

Beaver & Gephart

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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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Patrolling the Beach.

'May I go with you?' asked Win Waters, who chanced to be calling at the Life-Saving Station near Pebbly Beach, one evening. 'Oh, yes,' replied Sam Williams, in his hearty way. 'Plenty of room.' Sam was about leaving the kitchen, which was also the living room of the Life Saving Station. The clock on the wall had just blithely sung out, 'One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-let it!' Some of the crew had sleepily stumbled up the short, narrow flight of stairs leading to their quarters for the night. Simes Towle, who, until the appointment of a keeper, was now acting as the head man at the station, had gone into the boat-room adjoining the kitchen. It was a room about 30 feet long, with a big door mouth in front, and a glass eye on each of two sides. The boat-room contained the big surf-boat, warranted to be twenty-four feet in length and not to sink, as it was buoyed up by air chambers at each end. There was a cart, loaded with all kinds of apparatus needed for the relief of a wreck, and ready to be rolled out of the boat-room's 'mouth' the very moment it was opened. In this room there were also coils of rope, a light line to be shot to a wreck and a mortar for shooting it, a breeches-buoy, a life car, drawers packed with rockets and coast signals—how many things, indeed. The acting keeper now came out of the boat-room, swinging a lantern in his hand. He was a short, stout man with gray whiskers and blue eyes, and he was dressed in a blue flannel suit. 'You all ready, Sam?' inquired the acting keeper. 'Just about.'

'There were one hundred and eighty-nine by the last official report, but there are more now. They are addin' all the time. Here, at this station, we go on the first of September and leave by the first of May, and each man has fifty dollars a month from the Government. We have to find, though, our own rations.' 'Now, Sam, what would you do if you should see a wreck?' 'Wall, I should burn my signal, and hurry to the station and rouse 'em.' 'What then?' 'Wall, we should launch the surf-boat if it wasn't too rough, and if 'twas, we should get out the mortar and the Lyle gun, and fire a line to the wreck, if near enough.' 'What then?' 'Wall, we should send 'em a life car or the breeches-buoy, and if they're sensible, they'll come ashore in a 'mazin' quick time.' They had now left the beach, and were crossing a snowy field. 'So quick!' said Sam. 'Here we are at the house where I take out my detector.'

There was the little living room. Between the two windows, eyeing the east, was the stove. Above it was a wooden frame for drying all kinds of wet things. A cupboard was in one corner, and opposite was a yellow dining table. Over the table, on the wall, ticked a clock, and a barometer said 'Fair.' The surfmen were sitting about the stove. Were they all surfmen? Out from this group stepped Mr. Myrich, the Superintendent of the life-saving district. Advancing toward Sam, he said, 'Williams, you know I felt obliged to put you on probation the other day, but I learn that I was mistaken in my man—that somebody else by the name of Sam Williams was the chap in that saloon at the village. I learn that you were the patrol who burnt his signal so promptly last night, and I happened to be on that very vessel. I came here to transfer the acting keeper to be the head of another station, and I shall write to Washington that they must appoint you keeper here.'

ANECDOTES OF BUTLER.

His Four-Hundred Dollar Banquet, The Irishman and the monkey. A Washington letter says: I heard the first true version of the monkey and hand organ story which has been privately told in army circles here now and then, but not always correctly. It comes to me from a high treasury official, who had something to do with the settlements of Gen. Butler's army accounts. These accounts were very large and some of the items seemed out of all nature to the expenses probably incurred. After Butler, however, explained them, it was seen that they were perfectly right and proper. There were so many of these strange items that Butler was called to the treasury to look over the accounts with the officials. One New Orleans item objected to was 'Banquet, Post Office St. Charles Hotel—\$400.'

A Georgia Romance.

