The Millheim Journal.

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—On the Second Floor we have—
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—and thoroughly equipped to show our goods and how to arrange your home pleasantly.—
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We sell the following celebrated Pianos:
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Silverware, China, Glass and Stoneware, Lamps, Chandeliers & Bric-a-Brac ever seen. Our Curtain and Upholstering Department is not surpassed in the cities. Hotel Churches and Private Residences Furnished at short notice and at low rates.
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Busy all the time. Every Bid a Sale

ONLY FOR FUN.

"How be you, this mornin', Squire Dunnin'?"

"Oh, middlin', Miss Patty; middlin'. Hain't quite so spry as I was twenty odd years ago, but hold on a bit and I'll help you down." And so saying Alderman Si Dunning reached up a large fat hand and eased Miss Patsy's descent from the one-horse shay that old Doane was tugging at, evidently not wishing to tarry, for she seemed instinctively to conclude that if Miss Patty stopped there was no telling when she would assume her journey.

You see, though Miss Patty was a good old soul as ever lived, she was very much given to harmless gossiping, and she generally tarried long over the whine when she began to talk over her own troubles and trials.

Miss Patty was, as she herself expressed it, nigh on to sixty, and, in fact, she had admitted the same thing for a number of years, so that most folks put it at seventy or thereabouts. Just now Miss Patty was in a peck of trouble—she had come down from the Roseheaf farm in search of female help.

Mrs. Dunning, the hotel-keeper's wife, came out to greet the new comer, being always glad to see the tidy body, especially as Miss Patty Slocum's butter was the best for miles around, and she always made it a point to bring some along with her.

Just now Uncle Si, as most people called him, was grunting over the three-gallon of buttercup yellow creamery.

Mrs. Dunning relieved the butter-maker of her basket of eggs, and she herself gathered up a bunch of garden sass, and brought up in the rear as the trio trudged through the garden and around to the ample hotel kitchen, Miss Patty remarking, as they were passing the side piazza:

"I've got to have some help somehow or other. I've inquired all the way along, but girls seem to be mighty scarce; allers the way these days, when you want 'em to do a bit of work they are nowhere around. If it warn't for the rheumatiz—" but right here Miss Patty's voice was lost, as she turned the corner of the great house. Though lost to view, she was indelibly stamped on the memory of the group of girls who sat on the front piazza, some in low wicker rockers, one in a hammock, swinging lazily, another half hidden by the luxuriant woodbine that clambered up the second story.

"I say, girls, come here, every one of you," and the face that had been peeping from the woodbine came into full view, and the dainty, muslin clad body sailed down the steps, and four others, not at all alike, after her around the west side of the house, and within hearing of all that was said in the kitchen.

"Mum is the word, now, girls; don't you give an audible smile for your life. I think the party in the immense sun bonnet—shaker, I suppose you'd call it—is a case; and original, too; and I want to hear what she is going to say about her help. She makes me think of old Aunt Hannah, up at the springs. This old body is just such a go-ahead—sharp as a cricket; and, except for her rheumatism, would be equal to half a dozen such girls as you and I."

When the girls had reached the desired spot right under a high window that opened out of the buttery, that was Mrs. Dunning's pride, and a marvel of convenience, by the by, they all sat down on a long wooden bench that was under great overhanging lilac bushes, just now laden with immense clusters of the lovely perfumed blossoms.

Rose Stoneleigh, the leader of the group, put one dimpled finger up to her lips, and the others, in "follow your leader" style, each raised a finger, and they were all as quiet as mice. Presently, through the window, came the voice of Mrs. Dunning:

"Indeed you must stop a minute, Miss Slocum. You'll be all done out time you get back home again."

"No! thankee all the same. I'll try one more place, and then I'll get back home again."

"It's too bad you can't find anybody. What is the particular rush, just now? Surely haying has not commenced with you?"

