

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.

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 59.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 7., 1885.

NO. 18.

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1 column 2 00 4 00 6 00 8 00 10 00
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The Grizzly's Pocket.

"That's a pretty little girl you got with you in the Pullman, Cap. Grand daughter?"
"No, she ain't no granddaughter," said "Cap.," looking at the conductor with an injured expression. "I ain't no spring chicken, and yet I ain't no grandd."

"Daughter, perhaps?"
"Nary daughter."
"Niece?"
"Nur yit niece."
"Child of a friend, may be?"
Cap. gave two or three savage pulls at the long cigar, which had beguiled him from the side of the little girl in the Pullman into the free and easy atmosphere of the smoker, before he saw fit to answer the conductor's last question. The express (en route to El Paso) had entered on the long run between Oakland Pier—four miles out of San Francisco—and Lathrop, ninety miles distant, and seeing several hours without a stop before him, the conductor had strolled into the smoker for a chat.

"See here, young feller," said Cap. at last, "did I pay that little gal's way, or didn't I? Did you punch her cow-pen with that silver pistol of yours, or didn't you? Do I owe this yer road anything? Ef I do, present yer bill; ef I don't, what makes you so all-fired keen to know the whole history of the case? I ain't a kidnappin' her; you kin bank on that; but all the same she ain't no kith nor kin er mine, and she don't belong to no friend. I'm a takin' her to her mother in St. Loucy. Jest heft that pile."

He twitched a red cotton handkerchief out of an inner pocket and thrust it into the surprised conductor's hand.

"Jest heft that pile," he continued "it's pure, solid twenty-four karat gold; every grain of it belongs to that little gal, and I'll bet the drinks you can't come within a hundred of its value. Jest heft it once."

The conductor held the handkerchief by its ends, and gravely "hefted" something of about the bulk of an ordinary fist, which was knotted in the center of the rag.

"It weighs about two pounds, I judge," he said, after some little hesitation.

"What is the figger?"
"Well, if it is pure gold, as you say, it may be worth \$500."

"You are jest a hundred out. She is worth \$402.23. A greasy bear played St. Nicholas' game last Christmas eve and throwed that handsome little tribute into the little girl's stocking. He killed her dad at the same time and died himself—which was two of the whitest deeds as ever a greasy done, to my way of thinking."

To the conductor's way of thinking, as well as that of every passenger within hearing, Cap. was altogether too light-headed to be trusted with his own superintendence while making his five days' run between San Francisco and St. Louis, much less to be the prot. guardian of a seven-year-old girl. He saw the incredulous smiles excited by the remark, and seemed to understand the pitying glances which went with them.

"Of course, you think I am crazy," he said, simply. "They can't be no such thing as that happen. All the curious things has happened already. There ain't no gold in California no more, and they ain't no greasies in the Rockies, and they ain't nothing odd nor outlandish in the whole world. Everything is dead ope, and shet. What you don't see you don't believe! But all the same it's true, and ef I told you it happened back in '49 you'd believe it; but becuz it happened last Christmas eve, and becuz I'm here and the gold is here and the little gal is back in the Pullman asleep it seems too much like bringing miracles home to you, and you shake your head and say: 'All a lie' the old man's crazy."

He had the knot in the handkerchief undone by this time, and gave the conductor, as well as two or three of the passengers, a satisfying inspection of the pound and a half lump of dull, yellow metal which it had enfolded. The conductor pronounced the metal to be, without doubt, genuine gold.

"You see, it was this way," said Cap. turning about in his seat so that he could speak to those in the seat behind him as to the conductor in front—"me and the old lady allus cal'late to give our children a little candy and things every Christmas; but when, the day before Christmas, I came home from the store down in the village with a pound or two in this pocket, and a few pounds in that, and a sack full slung over my shoulder, and a wooden elephant with a leather trunk and a Noah's ark, and a doll baby that would cry 'mamma,' a bursting out of a paper sack in my arms, and me-a-sneakin' around the back way so as the children might not catch me and tumble to the

The Frog and the Peasant.

A Frog who had long dwelt in a Pond near a Peasant's Cabin was one evening highly delighted to hear the peasant remark to his wife:
"Have you ever noticed how beautifully that frog sings?"
The speech tickled the frog amazingly, and he at once began his tune and kept it up all night long. At day-light the peasant came down with a club and called out:
"If you don't leave here forthwith I'll be the death of you!"
"What have I done?" asked the astonished frog.
"Kept us awake all night with your croaking!"
"But it was only Last Evening that you complimented me on my song."
"That is true, but I heard only brief songs and at long intervals."
Moral—It is a dangerous thing to compliment a man who makes the opening speech at a ward caucus. Nine times out of ten he'll want to go to the legislature.

If beauty is only skin deep, the rhinoceros should have the inside track at a beauty show.

Advice to Smokers.

The Sound Advice of a Wise and Experienced User of the Weed.
From the New York Sun.
The deadly illness of General Grant is ascribed to cancer and it is said that the cancerous growth was caused by excessive smoking. The distinguished character of the patient has made the case conspicuous, and many veteran smokers have already discarded the use of tobacco.
We believe that the poison of cancer is distinct from the poison of nicotine. There are, however, a few simple rules commending themselves to every physician which will tend to make the use of the weed less injurious and which it is well to inculcate at this particular time.
In the first place, smoke light-colored cigars. They are less strong than the darker shades. Select the boxes marked Claro and Colorado Claro and avoid those marked Maduro or even Colorado Maduro.
Secondly, never smoke on an empty stomach. Smoke after luncheon or after dinner or supper, but do not smoke long after you have taken food or early in the morning. A light cigar after a hearty meal frequently aids digestion, but if one smokes just before eating, the appetite will be lessened and food will lose its relish.
Thirdly, do not smoke the whole of the cigar. Sacrifice a fourth or fifth, because in the stump the poisonous oil or nicotine of tobacco becomes concentrated. Fourthly, do not smoke more than three or four cigars a day, and in the last place, after smoking cleanse the teeth, and thus avoid their discoloration and impregnation with the fumes of the tobacco. A moderate and careful use of tobacco does not harm the teeth, but when excessive it causes the gums to recede and covers the teeth themselves with the blackening oil of the leaf.
These rules are few and simple, but if followed they cannot fail to be of lasting benefit to every smoker.

