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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,
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Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,
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Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Yocum & Hastings.

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At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

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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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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.,
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House newly refitted and furnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Rates moderate. Tronage respectfully solicited.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS
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S. WOODS CALDWELL,
PROPRIETOR.
Good sample rooms for commercial Travelers on first floor.

Shoeing the Broncho.

One who has traveled in certain sections of Texas, Mexico, and in mining localities of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains, does not need to have the broncho mule described to him. A thousand accounts have been written of his peculiar virtues as a saddle animal. Language has been stained in description of his "backing" propensities and the height and frequency of the ascents into ether's space of the uninitiated who unluckily ventures on the back of the broncho. No one acquainted with his family ever, in his wildest imaginations, pictured the broncho as being brought east of the cow boy reservations. Sitting Bull might be civilized into a dime museum Indian exhibit; "Buffalo Bill" and "Texas Jack" were admitted not dangerous if showing in a fifty-acre open field theatre, and the buffalo and coyote wolf have been taken into Eastern zoological gardens. But the broncho to "buck" his way into city life! Never.

And yet that same has the broncho done. The street railroad companies of St. Louis, with a temerity worthy of cowboys, having harnessed him to their cars—in fact, one hundred of them. The cobble stones of the street being rougher than the sod of his native heath, the animal needs must be shod, and a reporter of the "Globe Democrat" describes the incident of that undertaking. After giving a pen portrait of the broncho, the reporter proceeds to say that there are some remarkably strong objections to him, one of the most important of these being his refusal to make friends with those who ought to be nearest and dearest to him. The men working around the car stables he seems to absolutely detest, and the drivers of cars he has no use for. In a short time after getting him into harness he will learn to stop when a car bell is rung, but he starts again only at his own sweet pleasure, and he is just as liable to break away into his little tick-tack trot while a fat woman is getting off at the back of the car as he is to stay at the crossing and refuse to budge for a whole hour. This is his quality of stubbornness, and it is mentioned in connection with his selfish and unfriendly nature merely as one of its embellishing features. He never allows himself to lose caste, and will not mingle with anybody but Texas mules, no matter what the rewards or inducements are that are offered him. He is never curried, because he won't allow anybody to approach near enough to do the currying, and the only attention he gets besides his rations is a rubbing off of his back, which is accomplished with a long-handled brush, such as they use in washing windows.

He will kick just for amusement, and never waits for any provocation. And when he does kick he sends both hind legs quivering in the air like the striking hammer of the small gong bell which you hear when a friend rings you up for the telephone. He can give more kicks in rapid succession than a lightning calculator can count, and he is such an adept in the business that he can follow a man a mile, and catch up with him, wheel suddenly and plant a succession of kicks between the buttons on his coat tails, before the man can gather his thoughts sufficiently to tell his own name.

The car companies had tried to shoe the mules at their own shops, but they found it impossible to shoe more than two of them a day. The mules kicked too hard for their street corporation's farriers; they bit too promiscuously; they wouldn't stand still, and when knocked down, wouldn't stay down, even though a ton weight was placed on top of them. One of the mules continued his recalcitrant giddiness until he kicked his own leg off, and the other broke his own neck with a kick. Then the board of directors held a meeting and offered the work to Ed. Butler.

Ed. Butler took the job at \$2 per mule, and the directors chuckled gleefully as they signed the contract. When the mules were driven into the rear of Butler's shop the next morning the fun began. The force selected one of the meekest looking of the mules for their first victim. The excitement started when an attempt was made to throw a rope around this mule. He resisted every effort to coax him, and finally succumbed only to strategy; he was lassoed and dragged to the bar where horses and mules are tied while being shod. Now this mule, just like the 49 others which were regarding his treatment from afar, have been accustomed to going barefooted in Texas, and as the cactus didn't hurt his feet any, he thought the streets of St. Louis couldn't do him any damage. Instinct seemed to prompt him to acknowledge of the fact that he was going to be torn from his barefootedness, and he made a preliminary kick against putting on the iron slippers. He kicked with all four feet at once, and the men scattered hurriedly to every corner of the shop.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

A STORY OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.
'Speakin' of the rural regions,' said an old chap at the end of a bar, who had trouble in raising a glass of beer to his mouth with his right arm, 'I might be induced to relate a little adventure which happened to me in Indiana last summer:

'Well, I had been hangin' around Indianapolis for several weeks, and finally the Police Judge advised me to leave town. I never argy with a Police Judge. When they come right down to fatherly advice I accept it and git. I left the town inside of two hours, and it didn't take me over three hours to reach a mile post ten miles away. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as I was restin' beside the highway, a schoolma'am passed. She was a clipper little body, weighin' about ninety pounds, and white-faced, and when I sort o' riz up to ax her if she didn't have a bit to eat in her basket, she uttered a womanish yelp and started off on a dead run. I didn't have on my swaller tail coat and standin collar on that day, and I guess she took me for a tramp.

