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NO. 29.

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True as Steel.

"I do wonder why those little savages are allowed to make a coasting hill of the public highway?" grumbled an uncomely-looking man, as he hesitated in great perturbation half way up the improvised slide mentioned.

It was an irregular and rather precipitous cross street of a suburban village. It was frantically by and swarming with juvenile coasters, one of whom had carried a strip of silken ruy blouse with him as he darted past her.

"It is quite too bad! and my very nicest dress, too," she complained, mentally, as she stopped to draw back and pin together the damaged bit of drapery.

In the annoyance of the moment she did not reflect that something more unpleasant was quite possible if she were not vigilant.

She was quite too engrossed to hear boyish shouts of warning in the road above her, or to see an agile figure that was springing affrightedly toward her.

Before she really had time to comprehend her peril or understand the sudden, shrill vociferation, there was a wild whirling in the air and a tingling shock, and the next instant she felt herself violently whirled aside by a strong arm which had seized her as the sled flew past.

The agile figure of a manly pedestrian, whose affrighted gestures she had not noticed, had flung himself between her and death, or worse, and she was safe.

As she struggled to her feet a cry of gratitude and pity quivered from her startled lips.

"She fully realized what her peril had been and her pity was for her handsome rescuer, who was lying stunned and bruised and bleeding before her.

"Oh, what can I say to you?—what can I do?" she faltered, in a distressing voice, as she bent over him.

His handsome features were alarmingly pallid, and there were tiny drops of warm red blood staining the frozen snow which pillowed his fall.

But the bright dark eyes enclosed within a flashing smile which was delightfully tranquilizing.

"Say only that I have made a charming friend," he smiled, as with a wince of pain he uplifted himself to a sitting posture. "I am not badly hurt. I have a surface gash on my cheek, I think, and I have a notion there is a sprained limb. I shall not be able to get to my destination—that's certain," he added, as he made an heroic attempt to stand upright, only to sink back again with a suppressed groan.

Just then the big sled was hauled back up the street, the reckless coasters all pent and terrified, and eager to render every service.

A helpful idea brightened the girl's anxious face.

"I would be an hour before proper assistance could be brought to you here," she said, in her quick, sweet, girlish voice. "But there is a dear, motherly old lady living in that little cottage at the top of the hill. Let the boys put you on the sled and take you up to her. She is my friend and she will do whatever I wish."

And so a few minutes later the injured young gentleman was snugly ensconced on a cosy lounge of the cosy little cottage and a physician had been sent for.

"Ah, you will be all right again in a few days," the doctor said, cheerfully, "only you must keep yourself perfectly quiet, and not try to exert yourself in any way."

"I can reconcile myself to the situation easily if you will promise to cheer my imprisonment occasionally," the gentleman said, with one of his flashing smiles toward the pretty girl, who readily promised what he seemed so eagerly to desire.

And that was the beginning of pretty Dorinda Grey's acquaintance with the handsome young stranger whom she had exalted to a hero—a king among men.

He had done only what any other man would have done in similar circumstances. He had simply snatched her away from the track of the flying sled. He had perceived no risk to himself, no sacrifice; he had been safely beyond any collision with the coaster—it was his own awkward stumble on the treacherously glossy incline which had caused the mishap.

The peril was over when he had slipped upon one of his heels and fallen. It might have happened just the same even if he had not hastened gallantly to the rescue of a distractingly pretty girl.

But these were trifling little truths which he did not deem absolutely necessary to reveal. It was too pleasant to pose as a wounded hero, and to have his temporary confinement enlivened by the visits of his generous and interesting new acquaintance.

For his own sake he preferred not to spoil her little illusions on the subject.

And so Dorinda went homeward, taking with her the image of an elegant figure and handsome countenance of a fascinating young stranger, whose tones were like music, whose smile was like a flash of sunlight, whose brilliant black eyes had gazed admiringly, almost tenderly, into her own.

"It depends on you, Dodo, whether you, any of us, ever have anything new again," sighed the little woman from her invalid chair before the fire.

Dodo looked distressed, and all the lovely color suddenly paled from her pretty cheeks.

"Oh aunt, how does it depend on me?" she faltered, although she guessed what the allusion meant.

"I think you will never quite forget the hours which we have passed together here," he said, with seemingly a regretful glance around the room, and at motherly Mrs. Merron, asleep over her knitting before the fire.

"They have been hours to be remembered by both of us."

He had bent over her until his dark mustache brushed her forehead; he had clasped both her hands. There was the tenderest significance in his musical tones; the fascination of what seemed tenderest love glowed in his brilliant eyes.

Dodo trembled. She had made him her hero "involuntarily"; but in that instant her whole being revolved from him. Why she could not have explained; she only knew she was aroused somehow to a true knowledge of her own feelings. He had charmed her fancies for the moment, perhaps, but no love—sweet and supreme—would ever thrill her soul for him.

