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# The Millheim Journal.

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## UNDER THE SHADOWS.

I said: God never meant  
Our lives should be shadows;  
The blessed sunshine, sent  
To wake the birds, and open wide the eyes  
Of slumbering blossoms, in a glad surprise,  
Is but a type of what our lives should be.

Lo! all things have their way—  
Their time of happy birth;  
See, when the sun is warm and gay,  
Falls gently on each bud, and twigs and leaf,  
How all the earth smiles, and underneath  
Each shrub how myriad insects play!

No life can be life,  
Without some hope or joy,  
With the sweet passion rife  
Of love, best sunshine of the heart:  
It else were mere existence, with no part  
In all that makes a life worth living.

I turned, and at my feet  
I saw the gardener plie,  
With careful hand and neat,  
The mould in your constant shade to keep  
A plant, that ever striving seemed to creep  
Up to the light, that ever was denied.

And when I questioned why  
The gardener made me reply:  
"This training only answers every need:  
Without this culture I were poor indeed—  
A worthless weed but cumbering the ground."

But now it grows so white,  
So pure, unadorned, undimmed,  
It needeth not the light;  
Under the shadows it is fair and sweet,  
Full of rare virtues, and a plant most meet  
For use of man; and only thus could be.

And such is life! I thought:  
So God indeed hath meant;  
And thus His hand hath wrought.  
Under the shadows most our lives are spent:  
This their true need; and the path hath sent  
By which they grow all white suited up to Him.

## LIFE'S STRUGGLE.

Do you wish to be successful  
In the struggle of life?  
Then press forward, seeking ever,  
The heaviest of the strife.

If the battle be a fierce one,  
Fight it with endurance, vim,  
And in the end you will win,  
And in it you will win.

If the battle thus, with courage,  
And you'll find a way to conquer  
Be the forces great or small.

Let the dictates of your conscience  
Guard and guide you in the fray,  
And with duty as your watchword,  
You will never go astray.

Strive onward, then, and upward,  
Remember, lead the van:  
For as life proves the metal,  
So do trials prove the man.

## A BLACK HERO.

"Think you can mind de cabin while  
Ise g-ner cherch, Abram?"

"Think I can, mammy."

"Yer will be all lone!"

"I haint 'feared. Ain't I big nuf?"

This was some pride.

"Dat you are, I declare!" answered  
Chloe Simons, as she bent low and kissed  
the great mouth of her only child  
good-by. Her last words upon closing  
the door and hearing the click of the  
latch were, "Min' you, chile, don' go  
near de lamp, 'cause yer mout be upset  
in it 'fore youse am 'ware ob de fac'  
and brun 'yoself ter dust finer 'an any-  
thing!"

"All right, mammy, I'll take care!"  
came the reply through the cracks in  
the cabin door from Abram.

Abram had been left alone to take  
care of the cabin, while mammy, as  
such she was known, went to "camp-  
meetin'" to hear of "Parson Coldham" lu-  
cidate plain fac' on "eligion," as mam-  
my herself should have said were she  
in a pleasant mood and had plenty of  
time to spare. She always tried to be  
eloquent in conversation with her only  
heir, Abram. She thought the world  
of her little Jack-in-the-box, whose  
head resembled a gutta-percha ball.  
She thought him better "den edy ob de  
white trash eben ef he war a brack  
piccanniny," she was often heard to  
mutter when the boys of the village  
would shriek, "Nigger, nigger never  
die!" at Abram, whose defiant reply  
would invariably be, "Will die! I hab  
jist much right to die as you have, bah!  
bah!"

Although the boys ever made fun of  
him they could not but admire the bra-  
very in the little fellow. That he was  
brave will be admitted before we reach  
the sequel of our story.

Poor little ebony fellow! It cost him  
his life to show it, though.

