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THE EVENING STAR.

Ere the twilight duskier grew, A flash of light, a hill summit drew Her sacred splendor, unobscured to the west: Slowly, then, in the faltering deep Of the luminous sky she set, It vanished beyond any quest.

CLOUD FANCIES.

Billows of clouds, like foam of the sea, Surging and drifting in blue expanse; Mountains of clouds, piled high and free— Armies of clouds, in a swift advance.

That Golden Curl.

Perry Dayton sat in his stuffy little office, busily glancing over a heap of letters which that morning's post had brought for the establishment of Messrs. Park and Haily.

"Enclosed please find—invisible hair net—color of hair sent. Address Miss Ella Terrell, Oakhaven," etcetera.

"Miss Ella Terrell has very lovely hair," thought the young man, examining the long curl attentively. It was golden brown, and shone radiantly in the beams of sunlight which at that particular moment came pouring in at the little window.

"I have, my dear Miss Ella, at last found one to match your beautiful curl. I hope—"

"What bosom I am writing! Why, Perry, old boy, you're clean gone!" he exclaimed, tossing the offending missive in the waste basket.

Enclosing the article in a wrapper, he addressed it, and laid it with similar parcels on a shelf, at the same time consigning the curl to his vest pocket.

"Of course you are aware, Mr. Dayton, that someone must go north shortly to attend to that business in Liverpool; and as we have found you faithful in the discharge of your duties, and place the utmost confidence in your judgement, Mr. Haily and myself have decided that you are the one to go."

people in the place. He was talking with Mrs. Langdon when he discovered that Trevelyn was dancing with a pretty young lady. She had dark eyes, a small oval face, and was dressed in some airy, floating material.

"Don't you agree with me, Mr. Dayton?" "Oh, yes, indeed!" he said having not the slightest idea of what Mrs. Langdon was talking about.

"Was Miss Terrell engaged for the next dance?" A glance at a dainty programme proved the contrary. "Might he have the pleasure?" "Yes."

What a delightful turn that was! Dayton had never enjoyed anything so much. He had some thought of telling Miss Terrell that a lock of that mass of wavy hair was at that moment lodged in his pocket.

One day there was to be a picnic. Nature exerted herself to the utmost on this particular occasion. No one had ever experienced a more delightful pure atmosphere. How fresh everything looked!—how sweetly the birds sang!

"I found myself able to be with you earlier than I expected. They told me you were all booked for the day, so I determined to follow suit."

"It is so nice that you happened to come on this particular day! We are going to have such a nice day!" said Mrs. Terrell.

"I'm not so sure of that," soliloquized Dayton, gloomily, remarking how pleased Ella seemed at the advent of this stranger.

"Mr. Dayton—Mr. Greydon," came at last; and our friend found the keen, gray eyes giving him a searching look during the process of a graceful bow.

"When is the wedding to come off?" he heard someone ask Mrs. Terrell.

"Then they are engaged! Why didn't someone tell me before I made such an utter fool of myself?" he groaned.

Everyone thought this precise moment a suitable time for exploring tours and separated into groups.

The poor fellow wandered off by himself, he did not care whither. His brain seemed on fire. He was desperately in love. Why had she always seemed so pleased to see him? He had thought so differently of her!

He turned hastily and discovered that he had wandered some distance. Arrived at the spot, he found Miss Ella, evidently much fatigued, alone.

That Bad Boy. "When pa and I got to Chicago," said the bad boy, "we walked around town all day and went to the stores, and he put me to bed in the tavern and went out to walk around and get rested. I wasn't tired and I walked about the hotel. I thought pa had gone to the theatre, and that made me mad, and I thought I would pay him for all I was worth."

"Dear me, no!" laughed Ella. "He is on his way to my Aunt Hattie's, who lives in Liverpool. He is to marry my cousin in August, and only stopped here to consult papa about something."

"Miss Terrell—Ella—dear Ella! I have been such a fool!" Of course no right-minded person would like to intrude on the conversation which followed; suffice it to say that two weddings came off in August instead of one, and one happy pair consisted of Ella Terrell and Mr. Perry Dayton.

Four Wealthy Women. Some of the very rich women of New York have many peculiarities. Mrs. Stewart, for instance, never opens her front windows, and she goes out driving so seldom that even the neighbors on the adjoining block do not know her.

Miss Wolfe differs from Mrs. Stewart in this respect: When she meets a beggar she must know his or her references before doing anything of a substantial nature. It is a very difficult matter to fix the age of Miss Wolfe. She is no longer young and yet she does not look old.

Mrs. Goelet, like her late husband, is of a retiring disposition. For intervals of weeks she will remain closely at home, out to all callers, and then again she will be seen at every place of note in the city.

But the most sensible and attractive of the rich ladies of New York whom this article has called to mind is Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts. The widow of a mining king, intelligent, cultured and handsome, she, with \$8,000,000 in her own right, numbers her suitors by the dozen.

To spoil steak—fry it. To spoil tea or coffee—boil it. To spoil custard—bake it too long. To spoil house-plants—water them too much.

To spoil butter—do not work out all the milk. To spoil carpet—sweep it with a stiff half-worn broom.

To spoil pan-cakes—bake them on a luke-warm griddle. To spoil a breakfast—Grumble all the while you are eating.

To spoil potatoes—let them lie and soak in water after boiling. To spoil bread—use poor flour and sour yeast and let it rise until too light and it runs over.

To spoil scissors—cut everything from a sheet of paper to a bar of cast iron. To spoil garments in making—cut them out carelessly and run all the seams.

