

# The Millheim Journal.

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**SWEET DAY.**  
Stay, sweet Day, for thou art fair,  
Fair, and full, and calm;  
Crowned, through all thy golden hours,  
With Love's brightest, richest flowers,  
Strong in Faith's unshaken powers,  
Blessed in Hope's pure balm.  
Stay, what chance and change may wait,  
As you glide away,  
Now we breathe in sure delight;  
Now we laugh in fate's despite;  
Stay with us, sweet Day.

Ah, she cannot, may not stop;  
All things must decay;  
Then with heart, and head, and will,  
Take the joy that lingers still.  
Prize the pause in wrong and ill—  
Prize the passing day.

**FANNY'S PENALTY.**

I was left an orphan at an early age, but with immense wealth. Arriving at manhood, I enjoyed all that untrammelled leisure and money could procure. When I was about thirty I determined to marry; and as my property consisted chiefly of land, situated in my native country, I intended when I married, to return there and make it my home.

One summer, after recovering from an attack of illness, I happened by chance, in traveling about to restore my health, to stop at a sea-bathing place, unfrequented by the fashionable world.

It was so unlike any other watering place I had ever visited, that I resolved to remain there until I became tired of it, as I had been of everything else.

At this retired place I met Fanny Fairclough. Her parents had gone there, like myself, for the benefit of their health rather than for amusement.

I soon discovered that Mr. Fairclough and my father had been college chums.

From my first interview with Fanny Fairclough I felt interested in her, and an intimate acquaintance increased that interest.

Soon I loved her as I had never loved woman; I read with her her favorite authors and mine; I walked and rode, and sung and talked, with her, and at last told her that I loved her.

She returned my passion, and the wedding-day was to be within a year.

The year passed away more rapidly than I had anticipated. Oh, what a happy year that was! Even now, friendless and alone, a sorrow-stricken old man on the verge of the grave, I look back upon that period as the sunny time of my existence.

Daily my betrothed grew nearer and dearer to me. When my wedding day arrived I would have made it the occasion of a grand festival. I wished the world to witness my proud joy; but my bride looked on marriage as too solemn, too serious a thing for mirth.

At length, however, the bridal parties were over, and in the quietude of our home our characters began gradually to unfold themselves to each other's view.

I found that I was not mistaken in my estimate of my wife's love. My moon of perfect love was at its full. All was joy; all was brightness; but the shadow descended on my hearth.

I brought it there, I fed it, I nursed it, until the light of joy was extinguished, and the sun of happiness had departed forever.

My temper was naturally violent, and I was obstinate, I was selfish.

Previous to my marriage, circumstances kept this infirmity of disposition in check, and for some months after, I controlled it.

But ere long there was a change. Before the second year of my married life had passed away I had become that worst of all oppressors—a household tyrant.

At any annoyance, no matter how slight—if my meals were not ready at the appointed hours, if a paper or book were mislaid, I would give way to expressions of anger, of which afterwards, I really felt ashamed, knowing how unworthy they were of a man; and yet, tho' again, I repeated them, and more violently than before.

My wife bore this with patience, but her indulgence chafed me, and I sometimes uttered taunts which no human being could suffer in silence.

Then came a reply, and when this reply did come, sad scenes occurred. I would work myself into an insane passion, and utter words which in my cooler moments I shuddered at, and which invariably drove her weeping from the room. And yet soon after she would come, and beg to be forgiven for the very words which I had forced her to utter.

The demon within me rejoiced to see her pride thus humbled before mine, for never no matter how much in fault, did I seek a reconciliation.

My temper became more and more violent, and at length, in one of our frequent quarrels, I proposed a separation.

Had a serpent stung her she would not have gazed on it as she did on me. "When you please," she finally replied, and left the room.

I stood aghast at what I had done. I had proposed a separation, and she had consented. I had said that on that very day I would commence arrangements for the purpose,—and could I

break my word? Could I go to her, and beg her not to leave me, and that, when I myself had proposed such a step? My pride again forbade me, and I obeyed its dictates; but there still remained a secret hope within me that, on cool reflection, she herself would refuse.