"No; not exactly, but I've a sight on hand just now; got to do some pie plant and then them 'ere gooseberries are about ripe enough to can, and in a couple of weeks the cherries will be on hand, and—pester the hired help anyway. I'd sooner grub along, anyhow, than bother with any of them, if it wa'n't for this plaguey rheumatiz. It kinder ketches me wonst in a while, and, no use to talk, it takes the spunk clean out of me. I heard as they had some sort of ile down to the post-office that was powerful good for sich cases, and I guess I must get a quarter's worth just to try it. Feel sort of 'fraid to, too."

"Girls, sit still, and I will be back in a trice," and off flew Rose, skimming past stately Helen Parker, who still sat on the piazza, scratching away with her pen on an oval stand before her.

"What are you up to now Rose Stoneleigh?"

"Can't stop to tell any fibs just now, said Rosa, as she flew up the broad stairway and into her room. Presently she emerged an altogether different-looking person. In the place of a muslin she had donned a school-girl gingham, a white apron, and a plain linen collar, her hair all smoothed down to get the contrary wrinkles out perfectly natural you know. Down she went, stole back and seized Mrs Dunning's blue gingham sun-bonnet, and darting to the wondering girls, had just time to signal them to the front, when Miss Patty emerged from the other side and was about to ascend the steps of the comical vehicle. Mrs. Dunning, turning after her, said: "I hope you'll succeed in your efforts, Miss Slocum. If I wasn't so busy I'd let Selina come up a day or two and help you out, but you see we have the seminary girls—at least six of them—and it keeps one kinder busy. Why what on earth!" Here the good old lady had to stop in sheer amazement, for she recognized her sun-bonnet coming toward her with a little body underneath.

Rose did not stop for anything, but sailed up to Miss Patty, made a demure little bow and commenced: "Please, ma'am, I overheard your conversation and thought I'd offer myself if you think I can strip pie-plant, or could help you in any way; and she dropped her white lids as though she was frightened at her own temerity.

"You don't look as you could do much. How much do you expect to get a week, and where did you come from?" queried business-like Miss Patty.

"I came from over yonder some miles and have a sick aunt, and want to earn some money. Please try me, and if I don't suit I need not stay."

"Well, seein' as how you came in the nick of time, and look kind of clipper like, I'll take you along. Have you any recommendations along."

"No-o, I have not, but Mrs. Dunning here knows me; she did not expect to see me to-day hunting a place," and the smiling eyes were turned upon the landlord's wife, and hid by the sun-bonnet, she made a grimace at the puzzled face that was slowly taking in the fun.

"Oh, yes," explained the good old lady, "I do know her but I doubt her capabilities regarding house-keeping. But I'd try her if I were you. You might do worse."

"Can you come right along? I'd a heap rather you would, seein' as I'm clean tuckered out now."

"Oh, yes; certainly I can, Mrs. Dunning, I left my bundle, a gingham and a few other things, inside. Will you have them sent? One reason that I came was that Cora, over there, used to know me and I heard that the girls were going to spend a part of their vacation here, and then I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone if I could earn a bit while over." Miss Patty looked rather suspiciously at the white dimpled hands, and it was hard telling what was in her thoughts, as she finally drove off. They went down into the heart of the village, and Rose pulled the sunbonnet further down around her face, murmuring "that the sun was rather warm."

"Now, we will have to wait for the ten train," said Miss Patty, "and if you will mind the horse I'll just drop right into the postoffice and get what I want. I expect my grand nephew on the train, and if it happens to come in while I'm in here, you just keep an eye open for a long, good-lookin' chap with an immense big gilt chain, and tell him I'll be out as soon as I can git my ile and lamp chimneys, and other stuff. Mind the horse now!"

So saying off she went.

Rose sat very quiet for some minutes peeping from the depths of the bonnet. It was dreadful, this having to wait when she was in for a frolic. Ten, fifteen minutes went by when, in the distance, sounded the locomotive whistle.