After mammy had left the cabin, and  
Abram saw that the door had been se-  
curely fastened from the inside, he ap-  
proached the lamp, which was burning,  
not very brightly, it must be acknowl-  
edged, on the table in the corner of the  
low-roofed room, and after contempla-  
ting it a few moments, said with a wise  
shake of his little skull,—

"Dere haint much light ter dat lamp,  
I'm sure! 'Pears ter me as if it mout  
be made to burn largerer, 'cause it am  
not burning wid full steam, dat am a  
fac.' But as mammy tol' me not ter  
touch de lamp, how in de world can I  
grab near it 'nuf ter wind up de short-  
ness ob de week dat am almos' bruning  
out? Let me see," he soliloquized  
while a puzzled expression sat on his  
countenance, "if don' wind dat lamp  
up pooty soon it am gwine ter go out,  
and dis yer chille will hab ter sit up  
for mammy in de duik, and I don' tink dat  
I'd like dat—no, don' tink I would!  
So I guess I'll wind up de shortness,  
and den de room will hab more light,  
and I won' feel so lonesome cause—  
Oh, golly! what was dat?" questioned he  
in frightened tones, as the noise of  
somebody trying to force the window  
open fell with startling distinctness on  
his ears,

Visions of ghosts, hobgoblins and gi-  
ant demons with terrible forms flashed  
across his mind. To him they seemed  
starting from the four corners of the  
room in all their ghostliness to destroy  
him with their devilishness.

How the little fellow trembled!

Several days before, the boys of the  
village met in Squire Diedgrain's old  
barn and listened with breathless in-  
terest to the tales of blood and thunder  
read by the squire's eldest son Jake,  
from a fiery dime novel. Abram was a-  
mong the number, and was one of the  
most interested in the altogether-im-  
probable stories. He had almost frigh-  
tened old Mammy Simons out "ob  
her clo's," so the good old lady said,  
with his imitative war dances at all  
hours of the day. Mammy used to  
wonder where the chickens were disap-  
pearing to—lay; but the mystery was  
made only too plain one day when A-  
bram, covered from head to foot with  
feathers, entered the room with a terri-  
ble noise resembling a steam fog whis-  
tle, flourishing a bloody hatchet and a  
blood-freezing looking bowie knife al-  
most as big as the boy himself. He of-  
ten wished to meet "wid some blood  
drinkin' injun dat took real scalp's,"  
he wished to annihilate some great  
fiendish buccanere or renegade. It  
seemed, too, now, that he was to have  
his wishes consummated.

Standing, almost breathless, near the  
lamp, which had burnt very low, A-  
bram listened trembling to the crack-  
a-creak of the window, which was  
being slowly opened from the outside.  
Suddenly a terrible crash of glass  
sounded with awful distinctness  
through the room, shattered to the  
floor, torn from its slender fastenings  
by some ruthless hand without. Then  
a shaggy head with beard-covered face  
lit with bloodshot eyes glared ominously  
through the aperture, and a voice that  
appeared to come from the searching-  
eyes said in a husky tone:—

"All's O. K., Bill! Old 'oman's  
out, and not a soul's home but the lit-  
tle nigger; and we'll soon finish him if  
he squeals! As you be lighter than  
me, yer'll 'ave ter go in through this  
winder and open the door for me.  
Hurry up, Bill, 'fore the little nig-  
starters ter yell his lungs out. There—  
that's it! Now, as yer in, hurry up  
and break open the door!"

"Yer needn't make such a fuss 'bout  
it!" said the man addressed as  
Bill, as he approached and opened the  
door. As it swung open on its hinges  
it admitted the owner of the shaggy  
head. Quickly closing and locking the  
door again, he approached the trem-  
bling boy and commanded in a terrible  
voice,—

"Git us something to eat, nigger, or  
I'll throttle yer, do yer hear? If yer  
does, why don't yer go and do it,  
hey?"

The poor boy, trembling from head  
to foot, could not do otherwise than o-  
ber, and went to the cupboard and  
brought out a loaf of bread, together  
with some mustard and ham, and de-  
posited them upon the table.

"Come, why don't yer eat, Bill?"

"If this ain't eatin' what yer call it,  
Jerry?" Bill replied, as he com-  
menced to devour a huge slice of ham  
and bread thickly covered with mustard.

"Call it hogbushness, hey? Ha, ha,  
ha!" laughed the worthy Jerry, draw-  
ing a flask of whiskey out of his pocket  
and holding it up to the lamp.