I determined to consult a lawyer, in whose secrecy I could confide, and make such arrangements as were absolutely necessary.

I did so, and awaited results. That night we were to go to a party. We did so. But not a word passed either of our lips on the way.

During the evening the voice of some one singing attracted my attention. The tones seemed familiar; I could not be mistaken, the voice was hers.

When it was finished she raised her eyes for a moment, and commenced another song—one I had never heard before—the story of a proud heart broken!

Then she ceased and rose from her seat, but so white was she that I feared she would faint.

We soon returned home. The distance was short, but the time seemed an age till we reached our house. I would have given worlds to have spoken and to have told her all—all my sorrow, all my repentance—but I could not; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; nor, indeed, until after she bade me good night, could I utter a word.

Then, and only then, I stammered out a request that she would remain a few moments.

She closed the door, and returned to her chair, raising her large dark eyes inquiringly to mine.

"Fanny," I said at last—I had not called her so for many months before—"Fanny, will you sing me those songs you sang to night?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," she replied, and seating herself at the piano, she sang them again, in a clear, calm tone.

I had determined, when the songs were concluded, to seek a reconciliation, but the demon, pride, whispered, "Will you be less firm than she? This cannot last—why humiliate yourself?"

Alas, I listened and obeyed. I suffered the last opportunity to recall our lost happiness to escape.

Pride, the tyrant, was obeyed, and I suffered her to leave the room with a "good-night."

I went up into my own lonely chamber, and sat down and pondered on the events of the evening, regretting bitterly my folly in suffering my pride to master me.

I heard my wife moving about her room, which adjoined my own, and then suddenly a heavy fall and a low moan.

I rushed into her apartment, and found her extended on the floor.

I raised her in my arms and to my horror blood was streaming from her mouth.

The truth flashed upon me at once—she had broken a blood-vessel—she would die!

I sprang to the bell. In a few minutes,—minutes which seemed an age,—the servants entered the room, but staggered, horror-stricken at beholding, their beloved mistress apparently in the agonies of death.

"The doctor!—a doctor!" I shouted. "She will die—she will die!"

In a second they all went but one, who was sobbing and praying while she wiped the blood from the blue lips of her expiring mistress.

Oh what agony I suffered during the interval which ensued before the arrival of the physician!

I called her by the dearest names; I begged her to speak one word. I entreated her to forgive me—only to smile once more.

She slowly opened her large eyes; a slight smile passed over her face, and she was dead!

Just then the physicians entered, and I begged and prayed of them to exert their skill to save her.

"It will be useless to attempt it," was their passionless reply; "no human power can restore life." I did not believe them. My wife was not, could not be dead. I clasped her in my arms; I kissed her brow, her lips, and all became a blank!

## Advice to Young Ladies.

John Ruskin gives the following advice to young ladies: "In order to investigate oneself, it is well to find out what one is now. Don't think vaguely about it. Take pen and paper and write down as accurate a description of yourself as is possible, and if you dare not, try and get strength of heart enough to look yourself in the face, mind as well as body. Always have two mirrors on your dressing table, and with proper care dress mind and body at the same time. Put your best intelligence to finding out what you are good for and what you can be made into. The mere resolve not to be useless and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and most delicate way, improve oneself. All accomplishments should be considered as means of assisting others. In music get the voice disciplined and clear, and think only of accuracy; expression and effect will take care of themselves. So in drawing; learn to set down the right shape of anything, and thereby explain its character to another person; but, if you try only to make showy drawings for praise, or pretty ones for amusement, your drawing will have little or no real interest for you and no educational power. Resolve to do each day something useful in the vulgar sense. Learn the economy of the kitchen, the good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation; help poor families in their cooking, show them how to make as much of everything as possible, and how to make little niceties; coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-folded table cloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. One should, at the end of every day, be able to say, as proudly as any peasant, that she has not eaten the bread of idleness. Get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their own course in punishing small ones. If food is carelessly prepared no one expects Providence to make it palatable; neither it, through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring around everything at last for the best. I tell you, positively, the world is not so constituted. The consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of a day."

