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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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VOL. 61.

MILLHEIM PA., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

NO. 20.

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DEAR OLD CHOPMAN.

The long drought of 187—was broken  
there could be no doubt of it. Dust, and  
grime, and thirst had vanished from pave-  
ment, grass, and foliage. Rain had come at  
last, not in a whimsical, intermittent way,  
as pleased the idle fancy of every adventurous  
gust of wind, but in an old-fashioned equi-  
noctial down-pour, which filled gutters to  
overflowing, taxed the capacity of sewers,  
invaded unprotected cellars, revived youth-  
ful speculation touching the father of Ja-  
phet and the bow of promise, and ground  
and polished the cobble paving-stones, until  
they outshone the deftware, and fairly riv-  
aled the eyes of the thrifty Dutch house-  
wives, who, in the days of Stuyvesant and  
Van Twiller, fringed supreme in the red  
brick, gable-fronted mansions of the lower  
portion of the island of Manhattan.

So far as the transaction of any business  
was concerned, the firm of Dappleton &  
Company, publishers and booksellers, might  
have closed the doors of their extensive and  
elegant showrooms in Broadway. Gargan-  
tuan must have been the literally third and  
impervious skin of the wight who, in the  
teeth of such a storm, would seek a book-  
store.

And so the five clerks gathered in a little  
group and discussed the weather, and its  
probable effect upon the fall races! The  
porter dried his wet clothing at the huge  
stove, in which burned the first fire of the  
season. The gray head of the chief book-  
keeper was bent forward upon his ledger, and  
his sunbaked though muscular nose, blended  
harmoniously with the smacking of the small  
errand-boy, who, seated beneath the high  
desk, was discounting the noon hour, by  
commencing a lively skirmish with the  
cakes, cheese, and outposts, which flanked  
the main body of his dinner, and even the  
gas jets, lighted by reason of the heavy  
weather, by their flickering flames, no  
activity worthy of emulation, burned in-  
dolently in the murky atmosphere.

Suddenly the street door swung upon its  
hinges, and the change which ensued  
would have done credit to the designer of  
the transformation scene in a great spec-  
tacular play. The porter began mending the  
fire with all the skill and energy of a born  
stoker, the small errand-boy bolted the en-  
tire currant rat at which he had been eco-  
nomically nibbling, and industriously re-  
sumed his occupation of dusting the legs of  
the tall desk; the gray-haired bookkeeper  
spoke with a snort, and fell to work upon  
the tail of a final *g*, over whose delicate  
curves he had lost consciousness; the gas  
jets increased their flames a full inch, lost  
their yellow hue, and seemed entering into  
active competition with the electric lights  
in the cafe across the street; four of the  
clerks began consulting lists and assorting  
books, as if business was at its flood-tide,  
while the head salesman adjusted his cravat  
and hurried toward to greet the first  
customer of the day.

But the first customer, a tall, angular man  
of apparently sixty years, seemed in no  
hurry to be greeted. He leaned a faded and  
dripping umbrella against a bookcase, un-  
reeling several yards of worsted comforter  
from his elongated neck, removed a rusty  
silk hat, evidently a reminiscence of by-  
gone days, straightened his frowzy wig,  
wiped his streaming spectacles, and turned  
the surprised salesman a pair of piercing  
black eyes that seemed quite capable of  
looking through him, and reading upon the  
back of his collar the name of its manufac-  
turer.

"What's your name?"  
As the new-comer spoke, he darted to-  
wards the breast of the salesman the long  
index finger of his right hand, which caus-  
ed the young man to start as if fearing the  
concealed point of a dagger.

"My name," answered he, "is Hooker."  
"What is your age, and where do you  
live?"  
"I am thirty years of age, and I reside in  
Harlem," replied the now thoroughly mys-  
terious salesman.

"Are you the proprietor of this establish-  
ment?"  
"No, sir, I am only a clerk. Here comes  
the senior member of the firm," and Hooker  
indicated a white-haired old gentleman who  
was just entering the room from his private  
office.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the  
publisher, bowing politely.

"Let me see. What is your name?"  
"Dappleton, Chauncey Dappleton, at your  
service."

The long, bony hand began moving to-  
wards the silver spectacles as if contempla-  
ting a military salute, but, passing on the  
journey, unfastened three of the twelve  
wings, which secured the tight fitting,  
ministerial coat, and disappeared into the  
mysterious depths beneath.

