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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free
Buses to and from all trains. Special rates to
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House newly refitted and refurbished. Ev-
erything done to make guests comfortable.
Bathrooms modern. Tronage respectfully sol-
icited.

A SILK DRESS.

"There's Annie Beldon!" said Aunt Jane, looking up from her knitting as she heard the sound of footsteps on the plank walk which lay along the front fence. "Poor soul! I never see her that I don't think of that yere in the Bible which says that 'from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath,'" and she sighed deeply.

I looked from the window just in time to see Annie Beldon before she turned the corner of the next street. She was a faded, careworn looking woman, a little past middle age, with dark-brown hair, thinly sprinkled with grey. Her dress was a rusty black cashmere, her black shawl was decidedly shabby, and her crape bonnet was shabbier still. She looked neither attractive nor interesting, and I turned from the window and took up my crocheting again, remarking only that 'she looked as if she had had her share of sorrow.'

"Sometimes I think she has had a good deal more than her share," said Aunt Jane. "I know dozens of women would have sunk into the grave under only half as much. And the best of it is, she don't never complain. She's the cheerfulest soul that ever breathed."

"Does she live near here?" I asked more out of politeness than from any real interest in the subject.

"No! but she was my next-door neighbor for twenty-five years when this was a farmhouse. The town lay two miles off then, and we never looked to see it grow up right to our very doors. Annie wouldn't be wearin' such shabby clothes if there hadn't been a mortgage on their place. She could have sold every acre at a good profit if it had been free."

"Tell me about her, Aunt Jane," I said, as the old lady paused. "You'll have plenty of time before supper."

"Dear me, child, there isn't much to tell, 'n' maybe the little there is wouldn't prove very interestin' to you. I know Annie looks shabby, 'n' old, 'n' grey now, 'n' not much like what she did thirty years ago. We was girls together, 'n' she was the prettiest 'n' liveliest little thing I ever saw. Her eyes were as black as coals, 'n' her hair hung in long curls to her waist. She had a laugh 'n' a good word for everybody, 'n' more beaux than she could tend to. There was only two of 'em, though, that she favored at all. One was Tom Layton—"

"The owner of Layton Mills?" I interrupted.

"Yes; but he didn't own the mills then. He was only superintendent there, 'n' though he was a savin', industrious young man, no one looked to see him get to be a millionaire. But he had a good salary, 'n' his father was well-to-do, 'n' he was reckoned a good match for Annie. For a while folks thought she'd marry him; but he wasn't a professor, 'n' Annie set a deal by her church. She allowed if she married a man who never went aside of one she'd be false to her principles, for the Bible says the righteous shall not be yoked to the unrighteous, you know."

"Tom took it real hard at first, but he didn't bear Annie no ill will, 'n' when she married Luther Beldon he sent her a handsome present."

"Luther, he was a really steady young man, but somehow or other he didn't have no luck. He had a good farm, but work as he might, he never made nothin' off it more 'n a bare livin' 'n' Annie had to pinch 'n' screw to keep clothes to their backs. She was a master hand at managin', 'n' she worked like a horse, but year after year went by 'n' they didn't get no better off. Drought 'n' early frost, 'n' too much rain kep' 'em allers behindhand, 'n' jest when they was gainin' 'n' do better there would come somethin' that would put 'em back again."

"Luther he got discouraged, but Annie she never lost heart. Leastways she never seemed to. When they'd come over here 'n' Luther he'd get to tellin' how crossways things allers went for him, she'd always have somethin' cheerful to say. She'd tell about it was a long lane that had no turnin', 'n' it was allers darkest jest before the day, 'n' there was always a silver linin' to every cloud, till Luther he'd get pleasant again 'n' ready to laugh with her over their troubles."

"An't I got a treasure in my wife?" he'd say. "Long as frosts 'n' twilow 'n' floods don't take her away from me, I guess I can get along."

"They were over here to take dinner the day I was thirty. I was wearin' for the first time a new black silk dress which John had given me for a birthday present. It was thick 'n' soft 'n' mighty handsome, 'n' Luther he didn't seem to keep his eyes off it."

"I wonder when I'll be able to give you a black silk dress, Annie?" he said, putting his arm around her as she stood by his chair. "We've been mar-

ried seven years 'n' I ain't been able to give you nothin' better 'n calico."

"I don't need a silk," says Annie. "I've got all the dresses I can use now."

"Luther looked at her real steady a minute. Then he says, sorter slow and quiet, 'for all that, I mean to get you one, Annie. I want to see how you'd look in it.'"

"No better 'n I look now in my blue delaine," says Annie.

