Now, as she approached, she heard a heavy, grinding sound and the subdued, panting exclamations of the men as they strove to move the heavy stones from their beds.

"By the Eternal! there she comes! they've changed the time! Quick now, with this biggest one!"

Poor Milly! she knew what light was drawing so fearfully near. Not the express, but the engine of the man she loved better than her own life. She drew near to the panting, cursing men, till she felt as if they could hear her heart beat, then, as they cried, "Now! over with it!" she breathed, "O Jim! my darling! my darling!" and fired two swift shots at the men before her.

A groan and a cry of rage told her that she had not failed in her aim. The train passed swiftly by below her and assured her that her lover was safe; then she sank down in a little, quivering heap in the darkness. Nothing mattered now. Those dreadful wretches might find and tear her to atoms now if need be; she had saved the man she loved, and that was enough.

But a moment or two she rallied, as the cool rain beat upon her face, and rose softly to her feet. She must see him now at all hazards; she must see and tell him all or she could not live. She flew over the ground like a mad creature. Nothing held her flight until she reached the train, where Jim's face shone upon her from the engine cab, and she fell with a speechless gasp beside it. In a moment she was in Jim's arms, someone brought brandy and dropped some upon her cold lips, and after awhile she heard Jim's tender words as he held and kissed her, and then sat up, pale and trembling, to tell her story.

But the express stopped that night, and when it went on it bore with it the two wretches who had sought to destroy it with its precious freight of life, and left a heavy purse for brave Milly, a contribution from the grateful passengers whose lives she had saved.

On going to the top of the cut the men had been found pinioned by the rock that they had partly lifted to hurl upon the track below. Milly's bullet had gone through the arm of the one called "Bill." As his hold relaxed, the heavy rock had rolled back upon their legs, holding them both prisoners. The second man was Pete, Mrs. Hosmer's hired hand. Mike had disappeared.

But Milly was the heroine of many a day, and when, soon after, she was about to become Jim's happy wife, she got a silver tea service fit for a princess "With the gratitude and best wishes of the—Ex. Co., for James Hosmer's brave wife."—Arthur's Home Magazine.

## Another on the List

### Of Perpetual Motion And Self-Motor Inventions.

A Wheel Mathematically Constructed, Which Will Run Until It Is Worn Out, is Successfully Tested.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 19.—Three men stood in a little workshop at No. 25 Howard street, Allegheny, yesterday afternoon, intently watching the revolution of a wheel, which seemed to be propelled by a mysterious power. The wheel moved at a rapid rate. It combines the idea of a self motor and perpetual motion, and is the invention of Mr. Joseph Wasserott. The invention is the work of a life-time. Forty years ago, in Germany, at the age of 22, Mr. Wasserott conceived the idea of running machinery without steam or any other power than in use. He went to work on what he called a self motor, and constructed a model, which proved a failure, however. He then emigrated to America and settled in Philadelphia, where he began work anew on his invention. Before he finished it he moved to Reading and finally to Baltimore. The second model also lacked completeness and was rejected by the Patent Office. A third, which was constructed while Mr. Wasserott was a resident of Hanover, Pa., met with a similar fate. He was not discouraged. Last year he came to Allegheny and began work on a fourth model, which he completed and tested yesterday. He claims that it will revolutionize steam power, and will immediately apply for a patent. The invention consists of a wheel, or rather a wheel within a wheel, supported by a roller which creates the motion. Mr. Wasserott does not claim perpetual motion, saying that nothing is perpetual, and that the machine's motion will only last as long as the machine. The wheel is composed of forty pieces in four movable sections, and is worked by levers, which receive their driving powers from the weight of the wheel. This weight is contained in the top part of the wheel when at a standstill, and as it moves it is transferred from one section to another, so that the force of the weight causes the ceaseless revolution. The test is very successful.

As soon as the patent is granted a ten-foot wheel will be built to operate heavy machinery, the inventor says. The wheel can be used to run any machine. "It will be of special benefit to farmers and country residents," said Mr. Wasserott. "By using my invention they can make their own electric light, thrash corn with it and grind their own flour."

Mr. Wasserott says the whole idea of his invention consists in a mathematical calculation, but he will not explain what it is. He is an old man, and was born near Ulm, in Wurtemberg, Germany, the home of inventors. He is poor, and follows the business of a dyer and cleaner. His leisure hours were devoted to the completion of his work, which he hopes to make a success in his old days and live to see it in successful operation.