A Silent Man.

Among the reminiscences of the war the following extract from an interview with an old Virginia Methodist preacher is interesting:
"Yes, my house was full of your generals last night. There was Sheridan, Humphreys, Meade, Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others, and they were a lively set and full of fun, and all were quite jolly with the exception of one officer whom I noticed sitting in a corner smoking and taking but little part in the sports in which the rest were engaged. They all went out of the house but this solitary, silent man, and as I was going out he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink. On offering to get him some water, he said: 'No, sir; I am a younger man than you, I will go myself,' and as I passed out he came up behind me. When in about the middle of the hall my little granddaughter came running toward me, but the silent man, spreading out both arms, caught her, taking her up, fairly smothered her with kisses, said: 'This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me homesick.' To the question, 'Where is your home?' he replied: 'Galena, Ill., but I have my family at City Point, and an anxious to get back to them.' I said 'Will you permit me to ask your name, sir?' 'Certainly; my name is Grant, 'Grant,' exclaimed I; 'Gen. Grant?' and I stood there awe-stricken and paralyzed with astonishment, while my heart went out after this man. I thought to myself, here is a man whose name is now in the mouth of man, woman and child, throughout the civilized world, and yet withal he exhibits no emotion and seems unconcerned and unmoved until the little child reminds him of his loved ones at home, and I fairly broke down, as General Grant had been pictured out to us as a bloody butcher and I had looked for a man looking as savage as a Canache Indian. To say I was agreeably disappointed when I saw Grant expresses my feelings but feebly.

Washed Ashore.

How \$39,000 were Recovered by a Dead Man's Relatives.
A Halifax [N. S.] dispatch tells this strange story: A romance has come to light connected with the ill-fated steamship Daniel Steinmann, which was wrecked at Sambro a year ago, when 124 lives were lost. Previous to his leaving home Peter Andreas Michelson, one of the passengers, deposited \$39,000 and some valuables for safe keeping with one Herschird, of Haale, Denmark, and took a receipt therefor. Probably imagining that no legal evidence would ever be forthcoming that he had the money, Herschird refused to return it to the dead man's relatives. Thereupon the Danish foreign minister communicated with Mr. Tobin, the Danish consul at this port, requesting him to spare no effort to find the receipt. The bodies and wreckage washed ashore from time to time had been carefully searched, and the divers who have been working on the wreck for the past year have kept a sharp lookout for the missing document, but all without success. Recently a small trunk was washed ashore containing a number of letters and papers. These were turned over to the consul. They were water-soaked and the writing almost obliterated, but among them was the long-looked-for receipt, which, after much difficulty, Consul Tobin deciphered and translated. He has cabled the good news to Copenhagen.

How Jackson Got His Title 'Old Hickory.'

Ben Perly Poore, in his reminiscences, says: "General Jackson was known among the soldiers who served under him as 'Old Hickory,' a sobriquet given him during the Creek war. His brigade was making a forced march, without baggage or tents, to surprise the Indians in one of their villages, and were for several days and nights exposed to the peltings of a March storm, the rain freezing as it fell. General Jackson got a severe cold, but did not complain, as he tried to sleep in a muddy bottom among the half-frozen soldiers. Captain Allen and his brother John cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark and made a covering for the general, who was with difficulty persuaded to crawl into it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp, and seeing the tent kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins the toper cried: 'Hello, Old Hickory; come out of your bark and jine us in a drink!' Therefore the general was known in camp as 'Old Hickory,' and when he was talked of as a presidential candidate, the nickname was adopted by his supporters. The 'liberty tree' of the revolution was revived in the 'hickory tree,' planted at every cross-road and village by the enthusiastic Democrats, while they sang: 'Freemen, cheer the hickory tree, Long its boughs have sheltered thee.

The White House.

The White House covers about one-third of an acre, and it has cost—up to the present time—about \$2,000,000. It is modeled after a castle in Dublin, and the architect, who was a South Carolina man named Hoban, got \$500 for drawing the plans. When it was first built, awayback in the nineties, it cost \$300,000; but the British burned out its insides and its cost has since added to that sum about \$1,700,000. In it all of the Presidents (since Washington) have lived, and each has added to its beauties and its expenses. I think it was John Quincy Adams who brought the first billiard table which was used in it. But in John Adams' time it was only half furnished, and Abigail Adams used to dry her clothes in the big east room. Year by year, however, the furnishing has gone on, until now it is a sort of a museum of art and beauty.

What is Good Breeding.

Genuine good breeding is simply a general walk in life which always avoids giving unnecessary pain, which sinks itself, and which is uniformly kind to all people. A factory girl in this sense may be, and often is, as well bred as a princess. The very height of good breeding is to behave one's self properly, and there are millions of hard working matrons and maidens who can do that, and much more than that. The flowers and the fun, the frolics and the fairy like abundances of enjoyment which wealth can purchase, are often, it may seem unequally divided. But good breeding, the art of always being frank and yet dignified, of patient self-control, thought for others, of kindness to all, is as general as the gift of a heart. A duchess, in the best sense of the term, is no more well-bred than a milkmaid, if the latter has a gentle mind and disposition.

A spring poet sings: "Will they miss me, I wonder?" If they do, they ought never to fire another gun.