

The Journal.

Walter & Deininger, Proprietors

B. O. DEININGER, Associate Editor

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MILLHEIM on the L. C. S. C. R. R., has a population of 6-700, is a thriving business center, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles, in which the JOURNAL has a larger circulation than all other county papers combined.

Advertisers will please make a note of this.

AN INQUIRATIVE AND UNPLEASANT CUSTOMER.

He slipped into an ice cream saloon very softly, and when the girl asked him what he wanted, he replied:

"Corned beef, fried potatoes, pickles, and mince pie."

"This is not a restaurant, this is an ice cream parlor," she said.

"Then why did you ask me what I wanted for? Why didn't you bring on your ice cream?"

She went after it, and as she returned he continued:

"You see my dear, you must infer—you must reason, it isn't likely that I would come into an ice cream parlor to buy a grindstone, is it? You didn't think I came in here to ask if you had any bread, have you?"

She looked at him in great surprise, and he went on.

"If I owned a hardware store and you came in, I would infer that you came for something in my line. I wouldn't step out and ask if you wanted to buy a mule, would you?"

She went away highly indignant. An old lady was devouring a dish of cream at the next table and the stranger after watching her for a moment, called out:

"My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

"Mercy! no!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around and dropped her spoon.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued. "If you had any just let me know."

She looked at him for half a minute, picked up the spoon, laid it down again, and then rose up and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in and exclaimed:

"Did you tell that woman that there were hairs and buttons in my ice cream?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't?"

"No sir, I did not; I merely requested her in case she found any such ingredients to inform me."

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, smiling softly, "if you expect me to ask the woman if she had found a crowbar or a sledge hammer in her cream? It is impossible, sir, for such articles to be hidden away in such small dishes."

The proprietor went away, growling, and as the stranger quietly supposed at his cream, two young ladies came in sat down near him, and ordered some cream and cake.

He waited until they had eaten a little and then remarked:

"Heg pardon, ladies, but do you observe anything peculiar in the taste of this cream?"

They tasted, smacked their lips, and were not certain.

"Does it taste to you as if a plug of tobacco had fallen into the freezer?" he asked.

"Ah! hah!" they exclaimed, and trying to spit out what they had eaten, both rushed out, and it wasn't long before the proprietor rushed in.

"See here, what in blazes are you talking about?" he demanded.

"What do you mean by plug tobacco in the freezer?"

"My kind friend, I asked these ladies if this cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't taste any such taste, and I don't believe you put a bit of tobacco in it?"

"Well, you don't want to talk that way around here," continued the proprietor. "My ice cream is pure, and the man who says it isn't is a bold liar!"

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and sad face sat down and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon ice.

It was brought, and she took about two mouthfuls when the stranger inquired:

"Excuse me, madam, but do you know how this cream was made? have you any idea that they grated turnip and chalk with the cream?"

She didn't reply. She slowly rose up, wheeling around and made for the door. The stranger followed after, and by great good luck his coat tails cleared the door an instant too soon to be struck by a five-pound box of figs, buried with great force by the indignant proprietor. As he reached the curb stone he halted, looked at the door of the parlor and soliloquized:

THE TRICK ON ROBBINS.

"There are times when people should inf r, and there are times when they shouldn't. I suppose if I had asked that woman if she thought they dashed up a saw mill in the cream she'd have felt a circular saw going down her throat."—Detroit Free Press.

JUST IN TIME.

A young physician, having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball a rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carrying with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability.

A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practicing, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steel and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail.

The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pret-ex for stopping.

In the meantime his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return, in the face of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steel carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horse's hoofs were thundering in his ears, and he was driven to his wits' end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face, and said,

"How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time."

THE MAN WHO KNEW.

Once in a great while a man can stand on a street corner in Detroit and ask a question which can't be answered, but such instances are very rare. Yesterday noon when an old citizen made an inquiry of a crowd at the post office, it wasn't a second before he was being answered. He started out with the remark that he was nearly sixty years old, and ended by asking:

"Can anybody tell me why we have this warm spell called Indian Summer?"

"Yes sir," was the prompt answer. "It is to give certain persons a chance to wash up and get on a clean shirt before winter sets in for good."

The old resident coughed several times, took another look at the sky, and moved on. After he had gone about a block he halted, suddenly grew red in the face, and exclaimed:

"Come to think of it, I believe that scoundrel meant to insult me, and I wish I had knocked him down!"

A BOY HANGED AT PLUY.

A sad accident occurred at Vallée des Viejas, on Friday afternoon. Oville Bisserman, a boy 12 years of age, son of Samuel Bisserman, was accustomed to exercise on a swing, and standing on a box would turn the rope under his armpits, and throw himself forward with all his strength, so as to make the swing rise to the greatest possible height. No one was present when the accident occurred, but it was evident that the rope had slipped from under his arms and caught him by the neck. He had been engaged in conversation with his mother not more than ten minutes before the accident was discovered. She afterward called to him from the kitchen, and, hearing no response, she went out and found him suspended by the neck and dead.—San Diego Union.

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Three Points for Consideration.

James Robbins, of National Avenue, has been missing for three days, but there is no anxiety around his house to learn his fate. His wife knows what caused him to disappear, and she is willing to let him get a good ready to come back. Robbins married a lone widow about four months ago, and they had not been wedded two weeks when he gave her a beating. She overlooked it then, thinking he would soon come down, but in a week more he blacked her eyes. In brief, Robbins turned out to be a brute of a husband, and the ex-wife, had the sympathy of all the neighbors. She is said to be meek and humble in spirit, and Robbins had no excuse for his brutality. Four or five days ago he knocked her down and started off up town, and the wife crawled over to a butcher's to see about having Robbins arrested. The butcher, who weighs 190 pounds and has a fist like a maul, knew a better way than going to the police, and he unfolded a plan.

When Robbins reached home that evening the house was dark, and the butcher, dressed in woman's clothes and with his jaws tied up, sat in the rocking-chair. "Why in blazes isn't supper ready?" hollered Robbins as he stood in the door.

The butcher groaned. "Grunting around again, are you?" shouted Robbins. "What's the matter now?"

The butcher groaned again.

"You feel too high-toned to answer me, do you?" growled the wife-beater. "Well, we'll see about that. Just take this, will you?"

He struck out, but the disguised butcher caught his wrist, sprung up, and there was fun in that cottage. He choked Robbins almost to death, tied him up in a hard knot and untied him, drew him around by the heels and hair, and finally picked him up and tossed him over the fence into the mud. The wife-beater had kept up a steady yelling from the first attack, and as he rose from the mud and sped down the street he seemed to think that Sitting Bull's whole fighting force were after him. At 11 o'clock that night he entered a Michigan Avenue saloon and told a story about six men robbing him, and half an hour later, as he was prowling around a shed to find a place to sleep, a policeman heard him saying :

"Nose smashed, eyes bunged up, sore throat, bruised all over and awful sleepy! What a deceiving person a widow woman is!"—Detroit Free Press.

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