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Woman's Voice.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
Not the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts and aching ears
begone.
But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sweeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chief-
est charm.
An excellent thing it is! and ever lent
To truth and love, and meekness; they who
own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have
sorrow'd.
An excellent thing it is—when first in glad-
ness—
A mother looks into her infant's eyes—
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sad-
ness—
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever lent with one low, gentle
voice.
An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—
Leaving with gloom and sadness, joys and
cure—
The strong heart falling, and the high soul
grieving
With strongest thoughts and wild, unworded
fears;
Then, then a woman's low, soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to
die.
But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's
toss
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his
own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed
maiden tells. —Edwin Arnold.

"A Desperate Character."

AN ADVENTURE IN LONDON.
I went to Covent Garden theater one night last season. We were let out at 12, and set off to my lodgings. I knocked; there was no answer. I knocked again; a window was thrown up and my landlady's head appeared. "Who are you?" she screamed. "Let's in, please; it's me!" I answered. "Then, Mr. Me, if you don't come home before 10 you may still out till mornin'. I never wait up for my lodgers—my door is closed at 10!" and then the window closed with a bang. "No go," thinks I. "I have no money, I'll go to a railway-station and wait in the waiting-room till morning," which resolution I proceeded to carry out by walking briskly for the bank. I turned into Moorgate street, and was just thinking whether I should go to London, Brighton and South Coast or the London Bridge station. I stopped to think. There was a confectioner's shop just in front of me. Oh! that it were open! I had three-pence left. Just at this moment a tall, broad-shouldered man came up to me and viewed me from top to toe. I looked at him. He was dressed in dark clothes; a pea jacket and clap-trap cloth hat, with a peak lying level on the forehead, gave me a feeling of awe. The thought forced itself upon me that he was a garrotter. He spoke first. "You're Mr. Sam?" and he laid his finger on his nose. "You've guessed it," said I, thinking it best to agree with him, although my name was Tom. "Then come along!" and away we went. "Did Butler give ye e'er a pistol?" he asked. "No," said I, beginning to tremble. "He said he wanted them himself." "Just like him. He told I'd find you standing at Moorgate street, between 12 and 1, opposite the confectioner's, with your right hand in your pocket." "I'm in for it," thinks I, "but I must go through with it. But whatever will it come to at all?" He led me through a labyrinth of streets, walking rather fast, till we emerged upon the city road. Then he made straight for the Angel, and from thence took a cab for Fleet street. What object he had in doing this I cannot say. He did not offer to explain; in fact, not a word passed between us till we got out at the top of Ludgate hill. From thence we went into a back street, and out of that into another, no matter which, and suddenly stopping opposite a shop, he exclaimed: "That's our crib!" "Is it?" says I. Whereupon he produced from his pocket a rule. The shop was evidently a tailor's, as it had bars standing out like the rungs of a Jacob's ladder, from each side of the door, to exhibit stock upon. My friend stepped on the first of these, which was three feet from the ground, and speedily measured the height of a large glass fanlight over

HOME LIFE IN PARIS.

