

Deaver & Gephart

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The Millheim Journal.

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DOING WASHING.

"I shall charge seventy-five cents for that Swiss muslin dress, with the flounces and lace insertion," said Rosamond Rayforth, as she shook out a white, fluffy mass, and pinned it deftly on a line which was stretched from a silver-birch tree to a tall, young mountain ash. "It's worth more than that, but these fashionable ladies are so distressingly parsimonious in their ideas."

The orange glow of the sunrise was just flinging its sheaf of reddening arrows across the wooded side of Spicetree Mountains; the birds were whistling their matin songs, and the hidden waters of Spicetree Creek were swirling with merry music around the gnarled tree-roots and moss-covered boulders that protruded themselves across its current.

The wild clematis and rank fox-gloves had bud and were themselves picturesquely above the deserted, charcoal-burner's cabin were fluttering their matin wings in the morning breeze; and the fire of dead sticks was crackling bravely under a huge kettle, where Miss Rayforth's second tubful of clothes was already boiling like a witch's cauldron.

For she and Clara Seton, her room-mate at college, had come up here before the dawn had unfurled its peevish banners, kindled their fire and gone bravely to work.

"Doesn't it seem ridiculous?" said Rosamond, as she sorted out half a dozen or so of sheer linen pocket handkerchiefs, and plunged them up and down in the bluing-pail. "Last night you and I were waiting in the ball-room with those two young army officers; this morning we are getting out our wash. Just hand me a few of those blue-prints, Clara, please! How romantic and really do you know one another in this world, to-be-sure? These handkerchiefs will dry directly, the sun touches them, and then we can have the lines for the large articles. Are you sure the starch isn't lumpy, Clara? Miss Cavendish is so very particular about her lawn wrappers. And how are the irons heating up?"

Clara Seton, who had just finished colling up her lumpy black hair, and had transacted it with a long shell pin, peeped into an impromptu furnace of charcoal that glowed under the slope of a prodigious rock, beyond which half a dozen flatirons were set on end.

"They'll be in prime order in half an hour," said she. "Do you suppose, Rosy, they'll be there to-night again?"

"The flatirons?"

"No, the army officers."

"Most likely," said Rosamond, with a clothes-pin in her mouth, as she stood on tiptoe to hang a ruffled petticoat to the breeze. "I heard them ask Flora Foster if they were staying at the Mountain House."

"Oh, did you? And what did she say?"

"She said she believed we were camping out somewhere."

"So we are," said Clara laughing. "And she asked the dear, goodly little thing—that we were artists who spent most of our time in sketching. Then, Clara, the clothes-lines are full at last. We'll adjourn long enough to drink our cold coffee and eat some bread and milk. Oh, yes! we're camping out—there can't be any mistake about that," she went on, with a laugh, as the two girls sat down in the shade of the hazel bushes to partake of their simple morning meal.

"But I often wonder what the Mountain House people would say if they knew that we were the French ladies to whom the landlady's wife sends their muslin gowns and Swiss polonaises to be done up?"

"What do we care?" retorted Clara, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Nothing in the world. But isn't it comical, Clara, when one thinks back over it all? How we came here with our essels and our palette, and our coloring tubes, expecting to make our fortunes as artists, painting woodland scenes on birch-bark, and reproducing the sunsets on bits of mill-board. And then we discovered that every farmer's daughter in the neighborhood was doing the same thing, and that art was at a hopeless discount. And yet—yet—remember the dancing, until the colored fiddlers came over the mountain and underled us altogether. And we had no money to buy our tickets back to the city, nor to pay our hotel bills, until—until—a fortunate day the landlady lost her temper and left at an hour's notice, and I helped Mrs. Fitch out of her dilemma!"

"And now," said Clara, "we are making eight or ten dollars a week."

"Out of the wash-tub," said Rosamond, lightly. "And boarding ourselves. Oh, how thankful I am that I spent that long, dreary, dismal winter with old Aunt Abigail, in a haunted house where no help could be induced to stay, and then and there learned to wash and iron equal to any heathen Chinese!"

"I believe, Rosamond, that you would laugh at anything."

"But it is so ridiculous," persisted merry Rosamond. "To think of the downfall that our lofty ideas had. From artist to washer-woman! From Prussian blue and Venetian red to indigo bags and starch!"

And she jumped up and ran back to the boiler, which was now spluttering and bubbling like some infuriated monster.

"It's boiling over, Clara—it's boiling over!" she cried, in loud, sweet accents. "Help me off with it—quick or the clothes will be boiled."

"Allow me," spoke a calm, deep voice; and the next moment the kettle was swung off the impromptu crane upon the grass below, and Rosamond Rayforth found herself face to face with Captain Alford, the tailor and handseamer of the two officers with whom she had dwelt the midnight before.

While Harry Drayton, the younger cavalryman, advanced through the bushes, with his gun balanced over his shoulder, and the countenance of one who was sure of a welcome.

"So this is camp," said he.

"Yes," said Rosamond, stealing herself to the occasion; "this is the camp. Won't you walk in, Captain Alford? And you Mr. Drayton?"

"But I shall be interrupting you."

Rosamond snatched a cheery sparkle came into her soft, dark eyes.