"We'll see 'bout that," says Luther. "I don't care how hard times are, I mean to live till I get you a black silk dress."

"She laughed 'n' told him he'd make a peacock of her if he could; but for all her brave words I knew she was down-right fond of pretty things, 'n' it really hurt her to have to wear old faded dresses, 'n' bonnets five years behind the style. But she never said so, 'n' he'd walk into church Sunday arter Sunday in her old blue delaine and yellow straw bonnet, lookin' as sweet and happy as if she'd been dressed like a queen."

"Well, Luther he never came over here after that without he had some remark to make about my black silk, and he stuck to it that he'd give Annie one like it before he died."

"But year after year went by and my silk was all worn out 'n' I got another, and still Annie's best dress was a cheap delaine, and it wasn't often she could even afford to buy a pair of cotton gloves to cover her hands. Things hadn't got better with Luther and they had other things to sorrow for than losin' their best horses and cattle and their crops. They lost their six children, one after the other. Three of them died in one week of scarlet fever, and the others was sickly little things, and went off in slow consumption."

"If it hadn't been that she had to keep Luther up, I believe Annie'd have give way many a time; but for his sake she didn't show one half she felt. An' she never lost faith in the Lord. She said His ways seemed hard, but that He knew what was best for her."

"Well, time went on, and about five years ago things seemed to take a turn for the better with Luther. His wheat crop turned out well, and he sold it to good profit, and he got his corn off the bottom lands before the river rose, and that was a great help to him. He seemed real cheerful, and told John that he was just beginning to enjoy life, and if things went well he'd soon have the mortgage cleared off the farm."

"The weather set in cold and stormy just after Thanksgiving, and one afternoon I was out in the chicken yard shellin' corn to the hens, and all muffled up to my eyes, when I heard a wagon stop at the gate and there was Luther a noddin' and beckonin' to be. I went down to the gate to speak to him, and before I got there he was tellin' me how he had sold Tom Layton a colt he'd been raisin', and he was on his way at last to buy Annie that silk dress. He asked me about the number of yards he ought to get and where he should go to buy, and said he could hardly wait to get it now he was ready. He was going to give Annie a surprise, he said; she didn't know what he was goin' after."

"Well, the tears was in my eyes as I watched him drive off, pleased as a child at the idea of surprisin' Annie. But I never guessed what the black silk dress was to cost her, poor soul!

"It began to rain soon after Luther had gone, and poured down for upward of four hours. I was at the window when he went by on his way home, and I noticed he didn't have his overcoat on, and I wondered what he'd done with it, for I was sure he'd had it on when he stopped at the gate. Annie told me afterward that he'd taken the coat off his back and rolled the black silk in it to keep it from gettin' wet. It wasn't even damp when he unrolled it an' showed to her, but he was wet to the skin himself, and in a few days there was a doctor's buggy at the gate. John went over to see what was the matter, and found Luther walkin' the floor and groanin' with pain. The cold had settled in his side and the doctor couldn't give him no relief. But he said he guessed he'd pull through all right and there wasn't no need to worry."

"Miss Parsons was makin' the silk up. Luther wasn't satisfied till Annie had gone to the village and got some one to work on it, and she thought best to humor him. He wasn't no better when the dress came home, and the doctor was still tendin' him; but no one 'lowed he was anyway dangerous. It was John who brought the dress home from Miss Parsons' and he said Luther was just too pleased for anything to see the bundle."

"I'm goin' to have Annie dress right up in it," he says, and you 'n Jane must come over after supper and see how she looks."

"Well, as I heard afterward, John had hardly gone when Luther began to

tease Annie to put the dress on. She wanted to get supper first, but he wouldn't hear to it.

"I've been waitin' nearly twenty years to see you in that dress," he says, "and I won't wait even an hour longer."

"Well, Annie she made him lie down—for he'd been walkin' the floor constantly nearly all day—and she went into the bed-room to put the dress on. She got the skirt on and was fastening the waist, when she heard a queer sound from the spare room where Luther was lying. She stopped a minute to listen, and then called to him to know if he wanted anything. There wasn't no answer, and she crossed the hall and hurried into the spare room. Well, child, she found him dead, his face turned toward the door as if he had been lookin' for her, and the sound she heard was the death rattle in his throat."

"Well, when John 'n' I got there he'd been dead only a few minutes, and I tell you, child, it was a sad sight to see her kneelin' down by that low bed in her black silk, her arms round that dead man and moaning and shudderin' over him and begging him to speak to her."

"He isn't dead!" she says to me as I came in. "He has only fainted. Oh, Jane I do something for him. Get hot water and you'll find camphers in the pantry on the lower shelf to the right."

