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The Millheim Journal

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THE EVENING CALL.

We live in the far West, in a little settlement called Siam Town. My grandfather was named Ozias Steel, and as he was a deacon in the church, he generally received that title. I was called the deacon's little Becky.

It was a still night following a beautiful day. As I sat at my window I could hear all the insect voices hard at work—cricket, katydid and locust and the queer little toad.

A lamp, with a green paper shade, decorated by a design representing three little kittens eating a pound cake stood on the table; near it my work basket. The chairs had rush-bottoms, with the exception of two Boston rocking chairs, with chintz cushions; and an engraving of the Battle of Bunker Hill, a portrait of Washington, and some family photographs hung on the wall.

I felt very lazy that evening, and though I had a very pretty sort of tape trimming, had no desire to take it up. I looked at the stars that twinkled and shone so brightly; at the splendid planet shining over the distant mountain peaks.

As soon as he could do so he spoke. "Are you all alone in the house, young lady?" he said. "Yes!" I answered. "For God's sake tell me where I can hide!" he said. "The lynchers are after me."

I knew what he meant. I knew, too, that men were only lynch for fearful crimes; but I had a woman's heart. Whatever he had done, he asked my help. Yet where could he hide? There were five rooms in the house; each had a small cupboard. There was no exit to the roof, no secret closets, no large furniture, and I heard them coming. Suddenly a thought struck me.

"Go into that room," I said. "Do not shut the door. Get into the bed you see there and tie the handkerchief on the bed-post over your head. Turn your face to the wall. It's your only chance." He obeyed me. I sat down by the table, dragged my work toward me, and began to sew and sing. I heard many steps upon the road. The gate swung.

THE MAIDEN'S TEAR.

Drip, drip, drip! The golden leaves lie in brown, sere patches upon the pasture land along the edge of the grim shadowy woods. All day long the sky has hung heavy and sombre; and now that nightfall is here the scurrying clouds weep tears.

"Oh! oh! I please don't hurt me. I hain't doin' any harm," came from the dark, bundled-up object at the hump back's feet. "Good heavens! It's a child. Sav, you brat, get up and out of here quick. If the Squire catches you here he'll sue—it's a girl!" ejaculated the man starting back as a vivid flash of lightning revealed a slim slip of a girl.

"You will hear the whole story tomorrow," he said. "Don't think me guilty. I should have been a black-hearted brute, indeed, if I had committed the crime they charge me with, but I am innocent. God bless you for your mercy—I can save myself now."

"He opened the door and darted out into the night. A little later Sally came home. Later my grandfather, who heard a horrible story of a woman murdered in the settlement beyond. I told neither of them anything. I kept the adventure to myself for a few days after the truth was discovered, and it was known that another woman and no man at all had committed the murder, and then I told grandfather.

The sender, it said, was the innocent man I had saved from Judge Lynch. He had become a miner, had prospered and was happily married, and begged me to accept the little present offered by one who would be ever grateful. There was no signature, but I was glad to hear again from one I had never forgotten and ever shall.

"Oh, my child, how did your face become so bruised? Come to mamma and tell her all about it." "It was over 'cross the road, playin' with Mrs. Howe's little girl; boom-hoo-oo-oo-oo."

"Well, that was real naughty in her. What did she do to little Georgie?" "Sh-sh-she knocked me d-o-w-n, an-an-and then she hit me w-w-w-i-t-h a b-r-i-c-k and pounded me w-w-i-t-h a b-r-o-o-m-s-t-i-c-k." "Oh, dear, what a terrible child. Well, don't cry any more, Georgie. What were you doing when this happened?" "Pl-playin' w-w-e w-a-s m-a-r-i-e-d."—Detroit Free Press.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY. A red faced man rushed up to a quiet old gentleman and said: "How do you do, Mr. Jones?" "Excuse me, but you have the advantage of me." "Are you not Mr. Jones?" "No sir, you are mistaken, my name is Smith."

Old Judge Peterby has been laid up for some time with the gout. His legs are swelled to an enormous size. A doctor, who is also a church member, rebuked his impatience, and told him: "You should be grateful to the Almighty for his kindness." "What kindness?" "His kindness in giving you only two legs to suffer with. Suppose you had as many legs as a centipede?"

A father and son are both under sentence of death in a Farmersville, La., jail.

AN EXCELLENT SPINE.

In the Scriptures it is related that Daniel was preferred above princes because he had "an excellent spirit" in him. A boy being asked, in his Sunday-school class, why Daniel was thus preferred, replied: "Because he had an excellent spine in him." This boy's blunder on the word "spirit" is amusing, but yet his answer hit the nail square on the head. Daniel got on because he had "backbone" enough to stand up against corruption.