After several lunges and gyrations, repro-  
duced in miniature by the contortions of  
his mobile face, the strange gentleman  
brought to the surface, and thrust into the  
hand of Mr. Dappleton, a large card, upon  
which was printed, in heavy type:

"OLIVER DILLHORN, D. D., LL. D.,  
Pres. Union College,  
Unionville, Tenn."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Dr.  
Dillhorn," began Mr. Dappleton, extend-  
ing his hand, "I think that several  
years ago—"

"The faculty and board of trustees," in-  
terrupted the doctor, in a deep, sepulchral  
voice, "have ever had in view the greatest  
possible good for the greatest possible num-  
ber; and actuated by this noble sentiment,  
coupled with the growing needs of the  
country, which surrounds us, and especially  
stimulated thereby by an endowment fund  
of twenty thousand dollars, by a late friend  
of the college, bequeathed for the express  
purpose, have, after careful and I may add,  
prayerful consideration, decided to enlarge  
our field of usefulness, by adding to the ex-  
isting departments of the college, *ridiculi*  
the classical, the scientific, the pharmaceu-  
tical, the commercial, and the post graduate,  
a school of divinity and theology."

"It gives me great pleasure to learn it,  
doctor. In these days of materialism and  
infidelity—"

"The board of trustees supplemented by  
the faculty," resumed the reverend gen-  
tleman, with a preliminary cough, to silence  
the bookseller, "with a unanimity which I  
considered highly flattering, have nomi-  
nated and appointed me, the president of the  
institution, as a committee of one, to visit  
New York, and select and purchase for the  
new department, a theological library, and  
a supply of text books; the establishment  
of the curriculum being left entirely with  
me. Knowing your house by favorable  
reputation, I have called to examine books  
and make selections."

"I am pleased beyond expression," re-  
plied the publisher bowing. "When will  
you commence your work, doctor?"  
"At once, if convenient. It will occupy  
several days, and the trustees and faculty  
will be anxious."

Half an hour later Dr. Dillhorn was seated  
in the private office, surrounded by racks  
and chairs filled with books, deep in a com-  
parison of the merits of Paley and Alexan-  
der, Edwards and Dwight.

For over a week he labored industriously,  
selecting, rejecting, and making notes of  
doubtful cases, in a crabbed hand for future  
reference.

"My labors are almost at an end," said  
he to Mr. Dappleton on the morning of the  
eighth day "and but for one difficulty I  
could complete my order to-day."

"A difficulty! I'm sorry to hear of it.  
Can I assist you in any way?"  
"That's the point. I trust you can. A  
correct knowledge of Hebrew lies at the  
root of a theological education, and a good  
grammar is the foundation of a knowledge  
of Hebrew. There is my difficulty; a good  
Hebrew grammar I cannot find."

"We have several."  
"True, but they are all defective. I'd  
give six prices for the one I used in my stu-  
dent days. Dear old Chopman, no such  
Hebrew scholar lives to-day."

"I'm not familiar with the work, but you  
shall have it if it's obtainable in New York.  
Here, Hooker make around of the book-  
stores, and see if you can find Chopman's  
Hebrew grammar."

Two hours later the young man returned.  
He had not been successful. All agreed  
that it must be out of print. In fact no one  
remembered to have ever seen it.

"I'm greatly disappointed," said the doc-  
tor, shaking his head sorrowfully, "but I  
suppose I must adopt one of the new-fog-  
ged, inferior works. I regret it all the more  
because only this morning I received a let-  
ter from an old friend, a professor of He-  
brew, asking me, if possible, to secure a  
supply of Chopman for his college."

