The Journal.

Walter & Deininger, Proprietors

DEININGER, Associate Editor

Millheim, Thursday May, 24

Terms—$1.50 Per Annum.

Millheim on the L. C. & C. R. R., has a population of 600, 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

AUNT DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

"How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were a little ill, and I stopped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, it's such a comfort to see you, Aunt Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are so lively? Besides I said to myself, as I came up the staires, Perhaps its the last time I shall ever see Cornelia Jane alive.

"You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well now, how do you know? you can't tell. You think you are getting better, but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up and every one saying how much better she was—and she was—and all of a sudden she was taken ill with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. Jemima is young to bring the baby up by hand. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the balcony in a clothes basket."

"Gracious goodness what's the matter! I dare say providence 'll take care of him. Don't look so. You thought Bridget was watching them! Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she'll let him take the impression of the door-key in wax; and then he'll get in and murder you all. Ther was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for a few dollars. Now don't fidget; it will be bad for the baby.

"Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age! It might be all, and you'd never know it.

"Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though, that ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything the matter with it. And many don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along."

"Scarlet fever has broken out in the town, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday."

"Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away, and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if I can't do anything, I can cheer you up a little." *Morning Star.*

REST.

Only a little word of one syllable, and yet it is one of the sweetest words in our language, and the very sound of it calls up thoughts of comfort, peace and quietness. As we think of it pleasant visions of rest from toil come to us. Now it is a stately group of palm-trees on the desert's verge, while resting in the grateful shadow of them, are swarthy Arabs and sunbrowned travelers, and tired, patient camels; while the burning sun shimmers dazzlingly down upon the red sands of the desert stretching over an arid waste leagues and leagues away. Again we see a harvest field with standing ripened grain, and gatherer sheaves and grain, just cut down by the reaper's hand, while in the shadow of a group of maples the tired and heated reapers are taking their noon tide rest. Again the scene changes and we see a pleasant country village, with its white church half hidden in the trees. The stillness of a summer Sabbath is over all, and speaks to us of peace and rest. The blacksmith's hammer lies idle upon his anvil; the mill wheel has ceased its revolutions, and the silence broken only by the twitter of birds, the hum of bees, and the quiet talking of the villagers on their way to church. How monotonous life would be with its unending round of toil were it not for this divinely appointed day of rest for man and beast, and how many pleasant associations are connected with that day, which, as Longfellow has beautifully expressed it, "is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week."

It is night, and the moon shines down upon a silent city, touching dome and spire and turrent with its silvery splendor. The busy wharves are deserted, and the huge ships and steamers lie motionless and apparently tenantless at the docks. In what was the business part of the city during the day is now the utmost quiet; long lines of lofty warehouses and stores loom duskily upward, dark and tenantless, and entire streets are deserted save by the watchman pacing his lonely beat, while the lights in the dwelling houses have long since gone out. Night is brooding over the city, and its wearied toilers are taking their needed rest.

Truly rest is sweet, and how often when weary with earth's toil and worn with its vexations, and sad with its sorrows, we fell the need of a more enduring rest than we have ever known, and we think of the blessed promise of our Saviour, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*The Cottage Hearth.*

His Legislative Bill.

The man who failed to get his bill through the Legislature was eating dinner in a Jefferson avenue yesterday. He felt bad and mad, as he had been Lansing for a week or ten days. Said he to the colored waiter:

"Young man, don't you ever have nothing to do with the Legislature."

"No, sah, I won't, sah," was the reply.

"Because, when you think you've got em you hain't got em at all."

"Jess so, sah—jess like you think you is walkin on de dock, when you is in de ribber all de time."

"I went down there to get a pine timber bill passed," continued the stranger as he opened another biscuit, "and I'm a hundred dollars out of pocket and no bill."

"Jess so, sah. Dey wasn't on de pass when your bill came up."

"No, blast em! I handed out the cigars by the thousand, talked soft and sweet, sat up nights till my bones ached, and I finally got a man interested. I talked and he talked, and I thought that bill would scoot through like a saw log going over a dam."

"Jess de same, sah, but dere's whar you got left behind, I spose?"

"I don't know whether I was left behind or ahead, but I kept poking the man up, and he kept promising, and there I was all the time paying out money as freely as a young fellow with his girl at a chicken show."

"A million dollars don't las' no time tall aroun' de halls of justis an' legislashun," sighed the waiter as he pushed the sugar bowl nearer,

"Well, yesterday morning the man came over to the hotel, face a yard long, and says he: "Mr. Shoat, your bill has been killed," and before I could recover from the cold chill that crept over me he went on to tell me about committee of the whole, third reading, objected to titles and bodies, laid on the table, suspension of the rules, moves to reconsider, and a lot of other such stuff."

