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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.
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Old Bullion's Bride.

Let me see—where was it that I first met her? Oh, yes, it was under the superb arches of High Bridge, boating by moonlight. A globe of reddish pearl slowly ascended out of the East—the shadows of the great bridge resting softly on the mirror-like surface of the Hudson river; and the sound of a flute played softly afar off, and all of a sudden the keel of my boat came sharply in contact with somebody else's oars.

"Hallo, you!" cried out a clear incisive young voice. "Where are you going to? Why don't you look which way you are steering?"

"Charley Dresden!" cried out I, little heeding the torrents of obloquy he was beginning to heap upon me.

"Old Mottimore," he responded joyously. "Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you dreaming on Harlem River. Here! Come into my boat; hitch on your old craft behind, and let me introduce you to Miss Sophy Adriance."

I looked as sharply at Miss Sophy as the moonlight and my own modesty would let me, for I knew that she was the especial admiration of my friend Charley Dresden.

She was pretty, slight, round and rosy, with china-blue eyes, a dimple in either cheek, and golden-brown hair worn in long, loose curls. There was something flower-like and delicate in her prettiness—something unconscious in her way of lifting her eyes up to your face.

We rowed home together—or, at least as far as our way home as the Harlem River would take us. Sophy sang little boat ballads Charley roared, out tenor barcarolles. I even essayed a German student song which I had learned in Heidelberg no one knows how long ago, and we parted the best of friends.

A week afterward Dresden and I met face to face on Wall street.

"Hallo, Mottimore!" said Charley, his honest visage lighting up. "What do you think of her?"

"I think she is a pearl—a jewel—a princess among women!" I answered, with perfect sincerity.

"Congratulate me, then!" cried Charley, beaming all over, "for I am engaged to her! Only last night! Look here!" opening a mysterious silver case which he took from his inner vest pocket. "What do you think of that for an engagement ring?"

"A fine diamond," said I, putting my head critically on one side; "and fancifully set."

"We're to be married in October," said Charley, lowering his voice to the most confidential tones. "It might have been sooner if I hadn't undertaken that business in Europe for our firm. But I shall be sure to be back by October, and the money I shall make will be acceptable toward fitting up and furnishing our new home. Because, you know, Mottimore, I'm not rich."

I spent an evening with her afterward at the genteel boarding house where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed little woman, the full-blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt in the coolest of apartments, furnished in dark blue reps, with a turn-up bedstead, ingeniously disguised as a high-backed sofa, and canaries and geraniums in the windows.

"It is so kind of you to come," Sophy, with a gentle pressure of the hand when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

And I felt that I could cheerfully sit through another evening of commonplace chat and photograph albums for such a reward as that.

Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy and I, I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the genteel boarding house. I supposed, naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend, Bullion, the banker, a man of sixty, who wears a wig and spectacles, and counts his income upon the double figures.

Bullion wrote from Saratoga, where he had gone because he didn't know what else to do with himself in the dull season. He asked me to be his groomsman. Bullion was going to be married.

"Of course, you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but even at 60 a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

I went straight to the genteel boarding house. It was possible that I might be misled by a similarity of name, although even that was unlikely.

"Is Miss Adriance at home?" I asked of the slatternly servant girl who answered the bell.

"No, sir. Miss Sophy's spending a few weeks with a friend at Saratoga," she answered promptly.

That was enough. I went home and inclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Vienna, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

And then I wrote, curdly declining to "stand up" with old Bullion.

It was but a few weeks subsequently that the waiter showed an elegantly dressed young lady into my room at the hotel. I rose in some surprise. Aside from old Aunt Miriam Platt and my laundress, my lady visitors were few. But the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and Adam's rose cheeks of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottimore!" she cried piteously, "I know you wouldn't mind my coming to your parlor, because you seem exactly like a father to me." I winced a little at this. "But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched. And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserve it!"

She gave me a tear-blotted letter and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa until such time as I should have finished its perusal.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore?" asked Sophy plaintively, "when he accuses me of deceiving him, of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!"