After finishing the contents of the  
bottle, the two men ate the rest of  
their ill-gotten lunch in silence.

Poor Abram stood near by hardly  
daring to breathe, watching them like  
wolves devour the bread and ham.

"Good ting mammy ain't here, 'cause  
dese two bloodthirsty willians would  
eat her up 'fore she'd hab time ter  
brease!" he thought.

"Nigger, come here!" commanded  
Jerry, with a terrible frown on his  
face.

Abram, with one finger in his mouth,  
slowly came toward the man, who  
made a clutch at him and sent him  
spinning around like a top. Striking  
the poor boy a cruel blow on one side  
of his head, the fellow said:—

"Nigger, where's yer old man an'  
old 'oman? Why don't yer answer?  
Do yer want some more?"

"My farder are de-de-dead, and my  
—my—mudder am out—out ter camp-  
meetin'!" came the reply in sobs.

"So the old man's kicked the bucket,  
hey? Old 'oman's out ter nigger's  
campmeetin', too; Bill, my boy, we're  
in luck! Just think of it, not a nig-  
ger in sight dat this little imp—shet  
up, ser fool! do yer want ter bring a  
mob down on us? Shet up, I say, or  
I'll cut yer throat—stop, do yer hear  
me? Yer will 'ave it, will yer? Take  
that and that yer—"

"Stop, you fool, Jerry! We've got  
lots of work on hand ter night besides  
killing this kid; let up, will yer?"

"That's so; but I guess I have set-  
tled him 'a'ready."

It was true. The poor boy lay half  
stunned and bleeding in a corner of the

room.

"We'll have ter hurry up an' git;  
somebody might have heard the boy  
cry for help. It's almost time for the  
passenger train ter come in sight, any-  
way."

At the words passenger train, Abram  
although half stunned, raised himself  
upon one elbow and listened to the con-  
versation of the two men with beating  
heart and eager ears.

"These men will rob the train, per-  
haps throw it from the track, and mur-  
der all the passengers; and must I, al-  
though a boy, lie here like a dog, when  
perhaps I could steal out unseen and  
give the alarm? No! I will try to  
save the train even if I must die for it!"  
the brave little fellow thought.

"Yer right; it's almost time for us  
to be at work, or we'll miss the train  
ter night nigger. What'll we do with  
the little nigger?"

Turning suddenly as he spoke, he  
caught sight of Abram in the attitude  
of listening.

"Well, I'll be durned if the little  
wretch ain't alive and kicking, and lis-  
tening ter every word as we has been  
talking! It would be mighty danger-  
ous ter let 'im live; we'll 'ave ter kill  
'im or take him wid us. Say, pard,  
what'll we do wid him?"

"Take him wid us; he can carry the  
lamp and hold it for us while we fix the  
track, and if he attempts ter squeal  
then we'll have ter kill 'im."

"By Jove, that's so! I didn't think  
of that. Come here you little imp, I  
wants yer! Move as if yer had some  
life, or I'll throw this chair at yer!"  
said the villain Jerry, as he poised a  
stool threateningly in the air.

Abram, with his head almost burst-  
ing, and his body paining him in every  
joint from the injuries received from  
the wretches, turned with a half-smothered  
cry of pain rose to his feet, and  
slowly limped toward the fellow. His  
mind was made up to make an attempt  
to give the alarm or perish in attempt-  
ing it. "What did it matter if there  
were one little nigger less in the  
world? No! Nobody but good old mam-  
my would miss—much less mourn for  
him," his thoughts ran.

Alas, too true! Nobody loved him  
as much as mammy did, and was not  
mammy his mother?

Ah, this God-like mother love that  
binds mother to child and child to  
mother.

Seizing the lamp in one hand Jerry  
led the way to the door, followed by  
Bill pulling the boy after him. The  
light was blown out, and the party  
made for the canyon trestleworks a  
short way off. Soon reaching the de-  
sired spot, Jerry relit the lamp and mo-  
tioned to the terrified lad to take it in  
his hands and use it for a reflector; then  
the men proceeded to displace the rails  
so that the coming train would jump  
the track and fall with its human  
freight to the canyon below, there to  
be dashed to pieces against the rocks  
of the ravine.