"I ought to have gone before," he continued, unhesitatingly, as if he were drawing some reproach from Dodo herself. "But I was hardly presentable with a puffed and purple bruise decorating a goodly half of my forehead. You are my cousin Greta's promised husband."

He bowed in a manner so conscious and embarrassed that all Dodo's honest little soul rose to hot indignation against him.

He was no longer a hero in her sight. He was an insincere, shallow trifler, who had amused himself with her simple blushes at his practiced flattery.

Such sublime audacity, such consummate falsity, stunned her. With a look of withering scorn she turned and left him in utter disgust.

"I pity Greta, Greta and selfish as she is," Dodo thought, as she went slowly up the steps of the old yellow stone mansion.

As she entered the pleasant family sitting-room Greta pressed rudely and suddenly past her and tripped up the stairs.

Mrs. Gray was weeping almost convulsively in her invalid chair before the fire.

"What has happened, aunt?" the girl queried, anxiously and sympathetically.

Dodo was sincerely attached to the invalid aunt, whose trials had, indeed, been many and grievous.

"It is that mortgage," was the piteous answer. "There is to be an immediate foreclosure. We shall be absolutely homeless; there won't be \$100 left after the sale. I don't care for myself, nor so much on Greta's account—she can earn her own living if she chooses; but there are the poor children—Tommy and Willy! What will become of them?"

Dodo stopped and kissed her aunt in gentle sympathy, but she was silent.

"Dodo, I can't ask you to do anything that might make you unhappy," the weeping woman resumed, "and it seems cruel to remind you that I have been like a mother to you. But my dear, if you only would consider everything and then decide to do what I would like. And David is waiting for you, dear. He is in the parlor now."

Dodo's pretty face flushed with a sudden sense of her own lack of feeling for others. She had not considered everything as she might have done—that was certain.

Mrs. Gray had indeed been like a mother to her. In her orphaned and penniless childhood she had been taken into the family as one of their own. She had shared and shared alike with them in everything; no hint of her dependence had ever been permitted to pain her. Even the selfish and sometimes disagreeable Greta had treated her entirely as a sister. And when the dear kind uncle left her she mourned him as one who had been to her like an indulgent father.

The flush had vanished from her pretty cheeks; her face was pale and her large brown eyes very serious as she opened the parlor door and advanced rather timidly toward the gentleman waiting for her.

The serious eyes dropped and her voice choked as she glanced at the earnest face and fine Saxon looking figure of her patient, true, lover.

How could she have tried to shut her foolish heart against the love of one all noble and loyal ever she wondered?

But she meant to be frank with him; she would confess all her folly—she would even tell him about that dreadful mortgage, and then, if he loved her no longer she could not blame him.

He misinterpreted the agitation of the pale face, and checked the confession before it was begun.

A GREAT MOVEMENT.

According to the statistical report of the Sunday schools in the United States rendered at the late International Convention held in Chicago, there has been an increase in the scholar membership of all the Sunday schools in the U. S. since 1881 of 255,045. It is interesting to know by what agencies this increase has been secured for it shows that a great missionary work has been done to bring an army of 255,000 into active membership with our Sunday schools.

No more important work can be conceived of, for it has to do with the destiny of our entire country.

The three last Annual reports of the American Sunday School Union, the old denominational Society "that cares for the children" who are provided for by no one else, show that since 1881, it has brought 282,634 children into 4,947 new Sunday schools, a number equal to 5000 more than one half of all the increase reported as having secured by this and all other agencies during these three years.

But this American Sunday-School Union did more than this—it aided 4,825 other schools, which have 46,874 teachers and 314,714 scholars—so that in these three years it reached 9,872 communities and Sunday schools, and 700,748 children, and youths, and then realized and revisited these schools 6,245 times, besides making 92,584 visits to families, supplying 45,019 destitute persons with the scriptures and holding 27,247 religious meetings. That there is a great need for more of just such work in our country, is evident from the fact that according to the International Secretary's report there are but 8,031,378 scholars in all the Sunday schools in the United States, that report to this convention, which the chairman of the Executive Committee said was five percent too small. If five per cent were added we had 8,436,291 scholars in all our Sunday schools. But the statement was made that 20 per cent should be deducted for those over 21 and under six years of age and those who attended more than one school and are counted twice; which deducted would leave 6,748,361 children and youths of school age in all our Sunday schools, while there are at least 9,000,000 more of age in our country, and very likely most of them attend no Sunday school.

Truly the American Sunday School Union is doing a great work, for present and future America, for which there is most urgent need. Any who would like to read its last annual report, or aid its work by gift of funds may send to

J. M. CROWELL, Sec. of Missions, 1122 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A Novel Way of Popping the Question.

A young Aberdonian, lashed, but desperately in love, finding that no notice was taken of his visits to the house of his sweetheart, summoned up sufficient courage to address the affair one day.

"Jean, I was here on Monday night."

"An' ye were here on Tuesday night."

