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Defeat.
By bitter pilgrimage he sought to win
Those far dim towers that he would roam
within.
Through paths of peril, lone with dying
groans,
Down chasms of failure, white with human
bones.
Fast brakes of treachery, whence the tiger
sprung,
O'er swamps of envy, where the scorpion
stung.
His eager feet pressed onward to attain
The luring bourne of that desired domain.
And there at last, worn fugitive of fate,
He clutched the mighty clarion at the gate.
A moment more, and while its proud penn
rose,
The towers would rock, the portals would un-
close.
But then, even then, by some foreloom pro-
found,
He dropped dead ere his lips had waked one
sound!
—Edgar Fawcett, in "Harper's Magazine."

"GIRL OVERBOARD!"

A Sailor's Turn of How He Attended to His Business.
I had just returned from one of the periodical wild-goose chases after wealth that occurred here so often in the early times. It is needless to say that I had not made my fortune. Like most of the miners, I had come back "broke." I was looking around for something to do, when I found an opportunity to go as second mate of the bark *What Cheer*, bound for Honolulu. I accepted the chance gladly; I was longing for a voyage in blue water, and, bidding farewell to San Francisco, we were soon bowling along upon our voyage. We had a few passengers, most of them traveling to the islands in search of health; one of them, a Captain Hudson, of Marysville, was going after his wife and daughter, who had made the trip six or eight months before for the benefit of Mrs. Hudson's health. The voyage and change had so improved her that she now felt well, but so homesick that she was anxious to get back to Marysville. Captain Hudson was an old salt who had been a long time ashore, so he was glad of this opportunity to make a trip with his old friend, the captain of the bark, and intended to return with us. He was a jovial old fellow, and the best "yarn-spinner" I ever heard. The voyage was a pleasant one, and it did not seem long before we sighted the island of Oahu, and entered the harbor of Honolulu.
The Hawaiian capital was then a very lively port; whalships were repairing and fitting for the Arctic fishing grounds; others were loading with oil for the long voyage "round the Horn," home, and two men-o'-war—English and American—were lying in the outer harbor. While we were in port the American officers gave a ball on board ship, to which I received an invitation. The main or spar-deck was cleared, the guns run out, and an awning housed the entire deck, which was handsomely trimmed with flags of all nations, and lighted by battle-lights and Chinese lanterns; the deck was scrubbed as white as wood can be made, and waxed to perfection; the band played on the fore-castle, and altogether it was as complete and handsome a ball-room as one would wish to see.
There were a few American and English ladies present, but most of the fair ones were native girls, who would rather dance than eat at any time. The dusky king, with his aids and members of the cabinet, all in uniform, the American and English officers in gold lace and brass buttons, made a most brilliant picture. Captain Hudson was one of the guests, and introduced me to his daughter. I asked her to dance, but she declined. Evidently the mate of a merchantman stood no show among so many brass buttons. I contented myself with the native belles. We did not leave the ship until daylight, and to this day I have pleasant memories of that most delightful evening.
Our stay in port was very brief, and the flag was soon hoisted announcing to all wanting passage that the time had arrived to come on board. Before long we parted with our pilot, and as we left the violet island slowly sinking in the west, I said to myself that when I had made my fortune that land should be my home. Youthful visions! They are gone. I have grown older—I hope wiser—and the island is not my home.
On the homeward trip we had twelve passengers—Captain Hudson, wife and daughter, and the wives of two missionaries going home to the Eastern states on a visit and to regain color. I found that all foreigners bleached out to a dead white, and had no color at all after living a few years at the islands. Miss Hudson was the only young woman on board, and I naturally thought she would affect my company, as I have been told many times I was good looking, and always thought