"A little," she owned. "We are always busy at this time of day, Clara and I. In the afternoon—you will probably see us at the hotel, in our best frocks and with our hair out of crimping-pins."

Captain Alford glanced helplessly around.

"Oh, I see," said he. "But just here you

MARK TWAIN AS A SOLDIER.

The following is from *The Baltimore American* report of the twenty-second anniversary of the Veteran association of Maryland:

"Mark Twain responded to the toast, 'The Camp-fire.' He was greeted with cheers and applause.

"When your secretary invited me to this reunion of the union veterans of Maryland, he requested me to come prepared to clear up a matter which he said had long been a subject of dispute and bad blood in war circles in this country—to wit, the true dimensions of my military services in the civil war and the effect which they had upon the general result. I recognized the importance of this thing to history, and I have come prepared. Here are the details. I was in the civil war two weeks. In that brief time I rose from private to second lieutenant. The monumental feature of my campaign was the one battle which my command fought—it was in the summer of '61. If I do say it, it was the bloodiest battle ever fought in the human history; there is nothing approaching it for the destruction of human life in the field, if you take in consideration the forces engaged and the proportion of death to survival. And yet you do not even know the name of that battle. Neither do I. It had a name but I have forgotten it. It is no use to keep up private information which you can't show off. Now look at the way history does. It takes the battle of Boonville, fought near by about the date of our slaughter, and shouts its teeth loose over it, and yet never mentions ours; don't even call it an 'affair;' doesn't call it any-

thing at all: never even heard of it. Whereas, what are the facts? Why these: In the battle of Boonville there were 2,000 men engaged on the Union side and about as many on the other—supposed to be. The casualties, all told, were two men killed outright, but only half of them, for the other man died in hospital the next day. I know this because his grandfather was a second cousin to my grandfather, who spoke two languages and was perfectly honorable and upright, though he had wars all over him, and used to—but never mind about that, the facts are just as I say, and I can prove it. Two men killed in the battle of Boonville, that's the whole result, all the others got away—on both sides. Now then, in our battle there was just fifteen men engaged on our side, all brigadier generals but me, and I second lieutenant. On the other side there was one man. He was a stranger. We killed him. It was night, and we thought he was an army of observation—in fact he looked bigger than an army of observation would in the day time; and some of us believed that he was trying to surround us, and some thought he was going to try to turn our position, and so we shot him. Poor fellow, he probably wasn't an army of observation, after all, but that wasn't our fault; as I say, he had the look of it in dim light. It was a sorrowful circumstance, but he took the chances of war and he drew the wrong; he overestimated his fighting strength and he suffered the likely result; but he fell as the brave should fall—with his face to the foe and feet to the field—so we buried him with the honors of war, and took his things. So began—and so ended the only battle in the history of the world where the opposing force was utterly exterminated, swept away from the face of the earth—to the last man. And yet you don't know the name of that battle; you don't even know the name of that man. Now, then, for argument. Suppose I had continued in the war and gone on as I began, and exterminated the opposing force every time—every two weeks—where would your war, have been? Why you see yourself, the conflict would have been one-sided. There was but one course honorable for me to pursue and I pursued it. I withdrew to private life and gave the union cause a chance. There, now, you have the whole thing in a nut-shell; it was not my presence in the civil war that determined that tremendous contest—it was my retirement from it that brought the crash. I left the confederate side too weak. And yet, when I stop and think, I can not regret my course. No, when I look abroad over this happy land with its wounds healed and its enemies forgotten; this reunited sisterhood of majestic states; this freest of the free commonwealths of the sun in his course shines upon; this one sole country namable in tradition or history, where a man is a man, and manhood the only royalty; this people ruled by the justest and wholesomest laws and the government yet devised by the wisdom of men; this mightiest of the civilized empires of the earth, in numbers, in prosperity, in progress and in promise; and reflect that there is no north, no south any more, but that as in the old time, it is now and will remain forever, in the hearts and speech of Americans, our land, our country, our giant empire, and the flag floating in its firmament our flag, I would not wish it otherwise. No, when I look about me, I contemplate these sublime results, I feel deep down in my heart, that I acted for the best when I took my shoulder out from under the confederacy and let it come down."

He finished in a roar of applause that shook the room.

An Expert's Opinion of Exercise.

Take the heart—itself a very bundle of muscular fibres. We know that as long as we live, whether sleeping or waking that wonderful organ keeps up its wonderful contractions and expansions. But, when we use our muscles, their contractile force upon the blood-vessels helps the blood along its channels, and thus takes a little labor from the propelling heart. It beats faster but with less effort. While helping the heart, muscular exercise helps the lungs also. More exercise means for the lungs more breath; that is, more air inspired and more carbonic-acid gas expired. By deeper breathings the involuntary muscles are strengthened.

While the lungs and heart are doing better work under the stimulus of muscular exercise, the heart pumping the blood more certainly to the farthest tissues of the body and the lungs more rapidly purifying the blood, other organs are benefited. The diaphragm, that muscle separating the lungs and heart from the stomach and liver, is rising and falling, and with the increased expansion and contraction of the walls of the thorax, is moving all the contents of the abdomen to activity. The liver, the great gland of the body, has not only more blood sent to it, but is situated at action.

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If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they have notified the publishers in writing to that effect.

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former residence, they are responsible.

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