While the men were conversing in a  
low tone and working at the rails the  
low rumble of the approaching train  
was heard. The men by this time had  
torn away a few ties and had placed  
them on one side of the track. Jerry  
was in the act of holding up one side  
of the loosened track, using a rail as a  
lever, and Bill had crawled beneath to  
block that portion so as to raise it to a  
proper angle, when the train was seen  
swinging around the curve. Abram  
saw an opportunity and immediately  
proceeded to take advantage of it turn-  
ing the wick of the lamp to its full  
height and rushing with headlong speed  
toward the train.

Jerry at once perceived the boy's de-  
sign, and in the excitement of the mo-  
ment forgot about the presence of Bill  
beneath the held up track, let go his hold,  
permitting the track to fall back into  
its original position, pinning that indi-  
vidual to the earth beneath its em-  
brace. Nor did he hear the smothered  
cry for help from his friend as he ran  
from the spot in hot pursuit of Abram.  
It seemed as if terror had lent him  
wings, for he was running with all his  
might, and was some distance ahead of  
Jerry.

It did not take the man long to catch  
up with him, however, and then a ter-  
rible struggle took place for the posses-  
sion of the lamp.

Catching the boy by the throat, Jerry  
shook him like a rat, and yet the brave  
child held on to the lamp. Finding his  
strength leaving him, and realizing  
that the lamp would be torn from his  
grasp, the boy threw it in the air, and  
it fell to the earth, exploding, setting  
fire to the contents, and the ground  
was covered with burning oil.

The foot of the whistle was now  
heard to signal down brakes, and fear-

ful lest the boy should escape, Jerry  
drew a revolver and fired at him, and  
the boy fell to the ground, shot through  
the back.

Just then a fearful cry for help from  
Bill reached his ears, and turning  
quickly he rushed toward the wretched  
man held prisoner by the track, a few  
feet in advance of the slackening  
train. Like a demon he flew at the  
rails to release his friend, but before  
he could get him free the train swept  
past, and, striking him, sent him bleed-  
ing and unconscious to one side of  
the track. Although several ties were  
loose the rails still kept their position,  
and permitted it to pass over without  
any terrible accident following.

Lanterns were procured, and soon  
the passengers, led by the conductor,  
were searching for the train wreckers.  
In a short while poor Abram was found  
where he had fallen, unconscious. The  
bleeding form of the man Jerry was  
found a short way off, on one side of  
the track, where he had been thrown  
by the locomotive, and a sickening  
sight was presented to the eyes of the  
searchers when the body of Bill, who  
had been caught by the rail and held to  
his doom was discovered. The remains  
were taken aboard the cars, together  
with the mangled form of the wound-  
ed Jerry, and Abram, bleeding, and  
alas! dying.

The train at once proceeded on its  
way, and soon drew into the village.  
Tenderly bearing the wounded boy  
from the cars, the brakeman bore him  
to the waiting-room of the depot. A  
messenger was dispatched for Dr. Davis,  
the village physician. Not knowing  
the wounded boy, nobody could sum-  
mon his poor mother; but when the  
wise old doctor arrived he at once recog-  
nized Abram, and begged that some  
one volunteer his services to go for  
Mammy Simons.

Abram was recovering conscious-  
ness when his mother arrived, and ap-  
parently suffering little pain, murmur-  
ing as he slowly opened his eyes,—

"Mammy! mammy! don't blame me—  
I could—not help it—dey made me—  
wid 'em. Am I gwine ter dee? Oh,  
mammy look ober dar! I see daddy!  
Don't yo' see him? Daddy! daddy! take  
poor Abram, en use I—I—"

Speech failed the poor boy, and he  
fell back on his pillow exhausted. Mam-  
my would not be comforted, but catch-  
ing the still form to her heart, kept  
shrieking,—

"Sonny, sonny, speak! Don't yo' know  
yer mammy? My boy—my boy! Why  
don't yo' open yer eyes? Why don't yo'  
speak ter yer poor old mammy? Oh,  
God! my boy is dead."

