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## STEALING AND EARNING.

Never try to cheat your neighbor;  
Don't consent to be a fool;  
Get your living by hard labor;  
Bear in mind the golden rule,  
If you try to play a sharp game,  
And, succeeding, gain you earn,  
The time will come when tricks the same  
Will be played on you in turn.

Mayhap you gain by knavery,  
And by certain thievish schemes,  
Faster than by toil and bravery  
Adding daily to your means;  
But you'll find it's not so lasting—  
You'll be cheated soon, yourself;  
In your old age you'll be fasting,  
While your friend has lots of pelf.

You have gotten without labor,  
Never heeding the true worth  
Of your riches, while your neighbor  
Dwelt his from the stony earth,  
Sweating freely for each penny  
Of the few he got each day;  
He saved a few, while you spent many!  
He's the better off to-day.

## A NICE LITTLE GAME.

Frank sat before the glowing grate,  
His feet on one corner of the mantel,  
His chair tipped back. His young wife  
Looked at him, and her pretty black  
Eyes, which only a minute before had  
been brimful of tears, emitted sparks of  
fire. Her rosy mouth closed with a firm  
expression, and her dainty foot came  
down upon the rug in a very decided  
manner.

"I won't stand it!" she said, under  
her breath; "I can't—twill kill me to  
see him night after night besotted, de-  
graded, ruining both soul and body. I  
must do something—I must save him,  
for my baby's sake!"

Then she sat down and meditated.  
They had been married a little over two  
years, and the babe in the wicker cradle  
was a thriving boy. No happier woman  
than Dolly the world held, but for one  
thing. Her young husband would drink,  
He loved his social glass, his wine sup-  
pers and club dinners. He did not neglect  
his wife, but often he came home in the  
small hours in rather an unsteady  
condition. Dolly tried everything—  
tears, entreaties, persuasions—but he  
only laughed her off.

"Where's the harm, Dolly?" Can't  
a fellow be merry now and then with  
his friends?"

But Dolly saw the fatal evil growing  
upon him day by day, and knew what  
the end would be. She shuddered, and  
her eyes filled with tears, but the  
minute after they flashed fire, and she  
smiled.

"I'll try it," she said to herself, "if it  
does no good, it can't do much harm."  
Then she said, "Frank!"

Her husband roused up, and, opening  
his eyes with an imbecile stare, re-  
plied:

"All right, Dolly."  
"Frank, you believe that a wife  
should follow in her husband's foot-  
steps, don't you?"

"To be sure. You're a sensible  
woman, Dolly."  
"And you're a sensible man, Frank.  
What's right for you to do is right for  
me, isn't it?"

"Precisely! Just so, Dolly—exactly.  
You're a wise woman, you are."  
Dolly smiled quietly.

"Very well, Frank; if you go to the  
tavern any more nights, I'm going, too!"  
Her husband looked up half sobered.  
"Nonsense, Dolly! he said; "that is  
running the thing into the ground. You  
will do no such thing."

"You'll see that I will, Frank!" she  
answered, resolutely. "I love you, and  
what you do I shall do too! If you see  
fit to ruin yourself, soul and body, and  
shame your son, I shall follow your ex-  
ample. I care for nothing that you can-  
not share. As you do, so will I."

His cheek paled and his lip quivered.  
He sat silent for a minute, then got up  
and said:

"Nonsense, little girl! Come to bed,  
Dolly."  
She followed him obediently, and no  
more was said on the subject. For three  
or four nights Frank came home punctu-  
ally, then his old habit mastered him.

Dolly had his supper all waiting, and  
his slippers and dressing-gown before  
the fire, but he did not come. She  
waited patiently till 10 o'clock, then put-  
ting a wrap about her, she called the  
housemaid.

"Sit by baby's crib, Mary, when Mr.  
Mayfairs comes, tell him I have gone to  
the Reinder. Ask no questions, and take  
good care of baby, and you shall have a  
dollar extra this month."

"Very well, ma'am," with wondering  
looks.  
Twelve o'clock—one!—and then the  
young husband left himself in with his  
night key, and came reeling into the  
sitting room. There sat the maid beside  
the sleeping child.  
Frank looked about him a little anx-  
iously.

"Fast asleep! Fine little fellow!" he  
said, bending over the crib. "Marry,  
my girl, where's your mistress—gone to  
bed?"

house like one mad. By the time he  
was half way to the Reinder, he was  
perfectly sober.  
"Could she have meant what she said?"  
he asked himself over and over again.