"Hooker," said Mr. Dappleton, "did you  
call Haverty's?"  
"No, sir, I did not. I thought it hardly  
best in view of the trouble we had with him  
last month."  
"Oh, that amounts to nothing. He is only  
a little jealous. Run over to his store;  
he may have what we want. And Hooker,"  
said the gentleman, recalling the clerk,  
and speaking to him aside, "if it comes  
right, give him a pointer about our recent  
northern customer, and the larger order  
he is giving. It will make Haverty sleep  
well."  
"I've found them at last," cried Hooker,  
as after a few minutes' absence he burst in-  
to the office. "Haverty has three hundred  
of them and I've brought a copy for your  
inspection."  
"Dear old Chopman," cried Dillhorn, af-  
ter a critical examination of the book.  
"How it carries me back to my boyhood.  
I'm glad you have found it. I must write  
the faculty and trustees of my success."  
"What does Haverty ask for this?" in-  
quired the bookseller.  
"That's the trouble, sir," replied the  
clerk. "He says he can't sell them for a  
cent less than three dollars per copy."  
"Three dollars! and for a book like that.  
He must be crazy," cried the publisher.  
"I feared the price would be high, for  
you see, I know their value. It is too  
much; but my heart is set on dear old  
Chopman, and I'll take them all, and in-  
deed, with two colleagues to supply, they'll  
not last long."  
"Oh, I forgot to mention it," said the  
salesman, "but Haverty has the plates from  
which the books were printed, which he will  
sell for five hundred dollars."  
"How I would love to have them," said  
the doctor, excitedly, "but my commission  
is to purchase books only, and I have no  
authority to buy them."  
"Make your mind easy on that score, my  
dear doctor. We will purchase the plates,  
and print as many editions as you desire."  
"Thank you, Mr. Dappleton," cried the  
reverend gentleman, extending his hand.  
"You are more than kind, and I trust and  
believe that the investment will prove a pro-  
fitable one for your house."  
"Go over to Haverty's," said the old gen-  
tleman to his clerk, "and tell him we will  
take the books and plates. Wait, let me  
make him a check for the fourteen hundred  
dollars, I don't care to be under obligations  
to him."  
"And now Mr. Dappleton," said the doc-  
tor, as the young man left the office, "my  
work is completed. You have treated me  
kindly and given me excellent prices, and I  
thank you not in my own name alone, but  
in the names of the trustees and faculty—  
yes and in the names of all who appreciate  
the value of a higher religious education.  
When will the books be boxed for shipment  
and my bill prepared?"  
"Early to-morrow morning."  
"Very well, I will call at 10 o'clock," and  
the reverend gentleman would himself up  
in his comforter, settled his wig, wiped his  
spectacles, put on his hat, shook hands with  
the publisher, and left the place.

On the following morning at 10 o'clock,  
eighteen large boxes of books, each bearing  
the name and address of Dr. Dillhorn, stood  
in the packing-room of the establishment,  
and a formidable itemized bill, with a total  
footing of more than nine thousand dollars,  
lay upon the cashier's desk; but the rever-  
end doctor himself did not appear.

Hooker, said the publisher to his clerk,  
as the day drew near its close, "I'm wor-  
ried about this Dillhorn matter. Stop over  
and ask Haverty where he bought those  
books and plates."  
"Certainly, Mr. Hooker, your house is  
welcome to any information in my posses-  
sion," said good-natured Mr. Haverty, when  
asked the history of the plates and books.  
"About ten days ago a gentleman called,  
and asked me to purchase a lot of Hebrew  
grammars, and the plates for producing  
them. I told him they were of no possible  
value, except as old metal and waste paper.  
He seemed greatly disappointed and asked  
me to store them for a short time, and try to  
find a purchaser on a commission of ten  
per cent. He named a price which confirm-  
ed my previous belief that he was a crank,  
and so, to humor him, I told him he might  
leave them with me. Of course I had no  
idea of selling them, as I had not yet heard  
of your new southern customer, and his ex-  
tensive order."  
"And you have not seen him since?" asked  
Hooker, wincing at his last, shock hands with  
the publisher, and left the place.  
"Oh, yes, he called shortly after you left  
yesterday, and collected the amount of your  
check, less my commission."  
"And you know nothing further concern-  
ing him?"

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years ago—"

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terrupted the doctor, in a deep, sepulchral  
voice, "have ever had in view the greatest  
possible good for the greatest possible num-  
ber; and actuated by this noble sentiment,  
coupled with the growing needs of the  
country, which surrounds us, and especially  
stimulated thereby by an endowment fund  
of twenty thousand dollars, by a late friend  
of the college, bequeathed for the express  
purpose, have, after careful and I may add,  
prayerful consideration, decided to enlarge  
our field of usefulness, by adding to the ex-  
isting departments of the college, *ridiculi*  
the classical, the scientific, the pharmaceu-  
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"The board of trustees supplemented by  
the faculty," resumed the reverend gen-  
tleman, with a preliminary cough, to silence  
the bookseller, "with a unanimity which I  
considered highly flattering, have nomi-  
nated and appointed me, the president of the  
institution, as a committee of one, to visit  
New York, and select and purchase for the  
new department, a theological library, and  
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several days, and the trustees and faculty  
will be anxious."

Half an hour later Dr. Dillhorn was seated  
in the private office, surrounded by racks  
and chairs filled with books, deep in a com-  
parison of the merits of Paley and Alexan-  
der, Edwards and Dwight.

For over a week he labored industriously,  
selecting, rejecting, and making notes of  
doubtful cases, in a crabbed hand for future  
reference.

"My labors are almost at an end," said  
he to Mr. Dappleton on the morning of the  
eighth day "and but for one difficulty I  
could complete my order to-day."