It was true. Poor little Abram was  
dead.

In the little village graveyard a com-  
mon wooden headstone marks the spot  
where Abram sleeps, and is simply in-  
scribed—

"Abram Simons, a little colored boy  
who lost his life in saving the lives of  
others. 'Suffer the little children to  
come unto me.' Rest in peace."

## EFFECT OF NIGHT WORK.

"They are a queer lot, sure's you  
live," remarked the conductor of one of  
the "owl cars" to a reporter the other  
day, in a conversation about the "toil-  
ers of the night," who each morning  
use this mode of conveyance to their  
homes. The conductor was a large,  
well-built man, whose florid complex-  
ion and robust appearance seemed to  
indicate that he fattened upon the no-  
xious air of the night, which makes  
pale and palid the cheeks of so many  
of those who labor through its long  
hours. He was something of a philo-  
sopher, too, and for the last five or  
six years he has regularly "punched  
in the presence of the passengaire,"  
showing the same nonchalance that  
characterized his ten years' service be-  
fore the adoption of the "bell punch,"  
when he collected the fares and turned  
them over to the company, even to the  
last penny.

"Yes, sir, my passengers are a queer  
lot," he repeated. "You see they are  
always kicking, and never appear to  
be happy about anything. Now, I ac-  
count for it this way. They work all  
night, and get on a car to go home in  
the morning, not with the satisfaction  
of knowing they've got an hour or  
two of enjoyment before them, such as  
day workers have, because everybody  
else is in bed, and they have to go to  
bed too. Then as soon as they get up  
they begin to think about their work  
for the night, 'cause everybody else is  
at work, and there ain't any one left  
about the boarding houses for 'em to  
talk to."

"Tell me something about these  
'kickers,' as you call them," said the re-  
porter.

"Well, you see, I get all kinds of fel-  
lows aboard. There's the editors, re-  
porters, and printers from the big dai-

ly papers, the telegraph operators, the  
gamblers, the policemen, musicians  
who have been playing for little danc-  
es, and the like. All of them come a-  
long, and all of them kick."

"Do the editors 'kick' much?"

"Not so much as some of the rest,  
but they talk about politics and tariff  
reforms, and sometimes get excited in  
expressing themselves, but they're  
harmless."

"Why harmless?"

"Oh, they don't fight any; they on-  
ly abuse each other in their papers,  
and take it back when they go too far."

"What makes the reporters kick?"

"I only get a few of them, and they  
seem to be the ones that hang around  
the police stations and write up the  
murders and suicides; and sometimes  
you'd think they had waded through  
gore up to their knees to hear 'em  
talk about some crazy man who want-  
ed to get out of the world, and per-  
haps, endeavor to have somebody keep  
him company on his trip. The report-  
ers each describe the affair in their  
own way, and then compare notes and  
'kick' 'cause they wasn't suited exactly  
in the arrangement of affairs by the  
fellow who furnished the news item.  
Either he waited too long for them to  
write as many columns for the morn-  
ing paper as they would like, or else  
he went to some out of the way place  
where they had trouble to find him."

"And your printers. What do they  
kick about?"

"Their kicking is mostly Greek to  
me. They get together in little knots  
and talk about 'fat and lean,' just as  
though they worked in a packing  
house among the hams and sides.  
Then the 'takes' whatever it is, are too  
in brief, or minion, or nonpareil, or  
agate, which I have found out means  
types of different sizes. They talk a-  
bout the ad. man' and the 'bonuses,'  
and seem to regard that fellow as a  
monster into whose insatiable maw ev-  
erything good falls, while to them on-  
ly comes the crumbs from his table."

The telegraph operators discuss  
their grievances, I suppose, as well as  
the rest?

"Yes; they are generally worked up  
about crossed wires, electrical distur-  
bances, switches out of order, and the  
number of words they wire. All of  
them act as if they'd done two men's  
work and were mad about it. Then  
the amount of knowledge the bearded  
youths have about the effect of atmos-  
pheric conditions on the telegraphic  
business, judging from their talk,  
would astonish you."