"But I saw that hot water and camphers wouldn't be no use, and I told her so as gentle as I could and begged her to come away. She wouldn't listen to me at first, but after the doctor had come and told her it was all over and poor Luther died from apoplexy of the stomach, she let me take her to her own room."

"As we crossed the hall she heard the dress rustle and she stopped and looked at me pitiful."

"He never saw me in it after all," and she broke down and cried as if her heart would break."

"After poor Luther was buried and there was a stone put over him, and his debts all paid, there wasn't nothin' left for Annie, and she was glad to take a place in the mills. We wanted her to come here, but she was too proud to eat the bread she hadn't earned, she said:

"About a week ago I was out with Miss Sniper getting subscriptions for the church carpet, and we met Annie on the street. Miss Sniper, she ain't over sensitive herself and she don't give no one else credit for bein' so, and she up and asks Annie if she didn't ever wish she'd said 'yes' instead of 'no' to Tom Layton."

"Never," says Annie. "Had I my life to begin again I would not alter it as far as Tom Layton is concerned."

"But it's pretty hard to have to work for him, isn't it?" asked Miss Sniper, and I felt it in my heart to hate her for asking such a thing."

"But Annie only smiled. "I consider myself fortunate to be able to earn such good wages," she says, and she walked away smilin' still."

"I was glad Miss Sniper didn't know anything about that black silk dress. If she'd said anything about that, Annie would 'a' broke down. She's got it packed away at the bottom of her trunk, poor soul, and she never speaks about it."

Elephants in Undress.

In his "Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent," Mr. O'Shea, a correspondent for English newspapers, gives the following anecdote of an adventure with a herd of elephants: "A young friend asked me to show him some elephants in undress, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents, and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had five-and-twenty. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each; when I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned, and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his proboscis—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began de novo as before. Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that one orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."

Flowers of California.

One of the most surprising things that one sees in California is the extraordinary height to which many of the roses grow, climbing into the highest trees, covering the whole side of a house, and exposing to view one vast mass of rose buds and roses in full bloom. The Marshall Niel rose is one of the most beautiful flowers to be seen in California, surpassing other kinds in the luxuriance of its growth. It is claimed that the California roses do not possess so fine a perfume as those in the east. This may be so, but for size and beauty of color, and luxuriance of growth, they probably compensate for any lack of fragrance.

Heliotropes and geraniums can be found in bushes almost as large as lilac trees, and calla lilies can in some doorways be counted by the hundreds; but from their very numbers they seem to give us an impression of coarseness. The various cactus plants of California are worthy of closest attention and examination. In many localities hundreds of acres are covered with them. Their peculiar shapes and sizes, some tall and slender, others short and thick, with bright flowers nestled among the jagged spines, give a striking appearance to the landscape. In some places in southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico the cacti form an almost impassable barrier.

The luxurious foliage, flowers, vines and fruits give us an idea of the climate that can bring about all of these things. After all it is a good deal as a Massachusetts boy said after spending a winter at Los Angeles. His father came out in the spring after him and after taking a walk through the orange groves at Pasadena and Sierra Madre, the boy asked his father what he thought of California. The Massachusetts man said he thought it was a paradise. "Yes," said the boy, "but it is terribly monotonous."

I think this little story shows how age tempers the view of people. California, with its sunshine, flowers and fruits, combined with one of the finest climates in the United States, must appear monotonous to the young heart and blood, sighing for the active pursuits and stirring atmosphere of other portions of the Union, but to the older man who has seen the picture of life come and go, and who seeks repose and contentment, and who is willing and even anxious to relinquish his former ways, California has an attraction that does not appear monotonous.

A Great River Improvement.

Davis Island Dam, on the Ohio, six miles below Pittsburg, designed to maintain a navigable stage of water at that city the year round, was begun August 13, 1878, and since then, with many interruptions and delays, the National Government has spent nearly \$1,000,000 on the structure. The dam's distinctive feature is its movability. It is in reality 300 little dams, each so hinged that it can be prone upon the river bed. This line of movable dams, or "wickets," extends the entire distance across the river, 1,233 feet. Of this distance, 559 feet only is the navigable pass or pathway for all crafts when the lock is not used. The rest of the dam is designated as "weirs," of which there are three, divided by solid piers of masonry. To raise the wickets of the navigable pass a "manoeuvring boat" is used; to raise the "weir" wickets a "surface bridge" is called into play. Like the wickets, this bridge lies upon the bed of the river when not in use and is raised and joined section by section. To raise the wickets and tilt them into position, where they are retained by a prop, calls into play an ingenious device, the Pasqueau "hurler." A deft pull upon the prop dislodges it and permits the wicket to recline upon the bed wrested from the river. Between each wicket is a space of an inch or two, which can be battened from the upper side if desired, but which will probably be left open to permit the passage of surplus water. The monster gates of the lock are closed by force generated in a turbine wheel fed by water stored in huge tanks. Each gate rolls upon its track, and when in position they form the upper and lower extremes of a lock 110 feet wide and 600 feet long; a space sufficient to accommodate a tow boat and average tow of coal boats and barges. To fill the lock requires but four minutes time; to empty it the same. The great dam is experimental, in that, should its success be assured, others will follow, and a series of pools will render the Ohio steadily navigable, as has been the case on the Monongahela.