There was never a time in the history of the world when "spine" was needed more than to-day. Fraud seems to have crept into every line of business. Formerly it used to be said that "corporations had no souls." It was meant by this that when men united in associations, and worked under a President and directors, they would do things as a body which they would be ashamed to do as individuals. But to-day it looks as if the old proverb had lost its peculiar force.

Men have let down the bars more and more in business, till it sometimes seems as if any trick were thought justifiable if it led to making a dollar. It is difficult now to buy anything that is not adulterated. Dealers do not hesitate to misrepresent—or lie outright. Speculators are not particular whose money they use, or how they get it. Men hardly dare trust their dearest friends. And all this sort of thing is tolerated, so long as it brings success.

Thus it is that the boys of to-day need a doubly stiff backbone to stand up against dishonesty. Respectable average leads them into temptation at every step. Fraud is gilded by wealth and young eyes are dazzled. Almost above all else, what youth needs to cultivate is an "excellent spine."—Golden Argosy.

THE MASHER MASHED.

I was riding out one evening in a car in which were two lovely, laughing young ladies, when a young man entered and took his seat, says a St. Louis reporter. He seemed to be very much taken with one of the girls, and soon began to make delicate endeavors to get up a flirtation. His efforts became bolder, and I noticed a significant glance passed between the girls, followed by a whispering conference. Presently I noticed that the girl who had mangled his heart had her eyes calmly fixed on the young man's feet with a meditative smile on her lips.

He glanced down at his feet to see what was wrong several times, tried to draw them under him and moved them about, but the steady gaze of the young lady continued to be fixed on his pedal extremities. Restive would hardly describe the condition of the would-be masher. His face became the color of a boiled lobster, and finally, after twisting about uneasily, he hastily jumped up and left his car. As soon as he had left the girls were nearly convulsed with suppressed merriment. I happened to know one of them, and she explained the whole affair. She said she had often heard that men were very sensitive about their feet, and that a prolonged stare at these members would throw the boldest of them into embarrassment and final rout. She had tried it several times with unvarying success, and had hit upon it as the best way to get rid of a persistent masher.

A WESTERN FARMER.

The Buffalo Express says: He was a tall man, with rather sandy and long hair and an iron-gray chin whisker. He wore a black suit of steel-mixed and a yellowish-brown slouch hat. There was a red buttonhole boquet in his coat lapel. His stand-up collar was surrounded by a black tie. An ordinary everyday watch chain hung from the second

NOT A BEGGAR.

"Gentlemen," he began in a smooth, molasses sort of voice, "I am dead-broke but no beggar. I want to raise about three dollars, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

"I want to bet my overcoat, which is certainly worth \$10, against \$3 in cash that none of you can separate one link from the others."

The piece of chain was passed around again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the remark: "And I want to put that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself."

"Done!" said the stranger as he pulled off his coat. Coat and cash were put up in the hands of a stakeholder, and the stranger walked across the street and into a blacksmith shop, and picking up a hammer and cold-chisel he deliberately cut out a link. The crowd stood around like so many pumpkins at a county fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed the stakes the machinist recovered his wits sufficiently to exclaim: "Sold by a professional deadbeat! The money is yours, old fellow, but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick, and you had better be twenty rods off!"

"Thanks—glad to have met you—good day!" replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds.—Detroit Free Press.

Portrait of the Big Farmer Who Raises Food Enough for Thousands of Throats.

The Buffalo Express says: He was a tall man, with rather sandy and long hair and an iron-gray chin whisker. He wore a black suit of steel-mixed and a yellowish-brown slouch hat. There was a red buttonhole boquet in his coat lapel. His stand-up collar was surrounded by a black tie. An ordinary everyday watch chain hung from the second

buttonhole of his vest. As he walked up from the Western Union main office he jogged along carelessly, looking neither to the right nor the left, but engaged in sort of communication with himself. The man was Mr. Oliver Darlymple, the most extensive farmer in the United States. Mr. Darlymple, although he lives in St. Paul, Minn., confines his farming operations to Dakota, where in Cass and Trail counties he has a two-thirds interest in 75,000 acres of as fine wheat land as the sun ever shone upon. The product, as indicated by that so far threshed, will be about 600,000 bushels this year. Mr. Darlymple employs in his farming operations 1,000 men, 800 horses and mules, 200 self-binding reapers and 30 steam threshers.

"I have lived in St. Paul thirty years," said Mr. Darlymple, "and since it grew from 10,000 to 100,000." When asked relative to his age he said: "You may tell them that I have not yet got to the gray-haired, broad-shouldered man of sin. My visit here is for the purpose of seeing if I can make favorable arrangements with Buffalo elevator men for the storage of part of this year's crop."

An Excellent Spine. In the Scriptures it is related that Daniel was preferred above princes because he had "an excellent spirit" in him.