Presently a carriage came down from  
the lighted tavern on the hill, and, as it  
passed him, a woman's voice rang out,  
singing the chorus  
We won't go home till morning!

It was his wife's voice. He caught at  
the horses' head, frantic with rage.  
Dolly's pretty curly head looked out as  
the vehicle stopped.

"Frank, old fellow—hic—is that you?  
Get in—hic—get in! Why didn't you  
come up?—hic, Oh, we'd a jolly time—  
hic—we did! Don't blame you for going  
out Frank. Didn't know it was so  
pleasant—hic—I—I mean to go every  
night."

"You do?" he gasped, leaping into  
the seat beside her. Grasping her arm,  
he muttered, "Ever dare to do such a  
thing again, and you'll be no wife of  
mine?"

Dolly laughed uproariously.  
"Nonsense, Frank! Let me do as you  
do; that's fair. Let go my arm! You  
hurt me! Besides, you'll break my flask  
of prime brandy! Frank, taste a drop."

He caught it from her hand and thug it  
out of the window.  
"Bah!" said Dolly, her cheeks flushed,  
her hair awry. "I wish I'd stayed at the  
Reinder—etc. What makes you so  
cross, Frank?"

"Hush! Say no more, Dolly," he an-  
swered, his teeth set hard. "I can't  
bear it. I—I may do something I'll be  
sorry for. Keep silent—I don't want  
any more crooked words."

"Ram's horns, if I die for it!" cried  
Dolly.  
Then she clapped her hands and  
laughed gleefully, breaking off into  
a moonlight night for a ramble!

Frank let his head fall into his hands,  
"Good heavens!" he groaned; "I  
would rather have died than have seen  
this night!"

He got her home and into her own  
room at last, but she was very unman-  
ageable, and persisted in cutting up all  
manner of capers—dancing and singing  
—her cheeks flushed and her hair  
streaming, and asking if it would not  
go again another night—it was such  
fun.

His pretty, modest little Dolly! Long  
after she had fallen into a sound sleep  
her husband sat over the smouldering  
fire with his face hidden in his hands.

"Dolly," he said, when she awoke late  
on the following morning, "what hap-  
pened last night must never happen  
again."

She looked up with her old clear eyes.  
"Very well, Frank; that is for you to  
say. Just as you do, so will I."  
He was silent a moment.

"I would rather die than see what I  
saw last night over again," he said.  
"Frank," she said, her lips quivering,  
"I've seen the same sight once or twice  
every week since the day I married you,  
and God only knows what it has cost  
me."

He caught her close to his heaving  
breast.  
"Poor little wife!" he almost sobbed,  
"you shall never see such a sight again.  
I shall sign the pledge to-day."

"Frank," said his pretty wife one day,  
as they watched their children playing  
on the lawn, "I fooled you handsomely  
that night; it was all make-believe. I  
didn't go to the Reinder that night, and  
not a drop of the hateful stuff had  
passed my lips. Didn't I fool you that  
night, and cure you in the bargain?"

"You little witch!" he cried, but the  
instant after his eyes filled. "Yes,  
Dolly," he said, drawing her close to  
his side, "you cured me of a habit that  
would have been my ruin. Heaven bless  
you for it!"

Whether in town or country, the con-  
ventional conversation of hairdressers is  
frequently not of a high order, and I  
question whether the following anecdote,  
of which a near relation of my own was  
the victim, is often equalled in original-  
ity. The hairdresser began with proba-  
bly a well accustomed opening. "A fine  
head of hair, sir, for a gentleman of  
your time of life sir." The gentleman,  
who was not in the habit of talking much  
in such occasions, signified that he  
heard the remark, but said nothing. The  
hairdresser proceeded, "Very odd, sir,  
but I never knew a clever man to have  
much hair, sir." Another grunt, but  
nothing more, whereupon the cruel dis-  
mal followed, "It's a very singular  
thing, sir, but I never met with a bald  
idiot in all the course of my practice."