"What do the policemen find to make  
life black, and induce them to 'kick'?"

"Everything; it's either too wet or  
too dry, too cool or too hot; too many  
drunken men on their beats, or such a  
surfeit of quietude that they fear they  
will be bounced for not running in  
somebody. If none of these things  
can be brought forward, there's the a-  
mount of drinks and cigars from the  
various saloon keepers and the sports  
and if these are not up to the standard  
and sufficient in quantity, there's a  
first-class subject for a 'kick. These  
guardians of the peace have lots of  
things come their way that nobody  
thinks of, you see. The gamblers too,  
though usually the most happy go  
lucky individuals to be found any  
where, are willing to take any sort of  
risk on the turn of a card, have their  
moments of glumness, and 'kick' to  
each other in low, soft tones about be-  
fore the adoption of the "bell punch,"  
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Either he waited too long for them to  
write as many columns for the morn-  
ing paper as they would like, or else  
he went to some out of the way place  
where they had trouble to find him."

"And your printers. What do they  
kick about?"

"Their kicking is mostly Greek to  
me. They get together in little knots  
and talk about 'fat and lean,' just as  
though they worked in a packing  
house among the hams and sides.  
Then the 'takes' whatever it is, are too  
in brief, or minion, or nonpareil, or  
agate, which I have found out means  
types of different sizes. They talk a-  
bout the ad. man' and the 'bonuses,'  
and seem to regard that fellow as a  
monster into whose insatiable maw ev-  
erything good falls, while to them on-  
ly comes the crumbs from his table."

The telegraph operators discuss  
their grievances, I suppose, as well as  
the rest?

"Yes; they are generally worked up  
about crossed wires, electrical distur-  
bances, switches out of order, and the  
number of words they wire. All of  
them act as if they'd done two men's  
work and were mad about it. Then  
the amount of knowledge the bearded  
youths have about the effect of atmos-  
pheric conditions on the telegraphic  
business, judging from their talk,  
would astonish you."

"What do the policemen find to make  
life black, and induce them to 'kick'?"

"Everything; it's either too wet or  
too dry, too cool or too hot; too many  
drunken men on their beats, or such a  
surfeit of quietude that they fear they  
will be bounced for not running in  
somebody. If none of these things  
can be brought forward, there's the a-  
mount of drinks and cigars from the  
various saloon keepers and the sports  
and if these are not up to the standard  
and sufficient in quantity, there's a  
first-class subject for a 'kick. These  
guardians of the peace have lots of  
things come their way that nobody  
thinks of, you see. The gamblers too,  
though usually the most happy go  
lucky individuals to be found any  
where, are willing to take any sort of  
risk on the turn of a card, have their  
moments of glumness, and 'kick' to  
each other in low, soft tones about be-  
fore the adoption of the "bell punch,"  
when he collected the fares and turned  
them over to the company, even to the  
last penny."

"Yes, sir, my passengers are a queer  
lot," he repeated. "You see they are  
always kicking, and never appear to  
be happy about anything. Now, I ac-  
count for it this way. They work all  
night, and get on a car to go home in  
the morning, not with the satisfaction  
of knowing they've got an hour or  
two of enjoyment before them, such as  
day workers have, because everybody  
else is in bed, and they have to go to  
bed too. Then as soon as they get up  
they begin to think about their work  
for the night, 'cause everybody else is  
at work, and there ain't any one left  
about the boarding houses for 'em to  
talk to."

"Tell me something about these  
'kickers,' as you call them," said the re-  
porter.

"Well, you see, I get all kinds of fel-  
lows aboard. There's the editors, re-  
porters, and printers from the big dai-

## Some Interesting Facts about Coins

Editor DAILY DEMOCRAT:  
As there has been much discussion a-  
bout coins and paper currency of late  
in the newspapers, allow me to explain a  
few facts which have come under my  
own observation.