"A difficulty! I'm sorry to hear of it.  
Can I assist you in any way?"  
"That's the point. I trust you can. A  
correct knowledge of Hebrew lies at the  
root of a theological education, and a good  
grammar is the foundation of a knowledge  
of Hebrew. There is my difficulty; a good  
Hebrew grammar I cannot find."

"We have several."  
"True, but they are all defective. I'd  
give six prices for the one I used in my stu-  
dent days. Dear old Chopman, no such  
Hebrew scholar lives to-day."

"I'm not familiar with the work, but you  
shall have it if it's obtainable in New York.  
Here, Hooker make around of the book-  
stores, and see if you can find Chopman's  
Hebrew grammar."

Two hours later the young man returned.  
He had not been successful. All agreed  
that it must be out of print. In fact no one  
remembered to have ever seen it.

"I'm greatly disappointed," said the doc-  
tor, shaking his head sorrowfully, "but I  
suppose I must adopt one of the new-fog-  
ged, inferior works. I regret it all the more  
because only this morning I received a let-  
ter from an old friend, a professor of He-  
brew, asking me, if possible, to secure a  
supply of Chopman for his college."

"Hooker," said Mr. Dappleton, "did you  
call Haverty's?"  
"No, sir, I did not. I thought it hardly  
best in view of the trouble we had with him  
last month."  
"Oh, that amounts to nothing. He is only  
a little jealous. Run over to his store;  
he may have what we want. And Hooker,"  
said the gentleman, recalling the clerk,  
and speaking to him aside, "if it comes  
right, give him a pointer about our recent  
northern customer, and the larger order  
he is giving. It will make Haverty sleep  
well."  
"I've found them at last," cried Hooker,  
as after a few minutes' absence he burst in-  
to the office. "Haverty has three hundred  
of them and I've brought a copy for your  
inspection."  
"Dear old Chopman," cried Dillhorn, af-  
ter a critical examination of the book.  
"How it carries me back to my boyhood.  
I'm glad you have found it. I must write  
the faculty and trustees of my success."  
"What does Haverty ask for this?" in-  
quired the bookseller.  
"That's the trouble, sir," replied the  
clerk. "He says he can't sell them for a  
cent less than three dollars per copy."  
"Three dollars! and for a book like that.  
He must be crazy," cried the publisher.  
"I feared the price would be high, for  
you see, I know their value. It is too  
much; but my heart is set on dear old  
Chopman, and I'll take them all, and in-  
deed, with two colleagues to supply, they'll  
not last long."  
"Oh, I forgot to mention it," said the  
salesman, "but Haverty has the plates from  
which the books were printed, which he will  
sell for five hundred dollars."  
"How I would love to have them," said  
the doctor, excitedly, "but my commission  
is to purchase books only, and I have no  
authority to buy them."  
"Make your mind easy on that score, my  
dear doctor. We will purchase the plates,  
and print as many editions as you desire."  
"Thank you, Mr. Dappleton," cried the  
reverend gentleman, extending his hand.  
"You are more than kind, and I trust and  
believe that the investment will prove a pro-  
fitable one for your house."  
"Go over to Haverty's," said the old gen-  
tleman to his clerk, "and tell him we will  
take the books and plates. Wait, let me  
make him a check for the fourteen hundred  
dollars, I don't care to be under obligations  
to him."  
"And now Mr. Dappleton," said the doc-  
tor, as the young man left the office, "my  
work is completed. You have treated me  
kindly and given me excellent prices, and I  
thank you not in my own name alone, but  
in the names of the trustees and faculty—  
yes and in the names of all who appreciate  
the value of a higher religious education.  
When will the books be boxed for shipment  
and my bill prepared?"  
"Early to-morrow morning."  
"Very well, I will call at 10 o'clock," and  
the reverend gentleman would himself up  
in his comforter, settled his wig, wiped his  
spectacles, put on his hat, shook hands with  
the publisher, and left the place.

DEAR OLD CHOPMAN.

The long drought of 187—was broken  
there could be no doubt of it. Dust, and  
grime, and thirst had vanished from pave-  
ment, grass, and foliage. Rain had come at  
last, not in a whimsical, intermittent way,  
as pleased the idle fancy of every adventurous  
gust of wind, but in an old-fashioned equi-  
noctial down-pour, which filled gutters to  
overflowing, taxed the capacity of sewers,  
invaded unprotected cellars, revived youth-  
ful speculation touching the father of Ja-  
phet and the bow of promise, and ground  
and polished the cobble paving-stones, until  
they outshone the deftware, and fairly riv-  
aled the eyes of the thrifty Dutch house-  
wives, who, in the days of Stuyvesant and  
Van Twiller, fringed supreme in the red  
brick,