"Yes, sah—dat's jess de way dey allus goes on, sah. Ize hearn 'em tell 'bout dat committee of the hole, an' suspension of de table, an' layin de bills on de winder sill. I used to liv nex' doah to de legislachur, an' I knows all 'bout 'em, sah."

"Well I couldn't do anything," sadly continued the man. They hitched a dog act to one end of my bill, a muskrat law to the other, changed the title to, An Act to Found an Orphan Asylum, and rushed it up and down and around till the durn thing got tired out and couldn't go any further. I've benn postmaster, and town librarian, ann I've laid out town ditches, and I've been deputy constable, and all that, but it didn't make any difference to them out there—not a bit."

"Dat's a fac,' sah. I sometimes believe dat de higher up a man gits de lower de folks looks down on him."

"Well, they laid me out, but I'll be even with 'em yet. I've got a chattle mortgage on one of our county papers, and I'll go home and tell the editor he's got to bust into that crowd about four colums a week or I'll foreclose on him in a minit!"

"Yes, sah—take de foreclose on him like you jess foreclosed on dat biscuit. I 'preciates de motive, sah 'an Ize willin to do all I kin. De bill is fifty cents, sah—pay at de desk."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Facing Death.

Brother Gardner was yesterday whitewashing the back end of an old house on Catharine street, when the staging gave way and he had a fall of about fifteen feet. He was senseless when picked up, but a man poured about a gallon of water down his back and brought him to. Mr. Gardner thus explained matters to the reporters:

"Waal, I was up dar, an' dar was de house, an' dar was de scaffold, an' dar we all was. I was joss drawin dat brush aroun' to kill when I felt a goneness. Seemed I was prancin aroun' on de air, wid no chance to dig in my toes."

"Why didn't you fall at once, and have the affair off your mind!" asked a policeman.

"Why didn't I fall? why, sah, I was fallin all de time, I went down 'bout fifty feet head fust, an' den I changed and went sideways, and den I struck on one foot and boaf ears. All dis time I was doin some powerful thinkin', I was."

"Did you think of oysters fried with crumbs?" asked a reporter.

"Doan, be talkin' dat way, boy. I 'membered all my bad deeds while I was gwine down, an' I called out dat I would live a better life if de shock didn't kill me,"

In the group was a colored man whose face brightened at these words, and he softly asked:

"Brudder Gardner, doan' you 'member de two dollars you borrowed o' me?"

"I do."

"Den pay it—han' it over. De shock didn't kill you, and now begin on dat better life,"

"Brudder Jones," solmnly replied Gardner, "de shock didn't kill me dead, but bafo' I pays out any money Ize gwine to wait de result on my nervous system, I 'pears to be all right, but possumly I may be fatally injured in some of de corners and not know it for a month. Glang Brudder Jones, an' doan' rob de cradle an' de grave!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Adventures in the Dark.

From the Virginia City (Nev.) Cronical.

Last night, just after Blinkus and his wife were snugly stowed away in bed, Mrs. B. thought she heard the front door slam.

"Hubbie, dear, do you hear that front door slammin?"

"No, dearie, I locked it just before I wound up the clock."

"I didn't see you go out in the Hall."

"But I did, love."

"I think you must be mistaken."

"Well, I know when I lock the door, dammit!"

"Now you shant swear at me. That door is open, and you know it. S'posin' the burglars get in and carry off all the silver. We'd be in a nice fix."

"They'd be worse off with the old plated stuff. Besides, who ever hears of a burglary above A street."

"If you don't get up and lock that door I'll rush out and scream for the police, I'll rouse the neighborhood, if it's the last act of my life."

Blinkus, somewhat alarmed at the threat, rose up and began to fumble around for a match.

"The matches are at the end of the washstand, love."

Blinkus paused at the place designated, and broke a soap-dish.

"I never saw such an awkard man since I was born," quoth Mrs. B. from the bed, just as he stumbled back over a spittoon and sat down in it so forcibly that it was smashed into forty pieces.

"O lord!" ejaculated Mrs. B.

Blinkus next struck his toe against a towl-rack, and an oath dissolved itself in the darkness. Then he stepped on the baby's rattle, and ran one of the points into his foot half an inch. Jumping aside he upset the centre-table, and began to flounder out toward the hall. His young hopeful's carriage was there, and he fell over it six different ways before he reached the door.