About two years before the war, near a pretty and substantial residence near a prosperous little town, a beautiful young lady, about fourteen, was sleeping in a hammock swung from two stately oaks in a grove. She was a pretty picture of innocence and grace, and won the admiration of the passers. In a meadow to the rear a fat, black-eyed cow reclined in the shade, ruminating the food she had gathered in the cool of the morning. Across the road from the house, the girl, and the cow in a meadow, a branch running through it, and coming up the branch is a boy with a gun. When within one hundred yards of the girl, and about one hundred and fifty yards from the cow, a bird flew up and sailed in the air toward the cow; the boy fired at the bird, which flew on unhurt, but the cow received a pretty strong dose of shot. She immediately arose in fright, dashed through the grove, caught the girl and hammock on her horns, and rushed with her shrieking victim about the lot. The terrified girl became silent, and the crowd of relatives and friends in pursuit thought that she was dead. The wild fury of the cow as she rushed around soon tore the netting loose, and the girl dropped unconsciously to the ground. She was picked up and taken into the house, and on examination only a few minor bruises were found. The boy, thinking he was the innocent cause of the killing of the young girl, disappeared. It was thought that he had perished by his own hand, but about six years after the war a traveling stranger was in the town inquiring for persons, most of whom had been swept away by the war. After a long search the stranger found an old man on a load of wood, and in conversation with him learned where one of the parties he was in search of lived, a few miles out of town. He went there, made himself known, and learned out to be the boy of the gun. The people he found were his father and mother, who had mourned him dead for eight years. The boy had been in South America, got rich, and, yearning for the love of the old folks, returned to the desolate home of his childhood and made his loved ones comfortable. For the first time, then, hearing that the girl was uninjured, he called on her, found her pretty, good, and a first-class home woman. He put in with a will, got her heart as his own, and the old folks' consent, and has been for the last twelve or fourteen years one of the leading men of this section. This is a fact.—Americus (Ga.) Recorder.

CREDIT AND BLAME.

A Paraphraser's Sermon on a Most Important Subject. My son, it is a comforting doctrine, and one that men often preach to each other, that a man deserves all credit for every thing good that he does, and for all the good that he is, but that somebody else is to blame for all the evil in him. Mr. Gough has been criticised for saying—'Young man, make your record clean.' The prophets who speak comfortably say that the young man cannot make his record clean when his father makes a bad record before him; that society and the evil tendencies of it, and something the scientists call his 'environment,' write the young man's record bad in spite of him. Oh! my dear boy, this is a doctrine too cowardly for a young man to accept. Ever since Adam, the founder of society and the inventor of the first record ever made in this world, a man without an 'environment' to his back, made a bad record, and then said, 'The woman thou gavest to be with me, she did it all; men have always pleaded the irresistible force of surrounding circumstances. The woman was younger than Adam; she was weaker; many wise men say she is intellectually the inferior of man; she was a new-comer in the garden, and yet how glad your old grandfather was to say that it was all your grandmother's fault; and that, being thus led astray by influences and examples which no man could control or resist, he should not be responsible for his disobedience! And in her turn your grandmother laid it on to the snake, just as to day in Christian homes all over this land, the evil deeds of men and servants are laid to the cat. But, for all this excuse, Adam was fired out of the garden, and it served him right. Now, my boy, the other man may eat forbidden fruit until he founders, and not a bite that he swallows is going to hurt you. A dose strychnine big enough to kill a cow won't hurt you if you don't swallow any of it. When you swear, you do your own swearing; you can't borrow another man's tongue to damn a beggar with. When you get drunk, you get drunk. The law doesn't fine the man who sells the whiskey; it fines the man who drinks it. When you steal anything, from a pin to the Broadway road, you do your own stealing, and—in the case of the pin at least—the law holds you responsible for it, not the man who coaxed you to steal, nor yet the citizen who, by owning valuable property which you could not buy, thereby tempted you to steal it. You are the fellow who does all the wickedness that is wrought by your hands and your lips. It tires me to hear a man always excusing himself, and citing some dreadful, wicked Jeroboam which made him to sin. Not, indeed, that we hold the Jeroboams guiltless. 'It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!' But because the mill-stone and a soft place in the sea is the proper combination for the man who helps you to stumble, you do not go free. I have no right to turn a cross dog into the street; but if I do, he will bite you if you go fooling around him. Wherefore 'ave canem,' which by interpretation is: 'Don't monkey with the dog.' As the dog will not beware of you, do you beware of the dog. You may have noticed on the sacredotal garments of your instructor, my son, some queer, unsightly splashes here and there. Well, I put them on myself. Without the assistance or by the fault of any man I did it. And if there are any more to go on before I have it renovated, I am the only fellow who can put them there. Now you may go and play and have fun, and do not let me ever again hear you say that you would be the best boy in the world if only all the other boys were dead.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken up your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Beware of cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper. It is the best and most reliable medicine in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

CARDS.

A large assortment of Sunday School cards, Easter cards and Birthday cards, just received at the Journal Store.