

# The Millheim Journal

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A Big Telephone.

The biggest telephonic invention yet is

being hatched by a man in York State. It

is a plan for constant telephonic commu-

nication between an ocean steamer and

the shore. It would take a column to

give the details of the project; it is sufficient

to say that it is a sort of reel which lays

a kind of cable as the steamer moves along,

and when the vessel returns the wire is re-

wound. It seems rather too much to be-

lieve that a steamer could start out with

over 3,000 miles of insulated wire in a reel

that is dragged behind the vessel, and then

on returning from Liverpool wind up the

line again without a break, but everything

appears to be possible with the telephone.

The shore end of the wire is connected with

company's office in New York, and when

the vessel drops down to Sandy Hook the

wire from the sternmost reel in the shell

is connected there. The vessel starts out to

sea; the wire begins to release itself. When

two hundred miles have been accomplished,

an automatic connection releases a leaden

sinker, weighing five pounds, and this, as

the vessel goes on, finds its way to the bed

of the ocean. At the point where the

## LIVING.

Not all of living lies

In the swift and that men call breath!

Some lives grow mightier from the touch of

death.

And scale immortal skies.

Most truly do those live

Whose deeds above the clinging mists of time

Shine like a star from cloudless height sub-

lime.

And such deep yearnings give,

That the pulse throbs and thrills,

To gain the sun's whence the radiance

streams.

A nobler strain has echoed through our

dreams.

And all our being fills.

We list with eager ears.

We trace the path which scales the mountain

steep.

We know they linger not for rest or sleep,

Those men whose hopes and fears

Still pointed upward, where

Truth's mountain stream gleams white be-

neath the sky;

They could not shake their thirst in founts

that lie

Beneath that upper air.

For them there is no death,

Immortal grew they in immortal quest,

And to their goal, a noble band of men,

Strive on with hated breath.

Nay, living is not life;

You cannot win it in a selfish dream,

In sheltered vale besides a lotus stream;

But in a ceaseless strife—

A strike like this of yore

Who, to save others, dared the dragon's fang!

And still the ravens wrong, though strong

and bold.

Men conquer as before.

The Spy.

It was more than a hundred years ago

on a bitter December night in the dark year

of 1776, that three persons were earnestly

engaged in conversation, in a room of a

house on Second street, opposite Christ

Church, in the city of Philadelphia. The

dimly flaring light of a wax candle re-

vealed the group as they sat by the table—

an old man, a beautiful young woman and

a youth attired in the Continental uniform.

The topic upon which they conversed

seemed to agitate them greatly. The old

man was especially nervous, and while he

was speaking there suddenly came a great

crash of sleet against the window, and the

startling crash of a banging shutter, that

caused him to start with a look of alarm,

and lose the thread of speech. When he

resumed, he said tremulously:

"God be merciful to us all! These are

evil times! Methought I heard the rattling

of drums and musketry! May the good

God defend us!"

"Amen," said the young soldier, rever-

ently.

"Go on, daughter!" continued the old

man, addressing the girl. "Tell us what

this son of Belial hath said to thee!"

"I will tell thee all," answered the young

woman, with tears in her eyes.

"This man, Robert Estelock, hath been

my cross for years! He hath tortured me

with his attentions—claimed my heart and

hand, although I spurned and despised

him, and doted my steps everywhere. He

has not told me that I was thy betroth-

ed! The wife of thee, the brave

Joseph Stamford! He knoweth no honor.

But to-day, he telleth me unless I become

his wife he will bring disgrace and ruin

upon me and mine. I have heard enough!—

I know all! This maddens me! This man,

this monster of a Robert Estelock shall not

escape me! He shall not escape me! He

said the young soldier touching his military

coat and sword, "Ha! ha! It's a good

joke, Captain! A good joke!"

"Friends," exclaimed the old man, "I'm

a man of peace, a Quaker, a foe of foes, an

enemy of bloodshed, yet I am faithful to

God and the American Union, and let no

one dare insult the flag of our rights in my

house. I will fight for my heart, my

country and my God! We are friends of

liberty here, not spies."

"One can't tell friend from foe, these

times, master," said Corporal Best.

"We but do our duty," said Captain

Tamper. "We have orders to hold our

men until the Council of Safety decides!"

"But I am a friend of independence. I

go to join Washington to-morrow," said

Joseph.

"So might the gallant Robert Estelock

allege," answered the captain.

"Captain," said Joseph, "know you

this man Estelock?"

"Not I, comrade."

"Then," returned Joseph, "let me tell

you what he is like. He is like any other

sneaking, smiling, smooth-faced little vil-

lain you ever saw; wears his own red hair

tied up with black ribbon and powdered.

Only he limps a little. A bullet wound

he says. Oh! I know him!"

"Where is he?" asked the captain.

"Everywhere," answered Joseph, "and

in all disguises—but captain, on my parole

of honor as a soldier, I promise to appear

to-morrow before the Council and take

oath of allegiance if need be. Leave me

alone for this night."

"So be it," said the captain, "but we

must find Estelock. The town is incensed

against traitors and spies, and will mob

your house if you harbor him. Can you

point him out?"

"Good, sir," said Alice, "the man you

seek hath often visited this house, but will

do so no more. Though I hate him, I will

not slander him, he is a true patriot and no

spy."

"Tut, tut!" blurted Joseph, "a patriot

forsooth—a Tory scamp! a renegade! Art

thou mad, Alice?"

"We have no time to lose," said the of-

ficer brusquely. "Lady, farewell. Sal-

ther, remember to-morrow. Good night,

master." So saying, Captain Tamper and

the corporal left the room abruptly, fol-

lowed by Joseph, who opened the street

door for them.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the captain as he

looked across the street. "Did you mark

that?"

A muffled figure sank into the shadow of

the great church opposite. "We must keep

our eyes open."

"So, so!" cried Joseph. "There is some

mischievous fellow to-night. Captain, stay

in the neighborhood, for God's sake. That

looks suspicious. Good-night, ye old

man! I will myself drag thee forth! Away

Robert Estelock; I will not harbor thee."

Robert Estelock smiled. He was always

smiling, always smooth-voiced. He threw

off his cloak, and said—

"Peace, good sir. Listen to me, I am

your friend, and you will find it out. Do

you know the danger you are in? The

British are even now at the threshold of the

city. They will slay all! revenge and death

await us! But I see a way to escape. I

can rescue you and your daughter—"

"Stop!" interrupted Alice with a de-

finite gesture. "Robert Estelock, thou hast

sought to dishonor me—do not insult me

further. I forgive thee all. Yet I beg of

thee leave us instantly. Thy life is in dan-

ger. Already have the officers been here

in search of thee. Stay not a moment.

Forget thy wicked designs and save thyself.

Be quick! The town is alarmed against thee."

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