I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Charley Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me.

"Are you not to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked, sternly.

"Oh, dear, no," said Sophy. "That's mamma!"

"Eh?" gasped I.

"It's mamma," answered Sophy. "She's to be married next week. Didn't you know it?"

I stared straight before me. Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me.

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I: "I will tell you all about it."

So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed I had committed in sending the banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?"

Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she. "No real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next mail after he sent off this cruel, cruel sheet of reproaches."

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no "real harm" done. The next mail brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me.

I stood up with old Ben. Bullion, and that full-blown rose, Sophy's mamma, after all; and when Charley Dresden came home I cut the big wedding cake at his marriage feast.

The lover's fatal blunder:—"Lousie," said he, as they, despoiling a plurality of chairs, and practising an economy of gas, sat in the parlor together, a few evenings before the honeymoon, "I ought to tell you that I belong to a Masonic lodge, and have to attend its session; so dearest, when we are married you mustn't fret if some evenings I have to be away from my little wife." And the designing villain chuckled at his prudence.

"Of course I won't, William," she said softly; "how many lodges do you belong to?"

"Only one, darling," he answered. "And when does it meet?" "How often?"

"On Wednesday evenings." "Very well; then I shall have you at home every other evening in the week—that will be so nice."

As she took her tiny note book and made a memorandum on the subject, he felt that after all, he had made a mistake.

Says an exchange: A girl at sixteen wants a dude with tooth pick shoes and a microscopic moustache; at twenty, a chief justice with piles of tin; at twenty-five she'll be satisfied with a member of congress; at thirty, a country doctor or preacher will do; at thirty-five, an intemperant tinker; over thirty-five, anything that wears pants, from an editor up to a coachman.

"TOM POORHOUSE."

The Old Clock takes the Farmer to Task for his Cruelty.
Which Drove a Poor Boy to Death and Made Himself a Raving Maniac.

The old clock down stairs began to strike midnight as he started up. The wind was making the old farmhouse rock and tremble, and the powder-like snow was driving in through every crevice. The wife slept undisturbed, but the old farmer was nervous and wakeful.

"Farmer Johns, are you awake?" It was a voice which he had never heard before. It sounded close at his bedside, and yet, as he looked about the room, fairly lighted by the cold winter moon shining in through the window, he saw nothing but familiar objects.

"I am your accuser!" continued the voice; "I am a witness against you!" "What have I done?" gasped Farmer Johns.

"Last fall you took a lad from the poorhouse—had one bound to you according to law."

"Sartin, sartin, and it was a poor speculation for me. The boy hain't ained his salt."

"You broke him down in the harvest field, and when you knew that he was ill you refused him medicines! The boy hain't seen a well day for three months."

"Yes, but boys are great shirks. How'd I know whether he was sick or playing off on me?"

"You are lying to your conscience, Farmer Johns! How has that boy fared for provisions and clothes?"

"Hain't he got some of my old clothes on this very minnit?" protested the farmer. "They is full o' holes and patches, in course, but am I going to take a boy outter the poorhouse and dress him in broad-cloth? S'posen he does shyer a little—shiverin' don't hurt anybody! He gits 'nuff to eat. I reckon—leastwise all he ains. I ain't goin' to feed nobody on sweet-cake!"

"Think of his sleeping in that cold and dismal garret such a night as this!" whispered the accuser.

"All his own fault!" replied the farmer, "I gin him a chamber by himself, but he kept coughing and groaning till I couldn't sleep. Put it all on to git sympathy, but he made a mistake. Me'n the old woman worked for what we've got, and others must do the same."

"A straw bed—a ragged quilt, and the night cold enough to chill an ox!" accused the voice.

"Oh! pshaw! You can't make me believe the boys of to-day are so much more tender'n the boys of my time. It hain't healthy fur boys to sleep too warm. He'll warm up at the wood pile as soon as daylight comes."

"Farmer Johns, no true Christian talks as you do. You have neither mercy nor charity!"

"Poo! Got lot of it! And if I wasn't a Christian man how'd I git to be a deacon in the church? That boy is a heap better off'n most o' 'em."

