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# The Millheim Journal.

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## Take Courage.

Be brave, O heart, and fear not earthly shame,  
Crave not to men, but make thyself a name.  
Take up thy cross, and walk erect through life,  
Fight for the truth, however fierce the strife.  
Yield to no folly, crush thy tempting sin,  
And hee! no murmur of complaint within.  
Bend not low down to sorrow's chastening rod,  
And chafe not at the wise decrees of God.  
Slay thy most selfish and presumptuous will;  
What'er thy burden, bear it, and be still.  
Lift thy sad, doubting eyes to God above,  
Know that his name and nature both are love.  
Love is the guardian of the gate of heaven,  
Through love alone thy name shall be forgiven.  
But if thou hastest, even in a thought,  
Apparent virtues will avail thee naught.  
Love God, thy maker; love thy fellow-men;  
Love without stint; thou shalt not love in vain.  
Hear thee, O heart! and do thy work in faith;  
Love is the conqueror over sin and death.  
And when thou art free to seek the native skies  
Thou shalt find love the light of paradise.  
—Countess Corvelli.

## Saved by His Sister.

"Ahem, Lysander!" said Miss Catherine Southernwood, one morning, as she poured out her brother's third cup of coffee, while he drenched his last buckwheat-cake with a sea of maple syrup. "I was a-thinking, Lysander, since you have set your heart on marrying that Jones girl" (Lysander, figuratively, pricked up his ears at this announcement, for Miss Catherine had been bitterly opposed to the idea of her good-looking bachelor brother consigning his heart and fortune to the tender mercies of the "Jones girl") "I was a-thinking," she went on, deliberately, "that maybe, seeing they're so kind of pinched for means, that I might get Olympia to come and stay awhile this fall, and help me about the housework. There'll be a heap to do, with the apple-butter to make, and the like; and, besides, I need some help in the kitchen. Cookin' is gettin' to be hard work for me now. But there's one thing about it, Lysander," she continued, as her brother signified his willing consent and gratitude—"you must promise me that you won't ask her to marry you while she is staying here. It would be very improper, you know."

Lysander promised, and went out to harness the mare, as Miss Catherine had decided to drive over at once, and bring Miss Jones back with her.

She smiled grimly as her brother strode away, whistling.

"The shortest cut ain't allus the nearest road home," she said, complacently. "And there's more ways of killing a cat than feeding it to death with beefsteak. There's Huldah Rush is worth a dozen of that girl! But, la! Lysander is as blind as a bat! Never could see an inch before his nose!"

"Astounding how Sister Catherine has come around at last!" thought Mr. Southernwood to himself. "At first she couldn't bear the idea of me marrying Olympia Jones, and now she's actually a-going to have her in the house. But that's just like a woman! Let 'em see you will have your own way, and not be led around by the nose, and they'll give right up and be as mellow as a fall apple. But I am glad Catherine thought of getting Olympia here this fall. It'll be a help to 'em both, for the Joneses are poor. But I don't care a rush for that! I'd rather have a poor girl, anyhow, than a fine lady, that didn't know how to make up a feather-bed or fry a slap-jack. I like a woman that can bustle around and see to things, even if she don't have to do 'em herself—one that can make a pat of butter, or pick a goose, or spin a hank of yarn, if need be. And I like to see a woman look neat," he went on, as he hurried the lapped mare and rubbed her down with a wisp of hay. "And Olympia always looks as neat as a new pin when I call there. Anyhow, I do hope she'll come!" he added, anxiously.

Of course Olympia would go! And she ran quickly up stairs to pack up her clothes.

"It's a mighty good chance for me," she thought, as she brushed her curls before the little looking-glass; "and I'll improve it, too! But I'll not help with the house-work long," she added.

"Wait till I get to be mistress up there, and see who'll do house-work then!"

Lysander's heart gave a jump as the wagon hove in sight with its two occupants, and visions of the blissful weeks to come danced through his mind. He was so embarrassed and overcome with delight at the coquetish smile Olympia bestowed on him that he hardly had presence of mind enough to let down the bars for him to pass through.

