

# The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LIV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1880.

NO. 7.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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A Long Time Without Food.

A wooden house was recently built near a copper mine at Lady Bay, Wisconsin, so there was a vacant space beneath the floor. Before this space was boarded in a pig crept in, coiled itself in a quantity of shavings, and fell asleep. The office was not immediately occupied, and the noise made by the pig when it discovered its dilemma was not heard. Like a true philosopher, the pig accommodated itself to its circumstances. It wrapped itself in the shavings, turned its back to the cold wall, and went to sleep for the winter. This was on the 22d of November, 1875. The pig was remarkable and a credit to its owner, who sincerely mourned his loss about Christmas time. The pig found a viaticum in its fat that kept up animal heat and sustained life. The office was occupied, but the tramp of feet did not disturb the sleeper. For four months the pig slept as sound as a Pharaoh in a sarcophagus. With the warmth of April its vital energies returned. Its fat was exhausted. It opened its eyes, turned over, and began to grunt. The occupants of the office were mystified. The animal grunted with a gusto, and began to knock for a release. A board or two was removed, and the pig was brought to light. Its appearance was most pathetic. The ribs on each side seemed to have met. The hams had vanished, and only the hip joints stood up, gaunt and angular. The vertebrae could be counted, and the ears drooped from the large skull. The eyes looked out of deep bony sockets with a profoundly melancholy expression, as though their owner had been in the other world and had found there specially hard times. For a time no one recognized the pig, but at length the woman who owned it, declared with tears in her eyes, that she knew it by a peculiar curl in its appendage—the only esthetic point about it—and this had survived the destruction of all tissues. The poor woman's joy over the recovery of her lost pet was quite touching. The news spread rapidly. The miners gathered from all quarters to view the wonderful pig who had lived for 142 days without food or drink.

The hammering of bars of iron, if their lengths be in any other direction than perpendicular to the line of magnetic north, tends to make them more or less magnetic.

Any man pays so much for his whistle when he has wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.

## HOP PICKING.

Down the long vstas of the vines,  
With tassels laden.  
The slum'rous afternoon in splendor shines  
On youth and maiden,  
Who seem to drink the spicy lethean air  
In happy slumber.  
And laugh, as do the men who do not care  
The hours to number.

The lazy sun glides gently down the sky,  
The nightfall bringing,  
The hollow asles now bring the clangor high  
Of creaking singing.  
The very Earth seems drowsing 'neath a spell  
From hop blooms shaken.  
And waits the night-wind in some upland dell  
To bid it waken.

Then bring fair Autumn from the waiting North,  
And deck the maiden,  
With drowsy hops, and lead her slowly forth,  
With rich fruits laden:  
And if she fall asleep along the way,  
Or sports detain her,  
The Summer months will loner with us stay,  
And Earth be gainer.

## Aunt and Niece.

"Besse, Bessie, you're a very foolish child, said her aunt Mary.  
"But I can't help it," said Bessie Norton piteously.  
"Help it! nonsense," said her aunt. Here I am over forty, and I'm not in love; no, nor likely to be."  
"But, Aunt Mary," meekly pleaded the blue-eyed little damsel, "only think of the difference between forty and seventeen!"  
Mary Hepworth rubbed her nose vehemently.  
"Upon my word, Bessie," said she. "I don't know what to do about this ridiculous business of yours. Dear, dear, I am sure I don't know what this world is coming to anyway."  
"But I am seventeen," argued Bessie, "and I danced at the last Charity ball, and my dresses are all made with long trains. Besides, George says I am his guardian angel!"  
"Oh, fiddlesticks!" cried Aunt Mary, "what do you want of a husband?"  
"All the girls have husbands," returned Bessie.  
"Aren't you happy as you are?"  
"Yes," confessed Bessie; "but I—I think I should be happier if I were married to George."  
"And why, in the name of reason?" demanded Mary.  
"Because he loves me!"  
"And the deep roses came into Bessie's cheek as she spoke.  
"Loves you?" scornfully echoed Mary—loves your money!"  
"I have no money," said innocent Bessie; "so it can't be that."  
Mary laughed a hard laugh.  
"It has never yet occurred to her mind that she is his heiress and that the people call me 'the rich old maid,' thought Mary to herself. "Poor little unconscious dove. And for her, of all people in the world, to become the prey of a fortune hunter! I won't have it; so there."  
"And she turned once more to Bessie.  
"Bessie," said she coaxingly, "do oblige me and give up this foolish notion of a husband."  
"Oh, Aunt," cried the girl, "really I couldn't."  
"I'll give you the diamond cross that you fancied, last week."  
"Oh, Aunt!"  
"Or come—you shall have a summer at Saratoga."  
"I don't want to go to Saratoga."  
"Would you prefer going abroad?" urged the elder lady. "I don't like sea voyages, but anything would be preferable to wrecking your future."  
"I—I think I prefer George, Aunt," faltered Bessie. "That is, if you won't be angry."  
"You will rush headlong on your fate, then?" cried Mary.  
"Yes," confessed Bessie. "I think that if you don't object, I will."  
"Bessie," said Aunt Mary. "I never denied you anything yet, and I don't suppose I shall deny you this. Tell George Dickson to come and see me. And if he is really in earnest—"  
"Oh, Aunt, there never was anyone half so much in earnest as we two are," fervently interrupted Bessie, clasping her hands.  
"Yes, yes, I daresay," said Mary. "Very well, as I was remarking, I'll take it into consideration."  
"And Bessie sat down, and wrote a little pink note to her lover:  
"DEAREST GEORGE:—Aunt Mary has consented, and you are to come and see her at once. Oh, joy, joy!  
Yours Eternally,  
Bessie."