"His body is black and blue from the pounding you have inflicted."

"Well, he shouldn't oversleep then."

"You have a heart of stone, Farmer Johns. If that boy dies you will be accused at the judgement seat of his murder!"

"Nonsense! Nobody feels any more pity for poor folks than I do, and if 'Tom Poorhouse' dies it will be of eating too much."

"This is the oldest patient we have in the asylum," said the guide, as we halted at the lower end of the ward.

It was a grated door. I looked through and saw an old man cowering in a corner. After a moment he rose up and approached the door and whispered:

"And at daylight I called and called him, but he didn't git up. I went up with the horse-whip to teach him better'n to oversleep on me that way, but Tom Poorhouse was dead on his straw bed, and the snow had blowed in till it almost kivered him up."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Oldest Bank Note.

The oldest bank note probably in existence in Europe is one preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg. It dates from the year 1399 B. C., and was issued by the Chinese Government. It can be proved from Chinese chronicles that, as early as 2697 B. C., bank notes were current in China under the name of "flying money."

The bank note preserved at St. Petersburg bears the name of the imperial bank, date and number of issue, signature of a mandarin, and contains even a list of the punishments inflicted for forgery of notes. This relic of 4,000 years ago is probably written, for printing from wooden tablets is said to have been introduced in China in the year 160 A. D.

Financial Item.

Young Snobberly is a Fifth Avenue (New York) Dude, who has more money than brains. The Snobberlys are neighbors of Jay Gould, and the families are quite intimate. Gould having thrown out a hint that he would give his young friend some pointers, young Snobberly bought of Gould a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of a certain stock, which paper Gould assured his young friend was perfectly good.

A few days afterwards Snobberly rushed into Gould's office, pale as a piece of Swiss cheese, and dropped into a chair.

"Mr. Gould, you have treated me outrageously. I thought you were a friend of the family."

"So I am, Snobberly. Why, what can the matter be?"

"That stock you sold me at ninety-five is only worth twenty cents. You told me the stock was good."

"Oh, no, Snobberly, I did nothing of the kind."

"I asked you if the paper was good, and you said it was."

"That's a different thing. The paper on which those certificates are written is as good paper as ever I saw. It is fine linen paper. I say still the paper is good. If you had asked me about the signatures on the paper I could have told you at once that they were no good, but that's not what you asked me. All you wanted to know was if the paper was good, and I still say that it is. It is only what is written and printed on the paper that is valueless. What, going already! Good morning, Snobberly."

"It is astonishing, Mr. Sage," said Gould, turning to an old gentleman at an adjoining desk, "how many men there are who take everything for granted. Joaquin Miller deceived himself in the same way."—*Siftings.*

A Valuable Customer.

A merchant who has the patience to successfully deal with the Arkansas woman who wears a green sun-bonnet and who is accompanied by several children may not be recognized as a commercial hero, but in the opinion of thinking people, he is greater than a man who taketh a city.

"Howdy," she says, entering the store.

"Why, how do you do, madam? What can I do for you?"

"I want to look at some calico."

"Yes, step this way."

"You John! Behave yourself. Let that alone," taking a cast iron plow point from the boy and throwing it on the floor. "Never mind the calico jest now. Believe I'll look at some jeans."

"Yes, mum, step this way."

"You Wiley. Come away from that dog. John, put down that bucket. Tiddy, get up off that floor. Now look what you done, Wiley." The boy has overturned a stack of crockery-ware.

"Oh, that makes no difference," says the merchant, though a mother less blind could see that, in painful anxiety he is watching the children.

"Have you got any brown jeans—the right brown?"

"Yes, I think here is some that will suit you."

"Wiley, come away from that water-bucket. Now, look at you!" He has upset the bucket, deluging his sister, who "squeals" in deafening cadence.

"Never mind the jeans right now. What's these ingon sets worth?" The merchant informs her.

"Same kind you had last year?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Wall, them I got here last year wasn't no 'count. Is the mustard seed fresh?"