## All About Tornadoes.

There has been prepared by Gen. Hazen the Chief Signal Officer of the county, an official paper which contains a tabulated statement of six hundred tornadoes and some generalizations from their facts. The six hundred storms cover a period of eighty seven years and the whole country. Their examination leads to the conclusion that tornadoes occur most frequently in the month of June. Kansas is the State that has been most afflicted. The State has had sixty two tornadoes from 1859 to 1881; Illinois has had fifty-four from 1854 to 1881; Missouri has had forty-four from 1814 to 1881; New York has had thirty-five from 1831 to 1881; Georgia, thirty-three from 1824 to 1881; Iowa, thirty-one from 1854 to 1881; Ohio, twenty-eight from 1823 to 1881; Indiana, twenty-seven from 1842 to 1881. The States and Territories that have had only one each from 1784 to 1881 are Colorado, California, Indiana, Texas, Nevada, New Mexico, Montana, Rhode Island, West Virginia and Wyoming. The storms occur most frequently from five to six in the afternoon, although there is no hour of the day that has been entirely free from them. The average width of the path of destruction is 1,085 feet and the storm-clouds run with a velocity of from twelve to sixty miles. The wind within the vortex sometimes attains a velocity of eight hundred miles an hour, the average velocity being three hundred and ninety-two miles. Among the most valuable suggestions of the paper are those with reference to the peculiarity of the movements of tornado clouds, containing rules for arriving at their violence. A tornado cloud always has a centre, and it always moves forward from west to east. It may however, away from side to side in its progressive movement. Changes in motion are sometimes very sudden. In the event of a sudden change in the direction who is east or south of east of the storm should move quickly to the south. If he is northeast he should move to the north. If within a very short distance of the clouds the observer should run east, bearing to the south. This indicates the character of the directions which have been given for the avoidance of the disastrous effect of storms.

## Child Life in Japan.

Child life appears to be much alike in all countries; and hoops, and tops, balls, battledores, kites, cat-and-dog and "chucks" engage children here as they do at home. The land is farmed much as it is in France—in small patches and without fences. Cultivation is by the hoe. The land is fertile and in several places two crops are got in the year. The people are very industrious, and men, women and children work in the fields. On the hillside tea and rice are cultivated in terraces, as the vines is on the hills by the Rhine. I have seen what the Bible speaks of as "watering by the foot." The husbandman breaks with his foot the ridge of a terrace, and permits water to run therefrom into the terrace below. When a sufficient quantity has run down he closes the aperture with his foot. Children swarm in the streets, and those of seven years of age carry those of one or two on their backs. There are good school houses, and education in "the three R's" is compulsory. The hum of the children learning their lessons is like that I have heard in old times in our parish schools.

## Lucky Escape.

On the night of October 14, 1851, a tall swarthy young man with a companion slipped into the George Inn, Brighton, and said he would wait to meet a seafaring acquaintance. In earlier days the host had been employed in one of the London palaces, and he recognized in his seedy visitor Prince Charles, son of the monarch who, more than two years before, had been beheaded at Whitehall. After the battle of Worcester the young king had experienced many adventures and worn many disguises—there was a price upon his head; but the innkeeper, either from loyalty or discretion, did not offer to molest the fugitive or his companion. The captain of a collier, Nicholas Tetterell, then appeared, and took Charles and his companion, who was the Earl of Roehester, on board his vessel and landed them in France, for which service many things were promised. The Restoration came, but none of the gifts, and Tetterell therefore sailed into the Thames and moored off Whitehall, where his dingy bark attracted the attention of the King, who, being thus reminded, gave the captain a ring, a perpetual annuity of one hundred pounds a year, and took the collier into the Navy under the name of the "Lucky Escape."

