Millheim, Thursday Aug. 1.

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Millhelm on the L. C. & S. C. R. R., has a population of 600, is a thriving business centre, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles, in which the JOURNAL has a larger circulation than all | put it on. other county papers combined. Advertisers will please make a note of this

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Bertrode Dodge was blue. It was August weather-there was no air stirring from one arid noon until the next, and the insects hissed maliciously all day long in the parched grasses. Perhaps that was! the reason the Bertrode was blue.

Perhaps it was that as she walked Crover's Tract day by day, and saw the summer's hinted completion in the red apples burning among the gray-green boughs, the hay-fields at aftermarth, the purple tassled corn, and yellow wheat, that she felt her life to be aimless. She had let the summer come and wane across her passive existence. The previous winter she said : "I feel ice-bound now. When summer comes I will shake off this inertia and redeem to

Let the summer was rapidly passing and she was still in a dream. The hour never seemed to come which called her to exertion. Well, "Love's young dream " comes but once; it was all well, perhaps.

Grover's Tract and her farmhouse life was not as dull as she had expected it would be when she returned from her mountain tour a year before; only at times the outdoor sounds and the leisurly growing works of nature oppressed her. In the winter she had been gra ', looking at the sanset across the snow, watching the chick-a dee, and search. ing the woods for purple mererion. In the spring the long walks to the post-office had been full of joyful fancies and golden realities; she loved the sweet country sights and scenes more than ever before in her

But in August something seemed to oppress her. The sky burned too blue, the woods were too calmly cotent in their greenness, the days closed the beautifully in their ripe splendor, as she walked the Tract at sunset, coming from the post-office -coming always empty handed. Yes, something was wrong, and when she realized it fully, she said :

"I am idle-I am steeped in idleness. I have been doing nothing for a year. Now I will have some work, and Dick may go to the postoffice. I care too much for those

Whatever those letters might be, there came no more of them. A certain gay tourist drifting about the world, forgot to write them at last; perhaps Bertrode was pretty, but one traveling everywhere meets many pretty faces.

Bertrode's cheek grew thin and white. Her mother saw that she struggled to repress a growing irritableness, But she worked on unceasingly at her ne v employment of teaching the district school of Grover's Tract. She devoted herself to the children. Their parents said they had never before learned so fast Bertrode smiled faintly at their praise. One day, coming home from school through the woods, she flung herself down among the ferns and dry grasses.

"It is dust and ashes!" she cried.

The sky gleamed blue through green boughs overhead, and a bird sang cheerily in a neighboring bush. She lay there until she felt the dew falling. As she rose up something rustled at her side. She looked down; a great rattlesnake was slipping through the grass, going from her, apparently unaware of her presence. Fascinated immovable yet full of horror, she stood and watched the creature. For a moment it glided speedily on, its course so direct, its appearance so subtle and deadly, that she felt spell-bound as she regarded it. Suddenly, with a thrill of horror she saw the reptile's aim; it was making directly for a shady spot, where a man lay asleep beneath the trees. One moment more would be too late to prevent the threatened attack. Starting from her passivity, she seized a stone and hurled it full at the creature. He had just paused and rested his crest to view his position. when the stone struck him upon the back of the head, and with a vengeful hiss he leaped into the air, then feil at full length upon the ground

and slowly expired. Bertrode stood looking at the dusky length and bloody head of the snake, her mind in sort of wonder that anything could beso loathsome, when she heard her name spoken. She raised her eyes and saw Fennel Gould standing before her. The young man looked at the snake with a sort of shudder, and then said :

"Bertrod:, you must have saved prove it she let him d.ive her out along with household responsibilities Frank Leslie's Publishing House,

"I suppose I did," she answered. 'The creature was coming directly toward you. Did you ever see any-

thing so horrible Fennel ?" He took her hands; she hardly glanced at him. "Darling," he said.

She snatched her band away in udden impatience. "Don't !" she said. "I wish you

wouldn't, Fennel." "But I love you."

"I cannot help it," He regarded her sorrowfully. She took her shawl from the grass and

"It is chilly here, and late; I am

going home, she said.

