

Dear Mr. Gephart

The Millheim Journal, PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

The Millheim Journal

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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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HIS MATCH.

Everybody said that Orphie French was crazy to think of marrying Hector Hunter. In the first place he was too old. (He was thirty-five and Orphie only eighteen.)

His Match. "Not so very much," said Orphie, composedly. "We had ours done at home. I think papa said the cost was only one hundred and fifty dollars."

"Poor thing!" said Orphie, pitying, "perhaps he didn't dare to. What were you saying, Arthur? A base-ball match on the common? Why, that's delightful! Don't stay at home on my account, I beg of you. Go and enjoy yourself while you can. We'll have a base-ball game with you. As it is, I will sit by the window with papa and watch the game. Oh, Hector, I forgot to tell you! Florence Freeman was married yesterday, and who do you think the bridegroom was? Oh, you never never guess, so I might as well tell you. It was Percy Whitman, and such a display as was made. Not at all like our humble union."

"What's this you take him, then?" growled Mr. Hunter, whose feelings were somewhat "riled" by the proposed change in his house. "He wanted you at one time, didn't he?" Orphie laughed gleefully. "I didn't want him," she said. "I had rather have you than a dozen Percy Whitmans."

"You know the young folks so well, Orphie, that there is no need of an introduced person," said Mr. Hunter, as his young bride kissed one by one her mother and father, and then turned to the youngest on her knee. "When you are rested we will go over the house and take a look at things; then we will have some dinner. I dismissed the housekeeper today, as I knew we should not need her after you came. Her month was up, and as a penny saved is a penny earned, I let her go. Rosa Belle is large enough to help you about the house. She is fifteen, and as tall as you are. I guess you'll pull together first rate."

"Pretty Orphie looked at her step-daughter questioningly. "I hope so," she said, quietly. "Yes, kissing her, 'I am sure we shall.' That kiss won Rosa Belle. 'Arthur,' she said to her twelve-year-old brother the moment the door closed behind her new mother, 'take heart. I do believe there is a change coming. The second Mrs. Hunter is very sweet and smiling, but I shouldn't be surprised if father had found his match. She doesn't say a great deal, but there is a look in her eye which makes me feel funny.'"

"He'll tame her before long," answered Arthur with a knowing shake of the head. "She'll have to knock under the same as the rest of us. I wonder if he'll let me go out at night. He's large enough to help you about the house. She is fifteen, and as tall as you are. I guess you'll pull together first rate."

"You needn't be at all," interrupted Rosa Belle, tugging on her apron and bustling about the poorly spread table in the room adjoining. "This is father's wedding day and joining. 'It isn't at all likely he'll let you go out. Come, Kathie, peel those potatoes for me. Then set the chairs up, and tell the folks dinner is ready. I wish I had something better to offer her,' she added, looking ruefully at the platter of fried pork in the center of the table flanked on either side by a dish of apple-sauce and a huge loaf of wheat bread. 'I wish who Hattie Andrews' folks,' said Kathie, hurriedly removing their ugly brown jackets, and tumbling them into the blue earthen dish which little brought from the closet. 'Well, if Mrs. Hunter is as hungry as I am, she won't think of anything but her dinner,' exclaimed Arthur, bringing up the chairs with a good deal of noise. 'The apple-sauce is scorched, Rosa Belle. I smell it. Father won't touch that.' 'Well, I can't help it,' answered the girl in a discouraged tone. He hadn't her heart Martha off just at this time. 'It's all right, dear,' said a pleasant voice behind her, and Orphie slipped into her seat at the head of the table. She had changed her wedding dress for a simple calico, and a white apron was tied about her trim waist. 'Martha was getting old, Rosa Belle. We want a younger maid-of-all-work. Never mind the folks, Kathie; I have some better ones in my trunk. Hector, it strikes me this dining-room is rather small,' looking about the dingy, poorly furnished apartment. 'Can't it be enlarged in any way? You must see Dunham about it at once, as it must be attended to before warm weather sets in. Dog-days are so trying in Hillswood.' 'My dear Orphie'—Mr. Hunter turned two severe eyes on the dimpled face to enlarge this room."

Law and Justice.

An eminent American lawyer, now dead, no less eminent a one in brief than Charles O'Connor, once remarked in the course of a newspaper interview, 'There is no injustice impossible under the law, provided accident gives the unjust man the semblance of a righteous cause, and when he gets his action in before his opponent.'

A great English barrister who visited this country some years ago observed to his neighbor at the dinner table, while discussing the eccentricities of the law, 'There's too much law all the world over and nobody knows it better than the lawyer himself. We're buried under decisions and precedents. We're tangled with tape till we can't move without being hauled up short. If we're honest any in our own trade that has as much wit or less scruples may with luck and circumstances in his favor trick us. If we're not honest?—' 'Well?' he was asked. 'Well,' said he, 'I haven't tried it yet, but I've been tempted to.'

His neighbor told him what Charles O'Connor had said, and he remarked: 'The whole thing has been put in such compact shape by one of our own judges. He was called on at a banquet to respond to the toast of "Law and Justice." He rose and said, "Gentlemen, those are two distinct toasts. Shall I take them separately?" The truth of these criticisms must be patent to every one who follows the affairs of our courts. The distinguishing characteristic of our suits at the bar nowadays is the universal resort by the lawyers to quibbling and manoeuvres. It seems to be no longer a question whether the defendant is innocent, but whether the law can not be twisted into saving him from punishment. Offenders whose guilt is beyond a peradventure are exempted from responsibility by the devices of skilled attorneys, and most abandoned manufacturers are often able to fight for months the laws that have been outraged. It costs a fortune to bring public reprobation against a corrupt corporation, and often the labyrinthine ramifications of the statutes provided for their escape after all. Nor is this the only evil. The same complicated machinery which is so ductile and readily to the gully on occasions may be a terribly engine against the innocent. A man who is weak or without friends or means may, as has been shown, become the victim of circumstances and precedents until the law performs on him the grossest injustice. There are beyond doubt innocent men in jail and guilty men enjoying freedom simply because what we call law has caused to be the master of men and become their tool.—Family Fiction.

Nothing is more honorable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience. If we maintain the dignity of our nature and the station assigned us, we will be proof against poverty or pain, and able to stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution. Such men never succumb to a cowardly and servile humor, that would disguise their inward feeling under a vice. A generous heart never betrays its own thoughts, but shows all that is good and manly in itself. There is nothing more like an honest man than a rogue, whose best outfit is hypocrisy. He delights in the most sublime speculations, as it costs nothing to have them magnificent and is both the archer and the mark always aiming at his own praise or profit. A writer gives this device: "Always judge your fellow passengers the opposite of what they strive to appear." A military man is not quarrelsome, for no one doubts his courage; a clergyman is not straightforward, for his piety is not questioned; a woman that is all smiles and "graces" may be a viper at heart, and the stranger who is obsequious and over civil without apparent cause, is generally treacherous. "An open eye may prove a cure," but a pretended friend is worse. Hypocrisy is the home that vice pays to virtue. It often wears the livery of religion, and is cautious of giving scandal. It has been remarked "Wherever God erects a house of prayer, the Devil always builds a chapel there," and the examination often finds him with a large congregation. When any good thing arises, there comes up an ugly caricature of it, sliding up against reality—under mimicking its wisdom or overacting its folly, and with half the world all this passes for genuine. "An open eye may prove a cure," but a pretended friend is worse. Hypocrisy is the home that vice pays to virtue. 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