'Now, gents, when a feller is ragged, hungry, and out o' rhino, what does he do? He makes a break, in course. I walks about fur about a mile, and when I comes to a farm house with a look of comfort about it I stops in and asks if a poor man who has lost his hull family in the great Chicago fire can git a bite to eat, to brace him up as he journeys toward the settin' sun. The motherly old soul of a farmer's wife would have set out a square meal fur me, but that little schoolma'am was there to prevent. I heard 'em whisperin' together in the next room, and by and by the old lady came back and give me the bounce. A tramp as has belonged to the profesh fur fifteen years hadn't order fire up over sich a trifle as that, but it hit me like a blow below the belt, and I determined on revenge.

'I went into the orchard and stole some apples, and then laid around to watch. I found out afore dark that the farmer was an old man, and that there was only three o' 'em in the house. Long 'nuff fore the lights were out I had arranged with myself to break in. There was a chance of plunder, and I intended to scare that little schoolma'am out of a year's growth. I don't say as I would hev laid hands on her, but that very thing might have happened, you know.

'Well, about half an hour afore midnight I becus operations by creepin' up to the back door. It was shut, but not locked, and I crept in, struck a light, and found my way to the pantry. There was cold meat, pumpkin pie, and bread and butter, and it took me a good half hour to fill up. I might hev gone out then, but I wanted suthin' else. There was nobody sleepin down stairs, and after pocketin' a watch I crept up stairs into the old folks' bedroom. They was sleepin' as sound as you please, and the moon shinin' in furnished all the light needed. I went through a bureau and got a wallet, and was searchin' the old man's pants, when I heard a step at the door and a voice cried out: 'Surrender or I'll shoot!'

'It was that little schoolma'am. She stood in the door in her night dress, a revolver pointed full at me, and I could see her eyes blaze. I made a rush to seize her, when 'crack! crack!' went the revolver, and one bullet struck me in the right shoulder and another in the side. I went down as if shot through the head, and up jumps the old man and piles on to me like a ton of brick. The little schoolma'am went down stairs after a rope, and then helped tie me hand and foot. More'n that, she kept guard over me while the old man rode off for an officer, and every time I fetched a groan she had that revolver ready to shoot.

'In conclusion, gents, permit me to remark that the Court give me five years fur that little affair, while the plucky little schoolma'am received a public purse of \$200. Sometimes I've felt as if it was my duty to hunt her up and marry her.'

Jock was all Right.

A canny Lowland farmer, of a miserly disposition, went to a fair to hire a farm servant; and, peering about him, he observed a tall, well-grown lad, with a vacant expression of countenance. Him he accosted, and found that "Jock," as he called himself, was an "innocent"—half witted. The farmer, thinking that this was a good opportunity for picking up a strong fellow, who would take low wages and not quarrel with the very plain fare of his kitchen, questioned him, and, finding that he was used to farm work, engaged him. Then, remembering that he knew nothing of the youth's character, he added: "But I maun hae your character, ye ken, Jock. I engage no man without a character. Can ye bring me ane frae yer last maister?" "Ou, ay," returned Jock; and it was agreed that he was to bring the required document to the Sun Inn, where the farmer intended to dine at one o'clock. At one o'clock, punctually, Jock arrived at the Sun, and with some difficulty made his way into the room where the farmers' ordinary was being held. "Wheel, ma laud, have you got your character?" asked the farmer. "Na! but I've got yours; and I'm no comin'!" cried Jock, as he bolted from the room, amid the roars of the assembled company.

How to Run a Universe.

Why Some Things Should not be as Well as Others.