"An' I was here on Wednesday night," continued the ardent youth.

"An' ye were here on Thursday night and a'."

"An' I was here last night."

"Weel," she said, "what if ye were?"

"An' I am here this night again."

"An' what about it, even if ye came every night?"

"What about it, did ye say? Dye ye no begin to smell a rat?"—New York Sun.

Inquisitive, But Not Excessively So.

Blumenthal—Misther Rosenberg, you talks so much about how you keep holy dot Chewish Sabbath, dot I wants to ask you a kerveshunt.

Rosenberg—Veil, vot ish dot kerveshunt?

"Suppose dot Sabbath day on you finds dot street in a pig pug full mit terventy-tolar gold pieces, would you deshegrate dot holy day by takin' away dot monish?"

"Does yer really vant ter kvo vat I would do?"

"I does so."

"Veil, den, next Sabbath, choost you drop von of does pags of gold, and you will find out."

"I tells you vat I would like to know, but I vant' choost eaten oop mit curiosity."—Texas Sittings.

NEWSPAPER LAWS. If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid. If subscribers release or neglect to take their newspapers from the office which they are sent they are held responsible until they have filed the bills 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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AROUND CASTLE GARDEN.

The Vast Baggage Depots—Italian and Irish—Mulberry Street.

I put in the afternoon the other day at Castle Garden, and the view was novel. There is first the great rotunda, which the immigrants enter directly from the steamer; on each flank of this are the halls and rooms for separating and classifying them and the vast baggage depots. Provision stands supply food at rates prescribed by the commissioners, generally cheaper than in the city outside; interpreters for the principal languages stand ready to give information, and in the center is the bank where foreign money is exchanged for American at a trifling cost. Between the rotunda and the park are the offices, where the name, race and destination of each immigrant is enrolled; the post office, where the names are loudly called from time to time of those whom letters await, and the various rooms for washing and other purposes. All sick persons are sent to Ward's Island to a hospital. Missionaries, agents of benevolent societies, hotel runners and news paper men have the freedom of the floor under prescribed rules; and all the officials are polite and prompt in giving information. All around the rotunda are groups of immigrants, the Italians predominating, for most of the Irish are met by friends and acquaintances, and only remain long enough to get their baggage passed.

Imagine, if you can (I cannot describe it), the amusing and affecting scenes, as the Irish long in this country meet the new arrived—the ardent embrace, the poetic expressions of endearment, the smiles, the laughter, the tears. The Italians appear dull and uninteresting; those longest in this city seem as much like foreigners as those just arrived. They are nearly all from the south of Italy; nearly all took ship at Naples, and are distressingly swarthy and—well, in plain language, dirty. Now and then a Piedmont or Venetian appears like white Bostonian among a lot of quadroons. As the brown Napoleons go up town their appearance is distressing, especially the women; but those resident on Mulberry street look even worse. I passed a group of the latter this morning—skinny, swarthy old women bareheaded, barefooted, stooping under the weight of heavy bags filled with papers and other stuff gleaned from the offices; and occasionally I met them loaded down with broken boards, bar rel hoops and staves—the wrecks from a recent fire or removal. They carry this stuff away up in the small tenement houses to their little dens where they splinter and pack it into little packages of lighters or kindling. What can life be worth to such people? And yet they don't seem in any hurry to die.—J. H. Beadle in Rockville Tribune.

Slang in Texas.

Yesterday afternoon a well-known gentleman in this city was discussing with a News representative the prevalence of slang in the country.

"Just to show you how almost universal it is becoming we will test it right here. It is raining, and we will stand in this door and to every person of your acquaintance who passes by you will put this question: 'Isn't this rain glorious?' and note their answers.

The pair stood in the door, the gentleman, watch in hand, and the News representative with note book and pencil ready. Thirty-five gentlemen passed by, to whom the query was put. Thirty-one of them replied: "You bet." One said: "I should smile." Two said: "She is getting there with both feet," and the other remarked: "Go 'long 'Liza Jane."

There were others who later went scolding by. One responded: "I should snicker to remark." Another smiled broadly: "Young ducks ain't a circumstance." A third carolled: "Bet your sweet life" and the fourth lisped bewitchingly: "If anybody asks you, tell 'em you don't know." The gentleman standing with the reporter said: "Well that do settle it." "And her front name 'twas Hannah," sighed the reporter.—Dallas News.

Taking the Census.

"I have a scheme to make some money when the next census is taken in Dakota," said one Sioux Falls man to another.

"What is it?"

"Why, I'll make a proposition to the legislature to take the census of the towns at \$5 per town and make a whole barrel of money."

"Why, you couldn't make a cent at that rate."

"Couldn't, hey? Well I know I could get rich at it. I can take the census of a town for fifty cents. You see I'll give a man half a dollar to hitch up a sick horse and drive it out on the main street and let it lie down, and then after five minutes I'll get up on the wagon and count 'em."—Dakota Bell.

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