Almost every nation and tribe, as  
well as every epoch, has its peculiar  
currency. Not only gold, silver, cop-  
per, brass, iron and lead or paper, but  
glass, shells, beads, barks, stones, soap,  
bits of various colored cloth and num-  
erous other articles have been used to  
represent money. The Burmese, Ka-  
rens, and Shans have uncoined money,  
lead and silver in bullion being the or-  
dinary tender in trade. Weight and  
purity are, of course, the standards of  
value and in testing these the natives  
are experts for a small sum corries or  
small shells are used, the same as our  
cents here. Salt was, for a long time  
the ordinary money of the Abyssinians,  
and fish is still the legal tender of Ire-  
land. Corries are used amongst the  
natives a great deal in Africa, while in  
their trade with foreigners gold dust  
and ivory are given in lieu of coined  
money. So wampum which was the  
ordinary currency of our American In-  
dians in the days of their freedom, has  
been superseded by the barter of furs  
for articles they obtain from their civil-  
ized neighbors. In the interior parts  
of northern China slips of the bark of  
the mulberry tree, bearing the impor-  
tant stamp, to denote their value have  
long been used as we use our bank  
notes, the legal value being just what  
appears on the face. Marco Polo found  
them in his time and they still are used.  
A stamped leather currency has ob-  
tained among many nations, beginning  
with the carthaginians; and historians  
tell us of leather coins, with a silver  
nail in the centre, that were used by  
France by King John, the Good, in 16-  
30. In some small villages of Scotland  
in olden times the laborers carried  
nails in their pockets to buy ale, beer,  
bread, etc., just as the native Austral-  
ian divests himself of his string of  
beads for the purchase of some coveted  
luxury. A Scotch missionary found  
bits of read flannel used in some of the  
islands in the South Pacific, the only  
money in circulation there. Many na-  
tions have selected for their currency  
some product of their own country,  
that was both abundant and high priced.  
Thus, Sicily, Italy, having plenty of  
copper, their first coinage was of that  
metal. And for the same reason in  
Asia Minor gold coins were the earliest  
kind issued. Herodotus records that  
the Lydians were the first people known  
to introduce gold and silver coins, in  
circulation 900 years B. C. Gold was  
first coined by the Romans in the year  
B. C. 286; silver, B. C. 281. In some  
oriental cities no bank notes are used.  
There are coins on opaque glass, the  
stamp on the same representing the val-  
ue of it. Space does not permit me to  
dwell on our own American coins, on  
which much might be written of their  
value, etc.

BEN BLOCH.  
Lock Haven Jan. 12, 1883.

## Talking About "Butter."

At a party, the hostess said has-  
tily to a guest, "I want you to en-  
tertain Mr. Blank a little. He looks  
boared to death. I will introduce  
him, and you must try and amuse  
him. You know his strong point is  
butter, on which he has written a  
book. I wouldn't for the world  
have him remain a moment here  
unamused. He becomes so sarcastic  
when out of temper." The lady-  
guest gracefully undertook the task  
of entertaining the man, inwardly  
wondering that he should be so  
much interested in butter—of which  
she knew very little when his face  
indicated a mind given to much pro-  
found thought. However, with but-  
ter in view, she began on the weath-  
er gradually she got to the country,  
then on to a farm, from that to cows  
and at last to butter. The man  
seemed more bored than ever, the  
word produced no effect, and he left  
her somewhat abruptly, and soon  
withdrew from the house. "I did my  
best," she explained to the hostess.  
"I went to much trouble to prove  
that I was deeply interested in but-  
ter, but it was all in vain." "Butter!"  
exclaimed the hostess. "What pos-  
sessed you to converse with that  
man, of all men, on butter? I told  
you he had written a volume on Bud-  
dha and I knew how deeply you, too  
were interested in the same sub-  
ject." And they all said in chorus,  
"Cracious!"

An Irish lad complained of the harsh  
treatment received from his father.  
"He treats me," said he, mournfully,  
"as if I was his son by another father  
and mother."

## HUMOROUS.

**BUGGY RIDING.**  
"Suppose," said he, in accents soft  
"A fellow, just like me, come,  
Should axle little girl to wed—  
What would the answer be?"

The maiden drops her liquid eyes—  
Her smiles with blushes mingle—  
"Why seek the bride haller when  
You may live on sugarcane?"