those who told me so extremely sensible people. I was rather a dandy officer then, and quite as conceited as young men generally are. Consequently I expected to make an impression on Miss Hudson's heart, and looked forward to having her charming company in my watches on deck. Alas! I was sadly disappointed; she hardly deigned to treat me civilly.
The cabin of our bark was flush with the main deck, running to within a few feet of the main-mast, having state-rooms on each side, the centre being the saloon or dining room, with a long skylight for light and air. The top of the cabin was the quarter or poop-deck, and around this house on deck we had no bulwarks or rail; instead, there were some iron stanchions a few feet apart, with a chain running around two sides and across the after part, as a life-guard. This cabin had been built after the bark came to this coast, in order to give more cargo room and better passenger accommodations. Several times when Miss Hudson was on deck she had sat down on the chain and swung herself to and fro, holding on by her hands. I thought it so dangerous that one day I spoke to her about it.
"Pardon me, Miss Hudson," said I, "but if you are not careful you will fall overboard some day. That is too risky an amusement, for the vessel may give a lurch at any time and throw you off your balance."
All the thanks I got for my warning was this cutting speech:
"You will oblige me, sir, if you will attend to your business, and I will attend to mine."
The young woman resumed her swinging and I resumed my pacing on deck. As I turned away, I vowed inwardly never to trouble her any more with my good advice, but to put a stopper on my jaw-tackle.
A few days after this, I had taken my watch at twelve o'clock, when all were taking dinner except the watch on deck. We were sailing along on a free wind with all the weather studs set, making six knots. I was passing fore and aft the deck, listening to the yards being spun at the dinner-table; the skylight had been off for days, and I could hear everything said at the table. Miss Hudson, having finished her dinner, came up on deck and went aft, taking her usual place on the chain near the man at the wheel. Every time I went aft I looked into the binnacle to see if the wheelsman kept the ship up on her course. Once, as I turned at the break of the deck to go aft, I looked toward where Miss Hudson was sitting. There had been a change. A pair of symmetrical feminine boots were pointing toward the zenith. A somewhat disheveled feminine head was pointing toward nadir. Miss Hudson had executed a neat somersault backwards over the chain.
Running past the skylight, I shouted to our captain: "Miss Hudson has fallen overboard!" Then, throwing off my coat, hat and slippers, I cut the life-preserver loose about the rudder head. I told the man at the wheel to put the helm hard down and let the bark come up to the wind so they could throw her aback and stop her steering way. In much less time than it takes to write all these particulars, I had jumped overboard, and was swimming toward the struggling girl. In her fall she had turned a complete somersault, striking the water with her feet; her skirts and dress had formed a bag such as little girls make when they whirl themselves round and round and then suddenly crouch down in the infantile amusement called "making cheeses." In the same way the air under the girl's skirts had so buoyed her up and protected her that her head and shoulders were not at all wet. As I swam up close to her, she tried to throw her arms around my neck, but I backed off and told her I was not used to being so familiar with ladies I was not acquainted with. She tried it again, and then I could not resist the temptation to retort for the speech of a few days before.
"Listen to me," said I. "The air is escaping from under your skirts, and you are gradually going down. If you continue to struggle and attempt to grasp me, I will leave you and let you sink. All you have to do is to keep still. All I have to do is to swim up behind you, and put this life-preserver under your arms. Attend to your business, and I will attend to mine."
Whether it was that she really regained her presence of mind, or that her self-possession came from anger at my unfair retort, I never knew. I had said it for that reason, however. She ceased struggling, and I soon had the life-preserver over her head. I kept one hand on it, and swam with the other arm, thus keeping us both up. As we rose to the crest of the waves we could see the boat lowered and started toward us, and in a few moments we were lifted into it, and returning to the bark, ran in under

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Peek-a-Boo!
The cunningest thing that a baby can do is to play for the very first time, Peek-a-boo! It will hide its little pink face in its hands, then crow, and show that it understands. Then Nurse and Mamma, and Papa too. Mean when they hide and cry, "Peek-a-boo!"
Oh, what a wonderful thing it is. When they find that baby can play like that And they every one listen, and think it true That the baby's gurgle means Peek-a-boo!
I wonder if any one ever knew A baby who never played Peek-a-boo?
'Tis all the world is. I believe Cain was taught it by Mother Eve.
For Cain was an innocent babe once, too, And I am sure he played Peek-a-boo!
And the whole world full of the children of men Have all of them played that game since then.
And while the sun shines and the skies are blue, Babies will always play Peek-a-boo.
—Ella Wheeler, in *Young People*.

How "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Came to be Published.