"Whew" mimicked Rose, a grand-nephew coming. I suppose her ideal of a good-looking man is one that can do all manner of hard work, and a great gawk of a fellow he is, I know." Her reverie was interrupted by the stopping of the train, and the rush of passengers getting up and off. With a ting-a-ling, a puff and a snort, the great engine steamed out again with a long line of cars trailing after.

Rose had all she could do to manage the old mare. When Doane finally became quiet, Rose looked over towards the depot in search of the gilt chain, that being uppermost in her mind. The passengers had all gone their ways, except two; these were a lady and a gentleman.

There was a cloud of dust, a carriage drove up, and, amid a shower of greetings, the lady was helped in, and immediately driven off. Rose came to the conclusion that the tall gentleman must be the nephew aforesaid, who espying Miss Patty's turnout came over.

"Excuse me, madam, but I believe this is Miss Patty Slocum's rig, is it not, and, did she send you down for me?"

"I'm in for it now," thought Rose; "he thinks I'm the hired girl, no doubt, but I'll carry it through or die, for the girls would make a laughing-stock of me."

Aloud she said: "You can jump in if you like; Miss Slocum will be out presently; she is in the post office, and I expect her every miuute now."

Contrary to her expectations, he seated himself beside her, and with a polite "Allow me," he took the reins from her hand.

Miss Patty's watchful eyes had taken in all that had occured outside, and now appeared at the open door.

"I'll be there in just three minutes, Tom; just make yourself agreeable to the miss; she's going to help me a bit for a week or so.'

"I'll wait three hours, Aunty, if you like; I'm not at all in a hurry;" and the brown eyes were as full of mischief as those of Rose's. Rose's were as blue as the sky, though they might have been green, or yellow for all the glimpse Tom could get of them.

He was mentally anathematizing sun-bonnets of all descriptions, and wondering if the man who invented them was dead yet; if not he wanted to make a mark of him immediately. As the beginning beneath the (to him) hideous structure was rather quiet, he concluded to bide his time, and if it proved interesting, he meant to have all the fun possible during his two weeks' stay. He soliloquized thus: "Now, Aunty is as sharp as a steel trap, and if this little niece here does not toe the mark she won't have her around, but we'll fix things. I wish she'd throw back that confounded headgear, and let a fellow see what she is like."

Presently Miss Patty, having completed her purchases, stepped out, and was handed into the wagon by the clerk, he being glad of the excuse to satisfy his curiosity regarding the occupants of the front seat.

The sun by this time was getting very hot, and Miss Patty told Tom to drive along right smart, as she had dinner to get yet, and they had three miles or so to go.

"Why, yes, Aunty, I know the precise distance, why shouldn't I; when I lived there so many years; seems as though you have more enterprising folks about here than there was three years ago."

"Well, yes; you see since them seminary girls came seems as though it is livelier about here; you know they built the seminary the fall you went away."

Old Doane did her best, and within half an hour they were in sight of a white house with green blinds and lovely trees and immense rose bushes. Jest drive around to the back, Tom, I've got a lot of traps and I don't like to lug 'em clear through the house." Having done as he was desired, he sprang nimbly to the ground, helped Miss Patty out, then handed her the bundles, and very awkwardly knocked off that terrible bonnet. Rose untied the strings to get a little air during the drive home. The blue eyes looked defiance at the brown ones, while the brown ones had a look that pleaded, "I'll never do it again, please, ma'am.

Rose followed Miss Patty into the house, while Tom attended to old Doane. Everything was as neat as a pin in the little kitchen. The low stuffed rockers were inviting and Rose sat down. Having found her tongue she went into raptures over everything she saw.

'What a dear little place you have, so old-fashioned and so homelike. Let me pare those for you, I'll do it ever so thin." Having finished her task she went from one room to another, and her bright ways and light step soon won Miss Patty's esteem and Rose had a firm friend forever after.

Tom was astonished at the clear pretty face as he tipped the bonnet off her head, and he mentally resolved to be on his good behavior, for as he told old Doane, out in the barn, "blue eyes, brown hair, short and plump, and a will of her own, which shows itself in their blue depths; full of fun, though, in fact, Doane, if you'll help me to manage it, and don't tell aunty until it's all fixed, we'll marry her. That is, of course, providing she isn't spoken for before this and will have us you know."