Why a bald man, idiot or not, should go  
to a hair-cutter did not appear, but this  
by the way. Whether the series of re-  
marks was meant as a punishment for the  
non-appreciation of the compliment con-  
veyed in the first was never known. I  
was once myself completely deceived by  
what I can imagine to be a very common  
joke in the trade, but for which I was  
not prepared at the moment. I asked  
whether "the principal," who usually  
"waited upon me," was disengaged. The  
assistant replied in, as I thought, a very  
serious tone, "He's upstairs, sir, he's  
dyeing sir." "Dear me," I replied, "I am  
very sorry to hear it. Has he been ill  
long?" "He is dyeing a gentleman's  
hair, sir; he will be at liberty in a few  
minutes," was the reassuring answer.  
Though I was of course glad that my  
worst fears had not been realised, I was  
still conscious of having been unwarily  
sympathetic

## On their Wedding Tour.

"To watch the newly-married couples  
who travel is one of the compensations  
of our arduous life," said an old hotel  
clerk the other day.

"How can you tell whether they are  
newly-married or not?" inquired a  
sportsman to whom this remark was ad-  
dressed.

"Toll them?" ejaculated the clerk;  
"I can pick them out as easily as if they  
carried signs, 'We are just married.'"  
"Yes; but how?"

"Well, in the first place, they are  
always most abundant in the fall and  
winter. I don't know why it is, but  
such is the fact. One of the signs of a  
newly-married couple is their spick and  
span new clothes. Somehow, when peo-  
ple get married, they generally get as  
many new clothes as possible. The  
bride and groom have new hats, and new  
trunks and new dusters. Then, again,  
they spend money more freely. When  
a man is in his honeymoon, he gener-  
ally feels as if he ought to be generous.  
He has a grateful sort of spirit, and  
throws his money around as if he  
wanted to show that the world has used  
him well. He has put by his money for  
the occasion, and is not afraid to spend  
it. He is especially anxious that the  
bride shall eat and drink of the best.  
He must have a room with a private  
parlor, and not up stairs very far, and  
with a good view. Sometimes he is a  
little chary of asking for these things,  
but when we suggest them he always  
says, 'Yes.' Of course it is part of our  
business to suggest them. We consider  
that we have the same right to pluck a  
newly-married couple as an undertaker  
has to pluck bereaved relatives."

"Do they behave differently from  
other people?"

"I should—well, yes. The husband  
does not run off to the bar-room, or the  
billiard-room, as the old married men  
do. When the old married couple ar-  
rive, you may be certain that the first  
thing the husband does is to take a  
drink, or lounge about the billiard  
table, telling his wife that he has some  
business to attend to."

"Are newly-married people bashful?"

"That depends. The widowers and  
widows don't mind it, but the young  
people are a little coy. At Niagara  
Falls we had most of the new couples  
late in the season, when the regular  
boarders had left. I have seen as many  
as a dozen at a time file into the din-  
ing-room, trying to look as if they had  
been married yesterday, but casting  
furtive glances about to see if they were  
suspected. The men were especially  
watched, lest somebody should be og-  
ling the brides. One day I thought we  
should have a fight in the dining-room.

A strapping big fellow from the west,  
in a new suit of store clothes, sat down  
to the table with his bride, a buxom,  
browned beauty. She looked so  
fresh and rosy that she could not but  
attract attention, and she got it. Every  
gentleman in the room took more than  
one look at her, and she knew it. Of  
course she did not object. But the man  
began to get angry. He did not like to  
speak to the bride about it, because she  
was evidently not displeased. Finally  
he got up and walked to the nearest  
gentleman whom he had observed, and  
said:

"Look here, stranger, I'd like to  
know what you are staring at my wife  
for?"

"Your wife! Allow me to congrat-  
ulate you, my dear fellow. You have got  
the finest wife in the city," said the  
gentleman addressed. "The fact is, I  
thought she was your sister. Excuse me  
if I was rude; but if you don't want peo-  
ple to look at your wife, you really must  
never take her out in public. No of-  
fense meant, sir."

"The bridegroom went back to his  
place, but he took good care at the next  
meal to put his wife with her face to the  
wall."

"Which do you think take to the new  
conditions most gracefully?"

"Women, by all odds. The men are  
always betraying themselves. They  
want to talk about it; they are full of the  
subject. Women are more artful, and  
have more adaptability to new circum-  
stances. But, with all their arts, they  
can't deceive the old hotel clerk, and it  
is very seldom that we don't turn in a  
few dollars extra to the house on ac-  
count of our knowledge."