And she called the gardener's boy, and gave him twenty-five cents to post the letter immediately.  
"Mr. George Dickson, being like his fair fiancée very much in earnest, lost no time in responding to this rose-scented summons.  
"Frank," he said to his law partner, and particular friend, "you'll stand by a fellow, won't you?"  
"To the death," said Frank Wright.  
"Then come with me to face Bessie's old aunt," said Dickson, "for it all depends upon her—our future life. Bessie is such a dear, dutiful little kitten that she will never marry without her aunt's consent."  
"That's the situation of affairs, eh?" said Mr. Wright. "And where does this absurdity of your destiny reside?"  
"In the Bloomingdale road," said Mr. Dickson. "But you see, rich or poor, it makes no difference to me. 'Tis her niece I want—not her money."  
"Money is a convenience, for all that," thoughtfully remarked Wright. "Yes, I'll help you to face the music. At what hour am I to present myself?"  
"At ten to-morrow morning," said Dickson.  
"Isn't that rather early?"  
"The sooner I know my fate the better it will for me," said Dickson. "Either I enter into the gates of paradise, or I drown myself."  
"What a thing it is to be in love," said Wright, reflectively.  
Mary was in the garden pruning roses the next morning when the two gentlemen arrived.  
"Go away," said Mary, without turning her head, as she heard the creaking of the garden gate. "You are the boy that broke down my lovely blue iris yesterday. Go away I say."  
"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Dickson, in some dismay, "I am not the boy that broke it."  
"Oh!" Mary turned around, and drew off a portentous pair of gloves which shielded her hands. "I see. You are the young man that wants Bessie."  
"Yes," said Dickson, "I am the young man that wants Bessie, and this is my friend, Mr. Wright."  
Mary bowed stiffly to the stranger, and then turned abruptly to Dickson.  
"I suppose you think you are going to marry money?" said she.  
"I haven't thought about it in that light," said Mr. Dickson, reddening.  
"Don't tell me," said Mary, "feeling in her pocket for an official letter with a big red seal. 'Up to yesterday my niece Bessie was looked upon as an heiress.'"  
"I assure you, ma'am," broke in Dickson.  
"Don't waste your breath in assuring me," said Mary. "Its time and trouble thrown away. Just hear me out, if you please. Yesterday I received this letter from my lawyer, announcing the failure of the Mutual Insurance Company. I have been foolish enough to invest in it. And whoever take Bessie now must take her for herself alone."  
"I desire nothing better," said Dickson, eagerly.  
"Are you prepared for love in a cottage?" satirically demanded Miss Basil.  
"My income is not large," said the young lawyer, modestly, "but it is quite sufficient to maintain a wife in comfort. I love Bessie, and there are not many hardships which I will not sweeten."  
"That sounds well in books," said Miss Basil.  
"You shall see that we will reduce it to practice," said Dickson cheerfully. "And Miss Basil—"  
"Well?"  
"You have been a second mother to Bessie; she loves you dearly. Need I say how delighted we both would be if you would consent to make your home with us?"  
Mary dropped her gloves into a bunch of blue larkspurs.  
"Eh?" she said. "Do you mean that you would actually burden yourself with a poverty stricken old maid, like me?"  
"George held out both hands to Miss Basil.  
"Aunt Mary," said he, "I may call you so, mayn't I—pray believe that it will be doing as both a favor to come and live with us. We cannot, perhaps, give you the luxuries to which you have been accustomed, but of one thing you may be certain—a welcome from the heart."  
Mary stopped for her gardening gloves and turned away.  
"Young man," said she, "there is more in you than I thought. Take Bessie if you want her. Yonder she is, watching us from the oriel casement. Go to her. Tell her the stony-hearted old aunt has relented at last. And—stop a minute," she added, as he was eagerly turning away; "I told you that I had property invested in the Mutual Insurance Company."  
"Yes."  
"It was only a thousand dollars. The rest is all safe, and will one day be yours and Bessie's. And you will not need to support the old maiden aunt out of your kindly charity, though I shall continue to give you plenty of my company. Now go to Bessie. As for you, Mr. Wright," to the astonished George, "you can help me with the weeds and watering pot, while those two young turtle-doves are billing and cooing inside."  
And so ended Mr. Dickson's wooing, and little Bessie was the happiest of brides, in white silk and orange blossoms.  
"But if it had been me," said Frank Wright, "I should have proposed to the old maiden aunt. To my mind she's the prettiest woman of the two."

