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Table with 2 columns: Newspaper Laws and Advertising Rates. Includes details about subscription terms and ad prices.

THE BLUE BOTTLE FLY.

Buzzing and gay, in the early dawn, Fresh from a nap on the parlor wall, Out for a flight, over garden and lawn...

The Flower's Mission.

There was once a little flower, Growing where the weeds were tall, And the blue sky, bending over, It could see, and that was all...

THE BLACKSMITH.

Young Joe the Blacksmith was a sturdy fellow—rather tall, broad shouldered, arms big with muscle, and a good natured face, well worth seeing...

"My working of 'em, dear." "I don't mean that, Joe; but what should make the wind do it even then?" Much puzzled, and being no scientist, he would answer...

This Richard Ross was not worthy of Nellie. For all his riches, his heart was merest dross beside the pure gold of Joe's. When he passed the shop the sturdy smith brought his hammer down like an angry giant...

But Joe did not hope. He gave her up. He felt angry with her, too, for her obedience to her father. Time went on, and the blacksmith grew paler yet. He grew morose, too, and unlike himself...

With a sound that was half a roar of rage, and half a groan of pain, Joe sprang upon him, and in an instant had borne him to the floor and set his knee upon the idiot's breast.

During a conference of clergymen, the following dialogue was overheard between two newsmen: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being to-gether?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

Joe pressed his hand to his forehead and found it burning hot. He began to be afraid, he knew not of what, perhaps of his own soul. He felt his murderous purpose weakening. He rose and walked about the wood and thought upon his wrongs. This gave him new resolve, and he returned to his hiding place, and crouched again.

It was over, and blood was not upon his soul. All that night he lay like one dead upon the floor of his little shop. The morning sun, forcing its way through the dusty window, fell upon him there.

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A Thrilling War Story.

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UNTIE THE STRINGS.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, O., to a lad who was opening a parcel: "Young man, untie the strings; do not cut them." It was the first remark that he had made to a new employe. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of successor failure in his business career.

A MIDNIGHT CALL.

Last summer I lived on the outskirts of the town, where I could keep chickens and not have them roosting in the bedroom window of my next door neighbor. Therefore I kept them— not for profit—but for the pleasure of having my garden seeds scratched up every morning before sunrise; it was good exercise to plant them over every day, you know.

One night about half-past eleven o'clock, I was gently aroused from my peaceful slumbers, by the blunt end of Mrs. Acker's left elbow seeking for my short ribs, with mellifluous voice sounding in my ear: "Wake up! Wake up! Some one is stealing our chickens!"

All of a sudden I stretched myself at full length upon the ground, and began to murmur, soft and low, a little article of prose, which arrises irresistibly to my mind at times. While repeating the words, I took my left foot in both hands, and detached a piece of glass from the heel of my stocking.

This reply arousing my ire, I sprang up and rushed in the direction of the hen-house, urged on by the loud clatter of the hen community. In my hurried progress I encountered the dog-kennel, upset it, and sought the bosom of mother earth; sprang up again, with the dog fastened to my trousers; tried to coax him into the belief that I was his master, by persistently using the butt end of my gun; succeeded in tearing loose, after he had gone the length of his chain, and finally reached the door of the hen-house.

I received no reply, save a monotonous "squawk! squawk! squawk!" I became bold, stepped inside the door, closed it, and determined to have revenge for my mishaps. I struck a match, and saw—the old rooster dangling, head downward, from the perch—having slipped his foot through a small knot-hole, lost his balance in his struggles, and now being unable to extricate himself.

RELIGIOUS DRUMMER.

One of the travelers for a New York dry goods house recently arrived in an interior State, to find that one of his best customers was about to transfer his custom to a Boston firm. "Didn't we always do well by you?" asked the New Yorker, as he sat down for an explanation. "Yes, I believe so."

HE SAVED HIS LIFE.

There was a lot of drummers seated around the stove. "I tell you what it is," said the St. Louis commercial traveler, "the boys can just make all the fun they please of the Lake City, but as for me, I shall ever feel deeply indebted to Chicago."

SCENE IN A CAR.

Seats all occupied. Enters a person dressed as a lady. Bright little boy rises and offers his seat. Lady drops into it with an air of disdain. Boy: "Oh I beg your pardon; did you speak?" Lady: "No I didn't say anything." Boy: "Oh, excuse me, I thought you said 'thank you.' Lady (in high indignation): "You may have your seat." Boy (resuming it): "Well, I'll thank you." Passengers convulsed. Lady disappears at next street crossing.

An American in Russia.

A reporter recently interviewed Bar-odee Wagstaffe, of Russia, who was looking into the railroad industries of Detroit. In the course of the conversation the baron was asked: "What are the facilities for travel to all parts of the empire?"