"Now, Olympia," bustled Miss Catherine, when they had laid off their hats and shawls, "it's time we begun

dinner. Lysander must hev it at twelve o'clock, precisely, or he thinks he's killed. There's a couple of pullets in the coop, out in the chip-yard," she added, tying a clean check-apron round her waist. "You may wrap round their necks, and git 'em ready fur roasting, while I start up a fire in the cook-stove."

Olympia looked at her pink calico dress, with its flounces and ruffles and wondered if Miss Catherine would offer her a check apron, too. But Miss Catherine did no such thing, and Olympia wrung the chickens' necks and prepared them for the oven, with rather a cross look shadowing her pretty face.

"Got 'em in the oven?" asked Miss Catherine, sharply. "Then you kin mix up a batch of biscuits while I make the johnny-cake. Lysander allus must hev two kinds of bread fur dinner, or he can't eat," she explained.

"Humph!" thought Olympia. "He won't get two kinds of bread for dinner when I'm the mistress here, I can tell him!"

But she turned to the bread-tray without a word.

By the time the biscuits were in the oven the waist and front breadths of Olympia's dress looked considerably the worse for the morning's campaign.

Miss Catherine blew the dinner-horn at the usual hour, and Lysander appeared punctually at twelve o'clock.

But for some reason or other dinner was a half-hour later than usual, and when it was finally dished and brought to the table, the biscuits proved to be underdone and the chickens roasted to a crisp.

"Had bad luck with your biscuits, didn't you, Catherine?" said her brother, making a wry face at the yellow streak of saleratus he found on breaking open one of the leaden lumps; but Miss Catherine smiled leniently.

"Olympia had bad luck with her biscuits," she said; "but I think my bread is as good as usual," and she passed him a square of light, golden-hued corn-bread more tempting than pound-cake.

Lysander left his biscuit untasted, but cast a glance of compassion at Olympia.

"Accidents will happen," he said, consolingly, though he could not help noticing a sullen look on Miss Jones's face in spite of the smile she flashed at him. He noticed also the tumbled curls and soiled, untidy dress.

"Have some cold mutton, Lysander," said his sister, "if you can't eat any of the chicken. Olympia will learn how to cook after awhile."

So it was Olympia who burned the chickens!

Lysander finished his dinner in silence, though he still made excuses for all shortcomings.

Olympia changed her soiled dress before tea-time, and was wearing with smiles when Lysander took his seat at the table. But the tea had a wishy-washy taste, the butter-dish was smeared and untidy, and the apple sauce was insipid and flavorless. The biscuits were light and puffy this time, for Miss Catherine had made them herself.

Lysander had a good disposition, but unpalatable food will disorder the best-regulated liver and upset the temper of an angel, and Miss Catherine soon discovered a fresh wrinkle over her brother's nose.

One morning, Lysander strode into the kitchen, where his sister was mixing light bread—for she could not trust it to Olympia, who had already spoiled two batches, which had to be thrown to the pigs.

"Catherine," whispered Lysander, hurriedly, "the minister's folks are coming up the lane! Of course they'll spend the day, and do, pray, Catherine, cook the dinner yourself! Don't let us be disgraced in their eyes!"

Miss Catherine saw her opportunity and seized it.

"Cook the dinner myself! Dear me, Lysander, how kin I?" she asked. "We must have turkey, of course, and mashed potatoes, and pumpkin pies and a steamed batter-pudding, with lemon-sauce, and cabbage-salad! Besides, who will entertain the visitors while I'm in the kitchen? Olympia?"

"Olympia? Pshaw! She can't do anything but giggle!" growled Lysander, savagely, much to his sister's amusement.

"I'll tell you what Lysander," said Miss Catherine, reflectively, "I must have some help, and if you'll just saddle the mare and lead her around for Huldah Rush, I'm sure she'll come."

And Lysander hastened to do his sister's bidding.

Dinner was on the table at precisely twelve o'clock, and the Rev. Mr. Shepherd and his family testified to the excellence of the richly-browned turkey, juicy and unctuous, the mashed potatoes and gravy, the golden-hued pies,

and the yellow-batter pudding, with its rich sauce—to say nothing of light, flaky rolls and fresh butter.