## Craze For Tops.

The top mania has attacked the boys—not in a mild, gentle form, but with all the malignity of an epidemic. The rage of the 15 puzzle among adults was nothing compared to the power of the top craze. The German boy is content to see his top spin, but the American boy never rested until he had invented two or three lively games to play with tops. The primitive cheapest top is made by cutting a spool in two, driving a hard piece of wood into the hole, and working the small end of the spool down to a point. These tops are spun by twirling them with the fingers. The regulation top is made in a turning lathe about the size of a pear, and provided with a steel point. The best are made of box wood and cost \$1. The cheaper varieties vary in price from 2 to 25 cents. The manipulator winds a string around the top, (good fishing line is best) and then with a sudden jerk pull of the cord sends it spinning on the sidewalk or ground. There are numerous fancy varieties of tops. One is a tin affair, almost flat on the upper end, where are attached numerous pieces of bright colored pasteboard. Touch these lightly as the top revolves and the disarrangement of the pieces makes a kaleidoscopic change of colors seemingly never twice alike. Another is the humming top, made below with a hole in one side. It makes some such noise as an irritated hornet. The practical variety, however, is the plain, cheap top.

## Old Places.

In Prince George's County, Maryland near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stands the old Jenkins Mansion in a clearing of the forest. It is of stone brought in Conestoga wagons, is built in the most substantial manner, says a correspondent and it seems to stand as firm as ever, though the moss lies thick upon its roof and the ivy and the arbutus cling to its time-stained walls. The broad portico and its huge stone pillars are crumbling here and there, but even they are resisting decay slowly. The rooms inside, with their antique portraits, furniture, chimney places and polished brass andirons carry you back to the days of Knickerboekers and Periwigs, and the family take great pride in showing a room which Lafayette once occupied when a guest of the family. The house is situated just off the old Washington turnpike, and during the Revolution it was a convenient and favorite place of rest for many of the most celebrated American officers, including General Washington himself, when passing between Washington city and Baltimore. Its site is one charming in picturesque beauty, surrounded by high box-wood hedges, and in the background flows the blue Patuxent. The big stable and several old coaches are still there, but the stalls are nearly all empty and the grass is creeping up among the gravel of the serpentine drive. The negro quarters, too, are deserted and the smoke curls over only a very few cabins. An infirm negro, bowed with age, limped by me, and with the politeness of the old days drove his hat to me and disappeared around the dairy. No other living thing was visible. The old place seemed a symbol of departed glory.

## Mountain Forests.

Attention has long been given to devising means to limit the ravages of these torrents, which ruin the land, threaten estates, destroy roads, and sometimes even compromise the existence of villages. Walls have been built along the banks to protect them, or across the streams to ally the force of the waters. The most efficacious means, however, as yet discovered, has been to maintain the woods on the slopes of the mountain. The effect of cutting away the trees in promoting the formation of torrents has not been doubted by the inhabitants of mountainous regions and is clearly set forth by M. Surrail, who says: "When we examine the tracts in the midst of which torrents of recent origin have been formed, we perceive that they have in all cases been despoiled of their trees and bushes. If, on the other hand, we examine hills whose sides have been recently stripped of wood, we observe that they are cut up by numerous torrents, which have evidently been formed very lately. Here is a remarkable double fact: wherever there are recent torrents there are no longer forests, and wherever the ground is cleared these torrents are formed; and the same eyes that see the woods fall on the declivity of a mountain may see appear there immediately a multitude of torrents.

## To Be Sure.

The time appointed for the marriage ceremony in the church was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Borealis Brown, the bridegroom, and Aurora White, the bride, were in a close carriage ten blocks away at six minutes before 3. "We shall get there right on time," said he, looking at his watch. "Now, it is dreadfully unbecoming to get to the church promptly, and Aurora would have felt just like dropping through the floor, don't you know, if she had waked up the side on time." "Don't you think, my dear, it would be better to be ten minutes late?" said she, leaning against him in a kind of harmless way. "No; I pride myself on punctuality." "Five minutes, then?" "No, my darling, don't coax." "Just as you say." She put her hand carelessly on his shoulder, and then let it drop slowly along down over his coat to a small pocket set in at the waist-pan, where it lingered for a few seconds. "You have the ring where you can find it readily," she remarked, laying placidly back in her seat. "There is nothing so awkward as to fumble for the ring at the altar, you know?" "Oh, I've made sure of that point as I told you," he said confidently. "I slipped the ring right into this handy little pocket where I—Good Lord in Heaven!" "What, Borealis—what?" "The ring is lost!" "He thrust his fingers into his pocket madly, again and again, but the ring surely the ring was not there. He made wild conjectures, felt in all his other pockets, and concluded that he must have left it at Aurora's residence. He ordered the coachman to go about. When they had gone back almost to the house a public clock struck 3. "What is that?" said Aurora, pointing to the bottom of the carriage. "The ring lay glittering in a corner." "I must have dropped it," Borealis, said picking it up, "but I swear I looked in that very spot not two minutes ago." "He had looked there, as a matter of fact, just before Aurora threw the ring down." "Well," he remarked, looking at his watch again, "you will have your way, after all. We can't get to the church before ten minutes late anyhow." "To be sure."