"Besides the railroads, it is by post-roads. We have a most perfect system of post-roads all over the empire." "To the farthest points?" "Yes, sir; from the Pacific coast westward, and from the northern shore south. The best way I can illustrate the perfection of our system of post-roads and safety of such travel, is to tell of a New York gentleman, now dead—a relative of the Stuyvesants—who for his own pleasure started from the Pacific coast to travel alone overland through Asiatic Russia to Petersburg. He couldn't speak a word of any language but his own, and relied entirely on his own intelligence and a United States passport to help him on the journey. His passport had the American spread eagle at its top, while the Russian passports have the Russian eagle [with the crown above the eagle's head] at their tops. At every station the New York gentleman observed that he was given the preference over all other travelers; that he got the best horses and at once. No matter if other travelers had reached the station ahead of him and in need of fresh horses, he was provided first. He made the trip safely, speedily and comfortably, and when he reached my home he was most enthusiastic in praise of our roads and the promptness and courtesy of our post officials, while he could not speak in terms too enthusiastic over the respect they had shown him all through Russia because of the United States passport."

"What was the secret of his good fortune?" "Chiefly out of respect to 'The Eagle' and the ignorance of the postmasters of the nature of the gentleman's business, which they concluded to be of an official character, and so they treated him as they would a high Russian official."

"And how is that?" "All those in authority in Russia, when travelling are given a preference by a special passport, such as was bestowed on the American traveler."

"Then it is not dangerous to travel in any part of Russia?" "Not at all. I often travel with my wife and daughters to my home at the foot of the Ural mountains, 400 miles by post-roads after leaving the railroads. While I generally have a revolver with me, it is usually on the floor in the straw—under the seat or somewhere—I don't know where, for I never used it. That is another result of our passport system."

REMARKS BY A CHICAGO MAN.

"Because by the system all dangerous characters are at once apprehended and placed under guard, when on the other hand a murder or other crime can be committed without almost immediate detection and punishment."

REMARKS BY A CHICAGO MAN.

"Because a girl from that place saved my life." "When?" "Last summer when I was up on the lakes. Got shipwrecked, you know."

REMARKS BY A CHICAGO MAN.

"How was it?" "There was a Chicago belle on board our boat and she was our salvation. Saved the whole ship's company." "Didn't swim ashore with all of you?" "No."

MARRIED BY SURPRISE.

Old Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut was a man of some humor as well as perseverance in effecting the end he desired. He resided in New London and among the many anecdotes told of him is the following:

Of the various sects that had flourished for their day and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogerites, so called from their founder, a John or Tom, or some other Rogers, who settled not far from the goodly town of New London. The distinguished tenet of their sect was their denial of the propriety and the scripturalty of the form of marriage. "It is not good for man to be alone. This they believed, and also that one wife only should 'cleave to her husband.' But then this should be a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together and live as man and wife, dispensing with all the forms of marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers and talk the matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John nor Sarah would give up the agreement. It was a matter of conscience with them; they were very happy together as they were; of what use then could a mere form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal, were they not bound 'to take up the cross' and live according to the rules of the religion they professed? The Governor's logic was powerless."

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and, meeting him, accepted an invitation to dine with him. Conversation, turned as usual, on the marriage subject. "Now, John," said the Governor, after a long discussion on the point, "will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?" "Yes, certainly," replied John "but my conscience will not permit me to marry her in the form of the world's people."

"Very well. But you love her?" "Yes." "And respect her?" "Yes." "And cherish her as one of your bone and flesh of your flesh?" "Yes, certainly I do."

"And Sarah, you love him, and respect and cherish him?" "Certainly I do." "Then," cried the Governor, rising, "by the laws of God and the Commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you to be man and wife!" The raving and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail—the knot was tied by the highest authority in the State.

HE HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF IT.

Modern Elijah, who inclines to be facetious—I'm getting to be pretty bald ain't I? Guess you'd have to cut my hair for about half price hereafter, eh? Tonsorial artist, who is equal to the emergency: Oh, no, sir, we always charge double when we have to hunt for the hair!"

A book agent, who was wearing a small piece of court-plaster on his face, removed it while shaving, a few mornings since, and replaced it, when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day, he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader, and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass, he was somewhat taken aback to discover that instead of the court-plaster he had affixed to his face a little, round, printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new maulie-clock, purchased the day before, and which bore the inscription, "Warranted solid brass."

HE HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF IT.

They had been engaged for fifteen years, and she was now, as it were, in the sere and yellow leaf. "Darling," he said, in gentlest accents, "our betrothal has been very sweet, has it not?" "It has, it has indeed, my own."

HE HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF IT.

"But it has been very long, don't you think?" she asked. "Yes, it has been pretty middlin' long," he replied. "I was thinking, dearest," she continued, "that it is nearly old enough now to go out and work for its living. Couldn't we have it learn a trade, or put it out at interest, or do something with it so that we might realize upon it. It has been about home so long, burning gas and coal, and is now nearly full-grown. It seems like a shame to have it loafing around any longer."