

Beaver & Gephart

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The Millheim Journal

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NEWSPAPER LAWS. If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers...

BUSINESS CARDS.

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THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Men cannot draw water from an empty well, Or trace the stories that gossip tell, Or gather the sounds of a pealing bell.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Just a picture of somebody's child, Sweet face set in its golden hair, Violet eyes and cheeks of rose.

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

"Cheerily boys!" shouted the master. "We must be nearing the coast. Hold hard the helm, Jean! Make fast the rope, Pierre!"

old as he was, seen anything like it. It was surely one of those diabolical hurricanes mentioned by those who have voyaged in southern seas; one of those frightful cyclones that surround one with a circle of furious winds had made a mistake as to the ocean and had fallen upon the wrong waters.

Where was it going now? That, forsooth, the three sailors would have found it very difficult to say. The night had come on—a inky night—and they couldn't see sixty feet in front of them.

"Master," said Pierre, suddenly "the watch light is out!" "Try to relight it below, and be careful of the fire," answered Pere Landure.

The wretched Jean had made good use of his five minutes' grace. He had emptied the keg of brandy upon a heap of tarred rope and already the entire hold was in flames.

Pierre remained upon the bench as if stupefied, hearing the plank partitions crack beneath him as the fire gnawed them. Suddenly a jet of red flames escaped through the open hatchway.

How long did he lie there in the torpor of his mute resignation? A few minutes perhaps. Suddenly shouts burst upon his ear. He raised his head; there, very near him, a boat manned by four sailors was coming on as rapidly as ours could bring it.

BLUSHING AND LYING.

The Popular Error That the One is an Index of the Other.

"But didn't you see him blush?" "Well, what of that?" "No, I don't think he was lying?" "No, I don't. I know he was telling me the square truth."

"I venture to say no man has had more trouble than I with blushing, and I think I know some of the causes behind them. You may have noticed that I blush on every conceivable occasion.

"Ho, there!" cried a voice. Pierre opened his lips to reply. But just at that moment, he felt the smack sink under him and a flood of salt water roughly filled his mouth and ears.

A Very Sad Story.

Showing What Rum will do to De-grade and Destroy Men.

John B. Gough tells the following: "A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the door step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, 'Papa has come home!'"

"The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hater in a stable in Boston. Now tell me what rum will do to you. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious and God-like in human being.

"Yes, I've lived out West ten years," said a traveler, who has been ed like a forty-niner, "I mean on the prairies of Newbraska. Great country, too."

HUMOROUS.

Professor—"What can you say in regard to the articulation of the bones?" Student (doubtfully)—"I don't think they articulate very much."

There are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said, "She couldn't get any husband, and I couldn't get any wife, so we got married."

"A poet sends a contribution entitled 'Why do I live?' That is easy to answer. It is because he sends his contributions to this office instead of bringing them in person."

An Illinois girl's heart is located on the right side, and she says she cannot imagine how it came so, unless it was squeezed over there from her young man's habit of always hugging with the right arm.

"Hello!" said the policeman. "What are you sitting out here in the cold for? Why don't you go in the house; have you lost your night key?" "No," responded the disconsolate citizen, "I have—haven't lost her key. I've—hic—lost the key-hole."

"Can you give me a little money on that account of yours this morning?" "No, I don't believe I can this morning." "Well, will you appoint a time when you can? You have traded with me a good deal, and have never paid me a cent." "I know it. I am a free-trader."

"I don't see how you can endure that Piffy girl, Jack," said his sister. "I'm sure there's nothing in her." "Nothing in her, indeed! I just wish you'd been with us to supper after the theatre to-night," and he dropped a tear over his buried salary.

She—"Only give up smoking for one year, and I have no doubt you will never touch tobacco again." He—"Well, I don't know; I did not smoke once for fifteen years, and then I began and enjoyed it hugely." She—"For fifteen years! You must have been very young when you began." He—"I was fifteen."

Dr. Perry, late bishop of Melbourne, used to relate that on one of his official rounds he was dining at a settler's cabin in the bush, his plate became empty on the solitary vegetable comprised in the primitive bill of fare and then one of his host's juvenile sons—supposing 'Lord' and 'God' to be interchangeable terms, and having heard the guest addressed as 'my Lord'—piped out 'Pa, won't God have some more potatoes?'"