"Yes, just got them."

"You, Wiley, dont scatter that straw that way. John, quit scourin' round in that dirt. Wall, here's pap with the wagon. Er good day to you."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Stranger: "I should think this thriving little town should have a newspaper published in it."
Native: "What for?"
S: "To publish the news."
N: "We've got two barbers and plenty of women to do that, stranger."
S: "Well, then, you ought to have a newspaper to blow about your town."
N: "Pshaw! stranger; I reckon the wind and the real estate agents do enough of that."
S: "Yes; but you need a newspaper to give your citizens a send-off when they die."
N: "The vigilance committee generally attends to that, and the preacher helps 'em out on the home stretch."
S: "Then you ought to have a news paper to do your lying for you."
N: "You're off again, stranger. Four new lawyers moved in yesterday. I guess we don't need any newspaper, mister."

FLOATING GARDENS.

How They are Secured and Kept in Place.

Places Where Indian Corn, Vegetables and Flowers Grow Luxuriantly.

"We visited the celebrated floating gardens," writes a correspondent in Mexico. "When a tract of vegetation composed of reeds, water plants and bushes, intervenes and laced together, becomes so dense that it will bear a superstructure, strips of turf twenty to 30 yards long by two yards wide are cut from some suitable firm place, floated to it down the canal and laid upon it; this is repeated several times, and thus an island is securely raised two or three feet above the level of the water, a little soil is spread over it and it becomes a chinampa, or floating garden, on which Indian corn, vegetables and flowers are grown. The gardens vary in size from 100 to 200 feet in length and from twenty to 100 in width, according to the nature of the vegetation which supports them.

To secure these gardens in their proper places long willow poles are driven through them into the ground below, where they soon take root. The poles also throw out roots into the beds of the floating gardens, and so hold them steady.

"We took a line of street cars and were landed near an old Spanish bridge, alongside of which we found a number of miserable flat boats covered with awnings, with a seat on each side, covered with red calico. We held our noses, as well as our breaths. Upon leaving the city the canal is lined on both sides with beautiful trees of the species of the weeping willow, only that they are quite tall. The city gate, or local custom house, is then passed. Here are to be seen many boats laden with lumber, firewood, vegetables, fruit, flowers, etc., waiting to pay toll. A large daily revenue is derived from this source by the government. The stalwart Indians swiftly pole the boat up the stream for about ten minutes more, and Santa Anita is reached. This is an old Indian village, which has undergone few or no changes for the last 300 years, if we except the public school for boys and girls and a small church. It is a favorite pleasure resort for the inhabitants of Mexico, especially during the summer months, and it is rendered doubly attractive by the numerous chinampas or floating gardens found in its vicinity, on which are grown in remarkable abundance vegetable of all kinds and beautiful flowers, which are sold for a mere trifle.

"The water in the canal was the color of dishwater. At Santa Anita we entered a narrow ditch just wide enough for our boat. The little boy who pulled the boat with a long pole worked manfully. We passed by a number of women washing clothes on the banks and using a flat stone as a washboard. The gardens surprised and pleased us. Here was a small strip of land of, say, 20 feet wide by 100 deep, surrounded by water, producing the finest of onions, another cabbages, another radishes, another carrots, another flower, and so on, for at least a mile—a succession of the finest cultivated gardens I ever saw. These Mexican Indians are the best gardeners in the whole world aside from the Germans. Their methods are rude, but they know how to cultivate their garden patches. On our return we met boat loads of boys and girls singing and laughing as they slowly glided along. It was not a Venetian scene, but it showed that the brown-skinned, black-eyed Indian girl could talk and dream of love."

The "thought-reader" placed his hand on the man's head, withdrew it and struck him a fearful blow on the nose. When the man got out from under the chair, and asked the reader what he had hit him for, he replied: "Just as I placed my hand on your head, you thought I was a blame big fool; and I don't allow anybody to think that, no matter if he's as big as a house."

—In Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is combined the curative properties of the different oils, with the healing qualities of Arnica. Good for man and animal. Every bottle guaranteed.