Don't Lose Your Temper.

Mr. Briggs was bothered nearly to death with callers, one day, all of them in the cause of some charity or other, and his temper was sadly crippled. There was a slight cessation about three o'clock, and just as Briggs began to breathe easier, another man came in.

"Well?" inquired Briggs, turning impatiently to the visitor.

"Mr. Briggs," he began, in a gentle way. "I want—"

"You want, do you?" interrupted Briggs. "Well, everybody wants. It's want, want, all day. There's been a thousand in here to-day wanting. I want too. I want a rest. I want you to leave."

"But, Mr. Briggs," continued the gentle voice, "I know it, but I want—"

"Don't say 'want' to me," shouted Briggs, "get out of this quick or I'll go crazy."

"But Mr. Briggs, I want—"

"Get out!" howled Briggs; "I want, too, I told you," and Briggs reached for a paper weight, while the visitor got up and flew, and about ten minutes afterwards there was a call at the telephone. Briggs responded.

"Hello, what is it?" he asked.

"Is that you, Mr. Briggs?" came the query.

"Yes, all right, go ahead."

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I want to pay you five hundred dollars I've been owing you for about a year, and when you wanted me to pay it, but when I called at your place, a few minutes ago—"

Briggs yanked the telephone off the wall, kicked it out the front door, jammed his head into his hat clear up to his ears, and went out to find a mule to kick him serene.

Drawing The Line.

It was a Nebraska jail, tavern, saloon, and real estate agency combined. The Sheriff came out to welcome the traveler and he seemed to be a very nice sort of a man.

"Things isn't just as I'd want 'em, you know," he apologetically observed, "but this is a new country, and we can't have everything at once. Make yourself right to home while the old woman cooks dinner."

While waiting for the promised meal one of the five or six men lounging around the place entered the room and asked the traveler for a chew of tobacco.

"Jim, you mustn't do it—you really mustn't," said the landlord. "I want to do what's right and fair, but I must draw the line somewhere. You jailbirds must not try to put yourselves on an equality with the guests of my hotel."

"A jailbird did you say?" queried the traveler as Jim withdrew.

"Yes. He's in for two months. All that crowd out there are in jail."

"But where's the jail?"

"Right here. Tain't no silver-plated palace, I'll admit, but it's the best the county can afford."

"Where do you lock 'em up?"

"Nowhere. There isn't a lock on any door."

"But what prevents 'em from running off?"

"Nothing in pertickler. Reckon they'll all clear out as soon as the grub gets poor and I begin to water the whiskey."

"And you won't try to stop 'em?"

"Oh, no. I'm willing to be Sheriff and jailor, and I want to see the county git along, but they mustn't put too many burdens on me."

A United States citizen just returned from Europe was on a Central Hudson train bound West.

Leaning forward he tickled the ear of the passenger in the seat ahead with the remark:

"I'm just from Europe."

"Yewrop—Yewrop," mused the forward passenger. "Oh, yes, Yewrop, it's across the pond."

"Yes, sir, a wonderful place it is. People who've never been in Europe don't know anything about it. Why, it's worth a man's while to run over there jest to see the palaces an' castles, ces an' castles bent me, an' I've lived in St. Louis all my life, too."

"Have you ever been in Chicago?" asked the listener.

"Chicago? What line of road is that on?"

"It's on all lines of road. Do you mean to say you've never been in Chicago?"

"No I've heard tell of the place, but I've never been there."

"Well, you ought to go there before you talk any more about Yewrop. You're only givin' yourself away. And the disgusted Chicago man laid his head down on his valise and fell asleep."

—A good advertising medium for business men are the columns of the JOURNAL.

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Flowers of California.

One of the most surprising things that one sees in California is the extraordinary height to which many of the roses grow, climbing into the highest trees, covering the whole side of a house, and exposing to view one vast mass of rose buds and roses in full bloom. The Marshall Niel rose is one of the most beautiful flowers to be seen in California, surpassing other kinds in the luxuriance of its growth. It is claimed that the California roses do not possess so fine a perfume as those in the east. This may be so, but for size and beauty of color, and luxuriance of growth, they probably compensate for any lack of fragrance.