"Another peculiarity of the newly-  
married couples who go to hotels," con-  
tinued the clerk, "is that many of them  
live in the city. They always come  
equipped for a long journey. They  
have left the wedding guests with the  
announced intention of taking a long  
journey, conspicuously displaying, per-  
haps, their railroad tickets, and have  
been driven by way of the depot to a  
first-class hotel previously selected. I  
knew one case where a bridal couple, to  
avoid detection, actually boarded a train  
and started apparently on a journey,  
but took at the next station a train back  
to the city, and stopped at a hotel a few  
blocks from home. Then the wedding  
guests were permitted to stay at the  
place as long as they pleased, without  
disturbing anybody."

Belief is not in our power, but truth-  
fulness is.  
A grain of produce is worth a pound  
of craft.  
Better break thy word than do worse  
in keeping it.

## Paris Crime.

Assassinations were never as numerous  
as they now are, and, as for attempts  
to rob with violence, they are perpetrated  
even in omnibuses. Inamurality has be-  
come singularly gross. The Palais Royal  
has become almost the great Bazaar of  
vice it was before 1830. Girls of 12 and 13  
years are there in numbers plying an in-  
famous trade to enrich monsters who drive  
them on the street. The insolence of the  
lower classes is intolerable, especially to  
priests and nuns. All this is going to  
bring on a reaction, which will confide  
power to a sword. The general elections  
will produce a great excitement. A shop-  
keeper said to me a day or two ago: "As  
soon as the canvass begins I will sell no-  
thing but drink; no work will be done; no  
money will be made." Ice-dealers, how-  
ever, cannot complain that the season has  
been stagnant for them, the sale of ice this  
month having exceeded in Paris alone  
45,000 tons; Cafe Anglaise, Cafe Riche,  
Cafe Foy, Maison Doree, Vachette bought  
each a ton of ice daily, and there was  
scarcely a cafe or restaurant which did not  
buy three hundred to 400 pounds of ice  
every day. More ice would probably have  
been sold had not the revelations of the  
police's chemists checked the sale of beer.  
The chemists declared that every sample  
of beer analyzed by them was unwholesome  
some from adulterations of all sorts, so  
few people were bold enough to pour  
such poison down their throats. The drouth  
has made itself felt in other ways than the  
sale of ice. Our vegetables have been  
scarce and of poor quality, and so small  
that they seemed dwarfs; they have been,  
and are, very dear.

The other night two young clerks  
playing billiards in a cafe of Boulevard St.  
Germain, and talked freely of their con-  
demns without heeding a man who seemed  
to be asleep at an adjoining table. One of  
them said: "I have just inherited \$400."  
"Oh, then, we are going to have a jolly  
time of it." "No, no! I will not touch  
one cent of that money. It is still in my  
lodgings, safely hidden in a chest of draw-  
ers under my shirts. To-morrow I am  
going to carry it to a stock broker and buy  
three hundred francs of the new issue."  
A few minutes afterward the sleeping  
man woke, rose, took his hat and  
went out. An hour afterwards the clerks  
paid for what they had taken, took their  
hats—one of them, Le who had inherited  
\$400, found that his hat had been taken,  
probably by the sleeper, and another left  
in its place. As the hat left was just as  
good as the hat taken, and as the former  
fitted quite as well, he bore the exchange  
philosophically and jogged home. He had  
no sooner entered his lodgings than he  
found that he had been entered with false  
keys, his chest of drawers broken open and his \$400  
stolen. He did not sleep that night. The  
hat left him did not altogether suit him,  
so he went to his hatter to change it. His  
hatter told him that the evening before a  
man had come into the shop and had said  
that he had called, thinking the hatter  
might be able to give him the owner's  
name and address that he might restore the  
hat accidentally taken. The hatter gave  
the name and address. The burglar secur-  
ed \$400 by the information given. The  
burglar's hat was left with the hatter, and  
a new hat selected. After the clerk left  
the hatter took out the lining of the bur-  
glar's hat and to his surprise found under it  
a letter, bearing an address. He read it,  
and found it was from a burglar, prom-  
ising aid in a contemplated burglary which  
had been planned by the person to whom  
the letter was addressed. The hatter took  
the letter to the police and told what had  
occurred. Before sunset both burglars  
were arrested.

