

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
R. A. BUMILLER.  
Office in the New Journal Building,  
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.  
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,  
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.  
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited  
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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VOL. 59.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1885.

NO. 7.

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#### BARBARA.

"Now you must do some credit to  
my nursing, and get strong and well a-  
gain."

As Fannie Pleasanton spoke, she put  
beside the bed over which she was  
leaning, a great bunch of fragrant vio-  
lets, moist and beautiful, breathing their  
sweet stories of shady nooks in deep  
woods.

A little, pale face, that had been ly-  
ing listlessly on the pillow, was lifted  
eagerly.

"Oh, how good you are! Oh, they  
are like home, my own dear home!"  
Great tears rolled down the pale  
face.

"Tell me about your home. How  
came you to leave it for this city?"  
said Fannie.

"My father died, and the farm was  
sold to pay a mortgage. I had a little  
money, and I thought I could find work  
in the city. Besides—"

But here Barbara Golding stopped,  
and a faint, crimson blush rose upon  
her pale cheeks.

"H'm!" thought Fannie, wise in  
twenty-two years of city life and edu-  
cation; "a love story."

She asked no questions, but pretty  
soon Barbara said:  
"You have been so kind, I will tell  
you. Perhaps you can tell me what to  
do."

"I will help you in any way that I  
can."

"Two years ago, the summer that I  
was seventeen, father took a boarder.  
He was a lawyer, and his health had  
failed from studying too hard. I think  
he was about twenty-six or twenty-  
eight, not handsome, but so gentle and  
good that we all liked him from the  
first. And he would come into the  
garden with me, and help me with veg-  
etables and fruit, because father left  
that to me; and would carry the milk  
to the dairy-room for me, and talk  
about books and the city, and—oh, Miss  
Pleasanton, don't you know?"

"He made love to you?"  
"Yes," in a faint whisper.  
"And you loved him?"  
"Yes," again; "I could not help it!"  
When he went away, he promised to  
come the next summer, and he told me  
when he made his fortune, he would  
come to ask me to share it."

"Did he come?"  
"Father died the next spring, and I  
came here. I thought I should find  
him, but I did not see him for a long  
time, and when I did I had become so  
poor, so very poor, I would not force  
myself upon him. I worked as well as  
I could, but this summer I became sick,  
and but for you I should have starv-  
ed."

"Do you think your lover is still true  
to you?"  
"I cannot tell! I would not trouble  
him. Sometimes, after I found out  
where his office was, I would pass by  
after dark and peep in. It was beauti-  
fully furnished; so I hope he is making  
his fortune; but I only whispered:  
'God bless him,' and came home."

"Will you tell me his name?"  
"Lennox—Cyrus B. Lennox!"

Fannie Pleasanton turned her face  
abruptly from the little seamstress, who  
had been the object of her charity for  
the last six weeks, and walked to the  
window. Lifting the soft, white cur-  
tains she had placed there, she looked  
into the street, while ringing in her ears  
was the name Barbara Golding had just  
spoken.

"Cyrus B. Lennox!"  
She was very pale when she came a-  
gain to the bedside, but her voice was  
steady and sweet as ever as she said:  
"I must leave you now, Barbara, but  
I will come in again this afternoon. If  
you want anything, Mrs. Harper will  
answer the bell."

"Yes, she is very kind. But—you  
will come again?"  
"This afternoon! Try to eat a few  
of the strawberries I have brought  
you!"

She went away then, stopping as us-  
ual to tell the janitress of the poor ten-  
ement-house to care for the sick girl  
until her return.

But instead of driving to the stores  
where she had intended to make final  
purchases for a nearly completed wed-  
ding outfit, she told the coachman to  
drive home. Once there, unheeding  
the anxious inquiries of her aunt, as-  
tonished at her early return and pale  
face, she went to her own room, bolt-  
ing the door, before she sank down in  
a chair, wearied with the effort to  
maintain her composure.