Peculiarities of the Parisians.—How People Live in the French Capital.
This picture of home life in Paris is given by a writer in the *Decorator and Finisher*: Wherever one sees a yellow bill upon the door of a Parisian house he may be tolerably certain of discovering within a neat apartment, well furnished, having at least a bed-room, a parlor, a dining-room, a kitchen, and usually an ante-room into which the entrance door opens. The windows, extending to the floor, are hung with lace and stuff curtains; the doors have portieres upon either side, rugs, as a rule, take the place of carpets, the bed is under the protection of a canopy, even if it be no more than muslin, and a heavy wardrobe, with a full length mirror in the door, is often the point of resistance in the room. A showy silk down quilt is thrown over the bed, and a bolster of huge proportions rests at the head. The top of the mattress averages three or four feet from the floor, and suggests the advantage of step-ladders and the utter discomfort of little people. The peculiarity, however, of the French bed is its restful quality, for it is so whether it be found in the Palace of the Elysee or a third-rate apartment house on Montmartre, in the Hotel de L'Alence, or the most provincial of pensions.
The elasticity of prices in the renting of apartments is wonderful. A Frenchman pays \$30 a month for a nicely furnished flat in the Palais Royal, or, we will say, in the neighborhood of Trinity church, taking the two extremes of localities, and an American tourist gladly pays \$50 for the same accommodations. If the lessee is fortunate and rents from a family that may be going to Vichy for a few months, he possibly can arrange for silverware, linen, and crockery, but if this is denied him, he will find a most agreeable company organized for the very purpose of supplying the transient resident with all the necessary appurtenances of housekeeping, at a price that allows one to display a magnificence approaching royalty at the most economical outlay. A *bonne* may be had at \$7 per month, one of those smart French girls that does everything from cooking the meals to dressing her mistress, and who insists upon doing it. Seven dollars, be it understood, is not starvation pay, it is munificence, and one may expect from such a girl all the esthetic cooking of the French repertoire—peas, not as we have them in this country, yellow and hard, but deliciously sweetened, tender as cream. The *bonne* does all the marketing, wrangles with the trades people, and hands in her account every day or week. Of course she has a percentage from the stores, but who would begrudge that to get rid of the intolerable nuisance of shopping?
A stroll on the boulevards, a visit to the Jardin d'Acclimation, a ride to the Bois de Boulogne, by the way of the Champs Elysee, all these are pleasures, and combine with the attractive furnishings of the house to make one forget the annoyances he is subjected to and the crude and primitive domestic surroundings he is called upon to endure. He is induced to forget that on his way home he may be run over by a vicious cab driver and then arrested for being in the way of the horses, for, of course, in Parisian streets vehicles have the right of way.
The concierge is an important factor in French life. If one fails to "come down" with the proper amount of subsidy in the shape of "pour boire" the concierge, whose place is at the entrance to his building, takes very good care that his close-fisted tenant does not receive his mail, certainly until one day after its delivery at the door, and his visitors are informed that he is "not at home," when in truth he is awaiting their coming in his rooms. Should the tenant protest to the landlord, his life will thereafter be miserable, a succession of ills and terrors that will finally drive him from the house, to look for other apartments. But he is known to every concierge in the city, and despite the flaming yellow poster that announces from the outer wall there is an apartment to let, he meets everywhere the one reply, "There is nothing here sir," and if, perforce, he does get into the building the price is placed at such a figure as to put it beyond the reach of the tired and discouraged searcher. After one experience of this sort the traveler either succumbs to the inevitable and pays up like a man, or else, with what courage he has left, he goes off to Switzerland and freezes on Mount Blanc, or to Rome and gets the fever.
Of course, where there are few carpets the floors must be kept in good condition, so a man comes every week and waxes the boards, and skates about on them with stiff brushes tied to his feet.
A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.

A Foot-Washing Ceremony.

"You never saw a foot-washing?" said the Rev. Joseph Bowen, a Baptist minister from Tennessee, to a St. Louis reporter. "Then you could not have traveled much in the backwoods sections of the South and West. I remember seeing one at Randolph, Tenn., in June, 1877. Randolph is in Tippon county on the Mississippi bluffs. I had to stay there over Sunday, and learning that there was a meeting at Salem church, six miles away, I borrowed a horse and rode to the place. The church, built of logs, with the 'cracks' daubed, sat back about 100 yards from the road in the middle of a grove. Inside, the seats were all pretty well filled, and every head in the church turned as I entered. I shrank into a corner and took a seat as quickly as possible. In front there were a few benches made of unvarnished poplar, but the supply falling short the demand had been met by planks laid on boxes. On one of these I sat down next to a portly lady dressed in a cotton gown with broad yellow checks. The minister had well earned his reputation of being a 'powerful exhorter,' as I found when he commenced his sermon. As he warmed to his work he walked rapidly from side to side of the pulpit, stopping occasionally, as in a thundering voice he warned his unconverted hearers that they were 'hanging over hell-fire by a single hair,' to deal re-sounding blows to the Bible with his fists by way of emphasis. When he concluded he took a long crash towel and girded it around his waist. At the side of the pulpit was a bucket of water and a 'noggin.' If you don't happen to know what a noggin is I may explain that it is a small tub a size larger than a piggin. This one had been constructed by sawing a whisky keg in half. When the preacher commenced pouring the water into it an old gentleman in the amen corner commenced pulling off his brogans and rolling up the bottoms of his trousers.
"Will some brother raise a hymn?" asked the minister, and the brother who now had his shoes off and was engaged with his home-knit cotton socks, raised one: "I am a Soldier of the Cross," and as the congregation joined he put both feet in the noggin, which had been set before him. The preacher squatted down in front of him, rubbed his hands around over the feet and up and down his shins half way to the knee. When the brother thought they were washed enough, he held them up out of the water, and the parson wiped them on the crash towel. Then the parson sat down, and, having pulled off his shoes, had his feet washed by the brother to whom he had just ministered. All who wished to join in the ceremony had taken possession of the front seats—the mourners' benches. Among those who had gone up had been the portly sister by whom I sat. The noggin came to her next and she washed the feet of the sister next to her, having her own washed in turn. When all the feet on the front seat had been bathed, the water in the noggin was emptied out the back door and a fresh supply brought in from the well near the church. The noggin passed around from brother to brother and from sister to sister for an hour, and in that time I saw more varieties of feet than I have ever seen before or since."