A few days since the cashier of a Stras-  
burg bank was surprised to find, on open-  
ing a registered letter from Schlestadt,  
which he was advised contained \$1000, that  
it held only waste paper. He at once sum-  
moned the police, who, on examining the  
waste paper, found it came from a Paris  
newspaper. Continuing their investigation  
they found that the person who had sent  
the registered letter was a subscriber to the  
same paper. A newspaper of the cutting  
of the same date as that from which the cuttings  
had been taken was procured, it was found  
that the collection of the subscriber (who  
died the paper), lacked the newspaper of  
that date. Evidently the thief was in the  
sender's house. All persons in it were  
watched and inquiries as to their character  
made. It was found that an apprentice  
had asked his master the day after the  
theft had been committed, leave of absence,  
to assist his parents, who lived in a village  
some distance off, and that he had not  
gone there but had taken a different di-  
rection. The telegraph was used to order his  
arrest just as he was crossing the frontier;  
the \$1000 was found on him and he con-  
fessed his crime.

Countess Branicka and Countess Czark  
took a few evenings since a coach of the  
Northern railway for their exclusive use.  
When they reached Charleroi they found  
that their two trunks had disappeared.  
When they were asked how they could not  
answer. All they could say was that their  
trunks contained a seven row pearl neck-  
lace, six gold bracelets set with rubies,  
sapphires and emeralds, \$6,000 in gold and  
bank notes, a prayer book and two pas-  
ports, the whole worth, between \$80,000  
and \$120,000. The police are all out try-  
ing to discover the thieves who made off  
with such rich booty.

**Brace Up.**  
"Brace up!" We like that slang phrase.  
We like it because there is lots of soul  
in it. You never knew a mean, stingy,  
suicidal soul man to walk up to an afflicted  
neighbor, slap him on the shoulder, and tell  
him to "brace up." It is the big-hearted  
open-handed, whole-souled fellow that  
comes along when you are cast down, and  
squares off in front of you, and tells you,  
"But won't do old fellow—brace up!"  
It is he that tells you a good story and  
makes you laugh in spite of yourself; that  
lifts the curtain that darkens your soul,  
and tells you to look out and see the light.  
It is he that reminds you that there never  
was a brilliant sunset without clouds. He  
may not tell you so in just such words,  
but he will make you "brace up" and see  
the silver lining for yourself.

He who thinks his place below him  
will be below his place.  
Better a soft heart and an iron hand  
than an iron heart and a soft hand.  
If you are slandered never mind it;  
it will all come off when it is dry.

Happy are they who work. Then, the  
task finished, each one sleeps the same  
sleep.  
He who refuses justice to the defence-  
less will make every concession to the  
powerful.

## Ivan the Serf.

Among the out-door servants was a  
certain Ivan, the coachman or coachboy,  
as he was called, in consequence of his  
little stature, which was out of all propor-  
tion with his years. He was the veriest  
mite of man, extremely nimble in his  
movements, with a pug nose, curly hair,  
a face perpetually on the grin, and eyes  
like a mouse. He was a rare buffoon and  
lover of practical jokes; and his tricks  
and drolleries were infinite. He under-  
stood how to let off fire works, could fly  
kites, and was a good hand at any game;  
could ride standing at a full gallop, could  
leap higher than anyone else at the  
"giant's stride," and was quite a  
master at making the queerest of shad-  
ows on the wall. No one could  
amuse children better than he, and Ivan  
was perfectly happy if he was only al-  
lowed to spend an entire day playing  
with them. When he laughed, the  
whole house shook, and he was always  
ready with a joke and an answer. There  
was no being angry with him, and you  
were obliged to laugh even whilst scold-  
ing him. It was a treat to see Ivan dance  
—particularly the "fish-dance." The  
music would strike up, and then the fel-  
low darted out into the middle of the  
group and began turning, twisting, leap-  
ing, stamping with his feet, crawling on  
the floor, and going through all the  
antics of fish that had been caught and  
thrown on the dry ground; and perform-  
ing such contortions, clapping his neck  
with his heels, jumping here, springing  
there, that the ground seemed to tremble  
under him. Many a time Alexis Serge-  
vitch, though, as I have already said, very  
fond of the choral dances, has interrupted  
the dancers, and cried out: "Come here  
Ivan, my little coach-boy; give us the  
fish-dance, and look sharp!" And then  
a minute later you heard him exclaim-  
ing: "Ah, that's it; well done, well  
done!"

It was, then, during my last visit that  
this same Ivan came one morning into  
my room, and without saying a word fell  
down on his knees before me. "Ivan,  
what's the matter?" "Save me, sir!"

"How? What has happened?" And  
thereupon Ivan related to me all his  
troubles.