And when, after dinner, Lysander stepped into the dining-room for a pitcher of water, he could not help observing the contrast between Huldah's satin-smooth braids and snowy neck-ruffle, and Olympia's tawny ribbons and browny hair.

"Olympia," said Miss Catherine, a couple of weeks later, as she took a folded paper from the bureau draw, "here's a present I've got for you—a new dress! It's basket cloth. And there's some blue trimmings and silk buttons for you. And—and, Olympia, I shan't need you any longer, for my brother is going to be married to-morrow to Miss Huldah Rush, and she's a powerful good housekeeper you know."

"Just what I thought," said Mrs. Jones, when her daughter appeared with her bundle of clothes. "You allus was lazy and slovenly, an' allus will be, I reckon."

"I'm sorry I went there now," grumbled Olympia. "It's all that plagued old maid's fault, I know!"

And it was Miss Catherine's management that saved her brother from that snare; but he never suspected it of course.—Helen W. Clark.

## SELF-MURDER.

### Statistics of Suicide in the United States.

Germany, it is said, is becoming seriously alarmed at the constant increase of suicides among all classes of her population. In Berlin hardly a day passes without one or more. With us in the United States popular attention is not so much directed to the subject, largely, no doubt, because owing to the incompleteness of our methods of gathering and tabulating vital statistics, the subject is not brought before us with such startling distinctness. But it may well be asked whether suicide is not increasing here, too, in a way to justify the most secret apprehension.

The New York Chronicle, for two years past, has kept a record of suicides in the United States compiled from the columns of the newspapers. These data are necessarily very imperfect, but they serve to give an idea of the extent to which self-murder is resorted to in this country and of the rapidity of its increase. For the year ending March, 1882, 817 suicides are recorded, while for the eleven months ending with February, 1883, there are 1606, an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. The greatest number took place in the summer months, 514; the smallest in the winter, 280. This accords with the view of Dr. John G. Lee, coroner's physician of Philadelphia, who explains the frequency of suicide in the spring and summer months, by reference to the fluctuations of the thermometer and barometer. As between the sexes, nearly four times as many men as women committed suicide, the proportion being 1217 to 349.

In point of nationality the lead is taken by Americans with 603, Germans coming next with 482, then English with 142 and Irish with 127. As to occupations one is surprised to find that farmers are largely in the majority, no less than 205 of them having of their own accord shuffled off this mortal coil, while the next greatest number, that of merchants, foot up only 80. Of journalists it is agreeable to observe there are only four. Married life seems to conduce to self-destruction, there being in the list 476 husbands and 178 wives as opposed to 296 bachelors and 121 maids. Ages ranged from ten years to ninety-three, the largest number, 163, coming between twenty and thirty. Family troubles head the list of causes, followed by sickness, with 158; insanity 156, dissipation 131, and business troubles 127. Other reasons assigned are of the most whimsical nature. A North Carolinian committed suicide because his mule died, and an Illinoisian because he had lost his best boy and his best cow. A susceptible youth drowned himself because his sweetheart jilted him in poetry. But perhaps the most inconsequent case of all was that of the New Yorker who took his life because he had a mortal fear of death.

The methods employed show no less diversity, though shooting seems to have had the preference, being employed in 484 cases, poisoning in 372, hanging in 267, and drowning in 151. The pistol was usually selected by Americans and poison by Frenchmen. One man took his departure by jumping into a furnace, and one cheerful Californian blew himself to pieces with giant powder. The largest proportion of suicides is accredited to Colorado, where the ratio is one in 8000, and the smallest to Mississippi, where it is one in 380,000. The average of suicides throughout the southern states is small, owing, it is said, to the large colored population with whom self-murder is infrequent. In New York one in every 36,000 committed felo de se. The rate for the entire country is 32 per 1,000,000, according to the figures here cited, though in all probability, it is really far greater. At all events it is great enough to cause serious concern to the philanthropist and the legislator.