COAL MINERS.

How They Provide for the Widows and Orphans.—Marrying Out of Generosity.
A correspondent writing from Wilkesbarre, Pa., says: Accidents in the collieries of the middle district of the anthracite coal fields, of which this city is the center, made last year nearly one hundred widows and over five hundred orphans. But notwithstanding the frequency of fatal accidents and the absence of any organized charity, the larders of the widowed families are never empty, none go naked, the household fires are not extinguished and the little home is never stripped by a landlord's warrant. Kind hands see that food is provided each day, and the men returning from their work in the mines do not forget to carry to the widow's home a lump of anthracite for the next day's use. Communism in a peculiar sense prevails among the coal miners of Pennsylvania. The lucky divide with the unlucky as readily and as cheerfully as if they belonged to one family. However much all may quarrel on abstract questions of politics or religion, all discussions are dropped at the appeal of charity.
While, as has been said, no organized relief societies exist among the colliers, there is a general system in vogue which does its work well and promptly. Every printing office in this region is visited weekly by persons wanting raffle tickets. These tickets cost one dollar a hundred, and are headed "Raffle for a cooking stove," or clock, bureau, quilt, table, or some other article of domestic use. It is announced that the raffle is for the benefit of a widow or injured miner, and on the "night after pay day." The price of the ticket is generally fifty cents. The raffle is in charge of a committee whose names appear on the ticket. Take the case of a woman, for instance, lately made a widow. She has been left penniless, as miners' widows usually are. Everybody understands this, and the hundred tickets are promptly disposed of among the miners, who pay for them on pay day. On that night the widow gets \$50 cash. The night of the raffle comes, and, possibly, one-fifth of the ticket holders assemble. A fiddler, a keg of beer, and a little "hard stuff" form the elements of the entertainment. The young lads join in a dance with the lasses, the old men sup and smoke their pipes, and the old women recount the virtues of the deceased miner. About midnight the raffle begins. The names of the ticket purchasers are put into a hat and well shaken. Whoever secures the prize at once turns it over to the beneficiary. The company breaks up happy over the good time they have had, and the kind deed they have done. That \$50 goes a long way in keeping the shadows from the little house. It will sometimes pay a whole year's rent, and it only requires one or two more raffles for the victor's poor larder stocked, for it must be understood that potatoes, cabbages, and meal, form the staple articles of diet in these humble homes.
A year is a long time for a comely and thrifty woman to remain a widow at the mines, no matter how many children she may have. Jim is killed to-day, and possibly before the summer ends, Jack, who was Jim's best friend, insists upon marrying Jim's widow. Jim's babies become his. And if you go below the surface you will find the foundation of Jack's action to be pure charity. It is a matter of record that when the terrible Avondale disaster occurred so many widows and helpless ones were left that the matter of caring for the former speedily was discussed. It was quickly settled by propositions of marriage, and within a very short time after the calamity the household of every victim was protected. This same spirit exists in every mining community to-day, and is a shield against much distress.
Efforts have been made from time to time to induce the miners to abandon a custom that prevails among them. Whenever a man is killed in a mine while at work, every man in the colliery where the accident occurs stops work. Frequently 1500 employes turn out and remain out for two days. There appears to be a deep superstition that prompts that peculiar exhibition of respect for the dead.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Fasting as a Cure for Rheumatism.