John J. Jewett, the original publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," said:
"Professor Stowe was in favor of selling the manuscript for a sum. I'll tell my wife," said he to me, "that if she can get a good black silk dress or fifty dollars in money for the story she had better take it."
"Do you believe that you could have bought the story for \$50?"
"I believe that I could have bought it for \$25."
"No large were the orders for the book that from the day I first began to print it the eight presses never stopped for six months, day or night, and even then there were complaints that the volume did not appear fast enough. In a little while I was able to inform the Professor and Mrs. Stowe their percentage already amounted to \$10,000, and although my contract with them required me to give a note only, I would pay them that sum in cash."
"How did they receive the information?"
"They seemed a little dazed by the news. The sum was so vastly beyond anything they expected or had hitherto possessed, that it appeared to them like a great fortune. When they called at my office I handed Professor Stowe my check for \$10,000, payable to his order. Neither the Professor nor Mrs. Stowe had ever before received a check they told me, and they did not know what to do with it or how to get the money represented. I explained to the professor that he must endorse the check and present it for payment. I advised him to deposit the money in the same bank. We went thither together. I introduced him to the president and the professor opened an account. After instructing him how to keep his check book, and so on, and cautioning him and his wife never to go about with more than five dollars in their pockets, I bade them good day, and they went on their way rejoicing. When I gave them a second check for \$10,000, I found they needed no further instructions."
"How many copies of 'Uncle Tom' did you publish?"
"More than 350,000 sets of two volumes each were published the first year. After that the demand fell off."

Jay Gould's Library.

Jay Gould's library is one of the most remarkable things about that remarkable man. Not only does it contain all the standard classical works of history, science, finance, fiction and poetry, says the writer, but in certain glass cases, well guarded with strong wire net work outside, tomes of immense value and great age, and many an inditio princeps which would delight the heart of a bibliophile. This room is the one holy of holies of the millionaire, the mysterious chamber which Bluebeard forbade even the wife of his bosom to enter. No person except Mr. Gould is allowed to touch his precious books, even his factotum, Morosini, avoiding that dangerous ground. With all his business cares, Mr. Gould is a close student, and singularly well versed in general literature. A well-known New York lawyer once said of him that he was the best authority on the law of corporations in the United States.

A FISH WITH A WEAPON.

Power of the Sword-Fish in its Attacks on Vessels Illustrated in Some Remarkable Cases.
In 1871 the little yacht *Red Hot*, of New Bedford, Mass., engaged in sport-fishing, was struck by one of these fishes so effectually as to sink her. She was ultimately hauled up and afterward used by Prof. Baird in the service of the Fish Commission. A Gloucester schooner, the *Wyoming*, on her way to George's Banks, in 1875, was struck at night by a sword-fish, the sword penetrating the hull to a distance of two feet. The shock was distinctly felt by the captain. The fish finally broke away, leaving its weapon, that if it had pulled out would have undoubtedly sunk the vessel. As it was, she leaked badly.
J. F. Harwood, master of the British brigantine *Fortunate*, reported an instance similar to this. While on his passage from the Rio Grande, this ship was struck by a large fish, which made the vessel shake very much. Thinking the ship had been merely struck by the tail of some sea monster, he took no further notice of the matter; but, after discharging the cargo at Runcom and coming into the Canada half-tide-dock, he found one of the plank-ends in the stern split, and, on closer examination, he discovered that a sword-fish had driven his sword completely through the plank, four inches in thickness, leaving the point of the sword nearly eight inches through the plank. The fish in its struggle broke the sword off level with the outside of the vessel, and by its attack upon the ship lost nearly a foot length of the very dangerous weapon with which it is armed. There is no doubt that this somewhat singular occurrence took place when the vessel was struck, as Captain Harwood described.
A sword-fish weighing over four hundred pounds struck the fishing boat of Captain D. D. Thurlow, while he was hauling a mackerel seine, off Fire Island, and came near sinking her. The captain made several half-hitches around the weapon and the fish was secured, and sent to Fulton Market. The sword was nearly four feet long. A few years ago the brig *P. M. Tinker* was hauled up at the Norfolk shipyard for repairs, and upon examination it was found that the leak was caused by a sword-fish, the sword being found broken off, forward the bands, about sixteen feet abaft the fore-foot. The fish, in striking the vessel, must have come with great force, as the sword penetrated the copper sheathing, a four-inch birch plank, and through the timbers about six inches—in all about ten inches. It occurred in the morning when the ship was eighteen days out from Rio, and in the neighborhood of Cape St. Roque. She was pumped about four o'clock in the morning, and found free of water. At six o'clock the same morning she was again pumped, when water was obtained, and, on examination, it was found that she had made ten inches of water. The men were kept steady at the pumps until her arrival at Richmond, and while there and on her trip to Norfolk.
Captain Dyer, of New Bedford, had a curious experience some years ago. He struck a sword-fish from a thirty-foot boat forty miles south-west of Noman's Land, threw overboard the keg, tacked and stood by to the windward of it. When nearly abreast of it the man at the mast-head called out: "Why; here he is, right alongside." The fish was then about ten feet from the boat and swimming in the same direction, but when he got where he could see the splash of water around the bow he turned and struck the boat about two feet from the stern and just below the water-line. The sword went through the planking, which was of cedar an inch and three-quarters thick, into a lot of loose iron ballast, breaking off short at the fish's head. A number of boats, large and small, have been "stove" by sword-fish on our coast, but always after the fish had been struck.
The power of these fishes is inconceivable. In the planking of the ship *Leopard* a sword was found that had pierced the sheathing one inch, then through a three-inch plank, and beyond that three and a half inches into the hard oak timber. The men at work estimated that it would take to drive an iron spike a similar distance nine heavy blows from a twenty-five pound hammer.
In an examination of the ship *Fortune*, a sword was found that had been driven through the copper sheathing, a board under-sheathing, a three-inch plank of hard wood, then through a solid white-oak timber twelve inches thick, then through another two and a half-inch hard oak ceiling, and finally through the head of an oil barrel, where it stopped, not allowing a drop of oil to escape. A solid shot could hardly have done much greater damage. A good example of timber dam-