Cyrus B. Lennox, the girl said.  
Fannie Pleasanton, looking around her  
luxurious room, saw a pleasant con-  
fusion of dress, new garments loading ta-  
bles and wardrobe, drawers overflow-  
ing with dainty finery, open trunks  
waiting to be packed. And the prepara-  
tions were all for a wedding in one  
short week, and the bridegroom elect  
was Cyrus B. Lennox.

What was this story the little seam-  
stress she found staring in the attic  
had told her? The janitress of the ten-  
ement-house had been a servant in the  
Pleasanton family, and came to Fannie,  
who was rich and generous, whenever  
any distress came to her notice. And  
Fannie had gone at her last call, to find  
Barbara Golding tossing in delicious  
fever, evidently overworked, poorly fed,  
and sitting in the little attic chamber.  
She had paid for a better room on a  
lower floor, had sent a doctor, had sup-  
plied medicines, food and care, had vis-  
ited her often, till the doctor pronoun-  
ced her on the road to recovery.

And in return she had heard that  
Cyrus, her own betrothed husband, was  
the lover of Barbara Golding. "Does  
he love her yet?" the girl thought,  
pushing back the hair from her pale  
face, and looking in the mirror. "I  
am far handsomer. She is pretty only,  
sweet and fair. I am handsome and  
accomplished. She is a pauper, I am  
wealthy! Cyrus is not poor now, since  
his aunt died; but he will rise to em-  
inence with my wealth to aid him,  
while she will be but a burden upon  
him. Only a week. Long before Bar-  
bara can even sit up, we shall be on our  
way to Europe, and he will soon for-  
get her. Why did he seek me if he  
loved her? It was only a request of  
his aunt's, not a command, that he  
should marry me if I consented. But  
he came to me, and I love him—I love  
him! Can Barbara give him better  
love than mine? I can give her mon-  
ey to return to her old home, if she  
wishes! But if he loves her! Oh,  
Cyrus, do you love her and not me? I  
cannot doubt! I must know!"

As if in answer to the thought, a ser-  
vant rapped at the door, and, opening  
it, Fannie was handed Cyrus Lennox's  
card.

"I will come down at once," she  
said, taking off her hat and smoothing  
her disordered hair. She was not sorry  
that he had called while the first ex-  
citement of her discovery nerved her  
with a fictitious strength to endure any  
word she might speak. She came to  
him quietly, dignified as ever, but very  
pale, so pale, he asked anxiously if she  
was well.

"Well, but tired," she answered. "I  
have been out this morning."

They talked of indifferent matters  
for a short time; then Fannie said, ear-  
nestly:  
"Cyrus, I have a craving desire to  
ask you one true woman's question.  
Will you promise me a sincere an-  
swer?"

He hesitated a moment, then said:  
"I will answer truthfully whatever you  
ask."

"Did you ever love any other woman  
before you knew me?"  
"Do you not think it enough to know  
I love you now?" he said.

"You promised me a sincere answer,  
and you give me an evasion," she said,  
reproachfully.

"Because you asked me to tear open  
an old wound your love is healing."

"Yet, even if it pains both you and  
me, I beg you tell me of your first  
love."

Fannie's lips were parched and stiff,  
but she spoke calmly.  
"Since you insist," Cyrus said grave-  
ly, "I will tell you. Two years ago, in  
a farm house where I was boarding I  
met a woman, or rather a girl, a sweet,  
fair maiden, whom I loved. I was a  
poor man, then, Fannie, and she had  
a happy, pleasant home. So I bade  
her farewell, hoping to return the next  
year and bring her home to the city.  
When I did return the farm was sold,  
and Barbara had gone away. None of  
the neighbors could tell me anything  
of her."