## The Mourner's Bench.

Evangelist Barnes, the Preacher of the Mountains, has been laboring lately at Frankfort, Ky. In that place lives John Rocketty, whose life, though not a bad one, has been without the fold. Happening to meet Mr. Rocketty the other day Mr. Barnes urged him to mend his ways. Mr. Rocketty scouted the suggestion, whereupon the Evangelist was nettled. "I will bet you ten to one in fifties" said Rocketty, "that you can't convert me." "Done," said Barnes. "I'll bring you to the mourners' bench within ten days." The pool-sellers of the town are reported to have opened pools on the result. At first it was 85 to 15 that Rocketty would withstand the eloquence of the mountaineer. The odds rapidly fell, however, until the betting was 98 to 2 against Rocketty, who on the eighth day walked up to the mourners' bench.

## Energy will do everything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

According to Zeno, it is a very suggestive fact that we have two ears and only one tongue. It is better to listen than to talk, and always safe to tell no more than half we hear.

## Another interesting spot near by the Jenkins mansion is the ruins of one of the first iron furnaces in the country. Iron ore is very prolific about this section and the Muirkirk Furnace is not far away where operations are still going on. There I was shown a piece of pig iron with the perfectly defined impression of a human toe in the metal. Charles E. Coffin, president of the Muirkirk Iron Company, is authority for the story of a negro salamander who worked there up to a few years ago. This man was in the habit of removing his shoes, and with feet perfectly bare trod about upon the red-hot pigs of iron. He became famous for this astonishing performance, and the negroes one and all believed him to be in league with Beelzebub and avoided him like a pest. It is said that he could depopulate a saloon in an instant by entering where a crowd of superstitious darkeys were assembled. The local minister of the Methodist church once told the story of the negro's astonishing feat before the conference in Washington and was severely handled by his brethren for giving utterance to what seemed to be such a palpable impossibility. His veracity was questioned and his position before the conference became a serious one. At last the matter assumed such importance that they adjourned and visited "White Oak Bottom" in a body. They saw to their surprise what seemed like a miracle performed before their eyes and they removed their censure from the story-teller. The impression I saw in the pig of iron was said to be from the toe of the man, who is now working in Howard county at less hazardous employment.

## The neighborhood is full of historic interest, as it was closely identified with many important events in the War of the Revolution. It was at Bladensburg, but a few miles southeast, where Cook-hurn and Ross fought their celebrated battle in 1814 just previous to the capture of Washington. Many of the old mansions are now occupied by prominent men. Ex-Governor Oden Bowie has his home and his stables of fine racing horses there. Admiral Ammen, Chief of the Bureau of Construction, United States Navy, his brother, General Ammen, and State Senator Albertson each occupy old family homes there. The visitor will be surprised to find a section of country so close to two large cities so little affected by the march of progress. Particularly is this true in relation to the colored race. The old special holiday occasions peculiar to the anti-slavery days are still religiously observed. At these times they assemble at an appointed place in large numbers and perform their games with all the old-time vim and enthusiasm. These are not unlike the children's ring plays, except that they are accompanied by wild refrains and choruses characteristic of the race. As I boarded the train for Washington a day or two ago I was advised that this primitive little section of Prince

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