To spoil a school—change teachers every time some one in the district finds fault. To spoil children—humor them to everything they happen to think they want.

Matches in Cotton. The Corriere Mercantile of Genoa, asserts that large importers of American cotton in that city have found match-boxes, and even handfuls of matches, artfully dispersed here and there inside the bales, with evident intention of setting the cotton on fire, through the action of that development of heat which is often caused by the cotton being insufficiently dried before it is packed.

Locking the Tower. The locking up of the Tower of London at night is one of the cumbersome old ceremonies still in use. A few minutes before the clock strikes eleven, the porter with an attendant, appears before the main guard house, carrying a lantern, and calls on 'Escort Keys.'

The guard, supplied always from the Queen's household troops, then turns out and escorts 'Keys' outer gate, called the 'Spur,' each sentry challenging as they pass his post. 'Who goes there?' 'Keys.' After the gates are securely locked and barred the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation as before.

Frost in the Cellar. While it is true that all kinds of fruit and vegetables will keep better in a cellar with the temperature as near freezing as may be without injury, it is also desirable that there be proper protection afforded to prevent the entrance of frost when there is a season of protracted and severe cold.

California Rainfall. Careful records prove that the rainfall of California about every six or seven years shows a remarkable shrinkage, amounting to nearly half. Taking the cycle of six years, the average rainfall is quite constant, but there is some increase. The San Francisco Bulletin says: "The number of years which have elapsed since the last drouth is seven, and it will be seen that drouths have come in either six or seven years."

A Model Newspaper. The Oil City Blizzard, prints the following original notice at the head of editorial columns: Ground out every week-day afternoon and inflicted on the dear people, through Uncle Sam's mail, or by a male carrier. Money will not be received in advance, unless it is genuine. The acceptance of United States money made a speciality. No cord wood or hay taken in payment for subscription. We burn coal, and can't eat hay. Young eggs will be taken in exchange for old papers. Parties who pay for the paper in advance will not be required to take it unless they wish to do so.

Comfort for late Risers. The ethics of good sleep should form a part of household morality. It is hardly an extravagant assertion that comparatively few people, after childhood is passed, know by experience what perfect sleep is, and satisfy themselves with a poor apology for this most perfect refreshment.

The most perfect sleep is obtained by carefully closing the blinds, raising and lowering the windows to admit plenty of pure air, and drawing down the heavy shades, thus making the room perfectly dark. Then, on going to bed, go there to sleep, not to write or read, or think or plan, but for that most valuable of all things, the foundation of all activity and energy—perfect sleep.

The Result of James Nutt's Trial forestold by a Dreamer. Fred Joyce, of Youngstown, Ohio, who is regarded as the champion dreamer, claims to have dreamed a couple nights ago of the Nutt trial, the vision carrying him clear through the case. The trial, he says, will last two weeks, will be full of sensations and altogether will be one of the most noteworthy murder trials on record.

"A GREAT SENSATION." Among publishers, manufacturers and business men, many inducements have been offered to the public for the purpose of promoting the introduction of various papers, or articles, but not one of them equals the extraordinary chance offered by The World Magazine.

SCHOTT AND NOTT.—A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Schott and John S. Nott. Nott was not shot, and Schott was not. In this case it is better to be Schott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Schott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Schott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Schott shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may possibly be that the shot Schott shot Schott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Schott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Schott shot not Schott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Who will adhere to him that abandons himself. To rule one's anger is well: to prevent it is better. Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Charity comes too late that comes for the asking. To know how to wait is the great secret of success. Chastity, once lost, cannot be recalled; it goes only once. We are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions.

Humorous. "Husband, you'll have to go and call that boy yourself. I can't make him get up. He sleeps as if he were a log." "Oh, well, Maria, the boy can't help it. It's fate. He was born to be a policeman." "Been down to Tugstrap's stable. I tell you he's got some splendid horse flesh in it." "Has he? Wonder he doesn't put some of it on that pair of frames he had out this morning?"

At the bank: "I have a note here that's due to-day. I'd like to get the time extended, as I haven't any money." "We cannot possibly let it go over." "That is, I have the money, but—" "All right, I guess we can accommodate you. If you've got the money it's quite a different thing."

Among the reasons urged by a Peoria, Ill. woman for a divorce are: Drunkenness, swearing, obscenity, arson, filthy habits, incompatibility, infidelity, brutality, laziness, bigamy, and non-support. She married him to spite her father for boxing her ears.

They were talking about music and the drama at the table of their host, who, as they were already well aware, owed his fortune to his own unaided exertions. "You are fond of Rossini?" asked one of the guests. "Passionately," replied the host. "Know his 'Barber'?" "No, sir; I do not; never patronized the man. Have shaved myself for the last forty years."

"Don't you think, husband, that you are apt to believe everything you hear?" "No, madam, not when you talk." "Have you ever seen a mermaid, captain?" asked a lady on board the Margate boat. "I've seen a good many fish women, madam, if that's what you mean," was the reply.

EXERCISE.—Said a young doctor to a lady patient: "You must take exercise for your health, my dear." "All right," she said; "I'll jump at the first offer." They were married about six months afterward.

A CHICAGO PARTINGTON.—An Indiana Avenue lady dropped in on one of her neighbors for an afternoon call. "How is your daughter?" she inquired. "Splendid. She has just got back from the State Normal School, where she ciphered clear through from ambition to chemical fractures, and then she took up pottery and jobbery, and says she can speculate the internal calculations."