Podgers rushed into the sanctuary of the Hammettown Bugle for satisfaction; and as he came out, and monopolized the stairway at one jump, he exclaimed: Jewhilkens! but the very chair that editor sits on is a revolver!"

A Jerseyman was once thrown one hundred and fifty feet by an express train; when he picked himself up, looked around for his hat, and remarked, 'Well, if I don't find that er hat I'll make the company pay for it.'

Teach Your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade is worth a dozen professions.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

STRAW FOR FUEL.

"Yes, I've lived out West ten years," said a traveler, who has been ed like a forty-niner, "I mean on the prairies of Newbraska. Great country, too."

"What did the folks do for fuel?" "Well, nowadays we're following after the Roshuns, the Roshun Menonites, you know, in the fuel business; they are right smart and ingenious in some things, and this is the way they get over the fuel difficulty: 'They build their houses of four rooms, all cornering together in the center. Right there they put up a great brick oven, with thick walls. From the furnace door back to the backyard is a passageway. Every morning, noon and night they lug a jag of straw in from the stack and burn it in the furnace. The thick brick walls get red hot, and stay so for hours, warming every room in the house. Even in the coldest weather three fires a day in the furnace will keep the house warm. For the cooking stoves we burn cornstalks to get meals with, and thus our farms raise our fuel as we go along. Pretty good scheme, ain't it?'"

An Object Lesson.

An object lesson in the transmutation of virtues is conveyed in this paragraph from an exchange: Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and by writing a poem on it makes it worth \$5,000. That's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet and make it worth \$5,000,000. That's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold, and stamp upon it an 'eagle bird' and make it \$20. That's money. The mechanic can take the material worth \$5 and make in into a watch worth \$100. That's skill. The merchant can take an article worth 25 cents, and sell it for \$1. That's business. The ditch-digger works ten hours a day, and shovels out three or four tons of earth for \$2. That's labor.

In a Boudoir.

'What has become of Miss Lulu, who was always such a favorite in your set?' 'Her father failed some weeks ago, and all they had was sold by the sheriff.' 'Poor thing!' 'And now they have to live in a small rented house down town.' 'What a change! How she must grieve!' 'Yes. She is so much changed that even her best friends would not recognize her. I met her on the street today and did not know her at all, poor thing!'

Quiet was Restored.

Mrs. Daintywell, one of the neatest and most "particular" of women, would always say to her husband when he was run cverby a stage on Broadway, or something of that kind, and people should find that you had on a shirt you had worn for a week! I should just die of mortification."

He Went Into Politics.

"Good gracious," said the groceryman to the bud boy, "I am sorry for you, pa, if he has got his head set in going into politics. I was in politics one year myself, and it has taken me five to get out and pay my debts, and now every ward politician owes me for groceries. You see, they come to me and wanted me to run for supervisor. They said I was just the man they wanted, a man with a large head, one who was a business man, and who would not kick at the expenditure of a few dollars when he could make a barrel of money. They said if I was on the board of supervisors I could be placed on a committee that handled the funds, and I could make the purchase of groceries and provisions for all the county institutions, the poor house, house of correction, insane asylum, hospitals, and everything, and I could buy them at my own store at my own price, and in two years I could be rich as any man in town. Well, I never had a proposition strike me so favorably, and I went in head over appetite. For a month I went around our ward night and day, spending money, and the politicians came to the store and traded while I was out, and had it charged, and when the caucus was held I only got one vote for supervisor, and I voted that myself. Well, the politicians tried to explain to me, but I bought a revolver, and they kept away. Do you know the next day after the caucus I didn't have twenty dollars worth of groceries in the store, and the clerk was dying of loneliness?"—Peck's Sun.

Not a Laughing Matter.

A woman stood at the front gate watching her neighbor's dog coming down the street with a kettle tied to his tail. It amused her vastly. Presently the owner of the dog hurried in hot pursuit, whereupon the woman at the gate laughed a gleeful, unneighborly laugh.

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