Dr. Tanner's heresy may yet become the creed of regular practice. Tanner claimed that fasting was a good hygienic cure for many forms of blood disease, and now Dr. Wood, of the medical department of Bishop's college-Montreal, reports fasting as a cure for acute rheumatism. Plenty of water or lemonade was allowed but no medicines were given, and from the good results obtained in fasting from four to ten days Dr. Wood is inclined to believe that rheumatism is only a phase of indigestion.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.
Remedy for Erysipelas.
At the recent congress of German surgeons, Dr. Fisher, of Strasburg, drew attention to the value of naphthalene as an antiseptic. For some skin diseases, and especially in the treatment of erysipelas, it is almost specific. The application is made in the most simple manner possible by rubbing gauze in the powdered material, or dipping any suitable fabric in an ethereal solution diluted with alcohol. Naphthalene being very cheap, this preparation will be less expensive than anything of the kind now in the market. It is extensively used in Strasburg, where it is regarded as a perfect preventive of erysipelas; and it is hoped that if this valuable property can be substantiated, it will be used for the same purpose in this country. Dr. Fisher does not state whether its use in the manner stated is attended with any inconvenience or pain to the patient; but persons employed in gas works and elsewhere who have suffered from scales of naphthalene entering the eyes, etc., would be disposed to regard the remedy with very considerable suspicion.
Bad Teeth and Disease.
Had we the means we should endeavor a charity the great aim of which should be to prevent disease by establishing an institution for the treatment of decayed and imperfect teeth. There are more cases of disease of various kinds and various degrees of severity emanating from bad teeth than from almost any other cause. The trouble is easily remedied if taken in time; but those who suffer most are they who have not the means to employ competent dentists. It is pitiful to see the children of the poor as they grow up, gradually losing their teeth by decay and neglect and becoming dyspeptic at twenty and old and haggard at thirty. If there is a nobler charity than that which would supply free dentistry to the poor, and dentistry at cost to those who are able to pay no more, we know not what it is. But there are persons of ample means who pay no attention to their own teeth or those of their children. They should be taught the importance of attending to this matter, and, if they then refused, they should be punished for the neglect of an important duty toward their families. There is no excuse for any person having bad teeth. A child can be taught the importance of attending to the teeth, and every child that has his second front teeth should be provided with a tooth-brush and be required to use it at least once every day, using castile soap. Once in six months at furthest, a dentist should be employed to examine the teeth and properly fill any that may be decayed. Were this plan generally adopted we should see no more toothless men and women.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.
Overtaxing the Brain.
In a recent lecture on "Brain Health," at Edinburgh, Dr. J. Batty Tuke said that, as a matter of fact, it was not an easy thing to overtax the energies of the brain by work. It was not work, but worry, that killed the brain. But break down from over-strain did occasionally take place, and the first really important symptom was sleeplessness; when that set in there was cause for alarm. Loss of sleep was brought about thus: When the brain was being actively exercised, there was an increase of blood in its vessels—this was spoken of as "functional hyperemia." If they continued the exercise of the brain power too long, there was a tendency of the blood to remain in too great quantity, from the cells becoming exhausted and not being able to control the vessels. In sleep the amount of blood was diminished, and sleep could not be procured if this functional hyperemia persisted. In the absence of sleep, the cells could not recover themselves, and their activity became impaired. Headache, loss of appetite, and general listlessness followed. As soon as a child or young person develops continuous headache, work should be discontinued at once.
Forty years ago a man worth \$60,000 was accounted wealthy; now he must have his millions to be so regarded.