He walked silently at her side out of the woods and across the wide fields of Grover's Tract. Never was there a more hopeless lover than try as hard as I can to forget you. Pennell Gould. At the farmhouse door he said, "Good-night, Ber- girl should cause so much pain, isn't trode." She bowed, and he went it?" over the hill in the warm gray twilight, cursing his cruel fate as lovers have cursed their fates before.

Through a succession of hot days the month went out. Before it had passed, Bertrode was taken sickmiserable ill of fever. She suffered wearisomely, but little could be done for her. It was a slow fever which must burn out its course. She was thirsty continually, and suddenly in the midst of her sufferiugs, the spring which had supplied her with cool water grew dry, and all other water tasted warm and brackish to her fevered lips. "If I only had some ice, mother!"

she moaned. "I know, dear, but there is no ice

in less than twenty miles." Too ill to express her misery, the f evered girl fell asleep, to dream 'of' the old yellow Grover Tract stage straining its way over the heavy sandy roads to Northboro', the only place where there was an ice house green block of the refreshing ice she

"It will be so nice!" she murparched and it will cool my drink so deliciously !"

A cricket sang in the heated wall and woke her. She heard the stage trundling over the hill. "Has it come mother ?" she ask-

"What, dear? you are dream. ing. Wake up, and drink some of

this nice iced lemonade." "Ice, mother! Where did you

Fennell has been to Northboro, for it. He's very kind to you, Bertie, dear."

I been asleep, mother ?" "All the afternoon, and I really

think you look better, Bertie." Bertrode turned on her pillow and fell asleep again. In the morning she was better, but not well. The pale lips were still parched-the mouth so long fevered, tasteless. She relished only the drinks, iced and cool, which her mother prepar-

One day she said : now is it that that ice lasts

"Why Fennel goes 'to Northboro

The weather is so warm that it he walked the fields he had walked melts very fast." "But it's having time. How can as rue. The crickets were singing he be spared ?" "He goes at night after eight

he is ready to drop." "Then why do you ask him moth-

"Goodness, child! I never asked him; I guess I didn't! It's his own service. I never dreamed of asking

Bertrode, bolstered up in bed sat

silent awhile. "Fennel's very kind," she said at last; but I don't like to tax people so. Mother, if I am better to-mor- by the roadside. The dew fell and row can't I ride out ?"

"Perhaps so," To-morrow Bertrode was feverish again. Nothing passed her parched lips but a yellow peach, rareripe,

that was a wonder to the neighbor-"Where did it come from, moth-

"Fennel brought it."

The next morning, when she awoke, a gust of spicy coolness

whiffed into her face. "What is that?" starting up.

Just a pitcher of sprays from the scrub oaks of the low-lands, their tender pendant acors swinging among the glossy leaves-branches of bayberry, sweet fern and a handful of checkerberry mixed with sweet swamp heliotrope, and wild asters,

all dripping with the morning dew. "Oh, mother, bring it closer ! Where did you get it ?" placing her thin, white hands among the cool, sweet feliage.

"Fennel left it at the door this morning. He thought it would please you."

"It does please me."

No one but Fennel knew how she liked fragrant green leaves and swamp heliotrope.

She was grateful, and she told Fennel so when she saw him. To audible why your wife don't get Price only \$3, postpaid. Address orders of

and find her roses again among the fields. As the light came back to Ler eye and the dimple to her cheek she laughed merrily sometimes and forgot to look wistfully towards the mountains, as he had noticed her died. Remember the love and care doing so often two months before.

One day she was pale and troubled when Fennel came with his buggy, She was silent for a few moments after they began their drive. "Fennel ?"

"Well ?"

"Are you going away ?" "Yes."

"Wny, tell me, please ?" That was all. She did not dare pretend not to understand him.

Both faces were pale. He turned to wards her at last, smiling faintly. "Yes, Bertie, you don't need me any longer, and I am going away to It is strange that such a sweet-eyed

Bertrode didn't speak. They rode in silence along the river road. Bertrode was listening, as if charmed to the chirping of a little bird among the scrub oaks by the river. It was a hearty, cheery little bird that seemed to have no nonsense about it.