THE SQUATTER'S RUSE.

He Saves a Friend By His Very Evasive Answers.
Several weeks ago a party of revenue men stopped at the rude house of an Arkansas "squatter." He saw at a glance who they were, and when they called to him, he limped out to the fence.
"How do you do, sir?" said the commander of the squad.
"Putty well, thank yer. Won't yer light an' hitch?"
"No, we are in something of a hurry. What is good land worth?"
"I dunno."
"That's singular."
"It mout be ter some folks, but it ain't ter me. Say thar, Jim" turning to his son, "drive the sow outen the house, for she mout turn over the sugar troff an' spill the young'un."
"Do you know a man in this neighborhood named Bob Blakemore?"
"Is he got a sort o' moon eye on one side an' a sort o' rainy day eye on tuther?"
"That's the man, I believe."
"Sorter walks like he didn't kere whar he was gwine, do he?"
"Yes, from what I know of him he does."
"Sorter whines when he talks, like he was a longin' fur suthin' he ain't got?"
"He's the man, I have no doubt."
"Wars a par o' shoes what was made by Josh Simmons, with one heel thiser way an' tuther thater way," making signs with his hands.
"That's the individual. Where can I find him?"
"Well, ef yer know him as well as I do yer oughter know whar to find him."
"When did you see him last?"
"Don't ricolleck the last time as well as I do the fust. The fust time I ever seed him we fit. We fit till his wife she come, an' then till my wife she come, then we all fit. Airtter awhile we got mixed up, an' my wife she fit me an' his wife she fit him, an'—"
"Well, we don't care anything about that. I'd like to know whar we can find him, as we can doubtless strike a trade."
"Yas, but lemme tell yer. Say, Jim, did yer drive out the sow?"
"Yas, pap."
"Did he spill the young'un."
"No, pap."
"Look here, my friend."
"Don't know as I'm yer friend, but I'm er lookin' thar."
"We want to find Bob Blakemore."
"I'll tell you how ter find him ef that's whut yer want. See that hog path?"
"Yes."
"Wall, take that path till yer come ter the deer-lick. Bob's a mighty hunter an' yer air mighty likely ter find him thar."
"Suppose he isn't there?"
"Then I ken tell yer 'zactly whar he is."
"Where?"
"Summers else. Say, Jim, is the sow all right?"
"Yas, pap."
"Look here—"
"Lookin' thar agin."
"We want to go into the house."
"Sartinly, come in," and the party dismounted and entered. After looking around, and seeing nothing but a bed, a kettle, a sugar-trough cradle and a baby, they went away. After they had been gone awhile, a blanket in one corner of the room moved and Bob Blakemore's head appeared. All the time the old "squatter" had been engaging the revenue men in conversation, Blakemore, who knew that flight would be useless, was digging a hole in the dirt floor, and when he had crouched down and covered himself with the blanket, the boy, Jim, discovered that the sow was "all right."
—Arkansas Traveler.

A Trial of Horses at Heavy Pulling.