"It was your place to seek her!"  
"I did, faithfully. But I could find  
no trace of her whereabouts. In the  
autumn my aunt died. She had loved  
you for years, and her last wish was  
the hope that you would one day be my  
wife. It was a sweet solace to me even  
in my sorrow for her loss, and pain at  
Barbara's disappearance, to have your  
sympathy, and I soon found there was  
yet room in my heart for a true, tender  
love. You cannot believe I would have  
asked you to be my wife had I not loved  
you?"

"But if, even now, you found Bar-  
bara?"  
"Yet if Barbara came to you, poor,  
friendless and sick; if she told you she  
had come to the city seeking work,  
hoping to find you, and had sunk under  
her burden of loneliness and toil; if  
she told you, that ragged, footsore and  
weary, she had looked in at you in  
your cosy office, and turned away un-  
willing to throw the burden of her  
poverty upon you; if she had strug-  
gled till she had fainted and fell sick,  
and was gaining health slowly, hope-  
lessly, with no future before her but a  
future of poverty and toil; if Barbara

came to you, Cyrus, what would you  
say?"  
But only a pallid face, with great  
beads of perspiration upon the broad  
brow, was lifted in speechless agony to  
meet her eyes. Only large brown eyes,  
wistful and suffering, appealed to her  
womanly heart.

Fannie understood that look on his  
face disclosed her discovery in Bar-  
bara's sickroom, and watching him with a  
penetrating look, said:  
"Tell me—will you marry her?"

"I am free to say that I will do any-  
thing you desire under the circumstan-  
ces," answered Cyrus.

Then Fannie, loyal and noble girl as  
she was, without regard to her own  
bleeding heart, gave him his full free-  
dom.

Cyrus, being a man of honor, would  
never have annulled his obligation to  
Fannie. But now he fairly worshipped  
her for her great and unselfish act.

He thanked Fannie with tears in his  
eyes and hastened to Barbara's sickbed,  
having obtained the address from Fannie.

When entering, the wan face of Bar-  
bara was turned to the door, and a  
yearning look was in her eyes, indicat-  
ing that she had heard the familiar foot-  
steps.

Now the room held those two young  
creatures only, whose precious love  
had been like a religion in their lives,  
unspoken and too sacred for speech.

"Barbara!"  
The girl raised herself on her pillow  
and rested on the bosom of the one she  
had adored through all her afflictions.

"Barbara will you kiss me?"  
The girl kissed him, and a smile, holy  
and sweet came to that pale face and  
she knew that all was well.

Fannie several years afterward was  
made the happy wife of a prominent  
physician.

They Had Better Stay Away.  
"I like to know about some office un-  
der Cleveland?" he said as he beckoned  
a lawyer across the street from the door  
of his saloon.

"Well, what is it?"  
"I like to know if I have to have some  
office. My place has headquarters last  
fall for some Cleveland glubs, and all  
der boys tell me I have sure of some-  
thing fat."

"Then you are looking for some-  
thing?"  
"Vhell, I dunno. Vhen Cleveland  
vhas elected der pays began to drop in  
here. One of 'em he says: 'What a  
boastmaster you will make for Detroit!'  
By George I vish I vhas you! Vhell,  
dot tickles me, you know, and I treat  
der crowd to peer. Pooty soon anoder  
crowd comes in, and one of der poy's  
calls out:  
'Let dis convention come to some  
order. We vhas now in der presence of  
der next boss of der Gusdom House. I  
calls for three cheers for Carl Dunder!'  
Vhen he says dot I feels good all oaf-  
er, and it seems right to set oop der  
peer."

"I see."  
"Vhell, almost eafery night a gang  
comes around to my place to shake me  
py der hand, and somebody says:  
'Hip! hip! hurrah! Carl Dunder  
vhas solid mit der coming administra-  
tion! He picks out der fattest office  
for himself, and he remempers his  
friends mit der lean ones!'  
Vhen somebody talks like dot I feels  
shimley and soft, and I tap a new keg  
of lager. Now, I like to ask you if I  
vhas right. My poy Shake says I don't  
get so much as a smell of office, and  
my oldt woman says der poy's make a  
fool of me."