And then she spoke: "Oh! be my bride—  
I ask you once again:  
You are the empress of my soul,  
And there shall ever reign.

"I'll never tire of kindly deeds;  
To win your gentle heart may continue;  
And saddle be the shaft that rends  
Our happy lives apart?"

Upon her cheeks the maiden felt  
The mantling blushes glow;  
She took him for her faithful sub-  
To share his wheel or whoa.

A reporter who attended a banquet  
concluded his discription with the can-  
did statement that "it is not distinctly  
remembered by anybody present who  
made the last speech."

"I am going to put my foot down,"  
said the lady of the house in wrathful  
tones. "What 'yer going to raise, corns?"  
interrogated the man of the house from  
behind his paper.

A rather frivolous lady told her hus-  
band not to go hunting, as, in her o-  
pinion, it was a cruel pleasure. "How  
can it be a cruel pleasure?" returned her  
spouse. "I enjoy it and my dogs enjoy  
it. I know you enjoy yourself when I  
am absent; and even the quail enjoy it,  
for I can't hit one on the wing to save  
my life."

The feelings of a new member under-  
go a change after he is sworn in and  
finds himself one of three hundred and  
thirty-two on the floor of the House.  
A new member from the West said the  
other day: "Why, at home I seem to be  
somebody, and I'm used to hearing the  
question, 'Where is Blank; what is  
Blank doing?' But here nobody asks  
about Blank or cares about him."

"My dear," said the aunt of a young  
widow to her niece one day, "is that  
your husband's portrait on the wall?"  
"Yes, auntie." "How blissful happy  
and what a heaven on earth must have  
been his life below," sighed the aunt.  
"Ah, yes," said the widow, "but we di-  
vided the thing up, so that when he be-  
came blissful in heaven I became happy  
on earth."

"O, pal there's a big fight down on the  
street, and one man is nearly killing  
the other!" "Yes, my son, I see them."

"O, pal, what are those two big blue  
spots up on the street two squares?"  
The backs of two policemen, my son,  
"Well couldn't they come and stop the  
fight, pa?" "No." "Why, pa?" "Because  
they are going the other way, my son."  
"But why do they have to go the other  
way, pa?" "Because, my son their beats  
are so large."

**At a Postoffice Window.**  
Of all public positions that of a post-  
master seems to us to be the least en-  
viable. We have been annoyed by  
book agents and commercial travellers,  
solicitors of free puffs, ticket sellers,  
and every other nuisance in the cata-  
logue; but for downright impudence  
commend us to have the average vis-  
itor to the postoffice window. A ten  
minute experience last week satisfied  
us that our postmaster and his assis-  
tants should be made the heroes of a  
Sunday school book.

Following are a few of the questions  
and requests during the ten minutes:  
"Please Mr. Rohrbach, I came away  
without my key; give me papa's mail."  
"Is there anything in our box?" "I am  
too small, I can't see in it."  
"Is there anything for me?" "No."  
"Anything for Mrs.—?" "No."  
"Anything for Mr.—?" "No."  
"Anything for Miss—?" "No."  
P. M.: "I have orders not to give you  
her mail."  
"Dear me! she needn't be so particu-  
lar; she never gets a letter anyhow!"  
"I dropped a letter in the box with a  
three-cent stamp on it; please give me  
the penny change."  
"What time does the mail east close?"  
"What time does it go west?"  
"If I deposit this letter now will it  
go before morning?"  
"How long will it take this letter to  
reach its destination?"  
"Will a three-cent stamp be good on  
this letter, same as a two-cent stamp?"  
"Is the postage reduced on papers?"  
"I ordered some things by mail; do  
you think they went to some other Sun-  
bury?"  
"Will you please direct this postal? I  
can't write, you know, with my gloves  
on."  
"Will you please put this stamp on  
my letter? the horrid gum on it makes  
me sick."  
The reader may think the above is  
slightly exaggerated, but if you have  
any doubt about the matter go to the  
postoffice some pleasant day about  
noon, or in the afternoon directly after  
school is dismissed, take up your pos-  
ition near the stamp window, and you  
will find that the above is drawn mild.