## A Story of Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln, says Ben Perly Poore was found one morning by a visitor counting several small piles of greenbacks on his table.

"This, sir," said he, noticing the gentleman's surprise, "is something out of my usual line; but a President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or Acts of Congress. This is one of them. This money belongs to a poor negro who is a porter in the Treasury Department, and is at present very sick with the small-pox. (He did not catch it from me, however; at least, I think not.) He is now in the hospital, and could not draw his pay because he could not sign his name. I have been at considerable trouble to overcome the difficulty and get his money for him, and have at length succeeded in cutting red tape, as the newspapers say. I am now dividing his money and putting by a portion in an envelope, labeled with his name, along with my own funds, according to his wish."

## There Was Money in it.

Not so many years ago but that most readers can easily remember it, the idea of the telephone was looked upon as a visionary scheme that never would amount to anything, practically. At that time, many of those that believed in the invention, and bought all the stock they could in the Bell telephone company, were very poorly off in consequence; but they held on to their stock and now they have their reward.

Professor Bell, the inventor, has a snug fortune of five millions. Mr. Blake bids poverty defiance from behind an intrenchment of four millions. Mr. W. H. Forbes is credited with about as much as both of these gentlemen together, and Mr. G. Hubbard enjoys as the reward of his early foresight and courage upwards of three millions. Mr. Theodore N. Vail, who was at one time an operator, devotes the little time he spares from the general management of the American Bell telephone company to the care of a private fortune estimated at not less than four millions. It is also said that among the telephone millionaires must be placed Alexander Cochran and C. P. Bowditch with about three millions each, and Thomas Sanders with not less than two and a half millions. There are many others besides these mentioned.

Many large manufacturing concerns have done an immense and profitable business in connection with the telephone. The Western Union Telegraph company draws annually now about \$400,000 as royalty from the American Bell company, and wants more.

The various sums just mentioned foot up nearly forty million dollars; a quarter of that sum would be a magnificent yield from an enterprise only nine years old. The patent is supposed to be worth twenty-five million dollars, and the money now invested in operating the telephone is over one hundred million dollars. When the full history of the early days of the telephone in America is written, it will be as thrilling as a romance.

## Why She Wouldn't Marry Him.

They were on a wedding tour in this direction the other day and the happy couple were accompanied by three others. It was a sweet spectacle to see the four pairs promenade up Jefferson avenue with hands clasped and a taffy-like smile spread over face, and hundreds of pedestrians stopped to gaze and admire. The porter of a wholesale house wasn't quite satisfied with what he could see, but stopped the last couple and inquired:

"Is it a case of love?"

"You bet!" replied the young man.

"Are they extremely happy?"

"Just a-biling over, sir."

"Why don't you and this girl follow suit?"

"I'm perfectly willin', but Sarah kerfunks on me. I've asked her over twenty times to have me, but it's no go."

"Never! never! she firmly said as she rolled her bud of gum to the other side for a moment. "When a man takes me to a circus and crawls under the canvas to save expenses, and then can't see the man with the lemonade nor the boy with the peanuts, I wouldn't hitch to him if I had to go out and set a bear-trap to catch a partner!"—Detroit Free Press.

## How Good Writing is Acquired.

Writing to be good must be legible and rapid; to be legible it must have good form, and to be rapid it must be simple in its construction as regards forms and their combination, and it should be small, since it is obvious that the pen can be carried over short spaces easier and more rapidly than long ones; and it should have little shade, and be written with a pen above medium for coarseness that the unshaded lines may have the requisite strength. I shall speak more specifically respecting form, leaving movement and other essentials to speakers who may follow me. As a rule, there should be but one form used for each letter of the alphabet, and especially should this be true of a copy for learners, having a single standard form, the teacher will not only repeat it with greater accuracy, but the pupil will more readily comprehend and master it. Letters and words should be critically analyzed at the blackboard. This will greatly aid the pupil to acquire a clear and complete mental conception of good letters and their proper combination. Many pupils learn to write through the sheer power of imitating the copy before them, but not having a high mental conception of their copies, when they are removed, their writing at once degenerates; the hand is without a definite model and strikes at random, and produces doubtful results. While the pupil, who through analytic study and practice, comes soon to have a clear conception of what he would do, thus is presented to the hand an ever present model for which it will strike and ultimately attain.—Penman's Art Journal.

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