The Journal.

Walter & Deininger, Proprietors.

D. O. DEININGER, Associate Editor

Millheim, Thursday Mar. 8

Terms—$1.50 Per Annum.

Millheim on the L. C. & C. R. R., has a population of 6—700, is a thriving business centre, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles, in which the JOURNAL has a larger circulation than all other county papers combined.

Advertisers will please make a note of this.

A Narrow Escape.

Fair Haven was a peaceful little fishing hamlet on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts. Yet even in this quiet-looking place Love and Hatred, Pride and Jealousy were as actively at work in men's hearts as in the more crowded cities.

There is no place so poor but that it can afford at least one wealthy inhabitant. The magnate of Fair Haven was Richard Devine. Powerful by reason of his wealth, he was also universally feared and hated. Men knew him as a grasping, close-fisted, and avaricious man. The women of the place hated him because of his excessive insolence and freedom of speech toward them. Still, as Devine owned the greater part of the houses in which they lived, and as he was quick to avenge any fancied insult, they bore it all in silence.

Of Devine's previous history they knew nothing. He had come among them some three years before, and brought with him a sweet young girl as his wife. The latter, under his harsh and cruel treatment, had pined away and died. The husband had not appeared to greatly grieve over his loss.

It was only six months, now, since his wife had been laid away, and the sharp-eyed gossips of the place were prophesying that he was looking around for another wife.

The belle of the place at that time was Nancy Sheppard. Who her parents were nobody knew. She was the only survivor of a wreck that had been cast upon their shores. The only thing about her which seemed to hold a possible clew was a small gold locket, with the initials "N. S."

She had been adopted by the childless wife of a sturdy fisherman named Tom Sheppard. She had named the infant Nancy, and so it remained.

The infant girl had now grown into a finely-developed, mad-cap girl of eighteen. There was not a young fisherman in the place but would have been happy as a king to have won Nancy for a wife.

Her choice, however, seemed to be made. Joe Crawford was her escort at all the merry-makings that transpired, and he successfully defeated all projects to "cut him out" of her favor.

It was on a pleasant July morning that she and her lover were engaged in raking up sea-weed for the cottage garden in which she lived. While talking over their prospects, they were suddenly interrupted by the sound of an approaching horseman.

The next moment Richard Devine reined up his horse close by the girl's side.

"Good morning, Nancy," he exclaimed, chucking her under the chin with coarse familiarity. "Seems to me you've been particularly careful in keeping out of my sight lately."

The girl's black eyes flashed fire, and her hand was raised as if to strike him for his presumption.

In an instant, though, she had regained self-control.

If she angered the man, her lover would be persecuted for revenge. Controlling herself as well as she could, she replied:

"I did not know that my movements were of any consequence to Mr. Devine."

"Ha! ha! you're a sly puss," chuckled the man. "Well, I'll tell you something so there will be no chance of your making such a mistake again. I'm coming down to Widow Sheppard's to-night on purpose to see you. So remember and stay at home."

"You may save yourself the trouble, then," replied the girl with spirit. "Mr. Devine can have no business with me of any consequence, and my way is free to go as I please."

"Ha! you're a spirited lass," rejoined the man, with a scowl. "Well, it's all the better, so long as you don't fly into temper with me."

As he spoke, he again attempted to lay his hand familiarly on her shoulder.

"Hands off her, you hound!" exclaimed Joe Crawford, every nerve in his body tingling to avenge the insult. "Hands off, I say, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The horseman's face grew black with rage, and he raised his heavy ridingcane threateningly.

The blow was never delivered. With a sudden bound, Joe wrested the weapon from his grasp.

Breaking it in a dozen pieces, he threw them contemptuously in Devine's face.

"Now leave!" he shouted, "or by all the powers, I'll do as I threatened! If I hear of you attempting to persecute Nancy again with your insults, I'll have your life!"