In trials made not long ago at the Illinois industrial university it was proven that a pair of more than ordinarily powerful farm horses, one weighing about 1,250 pounds and the other over 1,400 pounds, at a "dead pull" drew 1,000 and 1,025 each. This was done when the band was tightened so that the straightening of the traces gave the horses the benefit of their own weight. With loose band, allowing the traces to rise naturally, each horse drew 300 pounds less. These horses were both well shod. Another horse of about the same apparent strength as these, but unshod, could only draw 675 pounds with tight band. In each case the horse was hitched to the end of a rope about 150 feet long, having the benefit of the stretching of the rope as a relief from a "dead pull." The maximum strength seemed to be exerted at each trial, all the horses being accustomed to heavy pulling.

Untold.

A face may be woful white
To cover a heart that's aching;
And a face may be full of light
Over a heart that's breaking.
'Tis not the heaviest grief
For which we wear the willow;
The tears bring slow relief
Which only wet the pillow.
Hard may be burdens born,
Tho' friends would fain unwind them;
Harder are crosses worn
Where none save God can find them.
For the loved who leave our side
Our souls are well nigh riven;
But ah! for the graves we find,
Have pity, tender heaven!
Soft be th' words and sweet
That soothe the spoken sorrow;
Alas! for the weary feet
That may not rest to-morrow.
HUMOROUS.
Advice to an egotistical blower: Shut down your wind, oh!
Many a woman who does not know even the multiplication table can "figure" in society.
Many a young man who works hard during the day allows his hands to go to waist during the evening.
"I fill the Bill," said Willie, when he got into his mother's preserve closet. "And I foot the Bill," remarked papa, overhearing the soliloquy.
The tramp who scours the country
In search of some food or pelf,
Would hardly e'er go hungry,
If he'd only scour himself.
"I wouldn't mind it so much," said the gilded youth, "if he'd bring a different bill occasionally. But I'm bored to death with seeing the same old bill!"
Anthony Trollope said that an ill-fitting shirt-collar would keep him from thinking. This shows Mr. Trollope's eccentricity. An ill-fitting shirt-collar will make the average man think with great rapidity.
Nothing disgusts a young lover in lavender pants so much as to find that the piano stool he has been occupying for the last hour has been used as a "twister" at the children's candy-pulling party the night before.
"Do birds think?" asks a writer in opening a current article. If they do, we would like to know what a canary bird thinks of the fat woman who stands up in a chair and "talks baby" through the brass wires of its cage.
While the arrangements were being made for a party a few evenings ago a young lady present innocently inquired: "Is the invitation to embrace the young ladies?" "Oh, no!" replied a young man, "the gentlemen will attend to that." And now the young lady wonders what the young man meant.
She was in the dimly-lighted reception room of a city dry goods store, and, walking up to a tall mirror placed against the wall, remarked: "Why, how came you here?" Then, observing some surprise, not to say amusement, on the faces of the other occupants of the room, she saw her mistake and exclaimed in great confusion: "I thought it was my sister; we're twins."
Origin of Papa and Mamma.
An early instance which occurs to me is in the "Beggars' Opera," (1727), where Polly Peachum, I think it is, speaks of "papa." The modern change from "papa" and "mamma" to "father" and "mother" among the upper classes, which began about thirty years ago, seems to have been a reaction against a custom which had gradually crept in among persons of a lower grade. As soon as common people's children began to say "papa" and "mamma," those of higher grade were taught to say "father" and "mother." It was among my High church friends that I first noticed this adoption of "father" and "mother." One does not see the connection, but truly such is the fact. When I was young, "papa" and "mamma" was universal among what may be called the middle and upper classes of society, and to this day, "ladies of a certain age" still use these words. King George III, about the year 1762, addressed his mother as "mamma," so I find it stated in "Greville Memoirs." But I do not think that Charles II, unless he was speaking in French, ever addressed Henrietta Maria by that endearing term, and I felt tolerably sure that Lady Elizabeth never called Henry VIII "papa." On the other hand, I would observe that "papa" and "mamma" are fast being supplanted by the old original "father" and "mother." For ten or perhaps twenty years past children in the upper and middle classes have, so far as my observation goes, been taught to say "father" and "mother"; and "papa" and "mamma," which are words of extreme tenderness to those of my generation, seem now to have sunk into contempt as a "note" of social superiority.