"I guess they are right."  
"Don't you belief I vhas der Gustom  
House?"  
"No, sir."  
"Not der Post-office?"  
"No, sir."  
"Don't I haf some place at \$2,000 a  
year?"  
"I doubt it."

"Wasn't I even invyted down to Wash-  
ington to get Cleveland go mit der  
White House?"  
"Not unless you invyted yourself."

"Vhell! vhell! So Shake and der old  
womans vhas right, and der poy's vhas  
putting some soft soap on me! Say!"  
"Yes!"  
"Dot vhas all right, but I like to say  
something, and doan' you forget him!  
To-night dot same crowd comes around  
here, and somebody vwill begin to hur-  
rah for der next boss-master. You  
ought to be here! Der dog vwill be  
loose, and I shall have two glubs handy,  
and you will see fifteen men in sooch a  
hurry to get outt doors dot they pelief  
some earthquakes vhas shaking oop De-  
troit! Shust come around and see  
how a disappointed office-seeker vwill  
handle two glubs and a pull-dog!"  
Detroit Free Press.

Disturbances caused by wall paper  
poisoning take the form of bilious fe-  
ver, hay fever, or in the most severe  
types of nervous prostration.

#### Grappling a Grizzly.

Desperate Fight of Five Men  
with a Bear.

One Man Holds Bruin by the Tail  
while His Companions Shoot.

A recent number of the Denver (Col.)  
News says: Sheriff Joe Smith, of  
Conejos county, claims to be one of the  
greatest hunters in the country, and to  
sustain this tells a remarkable story of  
the killing of a grizzly bear on Prospect  
Peak, in Conejos county, one day last  
week, assisted by Gerard Austin, coun-  
ty treasurer of Conejos county, Dr.  
Limburg, Billy Seed, of Hinkle & Co.,  
and C. Lee, Chama, formerly a sheriff  
of one of the counties of Colorado.

"We were out hunting deer," said  
Joe, "and had camped the night before  
in a valley by the side of a stream. Up-  
on turning out in the morning we dis-  
covered that there had been a light fall  
of snow during the night, and also that  
there were a large number of bear  
tracks around the camp. Packing up  
our duds we started to follow the  
tracks which led directly up the moun-  
tain on the regular trail which wound  
around it clear to the summit and then  
over the range. When we had gone  
some miles and had reached a point a-  
bout half way up, the tracks suddenly  
diverged into some aspen timber. Fol-  
lowing for a short distance with some  
difficulty, we came to a place that was  
very much broken, huge boulders mak-  
ing further progress almost impossible.

While deliberating what to do we sud-  
denly heard the grunt of a bear evi-  
dently near by. With rifles in hand,  
we looked around cautiously, and dis-  
covered an opening between two of the  
largest rocks and marks showing the  
presence of bruin. He was in a sort of  
opening or short cave, formed by the  
rocks but how to get at him was the  
question. No one cared to follow him,  
as we were sure he was a pretty tough  
customer to deal with, being evidently  
quite large and full grown, judging from  
the tracks. At length an idea struck  
me, and, telling the other boys to stay  
in front, I went cautiously around to  
the back of the rocks and there saw a  
small opening through which the tail of  
the bear protruded. As I am pretty  
muscular and have a good grip I dropped  
my rifle and grasped the bear's tail  
with both hands, at the same time  
shouting with all my might to the boys  
on the other side to go in and shoot him.  
Talk about pulling. That pulled  
worse than ten mules, and I thought  
several times my arms would leave  
their sockets, but I braced myself with  
my feet against the rocks and held on,  
the bear making a fearful noise all the  
time. Suddenly I heard several shots  
and the strain on my arms lessened, and  
I knew he was a goner. Going around  
to the front I found the boys had gone  
in, and joined them. The bear was  
rolling in death agonies, snapping at  
and trying to get near us. Finally we  
closed on him, when with a last effort  
he rose suddenly and clasped Austin in  
a terrible hug, bruising and scratching  
him awfully. At this moment Lee  
plunged his huge knife into his heart,  
and he fell dead. They all awarded the  
credit of the final shot, however, to  
Billy Seed. The bear, which was a full  
grown grizzly, and must have weighed  
over five hundred pounds, we dragged  
outside with some difficulty and skin-  
ned it, it being impossible to take the car-  
cass the long distance to town. The  
skin is at the Hotel Brunswick, and  
you can judge whether he was not a  
tough customer to hold."

