THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL Deininger \& Bumiller. The Itlillheim Iflumnal. Penn St, near Hartman's foundry.
81.00 PRR ANNOM, IN ADVANCE
Amoptante Corresponienco Soliciedel.


FATE AND THE FUTURE:
DEININGER \& BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors.
VOL. 58.
MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10., 1884.
NO.2.
 of silver maples that formed a oort of
araide, from the town pump in the
ralles to the tall red house where, year in, year out with the exception of Sit.
urday, grim old Mr. Nickeloy Glasgow
held undisputed sway over an infan-
hele undisputed sway over an inatan
tile domain which recogizad tut one
cower superior to this, and that the

 Nickeloy Glasgow, take him before
nine octolok or anter four, and
he rests well
trust he rests
very trees
ncation.
The ol
head of $t$
Hver maples interlace as bung tenderl
as they did on the day that Mary
Throne and I walked up the turnpike
road for t
must be
teen and
remember thas a year vounger. 1
aui that she trudged along very close
at my side. I talked very soberly of go-
ing away, and she er
"Going away !" she repeated after
ence.- "Going away ! When and
where ".
"To-day, Mary," I made answer.
"You know there is no home for mee
here since mother died -no home for
here since mother died -no home for
me any where except the one I shall
make for myself and -and you, Mary."
make for myself and-and you, Mary."
She stopped and leaned against the
rink of a mapie, and looked at me
halt quizzically from the shade of the
brown veil; she seemed to be laugning,
bnt there were tears in the laugh, and
ears were trickling down her face,
"But where are you going
"Bause wetweene are youry other word.
where there is a chance fora poorboy
nd it seems to me that I ought to go
a long distance from here to
the was still leaning against the
reet, looking up at me.
"Are you so very poor. then?", she
querier. I remember I laughed at her
in reply, and continued, "Ah, yes, you
are, I know, and it is terrible to be
poor, is it not ${ }^{\prime \prime \prime}$,
".I Irust
how terrible it is," I said.
et of her dress ; by-and-by the hand
was withdrawn, and I saw that the fin
gers were pressed tigttly over a deli
cate silken purse, on which her mono gram, "M. T.,", was quaiutly em
ered in a bright shade of floss.
"Here, Bob, "Here, Bob, take this," she s
palm. "It isu't much, but it will help you. Now don't refuse,
want to make me angry.' wrong in taring it, but it certs would have bsen a greater wrong had
I denied her wish. Feeling, however only chavce I saw to retrive murself the store of worldy effects wase kind. M $I$ had a ring which in her gouth $m$ mother had worn. It was a quaint de
vice of Etruscan not worth. She marvelous beauty not worth. She had given it to me
just before slhe died, as she laid he
hand on my liead to myself and her.
"Take tha girl sweet and good whom you ma
love even bet tean say that in hea ven I will watch ov
you both and wait for you both and wait for your cmming."
Surely I had found the "sweet, goo grrl," and I slipped
finger and kissed it,
"It was mother's,"
I said. '.Wear

| it, Mary, as the seal of our betrothal ; wear it, and I know you will always think of me., <br> "Good-by, Mary." <br> I meant to be very calm, very self. possed; tears were for women, I thought, loftily and repressinn for men ; and I looked down oa her trembling little figute, vaguely outlined against the red background of the | share the regret I experienced at their removal ; they were excellent people, and Mr. Throne's name was foremost in all charities, of which the school fund was the principal one." <br> I tossed the leiter away, and my heart and thoughts went out to the little girl struggling, perhaps, just as I was struggling, fighting the same hard battle, bearing the same heavy burden, | The ring fell from her grasp, and she sprang back with a scream of joy, <br> "Bob-Bob-O Bob!" <br> And she was crying on my breast, just as she had cried a dozen years before, and just as she will never cry again, Godwilling; for she is mine now, all mine, for there was a solemn and beautiful wedding nest day, and we are happy as the days are long, Mary and 1. |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |


| That was ten years ago, ten years of at, privation, and final reward. At outset I knew the world was anst me, and that I was against the orld. But I was resolute, presever- and, above all, hopeful. There was ny a struggle, a long, long series of appointments-moments when hope me. But I struggled on, determinto conquer, not be conquered; and at is impossible to youth, blessed h health, hope and ambition to succannot bring myself to believe that rectal of struggl es, temptation and fiachievement, however glowing, by one's self is interesting to oththerefore I shall not lengtnen mine. ition of an office boy to a legal firm vanced to clerk, thea to student, fanally to junior partnership. All was, ot course, not accomplished asily as written. There was many pse from the gaol of ambition, manquiet heart-ache, many a moment complete discouragement. But hing, however paltry, was beneath notice, nothiug, however great, bed my energy. From "Bob" I rose high estate of "youug Halleck," | ears had come and gone, ws of an early winter lay eets and house tops, and the leafless branches of the swayed to and fro with t of cadence, and sharpened cutting air. Yet, spite of ts of the city shone with diminished, and occasionhe sighing of the wind rose a merry laugh, a broken rain of music ; then the ppermost again. <br> in the old Trinity was elye, I had passed into had buttoned my coat $m e$, and was waiting for $y$ me home. You see I nowadays ; they are one of follies, and throw money channel of circulation. me had died away, and onof clanging bells remained. wn the street in search of straightway looked back sound of a low voice at <br> pardon, sir ; but can you the Bowery, please?" own I. saw the shrinking man leaning azainst the my side. The voice was | the Chinese. They are a nation; they ascend to the decend into the sea for ideas d to toys, and spare no pains ing them. Dragons, and giants, arfs, and strange fish, and sea and curious nondescript beanimals all servf, and then chi ldren plenty of them; result the Chinese are like the Germong themselves sociable, great ustrious. Japanese are much The English now run more door toys and games which exprojectiles, tennis, foot bail, shinny, ho op, marbles. The y tag and pull-away and all ning games and the girls play Jovial, atheletic find the Enus. Again, look at the Spanry few toys they use. What's Why, they are treacherous, mplacable. Then the Indians n Indian s-the only toy they he bow. Well, now this culand killing instincts only. was the result? Why, we had to all off; they were entirely unThe Esquimax, he has no all, and he is the meanest specimankind on God's footstool. |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |



| fields of grain, ripe for the sickle, could be seen, stretching away in all directions. of which not a stalk remained standing; garden growth of all kinds utteriy destroyed; hardly a pane of glass was left in the village ; the foliage of the trees was so cut and mangled that the limbs looked bare as in winter time. $A$ belt eight miles in width and twice as many in length |
| :---: |

some
to ru
waro
bon
usual
the Northwest. To survey this road a
bran new corps of engineers was
brought out from the East and set to
wrk. We had battled successfully
with the mosquitoes and thy other con-
comitant pleasures of plain life
$\qquad$ ness and wistom.
Chree things to love-courage, gentle-
ness and affection. "Hold on!" Whouted one. yelled half a dozen voices at once. mmanded a policeman, as he took rmer grip of his baton.
The man with the trap spread a
large handkerchief over it and waited. He was not a bit excited. On the
contrary, he was as placid as a chit sailing in the wash dish.

## "Whar' did

"What'll ye take fur him ?", asked with the same silent contempt.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Then four or five men care rur } \\
& \text { ning up with dogs under their arm }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { and ten or fifteen dogs on foot follou } \\
& \text { ed hehind. There }
\end{aligned}
$$

$\qquad$ here would have been a row between man appeared. Order was finally $r$ crele and held by their collars the placid man slowly knocked th
ashes from his pipe, looked carefull around, and then raised the trap and
shook the rat out. All the dogs made a rush, bat in ten seconds each and and seemed to be hurt in his feelings. up to view he whirled it around Yes, it vhas a groghery radt, and
he cost me den cents!" calmly replie the placid man as he walked off with Heroic Mr. Splukins wishiv Earn a Penny by saving it He ShovELS THE SNow from his Pate-- "No,"
said Spilkins to the small boy who rang his door bell asking if he wanted
his sidewalk shoveled off, and who off reded to do the job for a quarter. Spi
kins had just been reading a book in which a lot of pernicious aphorisms a-
bout the desirability of economy were set down, such as "A penny saved is
a penny earned," "A groat a day is a a penny earned," "A groat a day is a
pound a year," etc.; therefore he said to himself, would cost, and do the work myself.
Besides me." He told these cases, tike all true
$\qquad$ to do the work himself would be ten
times what it is worth. But Spilkins his rubber boots and mummified himself by means of a long ulster, a com-
forter and a fur cap, and went out to
his self-selected labors. As he emerghis self-selected labors. As he emerg-
ed from his door he struck a piece of ice on the top step and went into the
street flying and got a lot of snow up his sleaves and trousers legs, and
down the back of his neck; however, a little profanity relieved his mind in The job was harder than he antici-
pated, but he stuck to it, and at last went, into the housse again, bathed in
perspiration and triump. ing down to smoke, as was his custom
after anything particular, he found that in his fall down the steps he had
ground to snuff three twenty-fve-cent clgars which he had in his pocket and
the next morning woke up with an in flueeza which has given him the aspect
of the weeping philosopher and the temper of a bear ever since. He there-
fore says trat economy is a fraud and has thrown his book of maxims int
the fire. A boy with a patch on his knee can't
be hired to go on an errand to the next house, but he will follow a band wagon
all over town and never realize that he isn't dressed in broadeloth.
According to the New York Express,
it in the boy on top of the molasses
hogshead who sings: "Oh for a thoushogshead who
and tongues."