Mr. Burdette remarks: "My son, there are just two things in this world that I don't know about, and you have just asked me about one of them. I don't know why there is trouble and sorrow and toil and poverty and sickness and death in this beautiful world. I used to know when I was much younger, but I find that as I grow older I don't know a great deal more than I used to know. I don't know why the best people seem to have all the suffering and the great sinners have all the fun. I don't know why innocent men suffer for the wickedness of guilty men. I don't know why the man who cast the faulty column in Pemberton Mills wasn't crushed when the mills went down. I can't see why my neck should be broken in a railway accident because a train dispatcher sends out a wrong order or a signal man goes to sleep. I don't see why my neighbor should be cursed with ill health and suffering just because his grandfather was a rollicking, hard drinking old profligate. I don't see why I should have neuralgia just when I want to feel at my best. I don't know the reason why some people starve while worse people feast. Well, you say, wouldn't it be pleasanter if all these crooked things were straightened out? Yes, oh, yes! And wouldn't I run things a little better if I had the running of them? Ye—hold on a minute—ye—I don't know, really, that I want to try. There are several things to consider, when you sit down to run a universe. True, if I managed things I could make several improvements at once. I would never again have the neuralgia, for one thing; my boots would not run over at the heels like an italic; my pantalons would not work up, nor bag at the knees, and my collars would not climb the back of my neck, and my mustache wouldn't keep waving like a bristle at one end and under like a satin ribbon at the other, and—there are some things to look after. The little matter of day and night I think I might manage for a week, maybe, but there would be an eclipse to look after, with occasional rain, some snow, a late spring or an early autumn or a capricious harvest time to manage; there are certain movements of the sun and other planets that have rather delicate relations with the earth—come to think of it, my boy. I have never yet been able to control my own personal neuralgia. Now, you are very kind, but I will most respectfully decline the appointment. I find on looking into the varied and trying duties connected with the office that my bodily and mental strength would not stand the great tax that would be laid upon them. While I am in the heartiest accord with the Administration, and wish to give it, and to the extent of my poor ability to give it my most earnest support and encouragement, yet I much prefer to do this in my capacity as a private citizen."

Stories of Governor Seymour.

The Utica Observer says: Though possessed of a grave turn of mind, the late Gov. Horatio Seymour had at times a keen sense of humor, and said many droll things. His allusion to Grant at the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland, in Utica, when he declared that he was a better soldier than his old antagonist, because in 1868 he (Grant) had run farther and faster, was incomparably happy. Some years ago an incident occurred which at once illustrated Seymour's goodness of heart and his sense of the humorous. Driving along the Deerfield road one day he came upon a farmer in distress. The latter's wagon had broken down under a heavy pile of wood, his harness was out of kilter and his position was one of abject misery. He had in vain appealed to passers-by to help him. But Seymour was a friend in need. He helped the farmer to repair his wagon and reload the wood thereupon and loaned the farmer a part of his own harness. The Governor then went his way. Afterwards, when the farmer was telling his story, he startled his hearers by saying: "I never felt so mean in my life. The wood was stolen from the Governor's wood pile. The joke of it all was that during the whole transaction Governor Seymour knew that the wood was his own, but after giving his side of the story, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he was wont to add: "The poor fellow needed the wood more than I did." It is unnecessary to say that Governor Seymour's wood-pile was never again disturbed by that particular neighbor.

Wanted an Emblem.

Uncle Abraham, over on Cathan St., was speaking to an acquaintance the other day about putting an emblem over the door of his store. "I'd put a bee-hive," suggested the man. "Vot does pee-life sitand for?" "For industry." "Oh, dot vinas all nonsense. Dot doant show people dot I sell a \$14 suit for \$8." "I know, but the bee is a worker." "Yes, but dot doant do. Eaferybody vhas a worker. Industry vhas all right, but if somebody comes back mit a pair of pants dot shrink op eighteen inches, dot pee-aife doan' explain dot d is vhas a singular climate on pants."

A Pretty Vanderbilt Story.

In a Fourth Avenue horse-car going up town one day a plainly dressed woman was riding, accompanied by a bright-eyed child just old enough to be asking a good many questions. The pert young miss of 3 or 4 years was intent on being on familiar terms with everybody within reach, and one of the passengers within reach was Mr. Vanderbilt. He had a small package in his hands, and the child insisted on relieving him of it. The mother thought wholly unaware of her seatmate's identity, did her utmost to protect him from the young mischief-maker's depredations, but her efforts were futile. And Mr. Vanderbilt, as the car rolled on, seemed really to have got to enjoying the wee bit of a thing's flirtation. She went through his overcoat pockets, clambered over his knees, and couldn't have been a whit more familiar had she been of the house of Vanderbilt itself. At the Thirty-second street stables there was a change of conductors, and a bearded young fellow came upon the rear platform, rang the signal bell, and started the car onward through the tunnel.