Doane neighed as though she understood everything, but Tom gave her a whole peck of oats in his absentmindednes.

Two—three weeks glided by. Tom was a model of good behavior. Miss Patty was delighted at the success of her preserving. Rose learned the art of butter making; and she made Tom pick cherries and in a hundred ways made himself generally useful; and though he protested he was sinfully abused he could not keep out of the kitchen.

When the three weeks were up Rose decided to tell Miss Patty that she was only a seminary girl, and that she must go home to spend the holidays.

"I'll tell you what, Rose, if you and Tom here will hitch horses you might stay right along."

"Hurrah for Aunt Patty!" shouted Tom, "what do you say, Rose, will you be my wife?"

"Oh Tom Slocum, I have now known you but three weeks; besides, what would my folks say? and don't you know, Tom, the old saying, that a change of name and not of letter, is a change for worse and not for better? I am only a school-girl, Tom, and would make you a mad-cap wife."

"I'll soon tame you," laughed Tom. "We will write to father and mother—you see I claim them already—and I do not want my wife to be too learned. Say yes, Rose, and I will attend to all the difficulties and the old saying won't be true in our case."

Aunt Patty, who meanwhile sat stoning cherries, now spoke again: "Tom is a good boy Rose, and you might do a great sight worse, 'sides I want to see him settled in life before I die."

"Well, you are both so determined, you may have me, Tom, for better or for worse, mind, I warn you, it might be for the worse."

'We'll take all the risks," cried happy Tom Slocum.

So in just a month from that day, Rose Stoneleigh became the bride of Tom Slocum, and a happier couple never existed, and her five bridesmaids were the girls who sat on the veranda of the hotel. Though some of them are grandmothers now, they never forget their wild little leader, Rose Stoneleigh.

Make the Farm Home Pleasant.

Yes; make it pleasant that the growing boys and girls will not be looking forward to the time when they will be old enough to leave the farm in search of a pleasanter place. We know of a well-to-do farmer, having eight children, who as soon as they are old enough to support themselves, leave their home. Of the five boys, not one remains on the farm. They have gone to clerkships and other positions in preference to staying on the much despised farm. A glance in the home may account somewhat for this. There never has been any effort to make it attractive for the children. The parents' aim has been to work and save with scarcely a thought that their children had any other needs than food and clothing. They are active, bright minded boys and girls. It is no wonder that the dullness and monotony becomes endurable.

This farmer does not hesitate to spend money in farm improvements in fine stock, or anything that will advance his financial interest; but any outlay for the children's pleasure is regarded as unnecessary and extravagrant.

Children cannot feel that sense of proprietorship in the farm and its profits that is a stimulant to the heads of the households, and something is needed to take its place. Some personal property, even if a chicken or a pig is a strong incentive. Children are sportive by nature—all young animals are—and some diversion is essential for leisure hours; otherwise their minds will wander off and dwell on the attractions supposed to pertain to village and city life.

A few dollars each year invested in reading matter will not only supply pleasant employment for leisure hours, but the means of mental improvement as well. There are somany excellent, entertaining publications for the young, and at such low prices, that no family in which there are children should be without one or more. But parents should discriminate carefully between a good and a bad class a reading matter, for there is a large amount of a flashy, sensational character, wholly unfit for the young to read.

There is no reason why a country home should not be a place of pleasure and contentment to every member. There is a freshness and freedom in farm life that cannot be enjoyed when a person is surrounded by brick walls With pleasant mental recreation for leisure hours there need be no unhappy memories of the farm to carry through life.—*American Agriculturist for July.*

OMAHA DAME—'I suppose you still have a box at the Blank Avenue Theatre?'

New York Dame—'No, the proscenium has been remodeled and wenever go there now.'

'Have the boxes been taken away?'