## Signs and Portents.

When the crescent of the young moon rests supinely, its horns in air, it is a sign of dry weather; because in this position it holds all the water, thus preventing its fall to the earth. This is also a sign of wet weather, the explanation in this case being that a watery moon is emblematic of a water-soaked earth. Don't forget this sign of the new moon. It is rarely you will find one so impartially accommodating.  
Whoever finds a four-leaved clover is generally a liar. It is so much easier to detach one leaf from a five-leaved stalk than to hunt for one with four that the temptation to mendacity is too much for average clay.  
When a mouse gnaws a hole in a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. The misfortune has already happened to the gown, and may be apprehended to happen to the mouse.  
An old sign is that a child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old. But what the average infant can see in the mirror to make it proud it is difficult for any but the parents to understand.  
A red sky in the west at evening indicates that the next day will be pleasant, barring accidents of rain, snow and hail.  
If you take down your shingle, preparatory to putting it up in a new location, it is a sign you are moving.  
If a hen runs across the street directly in front of you, it is a sign that a hen will soon be on the other side. If she cross over just behind you—Pshaw! who ever knew a hen that wouldn't die right in her tracks rather than cross one's pathway in his rear?  
When you see a cat running around furiously, it is a sign that the crockery or glassware is in danger.  
When you drop a knife and it sticks in the floor, it is a sign that some one is coming. If you are a small boy, that some one may be your mother, and her coming is to reprimand you with her slipper.  
To dream of a wedding is a sign of inauspiciousness.  
To dream of a funeral betokens too much pork and cabbage.  
To dream of finding money betokens that it is easier to dream of finding money than to work for it.  
To dream that it is Sunday morning is heaven.  
To be suddenly awakened from your slumber is a sign that you are very disagreeable. It is a sign that you will be unhappy.  
A great many more equally infallible signs might be given, but the reader has probably had enough for one day. The man who believes in signs is sufficiently credulous to believe that our knowledge in that line, as well as in every other line, is inexhaustible.

## A Race of The Plains.

Jack Christy was the driver's name and he recently arrived at St. Louis, from Texas. Jack got behind a beer or two a few nights ago and then there related a marvelous story of a remarkable horse. For the truth of which Jack said he was ready to vouch. The substance of Jack's narrative was about as follows: Not a very great distance from Fort Concho, in Texas, for the last seven years, a wild stallion of wonderful speed and endurance has been seen but during all this period the endeavors of the rancheros to capture him have proved unsuccessful. Jack has seen the horse himself, and says he only stands about 14 hands high, and is coal-black in color. His body is covered with very long hair, so that in appearance the horse is rather shaggy. He has a long flowing tail which trails on the ground, while his mane is at least two or three feet in length. His hoofs have grown very long. The animal's eyes are exceedingly bright and fiery, and when galloping with dilated nostrils over the open muskeet prairie, Jack said: "It was enough to make your heart glad to see such a noble animal." As stated above, this horse has now haunted the vicinity of Fort Concho for seven years and it is supposed that he is about 9 years old. He was seen to gallop a distance of three miles on open prairie in less than four minutes and a half. He dashed out of ravine in the Wichita Mountains, and going at headlong speed he disappeared behind a log hut, which stood at exactly three miles from the entrance to the valley. One of the rancheros with the party, who was watching the stallion from a rocky eminence, timed him, estimating that the animal made three miles in 4:50. This would make him the fastest horse on record, and beats all the race-time. Some four years a company was organized to capture 'Black Boss,' which was the sobriquet by which the animal was known in the region. About 25 rancheros and herders, mounted on the best of Texas horses and mustangs, determined to give chase to the hitherto uncaptured and untamed steed. One of the party was the celebrated Mexican vaquero Juan Gonzalez, who bears the reputation of being the greatest expert with the lasso living. For five days did they pursue 'Black Boss' on their fleet-footed steeds. Sometimes they would chase him for hours, when he would gradually disappear and disappear from sight. 'Black Boss' actually seemed to enjoy the sport. He would occasionally stand still until the pursuing party approached him, then, with a loud neigh and toss of his powerful head he would at once show them that he was not to be taken. The rancheros, however, continued to stick to his trail, and after a few hours again came upon him, when he sped away from them like wind. Four days longer they kept up the chase, but in vain. 'Black Boss' actually seemed to enjoy the sport. 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