"An ugly threat, that, my man," said Devine, scowling blackly. "I see how the land lies now, and I'll make this town too hot to hold you in less than twenty-four hours."

With these words he rode off.

"Oh, Joe," exclaimed, the girl, bitterly, "you've ruined yourself now! You can do nothing against such an enemy as Richard Devine."

"The world is large, Nancy," he replied. "We can go away and begin life somewhere else."

"But not without money."

"That is true," he answered, gloomily. "I need two things first—money and revenge."

Fearing to say more lest she might further excite her lover's anger, the girl remained silent.

Soon afterward Joe made some excuse and left her. By twelve o'clock the quiet little hamlet was in a state of intense excitement.

Richard Devine had been found badly wounded on the roadside. In answer to their inquiries he denounced Joe Crawford as his assailant and would-be murderer.

The village physician was hastily summoned, and pronounced the case a critical one. There was one chance in a hundred for Devine's recovery, he said, and he might not live until midnight. The wounded man was informed of his danger, and a wicked glitter came in his eyes.

"Bring Nancy Sheppard here while I make my dying statement," said he, "and let a few of the villagers be called in as witnesses."

Terror-stricken at the accusation resting upon her lover, and dreading it to be the truth, she came. Richard Devine then said that he had met Joe Crawford that morning, and that the latter had uttered threats against him. About an hour afterward he had been suddenly attacked at a quiet spot upon the road by his enemy. He had defended himself to the best of his power with the butt end of his broken riding-whip, and had succeeded in leaving some bad bruises upon his assailant's face. The latter finding himself molested, had drawn his knife and stabbed him, leaving him for dead on the road. There was a sudden commotion at the door, and presently the accused murderer, guarded by two men, was brought into the room. His face was discolored with blood, and severely cut. He attempted to speak; but such a storm of execration broke upon his ears that he folded his arms and was silent.

Another witness now stepped forward in Devine's behalf. It was a man who had long been suspected of being a spy in Devine's interest. He had overheard the conversation that had passed between the parties in the morning. He also testified that Crawford's last words before leaving the girl's side were, "I need two things—money and revenge."

Richard Devine glanced toward the girl with looks of malignant hatred. "If I do die, as I think I shall, my murderer shall not escape," said he, grimly.

Then he signed his name to the statement which the doctor had drawn up at his dictation.

"Will you solemnly swear, in the presence of this company, that all you say herein is true?" asked the doctor gravely.

"I do," was the decisive reply.

"And that you accuse Joe Crawford as being your murderer?"

"Yes."

"You are a perjurer and a double-dyed villian!" exclaimed a wrathful voice, and a stranger strode into their midst.

His clothes were stained with blood, and his face was as pale as death.

Richard Devine's eyes opened wide in terror.

"The dead have returned!" he gasped.

"Aye, to avenge the living!" was the stern reply. "You would sacrifice a man on the gallows, and perjure yourself on your death-bed for revenge! Listen, men, to what I have to say:

"Years ago Richard Devine, as he calls himself, was my partner in business. By lies and trickery he gained my confidence. One bright morning I awoke to find myself a beggar. Every dollar had been stolen from me by that scoundrel, who suddenly disappeared.

"So poor was I that I was compelled to send my wife and child to their distant home on the coast of Maine, until I could obtain a footing. The vessel was wrecked with all on board. From that hour I, Roger Sherwood, lived only for revenge.

"For years I have been engaged in my search for this villain. To day I met him. He was then engaged in an angry conversation with the man he now charges as his murderer. At last he struck the young fellow savagely in the face, and galloped off.

"I watched where he went, and suddenly presented myself before him. He knew me in an instant, and divined my purpose.

"Before I could reach him, he drew out a pistol and shot me. I retaliated with a knife-thrust, and then fainted from pain.

"When I came to my senses, I found myself lying among the rocks on the sea-shore. Richard Devine had thought me dead, and thus disposed of my body.

