

Deviner's Gephart

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The Millheim Journal.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS. If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers are notified to send them until all arrears are paid. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office, to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they have notified the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.

BE KIND. As stars upon the tranquil sea In mimic glory shine. So words of kindness in the heart Reflect the source divine. Oh then be kind, when'er thou art, That breathest mortal breath, And it shall brighten all thy life, And sweeten even death.

WINTER. The sun in dreary splendor, Is lingering in the West; A gloomy weight of ice and snow Is on the water's breast. The daisies and the butter cups Are in their frozen bed; All cheerless in the meadow, With sheets of white o'erspread.

A Generation of Vipers. The other day, while the Rev. Mr. Mul-kittle was traveling on a railroad just completed through a hitherto "unopened-to-the-world" section of Arkansas, a man wearing high top boots and a long "yaller" jeans coat, sat down by him and attempted to engage the good man in conversation.

Open Windows. A very large quantity of fresh air is spoiled and rendered foul by the act of breathing. A man spoils not less than a gallon every minute. In eight hours breathing, a full-grown man spoils such fresh air as seventeen three bushel sacks could hold!

"How will this do?" said Mr. Mul-kittle. "Have arrested a man for one Nick Payton. Says that his name is the Rev. Mul-kittle. Do you know him?" "Now," continued the minister, "Sign your name to this and send it."

"Don't know the man, but think he is wanted here. Hold him until officers from here arrive." Mr. Mul-kittle groaned, and sank upon a bench. The crowd gathered around and commented on his appearance.

"Look out, Miss; look out," gasped Mr. Mul-kittle, trying to shove her away. "You are certainly a very improper young woman. Don't make yourself so ridiculous. I never saw you before."

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An Episode of the Battle of Gettysburg. Midway between the contending lines, says the New York Star, was a solitary tree that in peaceful times had given shade to the harvest hands at their nooning.

The Confederate sharpshooter, who had been doing his best to destroy his antagonist, had observed in front of him a wounded Federal, lying helplessly on the ground between the two lines, and begging in his agonizing thirst for a drink; and at the almost certain risk of losing his own life, he had gone forward to give comfort to the distressed enemy.

The next day—the Fourth of July—a heap of Confederates was found under that tree. Whether the hero of the day before was one of the ghostly dead, will probably never be known.

About Women. Woman is the masterpiece.—Confucius. He that takes a wife take care.—Herder. Woman is the crown of creation.—Franklin. Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.—Voltaire.

Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, and the salt of his life.—Michelet. A man with a silver-plated, double-back-action coinholder, says the Evansville Argus, came into the sanctum, the other day, and commenced explaining the beauties of the article for holding silver halves, etc., and he had gotten half through before he found he was in a printing office.

The difference between a besotted man and a pig is a slight one at best. One is hunting grog and the other a grunting hog.

A Boy's Battle for Life. While Captain Johnson, of Clinch county, Georgia, was helping a party of twenty-five or thirty men haul for trout in a mill-pond the other day, his little son, Joseph, had a most thrilling experience. Master Joseph carried a bag, or corn sack, in which to deposit the fish when caught.

He had hardly extricated himself from the jaws of death before the fishermen, alarmed by the struggle, were at hand, and another battle ensued. Thirty men, armed with gigs, poles, pocket knives, and such other instruments of war as were near at hand, charged upon the monster.

It Will Come Back to You. You have a father? You have a mother? You love them. But once in a while you grow impatient, and the weakness of your nature crops out; it wrecks itself on innocent father and mother, perhaps, and they suffer the punishment of a word called up by another's annoyance.

Whoooping Cough.—Dr. Garth, of Vienna, proposes a singular treatment for this distressing ailment, which will doubtless receive careful consideration from the medical profession. He states that by placing twenty drops of the oil of turpentine on a handkerchief, holding it before the face, and taking about forty deep inspirations, to be repeated three daily, marked relief, succeeded in cases of laryngeal catarrh by speedy attend an infant of fifteen months in the convulsive stage, he instructed the child's mother to hold a cloth moistened as already described, before it when awake, and to drop the oil upon its pillow when it slept.

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How a Union Soldier Made a Fiddle. It was at the "Brandy Station" Virginia in the winter of 1863-64, says the Westfield (Mass.) Times, that Geo. M. Colt, Company C, Second Vermont Volunteers, proposed to make the cheer-giving instrument; and with a hatchet, jack knife, file, and a piece of junk bottle as his only tool, he cut a piece of maple from a stump that grew on the bank of the Rappahannock River, set to work.

Sometimes I wonder what a man thinks about when he goes to bed, when he turns out the light and lies down, when the darkness closes in about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again.

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A FLORIDA CRACKER. Riding Away From Blood-thirsty Indians on a Snout. "Talkin' about Ingins, let me tell you about a narerer escape I had once from the blame-taken things than the one I told you about afore. Hit happened along in 1837, when I was tollably young and spy and had just settled in this country. I had a right smart little clearin' of forty acres, had just married Sal Jennings—an' a likely young gal she was, too—an' we settled down to farmin'.

"This here sow was the ornariest lookin' animal that ever I seed. She was nigh onto six feet long and not much fatter than a gallon of pump water. Her years had been cut off close to her head an' her tail was just a hard stump that you could hang a bucket on when you went to the spring arter water; but she had more solid hard sense than any sow I've ever seed afore or since. We called her Lot, because my woman, who was well laint an' had nearly a hull Bible, 'lowed it was goin' to take a heap of salt to pack her away when we got outen meat an' decided to kill her.

"No, he said, 'I don't owe; and I don't mean to if I can help it.' "Aha!—good, good!" cried Theophilus gladly. "If you are owing no body, of course you cannot need money. At all events, you don't need it one-half so much as I do; for I am in debt. But don't worry, Harvey. It shall come some time."

"I am, desperately so!" "Mer-y! You don't owe anybody else money; do you?" "I do; I owe a large sum!" "Aha! Good, good!" grasping the tailor's hand. "Now, my dear fellow, you can sympathize with me. We're both in the same box. But don't let us fret. We'll keep our shoulder to the wheel—keep our courage up, my boy, and we'll come out all right. Never fear. Have a drink!"

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband—the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

"There is nothing like settling down," said the retired merchant, confidentially, to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down and found that I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I should not have had a cent."

HUMOROUS. HE COULD SYMPATHIZE WITH HIM.—Theophilus Wiggleton could crawl out through a smaller hole than any other man in town; I mean by that, that he could shirk responsibility; and especially creep away from paying his honest debts. In this latter respect he was both slippery and brazen. Here is a case directly to the point.

"Oh!—ho! ho! It's you, my dear old fellow! How are you?" And he gave him a handgrasp that was warm and hearty. "Say, Harvey, are you pressed? Do you owe anybody that ought to be paid at once?"

"No, he said, 'I don't owe; and I don't mean to if I can help it.' "Aha!—good, good!" cried Theophilus gladly. "If you are owing no body, of course you cannot need money. At all events, you don't need it one-half so much as I do; for I am in debt. But don't worry, Harvey. It shall come some time."

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