Heliotropes and geraniums can be found in bushes almost as large as lilac trees, and calla lilies can in some doorways be counted by the hundreds; but from their very numbers they seem to give us an impression of coarseness. The various cactus plants of California are worthy of closest attention and examination. In many localities hundreds of acres are covered with them. Their peculiar shapes and sizes, some tall and slender, others short and thick, with bright flowers nestled among the jagged spines, give a striking appearance to the landscape. In some places in southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico the cacti form an almost impassable barrier.

The luxurious foliage, flowers, vines and fruits give us an idea of the climate that can bring about all of these things. After all it is a good deal as a Massachusetts boy said after spending a winter at Los Angeles. His father came out in the spring after him and after taking a walk through the orange groves at Pasadena and Sierra Madre, the boy asked his father what he thought of California. The Massachusetts man said he thought it was a paradise. "Yes," said the boy, "but it is terribly monotonous."

I think this little story shows how age tempers the view of people. California, with its sunshine, flowers and fruits, combined with one of the finest climates in the United States, must appear monotonous to the young heart and blood, sighing for the active pursuits and stirring atmosphere of other portions of the Union, but to the older man who has seen the picture of life come and go, and who seeks repose and contentment, and who is willing and even anxious to relinquish his former ways, California has an attraction that does not appear monotonous.

A Great River Improvement.

Davis Island Dam, on the Ohio, six miles below Pittsburg, designed to maintain a navigable stage of water at that city the year round, was begun August 13, 1878, and since then, with many interruptions and delays, the National Government has spent nearly \$1,000,000 on the structure. The dam's distinctive feature is its movability. It is in reality 300 little dams, each so hinged that it can be prone upon the river bed. This line of movable dams, or "wickets," extends the entire distance across the river, 1,233 feet. Of this distance, 559 feet only is the navigable pass or pathway for all crafts when the lock is not used. The rest of the dam is designated as "weirs," of which there are three, divided by solid piers of masonry. To raise the wickets of the navigable pass a "manoeuvring boat" is used; to raise the "weir" wickets a "surface bridge" is called into play. Like the wickets, this bridge lies upon the bed of the river when not in use and is raised and joined section by section. To raise the wickets and tilt them into position, where they are retained by a prop, calls into play an ingenious device, the Pasqueau "hurler." A deft pull upon the prop dislodges it and permits the wicket to recline upon the bed wrested from the river. Between each wicket is a space of an inch or two, which can be battened from the upper side if desired, but which will probably be left open to permit the passage of surplus water. The monster gates of the lock are closed by force generated in a turbine wheel fed by water stored in huge tanks. Each gate rolls upon its track, and when in position they form the upper and lower extremes of a lock 110 feet wide and 600 feet long; a space sufficient to accommodate a tow boat and average tow of coal boats and barges. To fill the lock requires but four minutes time; to empty it the same. The great dam is experimental, in that, should its success be assured, others will follow, and a series of pools will render the Ohio steadily navigable, as has been the case on the Monongahela.

Don't Lose Your Temper.

Mr. Briggs was bothered nearly to death with callers, one day, all of them in the cause of some charity or other, and his temper was sadly crippled. There was a slight cessation about three o'clock, and just as Briggs began to breathe easier, another man came in.

"Well?" inquired Briggs, turning impatiently to the visitor.

"Mr. Briggs," he began, in a gentle way. "I want—"

"You want, do you?" interrupted Briggs. "Well, everybody wants. It's want, want, all day. There's been a thousand in here to-day wanting. I want too. I want a rest. I want you to leave."

"But, Mr. Briggs," continued the gentle voice, "I know it, but I want—"

"Don't say 'want' to me," shouted Briggs, "get out of this quick or I'll go crazy."

"But Mr. Briggs, I want—"

"Get out!" howled Briggs; "I want, too, I told you," and Briggs reached for a paper weight, while the visitor got up and flew, and about ten minutes afterwards there was a call at the telephone. Briggs responded.

"Hello, what is it?" he asked.

"Is that you, Mr. Briggs?" came the query.

"Yes, all right, go ahead."

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I want to pay you five hundred dollars I've been owing you for about a year, and when you wanted me to pay it, but when I called at your place, a few minutes ago—"

Briggs yanked the telephone off the wall, kicked it out the front door, jammed his head into his hat clear up to his ears, and went out to find a mule to kick him serene.

Drawing The Line.

It was a Nebraska jail, tavern, saloon, and real estate agency combined. The Sheriff came out to welcome