About twenty years before he had been  
exchanged from the service of a certain  
Suchinski on the estate of the Teleguins;  
but simply exchanged, without going  
through any legal formality or being  
supplied with the necessary papers. The  
man in whose place he had been taken  
died, and his old masters had quite for-  
gotten Ivan, so that he remained with  
Alexis Sergevitch, as if he had been born  
a serf in the family. In the course  
of time his former masters died also, and  
the estate passed into fresh hands; and  
the new proprietor, who was generally  
reported to be cruel and brutal, informed  
the authorities that one of his serfs  
had been taken into the service of Alexis  
Sergevitch without any legal sanction,  
demanded his immediate surrender, and  
in case of refusal threatened his detain-  
ment with a heavy fine and imprisonment.  
Nor was the threat by any means an idle  
one, since Suchinski was a very high-  
placed official, a privy councillor by  
rank, with great influence throughout  
the district. Ivan in his fright appealed  
to Alexis Sergevitch. The old man took  
pity on his favorite dancer, and made  
an offer to the privy councillor to  
buy Ivan of him for a good round sum,  
but the proposal was contemptuously re-  
jected and what made matters worse, he  
was a Little Russian—as pigheaded as  
the very devil. There was nothing to  
be done but to give up the poor serf. "I  
have lived here, made my home here,  
served here, eaten my daily bread here,  
and it is here I wish to die," Ivan cried  
to me. "Am I a dog, to be dragged by a  
chain from one kennel to another? Save  
me, I implore you; entreat your uncle  
never to give me up; do not forget  
how often I have amused you. And  
if I do go, the worst for us all; it can  
only end in crime!" "In crime! what  
do you mean, Ivan?" "Why I shall kill  
him. I will go, and the first day I will  
say to him, let me return to my old  
master, sir; do not refuse me, or, if you  
do, take care I will murder you!"

If a chaffinch or a gold finch had sud-  
denly spoken, and threatened to swal-  
low a large bird, I should not have been  
more astonished than I was to hear Ivan  
speak thus. Ivan the dancer, buffoon,  
and jester, the beloved of children, him-  
self a child, this good-souled creature,  
to become a murderer! The idea was  
ridiculous. Not for a moment did I be-  
lieve him; but what I could not under-  
stand was that he should even talk of  
such a thing. I had, however, a long  
conversation with Alexis Sergevitch,  
and employed every form of entreaty that  
he would somehow or other arrange the  
affair. "My dear sir," the old man re-  
plied, "I should indeed be glad to do so,  
but it is impossible. I have already offer-  
ed the pig-headed fellow a good price,  
300 roubles on my word of honor, and  
he would not hear of it; so, what can I  
do? Of course it is illegal, and the ex-  
change was made in the old fashioned  
way, as between men of honor, and now  
it promises to end badly. You will see,  
the man will take Ivan from me by force  
—he is very powerful, the Govern-  
ment often dines at his house—and  
he will send soldiers to arrest him. And  
I have a mortal fear of soldiers! The  
time was, I would never give up Ivan,

let him storm as loudly as he chose; but  
now, only look at me what a poor cripple  
I am. How can I fight against a man  
like that?" And in truth Alexis Serge-  
vitch had of late aged greatly; his eyes  
now wore a childish expression, and in  
place of the intelligent smile that once  
lit up his features, there played around  
his lips that mild unconscious simper  
which I have remarked that very old  
people will preserve even in their sleep.

I communicated the result of our in-  
terview to Ivan, who had heard me in  
silence with his head bent. "Well," he  
at last exclaimed, "it is given to no one  
to escape his fate. But I shall keep my  
word; there is only one thing to do; and  
I will give him a surprise. If you don't  
mind sir, give me a little money to buy  
some vodka!" I gave him some, and that  
day Ivan drank heavily; but in the even-  
ing he favored us with the "fish-dance,"  
and danced so that the girls and women  
were in ecstasies. Never before had I  
seen him in such form.

The next day I returned home; and  
three months later, when I was in St.  
Petersburg, I learned that Ivan had  
kept his vow. He was sent off to his  
new master, who at once called him into  
his study and informed him that he was  
to act as coachman, that three of his bay  
horses would be given into his charge,  
and that it would be the worse for him  
if he did not look well after them, or if  
in any way neglect his duties. "I am not  
a man to be joked with," added he. Ivan  
listened to all his master had to say, and  
then throwing himself at his feet de-  
clared that, whatever his honor might  
wish, he never could be his serf. "Let  
me go back, I beseech your honor; or, if  
you like, send me to be a soldier; or be-  
fore long evil will come upon you!"