"Was it open?" queried a voice from the bed.

"No'————!"

"Oh! it must have beee something else I heard."

She Couldn't Do It.

Yesterday morning when the mistress of an Edmund street residence proposed that one of the hired help polish the front windows Sarah replied that she couldn't; possibly think of it. The lady demanded an explanation, and the girl said:

"I'd have been willing enough a month ago, but you see my Johnny is now driving a car on this line and he'd see me."

"Suppose he should?" queried the lady.

"I wouldn't have him for all the world, ma'am, for he's been here two or three times and he thinks I am you and you are me. If he saw me rubbing the glass he'd know I didn't own the house, and there'd be an end to our match. Please, ma'am, you go out, or else let me clean the windows by moonlight!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

His Summer Jaunts.

"This begins to remind me of a trip to Saratoga," sighed one of the boot-blacks, as he dragged himself into the shade of the postoffice, yesterday,

"Purty hard times to go off down there," replied one of his friends, "It takes cash to travel around and boss hotel clerks."

"What! Ain't you going anywhere?"

"Well, ma and I went out to State Prison, last July, and we are talking of goin' agin this summer, but I don't think we'll swing around to Saratoga. We've got to have a new ice-box and a clothes-line, and we ain't the kind to put on style and go without the comforts of home. Be you goin'?"

"Jim, kin I trust you?" whispered the first.

"Yaas."

"I'm goin' to blow around about Saratoga whenever I can, but when the time comes to go I'll take a walk up to the water works, lay out for a few nights, come back all wrinkled up and I'll git all the credit and save all the expense. Keep mum, Jim—style is everything."

PREDESTINATION.—"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be, will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it won't."

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said:

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be."

"So I do, *but I prefer being a little nearer to the stern when it takes place.*"

The disadvantages of wearing false hair were painfully illustrated at Millersville, Pa,, the other day. A boat, in which two young ladies and two young men were passengers, capsized suddenly, and one of the ladies sank out of sight. As she reappeared one of the men grasped her hat, which came off. The lady sank, and on her second appearance fared no better, for this time the frightened youth caught her by her hair, which, being false, came of in his hands, and down she went again. At last however, she was caught by her real hair and dragged aboard the boat, after having had what may properly be called a hairbreadth escape.

A TOWN ON ICE.—A good sized town was erected during the winter far out on the ice by the fisherman of Saginaw Bay. The buildings were of wood lined with heavy paper and placed on runners. There were a hundred buildings, including a hotel, and at least 1,000 inhabitants. The fishing is done through holes in the ice; and the town stood in safety till the middle of March.

VEGETINE.

Vegetine has never failed to effect a curegiving tone and strength to the system dibilitated by disease.

SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, Me., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different kinds of medicines but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights and had no appetite. Since taking the Vegetine I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend Vegetine for what it has done for me.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above,
Mr. Geo. M. Vaughan, Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE.

Thousands will bear testimony (and do it voluntarily) that Vegetine is the best medical compound yet placed before the public for renovating and purifying the blood, eradicating all humors, impurities or poisonous secretions from the system invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by diseases; in fact it is, as many have called it, "The Great Health Restorer."

SAFE AND SURE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me, and yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time, I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostrations, superinduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to effect my debilitated system from the first dose, and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified indorsement as being a safe, sure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use, and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours truly,
W. H. CLARK,
120 Montery street, Allegheny, Pa.

VEGETINE.

Vegetine thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince every one who reads this letter of the wonderful curative qualities of Vegetine as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood:

HYDE PARK, Mass., Feb. 15, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—About ten years ago my health failed through the depleting effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year latter I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my back and took the form of a large, deep seated abscess, which was fifteen months in gathering. I had two surgical operations, by the best skill in the state, but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times.

Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May, 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office and talk with you on the virtue of Vegetine. I did so and by your kindness passed through your manufactory, noting the ingredients, etc., by which your remedy is produced.

By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in Vegetine.

I commenced taking it soon after, but I felt worse from its effects; still I persevered and soon felt it was benefiting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the result I desired, till I had taken it faithfully for little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured, and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health.

I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now.

During the past few weeks I had a scrofulous swelling as large as my fist gather on another part of my body.

I took Vegetine faithfully and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effect.

Let your patrons troubled witd scrofula or kidney disease understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases, and if they will patiently take Vegetine, it will, in my judgment, cure them.

With great obligations I am,
Yours very truly,
G. W. MANSFIELD.

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A. O. Deininger.

Millheim, Dec. 14. 1876.

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