'No, but they have been turned so you can't be seen by anybody but the people on the stage.'

The Comical Mistake Made by Two Tract Distributing Detroit Ladies.

The other day two ladies with benevolent faces and a bundle of tracts entered the county jail and began a distribution of literature among the prisoners, accompanying each gift with such words of comfort and advice as circumstances appeared to render necessary. The official in charge at the time escorted the ladies to the door of ward two just as Turnkey Crandell who was inside the ward at the time, was coming toward the door. He stood quietly on the inside among the prisoners waiting until the ladies had finished their good work. The latter made a rather awkward mistake and concluding that the turnkey himself was an inmate, the older of the two offered him a tract.

"My poor man," she observed, holding the book between the bars, "take this and promise me that you will read it in your cell before you go to bed every night. It will do you good and help you to bear up under your troubles."

"But, madame, I—I—h—h——" stammered the turnkey reddening.

"Now never mind," continued the good woman still offering the tract, "I know what you are going to say.

You think, perhaps, you are too far gone to be influenced by these stories, but I don't care what horrible crime you have committed; this tract will comfort you. Even if your hands are red with the blood of a fellow creature there is yet hope."

"Well, I'll be——"

"Now don't add profanity to your other awful crimes. Here's a little sermon on the sin of swearing. Take it and be guided by the counsel you will find there."

"Yes, and you give him one about smoking," put in the speaker's companion, noticing that Crandell had a cigar in his mouth.

The unfortunate turnkey made two or three attempts to explain matters, but in vain, and when he saw several grinning deputies taking in his discomfiture he seized the proffered tracts and dived headlong into one of the cells, venturing forth only when assured that the ladies were clear of the premises.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Live Stock in July.

Horses at hard work need special care, both in food and general treatment. They cannot do hard work on grass alone, and should have proper rations of oats. An occasional washing, in addition to currying and brushing will help keep the coat in good order. Use a cotton sheet to keep off flies. Water frequently and they will not drink to much excess. Clean and sweet stables promote the health of the animals. Cows often suffer from excessive heat while at pasture. Every pasture should have shade. If there are no trees, make a shelter, a roof set upon stakes, and thatch with brush will answer a good purpose. If a cow is sunstruck while in full flow the amount of milk is greatly diminished, if not stopped altogether, and is rarely restored. Sheep should have access to water, and be provided with shade; give salt frequently. Young pigs require little beyond a clover pasture. Those intended for early market should have extra feed. Hens set after this month rarely succeed with their brood. The poultry house needs special care in hot weather to keep it clear of vermic. White-wash the sides and floor, applying kerosene to the roosts, and provide dust boxes. Feed turkeys daily to induce them to return home regularly at night—*American Agriculturist for July.*

PETERSON for July begins a new volume, and we can honestly say that, exceptional in merit as it has proved itself this year, the present number is an advance on its predecessors. The steel engraving, "The Pet Rabbit," is of rare beauty. A new serial begins, by Miss Bowman, the popular Southern writer called "Along the Bayou," and to judge from the opening chapters, it will prove even superior to her former stories. A special interest attaches to the illustrated payer, "The Princess of Modern Art," from the fact that it was the last article ever written by Charles J. Peterson, and is his happiest and most discriminating manner. "The Black Trunk," by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, is one of the most original tales we have read in a long time, and the stories and poetry in general are far above the average of this or any of the lady's-magazines. Now is a good time to subscribe or to get up clubs. Terms: two dollars per year, or one dollar for six months, with large reductions to clubs. The premiums offered for getting up clubs are very handsome. Specimen copies sent free to those desiring to get up clubs. Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG MAN (to sexton at church door); "Isn't the sermon nearly done?"

Sexton: About an hour yet. He is on his "Lastly."

Young man: "Will it take him an hour to get through his; "Lastly?"

Sexton: "No; but there is the "One word more and I am done" and the 'Finally,' and 'In conclusion,' to come yet. Don't get impatient young man,