"I managed to stagger to the nearest hut, and there learned that my enemy was dangerously wounded, and had denounced Joe Crawford as his murderer.

"Speak, Richard Devine, and tell me, do I not speak truly?"

The man cowered in terror, and replied abjectly:

"You do. Joe Crawford is innocent. Give my fortune to Nancy Sheppard—it is only justice. She is——"

He died, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"I have lived long enough to see justice done," said the stranger, sinking to the floor.

They picked him up, and laid him upon the lounge. Then the doctor hurriedly examined his wound.

"No use," he said, shortly. "He is bleeding internally. He cannot live."

Nancy, filled with compassion, had forced her way to his side, and stood looking pityingly upon him.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the wounded man, in agony, "is it Nora Sherwood my wife, or am I dreaming? I fancied she was lost in the 'Sea Wave.' There is a mystery here. She had a locket upon her neck—I mean my child—with the initials of her name upon it. Do you know——"

It was a disjointed sentence, for the man's mind was evidently wandering.

Nancy was shaking with emotion.

"Is this it?" she asked, drawing it from her bosom, and handing it to him.

"*It is!* Great Heaven! I have found my daughter only to——"

"To lose her," he would have said, but Death finished the sentence for him.

In his pockets were the papers that showed that he had spoken truly. Nancy Sheppard was, indeed, his daughter.

They buried the avenger and his victim in the quiet graveyard, and Nancy assumed the fortune that was rightfully hers.

Joe Crawford did not leave the place to seek his fortune afterward. He had found it already in Nora Sherwood, in loving whom he had so narrowly missed being hung as a murderer.

Detroit's Mean Man.

A Detroit doctor yesterday met an ex patient of his on State street and called the man's attention to the fact that he had a bill against him for medical services.

"Can't pay," replied the man.

"Do you want to pay?" sternly demanded the physician.

"Of course I do, but I'd like a little time."

"How much."

"About twenty years."

"I'll sue this bill," exclaimed the doctor.

"Sue away, for I ain't worth but a shirt and half, and am growing poorer every day."

"Well, sir, you are a blamed mean man!" continued the doctor.

"How mean am I? Please state what grade of meanness you mean?"

"I mean," said the doctor as he got more color in his ears, "I mean that you are mean enough to pretend to die, so as to spite your creditors and make your wife trouble. You are mean enough to let them bury you in due form. Then, if I came at night, dug you up and carried your cadaver on my back for a mile and a half, you'd be mean enough to come to life, pick my pockets, and want me to hire you to fill up the grave again!"

"Is that your candid opinion, doctor?"

"Yes, sir, it is!"

"Well, doctor, you may now drive on. If you have time during the day please write me out a chart, for you beat Fowler by a length and a half. Good bye, doctor, seems like spring, doesn't it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A TRAMP CURE.—The Rev. Edward Everett Hale proposes in Boston a specific solution of the tramp problem, viz., that the Governor of Massachusetts should issue a private circular to the town authorities urging them, on a day indicated, to arrest and prosecute all vagrants in their jurisdiction the night before. The result, Mr. Hale thinks, would be that 1,500 lazy loafers would be at work the next day, and from that time, for five years, there would be no tramps in Massachusetts. Any crusade against these nuisances by a single town is ineffective. The movement should be "simultaneous, unexpected and vigorous—a prompt advance along the whole line."

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PROOF.

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U. L. PETTINGILL.

Firm of S. M. Pettingill & Co., 10 State St., Boston.

CINCINATI, Nov. 26, 1872.

Mr. H. R. STEVANS:

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DR. J. W. CARTER.

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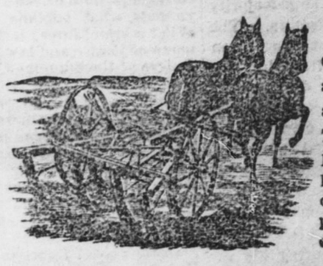

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