## Arrangement of Rooms.

Give your apartments expression, character. Rooms which mean nothing are cheerless, indeed. Study light and shade, and the combination and arrangement of drapery, furniture and pictures. Allow nothing to look isolated, but let everything present the air of sociability. Observe a room immediately after a number of people have left it, and then, as you arrange the furniture, disturb as little as possible the relative positions of the chairs, ottomans and sofas. Place two or three chairs in a conversational attitude in some cheery corner, an ottoman within easy distance of a sofa, a chair near your stand of stereoscopic views or engravings, and one where a good light will fall on the book which you may reach from the table near. Make little studies of effect which shall repay the more than usual ob-

## Hope and Despair.

All upon a summer sea  
Sailing in an argosy—  
Rever, lutes and violas sounding,  
While the ship o'er wavelets bounding,  
Skims the surface of the sea.  
All the masts are wreathed with woodbine,  
Jasmine and glistening;  
White lilies—'t' daisy roses  
Strew the deck in scented posies,  
And the cordage is a vine.  
Sunlight gleams in golden meshes,  
Breaks the foam in pearly tresses—  
Through the interlace of flowers—  
Breaks the foam in silver showers  
All adown the golden meshes.  
Stealing down a gloomy river,  
Where dull water grasses quiver,  
From a bark come sounds of sorrow,  
Never ceasing with the morrow—  
Mourful bark upon the river.  
Cypress, rosemary and rue,  
Branches from the somber yew,  
On the deck are withered lying  
While the night breeze sadly sighing,  
Wafts the odor of the rue.  
Sullen clouds obscure the moon,  
Darkness cometh all too soon!  
Black the clouds and black the river,  
Black the bark and oh, the shiver  
As it sinks beneath the moon!

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A sound education can only be obtained from a music master.  
"Come around next oystersday," said the hotel cook to the stewardman.  
It is not exactly polite to refer to a deceased person as your warm friend.  
A Western man claims to have buried twenty wives. He is a grave-digger, and they were not his own.  
A rather cynical lady, somewhat of a flirt, says most men, like colds, are very easily caught, difficult to get rid of.  
A professor is lecturing on "After Man—What?" We are not good on conundrums and give it up, unless it is his coat-tails.  
When a woman chases a tramp out of the back yard with a kettle of boiling water in her hand, can you speak of her as being in hot pursuit?  
The waiter inferred that the guest had taken a little something before supper from the mere fact of his ordering "tied fraters and chork pops."  
A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted in 800 different positions, and yet a man who suspected his wife was going to ask him about where he was the night before, couldn't get into a position in that chair which seemed comfortable.  
Conjugal affection depends largely upon mutual confidence. "I make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens. In this way, we avoid any misunderstanding," said a wisecracker to a friend. Not to be outdone in generosity, the good friend replied: "Well, sir, you are not so open and frank as I am, for I tell my wife a great many things that never happen."  
An Astrologer Dead.  
Andrew Jaquith, who died at the St. James Hotel, Washington, D. C., recently, was better known as Prof. George Gregg, the astrologer. He had an office where he received visits daily from numbers of persons who sought to know from him something of the future. Mr. Jaquith for a short time was a dry-goods clerk in Boston, but from a child he had taken an interest in what he called the "science of astrology," and after having read much on the subject, he set himself up about eight or ten years ago as a "professor." His reputation quickly grew, and he made money. In 1878 he came to New York and opened an office with even greater success. Not only was he visited by women and men who might be expected to be credulous, but among his patrons were bankers and brokers and professional men, who sought his assistance in their speculations. Some of them are said to have paid him a regular weekly salary and to have visited him every day. His friends tell wonderful stories of his predictions, one of them having been, it is said, the assassination of Garfield. The estimates placed upon the value of his practice vary, but \$50 a day is considered not extravagant, as his clients extended throughout this country and parts of England. He is said to have cast 20,000 horoscopes. For the past two years Mr. Jaquith was in poor health, and he told his friends that he could not possibly live until 1884. He went to Washington some three weeks ago and died of consumption.  
Professor Thurston, of the Stevens' institute of technology at Hoboken, laughs at the idea, recently promulgated, that the obelisk in Central park is a concrete structure which can be easily reproduced in native materials. He had a piece of its companion, the Thames embankment obelisk, which consists of siliceous mica and beautiful crystals of orthoclase feldspar—in fact, a superior quantity of granite.

—London Field.