The road grew narrower. The tree branches met above their heads and gradually grew lower. Fennel put out his whip to hold them out of their faces. The motion startled the horse, -or he might have been twanged by the springing sprays. He leaped suddenly forward, and Bertrode was flung from the car-

Stunned by the shock, she floated like a corpse. If she had seen Fennel Gould's face, then, she would have wondered, even though she believed that she knew his love. He flung himself from the carriage. added : there to procure for her a great Dashing down the steep declivity, he threw himself into the river.

The tide was rapid. Already the figure of the drowning girl, half mured in her sleep. "My throat is submerged, was floating into the middle of the current. There were strong, fierce rapids, a quarter of a mile below, and the tide swept them both toward it. Fennel Gould expended every resource of body and heart in that struggle for life and love. She floated on-on-before him in the flowing water until the great beads of agony and pain stood upon his forehead. But one fortunate stroke, and he caught her

He struggled back to land and then rising, he lifted Bertrode into the carriage, and carried home the life he had saved. Evening came. Fennel was at none - pacing thoughtfully the floor of his little chamber. It was twilight, and the scent of the ripe apples in the orchard filled the dark room. He did not'notice either, but he was roused suddenly by a knock at his door. It was Willie Dodge with a note. He opened it. It bore these words:

"Fennel, come home with Willie. I want to see you."

That was all, but he knew who sent it. He went out of doors with for a fresh piece every other day. the child. Holding the boy's hand, a month before with his heart bitter among the grasses. A strange lightness possessed him, and yet he kept o'clock. I don't see how he can do putting down his heart-not daring it when he works in the steld until to hope. The farmhouse door was open and Bertrode was sitting in the porch. Little Willie went into the house. Fennel sat down on the

"What do you want, Bertrode ?" "I will tell you by and by."

The twilight grew more dim as they talked of unimportant things. until they could not see each other's faces. The crickets were singing hundreds of songs in the grasses woke the sweetness of the ferns by the roadside.

A long time passed and at last Fennel rose. "It is time to go, Bertrode. Will

you tell me now ?" The moon came up and showed her face pale and her lips tremulous,

but she stood up by his side and spoke firmly. "I want to ask you not to go

away, Fennel. Don't go." There seemed more to be said. but she could not say it. Her voice died on her lips, and the eager light

in ennel Gould's eyes faded. "I cannot stay Bertrode ; don't be troubled to pity me. Good-bye, and God keep you, dear, forever." were around his neck.

"My love, my love," she cried, don't leave me. I wan't you; you make me happy; and I have never, never, loved any out you, dear heart! Take my life-you have saved it-and spare me the one you risked in my salvation. I will try to make it happy; but indeed, Fennel, I am not worthy of you,"

"Heart to heart, at last; Heaven's angels bless them."

WAIT.

Wait, husband before you wonder

"as your mother did." She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little baby that she bestowed upon you during that long fit of sickness. Do you think she is made of cast iron? "Wait, wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes -the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband, when he comes home late and weary and "out of sorts." He has worked hard for you all day-perhaps far into the night. He has wrestled hand-to-hand, with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no place in the world where he can find peace and quiet and perfect love.

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There's a wanding genius around the Central Market who has for sale an article described by him to the public in a loud tone, as follows: "Gentlemen a British nobleman invented this article, and he spent eighteen years thinking and experimenting over it. You will observe that it is a glass-cutter, a can-opener, a krife-sharpener, a puttyknife, a scissors-sharpener, a jackknife, a nail-cleaner, and a bread knife combined. It is light, durable, compact, beautiful and con- Shops, east of Bridge venient, and the price is only twenriage and down the steep bank into ty-five cents. Who takes the next ?"

He was talking one forenoon recently, when a hard-handed son of toil approached and asked to inspect one of the articles. The man explained its merits and uses, comdrew in the prancing horse and mented on its different uses, and

"You want one, of course ?" "I guess not," said the farmer. "Why ?"

"Oh, it doesn't seem to be of

"Great spoons! but haven't I explained to you that it can be used for eight different purposes! What more can you ask ?"

"Wall, it seems to me that you ought to have a corn-sheller hitched on to it somewhere !" slowly replied the agriculturist, and he laid it down and walked away,

Two young men were out fishing fell exhausted upon the bank. For the other day, and on returning a moment he lay there, panting; were going past a farmhouse, and yelled to the farmer's daughters "Girls, have you got any buttermilk ?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears : "Yes ; but e keep it for our own calves."

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