All of the party were considerably  
scratched and bruised, and showed  
signs of the severe struggle they had  
undergone.

A London paper says that a dramatic  
critic should have no friends connected  
with the drama, live like a hermit, and  
pay for his stalls.

Upon good authority it is stated that  
children who are very successful upon  
the stage rarely become good actors or  
actresses as they grow up.

No Milk There.

A correspondent of the St. Paul 'Pioneer  
Press' relates that a farmer enter-  
ed a store in a Dakota town the other  
day to settle for a load of wheat and  
made a number of purchases, among  
which were several pounds of very ordi-  
nary butter and three or four dozen  
packed eggs. The writer inquired if  
this sort of thing was a common prac-  
tice of the farmers in the vicinity.

"Farmers," replied the merchant, con-  
temptuously, "why, we haven't got twen-  
ty real farmers in this county. They are  
all nothing but wheat raisers and  
that is a long way from being a farmer.  
A large number of farmers in Dakota  
who own whole quarter sections of land  
seldom had a drop of milk in the house,  
and the butter they eat is bought at the  
nearest store. They don't even keep a  
cow or pig, or try to raise vegetables  
enough to provide for the winter."

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

Anna Dickens is again lecturing.  
China has taken up with postal cards.

It takes five men a year to make a lo-  
comotive.

The Standard Oil Company employs  
93,000 men.

The latest novelty is chicken hatch-  
ing by electricity.

The colored population of California  
is estimated at 7,500.

The peppermint farmers of Pennsylv-  
ania are getting rich.

The American nettle can be used to  
make seersucker cloth.

There are 3,580 postoffices in the  
State of Pennsylvania.

Venison is now dear in Idaho, where  
it sells for 2 cents a pound.

The conductors on street cars in  
Mexico always carry revolvers.

Observing travelers say the Japanese  
are more polite than the French.

There are at present 16 locomotive  
works in the United States.

The figures grow. Washington now  
expects 200,000 visitors March 4.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt always  
dresses in black for church-going.

There is now \$13,986,134 deposited in  
the postoffice savings bank of Canada.

Liverpool has a larger fleet of mer-  
chant ships than any other port in the  
world.

The increasing number of Jewish un-  
dergraduates is much remarked at Ox-  
ford.

Nearly all the winter resort hotels in  
Florida are conducted by Northern  
men.

Seventy-five newspapers have started  
and died in New York city in thirty  
years.

The total number of cigars produced  
in the United States is 3,000,000,000 an-  
nually.

There are 22 retired rear-admirals  
living in Washington and only 2 com-  
modores.

Troy ice harvesters expect to take  
from the Hudson this winter about 135,  
000 tons.

The Maine rivers have frozen up in  
unusually good shape, very smooth and  
very clean.

Seven churches were destroyed in the  
city of Antequera, Spain, by the recent  
earthquake.

On a trip around the globe the cost-  
liest link is that from San Francisco to  
Yokohama \$250.

The Spanish treaty will be greatly  
modified and chiefly in behalf of our  
tobacco interests.

Twenty years ago the Danes import-  
ed nearly all their sugar. Now they  
raise it from beets.

In Ohio the standard weight of a  
bushel of ear corn is 68 instead of 70  
p