My Ship.

Oh! though my ship is sailing far out on the wide, wide sea,
The prospect ever dearest still is my own home to me;
And all the time, by night, by day, before me faces dear
Come smiling, greeting, cheering, as in fancy they appear.
Oh! though my ship is sailing far in distant waters blue,
My heart looks ever homeward to my homelands, ever true;
I mark each day's departing, for I know it is one less,
Before I clasp my loving ones, or feel their soft caress.
Oh! though my ship is sailing far, in storm and tempest fell,
I still can feel the pressure of warm hands and fingers soft;
I am looking, thinking, longing for the time to come for me,
When I shall meet my children dear and take them on my knee.
Oh! though my ship is sailing far, 'twill soon be "homeward bound;"
On land or sea was never heard, by man, a sweeter sound;
With sail all set and bounding o'er the rolling, billowy sea,
Each hour is bringing nearer all my dearest ones to me.
Oh! then swift winds, from out the skies come blowing strong and free;
Blow for me homeward breezes, hasten home my ship and me;
All my loved ones there are waiting, waiting, looking o'er the sea;
And in patience sweet are watching, Oh! my ship for thee and me.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Medical query—Was the eye-lash designed for brow-beating?
Flattery is called "taffy" because it makes a man feel awfully "stuck up."
There is a marked difference between getting up with the lark and staying up to have one.
When the hen with chickens attacked the small boy in his mother's yard, the hen informed him she had been laying for him for some time.
A note made on Sunday is void; which may account for men sleeping all through church service, and making no note of what the preacher says.
A young child in Oregon died from the effects of swallowing the leaves of an almanac. We always held that dates should be eaten in small quantities.
When a certain bachelor was married in Philadelphia, members of the Bachelor club broke him up by sending him as a wedding present a copy of "Paradise Lost."
It is a glorious thing to have been born a man. One doesn't have to bother himself for a month over the plans and specifications of a new spring bonnet. He simply has to foot the bill when the thing is bought.
A little bright-eyed boy, upon hearing his father read the story of Joan of Arc, was greatly moved by her sad trials; but when the part was reached where she was about to be burned to death at the stake, the poor little fellow could not contain himself any longer, but sobbingly clutched his parent's arm, and, with big tears running down his plump little cheeks, cried, "But,—papa, wh—e—re were the police?"
Henry Clay Quoting Shakespeare.
Henry Clay, who left a seat in the Senate for one in the House, but after many years' service at the other end of the capital returned to the Senate chamber, exercised a powerful control over the politics of the republic. Idolized by the Whig party, his wonderful powers of personal magnetism, and his rich, manly voice, would enable him to hold an audience for hours. He made but little preparation, and used but few notes in speaking; but when he wrote out his remarks for the press his manuscript was remarkably neat without interlineations or blots. It seldom indulged in classical allusions and his occasional attempts to make quotations of English poetry were generally failures. On one occasion he used the well-known phrase from Hamlet, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," but misquoted the last syllable, calling it "unstrung." The gentlemen who sat on either side of him noticed the error, and simultaneously whispered "unwrung." This double prompting confused "Young Harry of the West," who straightened himself, and with stronger emphasis repeated "unhung." This raised a general laugh, at the close of which Clay, who had meanwhile ascertained his mistake, shook his head, and said with one of his inimitable smiles: "Ah! murder will out! Unwrung's the word." The fascination which he exercised over all with whom he had personal intercourse, even his political adversaries, was remarkable; but he was imperious and unqualified support as the price of his friendship.—*Ben Perley Poore in the Century*.

Bachelor Life in Turkey.

Both state and church combine to make the life of a Turkish bachelor miserable. As long as his parents are alive, he can live with them without much trouble. As soon as they die he must get a permit from the civil and religious authorities before he can be admitted to any household. Then the proprietor thereof, in the interest of public morals, must see to it that other persons than females wait upon his boarder. If the bachelor be rich enough to occupy a house or to rent unfurnished chambers, he cannot possibly obtain that simple privilege unless he shows that a woman of good repute lives with him therein. A mother or sister or aunt removes that difficulty. But a man without kindred may go an indefinite period without a home.

Wonders of the Ocean's Depths.

As to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea there has been much dispute. Animals dredged from below 700 fathoms either have no eyes, or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding. Crabs' eyes are four or five times as large as those of a crab from surface water, which shows that that light is feeble, and that eyes to be of any use must be very large and sensitive. Another strange thing is that where the creatures in those lower depths have any color it is of orange or red, or reddish orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimp and crabs have this brilliant color. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines toward purple. Not a green or blue fish is found. The orange red is the fish's protection, for the bluish-green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or red fish appear of a neutral tint and hides it from enemies. Many animals are black, others neutral in color. Some fish are provided with boring tails so that they can burrow in the mud. Finally, the surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like an ordinary sea beach, showing that it is the eating-house of vast schools of carnivorous animals. A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shells, digests the meat and spits out the rest. Crabs crack the shells and suck out the meat. In this way come whole mounds of shells that are dredged up.—*Professor Verrill*.

Still Even.

On Montcalm street recently a boy was leading a goat around by a rope, when a pedestrian asked if he wanted to sell the animal.
"Course not, we just got him," was the reply.
"What did you want of a goat?"
"Nothing much. We bought him to get ahead of the Browns, who have a fox, but they've gone and got even again."
"How?"
"Why, three of the family had been mesmerized, and Johnny had had two teeth filled."—*Detroit Free Press*.