"Papa, papa!" shouted the little one excitedly and off from the knee of the millionaire owner of the railroad she clambered to hold out her arms toward that bearded young fellow, the new conductor. The conductor recognized his distinguished passenger, and naturally he was amazed—his own child in the magnate's arms. He hastened to correct things, and with what was not an unnatural earnestness, apologized for the baby's rudeness. "Tut, tut!" interrupted Mr. Vanderbilt. "I've enjoyed my ride with her. Young man, I wish she were my own. She must be taken good care of." And then, as the car turned out of the tunnel to the Grand Central Station, he patted the little one affectionately upon the head, and said good-by. Within a month that street-car conductor was holding a responsible position upon one of the big Vanderbilt railroads, a post that he holds to this day. That very night Mr. Vanderbilt had the young man's antecedents looked up, and finding his record clean, and assured that he was a man of energy and capacity, he made place for him at once.

Why Gen. Hancock Died Poor.

A New York letter says: Surprise is expressed that Gen. Hancock did not leave a larger estate behind him, but he was generous to a fault, and he had many calls upon his charity. It was the heavy cross of his life that his twin brother, for thirty years resident of a distant Western city, had disappointed his expectations, lost his ambition and sunk into a living death. His brother was a lawyer, one of the most brilliant in the Northwest, clearing from \$15,000 to 20,000 a year by his practice when he fell a victim to his love for good company and good cheer. He went down from his high position like a rocket, and for the last fifteen years has been entirely supported by his brother, the General. There is a touching little bit of romance connected with this sad story. The lawyer was in his prime, a magnificent-looking man, and became engaged to the beautiful daughter of a lady in whose house he boarded. The engagement began twenty years ago. But the lady saw danger ahead, and she refused to marry her ardent and handsome wooer until he would forswear the flowing bowl and show himself a thoroughly reformed man. He still lives in the same house and the lady is there, too, and still unwedded. She is true to her love, but is equally true to her promise, and while she tenderly cares for the man she loves and mourns, she knows that her life is wrecked, and that there is no hope now on this side of the grave. The world is full of such unnoticed heroines.

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMAN CLOTHES.

"What are the men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal. That is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine business men shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way: A man thinks more of his family than all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown upon his gallantry and his pride of family, and without translating his feelings into plain language he goes into extortion and issuing of false stock and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note, and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human clothes!"

Act the First of the Tragedy—A plain but beautiful home.

Enter the newly married pair. Enter simplicity of manner and behavior. Enter as much happiness as is ever found in one home.

Act the Second—Discontent with the humble home.

Enter envy. Enter desire of display. Enter the queenly dressmakers. Enter the French milliners.

Act the Fourth—The tip top of society.

Enter princes and princesses of New York life. Enter magnificent plate and equipage. Enter everything splendid.

Act the Fifth and Last.

Winding up the Scene—Enter the assignee. Enter the sheriff. Enter the creditors. Enter humiliation. Enter the wrath of God. Enter the contempt of society. Enter death. Now let the silk curtain drop on the stage. The farce is ended and the lights are out.

THE GOTWALD MEMORIAL TRACT.

published by the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, is now for sale at the Journal Store. Price 5 cents.

DR. TALMAGE ON DRESS.

(Extract from Sermon, Sunday, Feb. 14th.)

Show me the fashion plates of any age between this and the time of Louis XVI of France, and Henry VIII of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society. It is not only such boldness that is to be reprehended, but extravagance of costume. This latter is the cause of fraud, unmitigated and ghastly. It was an effort to support too expensive establishments that sent prominent business men to the watering of stocks, and life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets and some of them to the penitentiary, and has completely upset our American finances. But why should I go to these famous defaultings to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and expensive wardrobe, when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wit's end and are lashed January to December in the attempt? Our Washington politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country. It will be of no use, and things will be no better until we learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we can pay for. There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries, who in the vain attempt, to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folks' ward robes, are dying of muffs, diamonds, camel's-hair shawls, and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die before their time, and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety; and after a high-class funeral, with silver handles at the side of their coffins of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses! Do not send me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I will blurt out the whole truth and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons! You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York costs millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost, when you find that the man who gave out the contract paid more than \$5,000 for his daughter's wedding dress; Cashmires of \$1,000 each have not been rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are 8,000 women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array \$2,000 a year.

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