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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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At any time you feel your system needs cleansing, toning, regulating without violent purging, or stimulating without intoxicating, take **Simmons' Liver Regulator**.

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Simmons' Liver Regulator.
PREPARED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

TURNING A CORNER.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Peter Duke, of the firm of Duke & Co.—(his only son Philip, was the company), was a busy and prosperous man. The firm was making money very fast in the soap line, and desired to make more. He was a plain, honest and hard working man, apt to boast that he had started business with only a hundred dollars in cash and now had multiplied the original capital by thousands. He spent little time in boasting, however, being too busy in his effort to make the whole world wash itself clean with Duke's Kimolia, as he called his soap, and to force every laundress to use his Kimolia, a powder whose detergent qualities were well known. Peter did not know the meaning of these words, but they sounded well. He had paid a literary Bohemian ten dollars to invent him something sonorous. The latter had turned to a Greek-English dictionary, and found these under the head of 'soap.' Peter was pleased and so was the Bohemian—with the ten dollars and a dozen cakes of the soap thrown in. The soap itself was good. The aim of an expert soap boiler is to reconcile solidity of structure with a large volume of inclosed water. Some of them increased the weight of the compound by the addition of extraneous matter, but Peter was honest and left out the dirt. His sale of Kimolia was great, and so was the profit.

Besides a son, Peter had a fair daughter, and next to his soap factory and his shekels, he loved her. And Millicent—her mother, now dead and gone, had picked up the name from an English society novel—was quite a lovable person. She was good looking, fairly educated and put on a good style. Through her school acquaintance and her father's money she went into a very respectable set, and as she looked well, dressed well and talked well, had plenty of pocket money and a prospective portion of some size, and a present tongue of her own, if needed, they forbore to turn up their noses at soap. At first those who were poor and proud—and proud poverty is frequently insolent—undertook to snub her a little; but she gave snub for snub, and then, leaning against the valuable pile of soap bars, defied them. Whether because of her manners or her father's money, she had many masculine admirers. Chief among these was Myndert van Stoppel, the great operator in Wall Street, whose huge fortune was built up of the wrecks of railway and other corporations. He had met her at Long Branch the summer before, and thought, to use his own words, that she had a 'heap of go in her.' Myndert thought he prided himself on his noble Dutch ancestry—the first of his forefathers was Cornelis Pietersie, with no Van at all—thought more of slaughtering the bears in 'the Street.' And he had slaughtered them to some purpose. He was forty years old, short, stout and red faced, with loud voice and obstructive manners—everything but the imaginary, shrewd looking man of affairs. He had begun as a boy in a broker's office, rose to be a clerk, went from there to the curb stone and then to a seat in the Exchange, and his wealth was very far up in the millions. He had been too busy to think of marriage, but he had a remarkably fast horse, and why should he not buy a wife? Millicent rather rebuffed his advances, but he knew the value of money and bided his time.

There was a rival in the field, Myndert did not know it, though if he had

known he would have despised such a competitor. This was Frank Moore, the general manager employed by the firm, who was highly valued because he was faithful, trustworthy and knew all about the work. He had a good salary and a slight commission on the sales of the Konia, which he had invented. Prudent, though not parsimonious, Frank had managed to save some money, and had \$20,000 saved in bond and mortgage, beside over \$2,000 in bank waiting for a good investment. A very good match he might hope to make, but to think of marrying Millicent and a handsome fortune seemed preposterous.

Millicent did not think so. Frank, who came and went a familiar visitor to the house and a great crony of Philip, had known her since she was a little girl, and in this case at least familiarity did not breed contempt. The two had a very good understanding with one another and the senior Duke, for a time was not well informed in the premises. But such things will leak out, and at last the elder Duke heard of it. He bubbled up like the compound in one of the kettles and interviewed his daughter on the matter.

'See here, Milly,' he said, 'I'm not angry; but I want you and Moore to stop your philandering nonsense. You ought to make a better match. Moore is a very nice young fellow, I own, I'd find it hard to replace him in the factory. But I don't want him for a son-in-law. You ought to look for some one higher.'

'Higher, papa. Do you want me to be married by a son of Anak. Frank's six foot and an inch.'

'Stuff! you know what I mean. Don't talk that way to me. There is Van Stoppel, who is half crazy after you. Do you mean to give up millions for nothing?'

'Not quite nothing, papa. Frank has over twenty-two thousand dollars.'

'Twenty-two thousand fiddlesticks! Why! Van Stoppel could settle a hundred thousand dollars on you for pin money, and never miss it. You must send Moore about his business.'

Millicent shook her head.

'What! You wouldn't be married without my consent?'

'Oh, no, papa! I never will; but when I am married I intend to have my own consent. I have to live with the man, you know, and you don't. As for Van Stoppel—well, a woman may not marry with her grandfather?'

'Grandfather! What are you talking about? Van is only forty. Younger than I am; and I am in the prime of life.'

'Excuse me, he is too old for me.'

'You are an ungrateful, disobedient girl. No, indeed, I am not, papa. I shall not wed with any one against your will—not even Frank. So don't scold, you dear old bear. Just consider—Mrs. Livingston, she gives a treat—a grand party next month, and I have to go. And I declare I haven't a dress that I haven't worn a half a dozen times—almost.'

'That means you want a check. How much is it now?'

'Oh! I'll be so economical, papa. Two hundred and fifty will do.'

'Two hundred and fifty! That's economical, is it? Well, you shall have the money. I'll send Moore with it. No, I won't; he must keep away. You shall have the money, but not Moore. When he can settle a hundred thousand on you I'll give my consent and not before; and I mean to tell him so. I'll have a serious talk with that young man.'

'You're not angry with him, papa, because he has fallen in love with me?'

'No, that shows good taste; but he must have that hundred thousand dollars.'

'I think papa, I would like that hundred thousand dollars and more,' she added, archly.

'Fph! I said her father, explosively, and wended out to the office. When Moore came in with a glowing account of a large sale of Konia he cut him short.

'Never mind that,' he said, 'I have something to say to you.'

And he said it in a way so decided that Frank trembled in his boots. Then he wound up with—

'You're very useful here and I don't care to lose you. I'll put 25 per cent on your salary; but I won't have you turning Milly's head. She has promised not to have you unless I consent, and I have told her that I never will consent until you are able to settle a hundred thousand dollars on her. And I'll keep my word. That's all there is about it. I'll drop the subject and do you drop her.'

Poor Frank went out with different spirits than he had when he came in. A hundred thousand dollars!

Van Stoppel called that evening, and to his great delight, found not only that

Millicent was at home, but was disposed to be gracious. In general she avoided him on some pretext or was freezing polite, but now she was pleasant and chatty. They were alone together, the father having gone to what he termed the 'library,' but which was in fact, his smoking room; for having quite mastered the article 'Soap' in the Encyclopedia, he never troubled the dust-covered books. After the weather and such customary topics had been discussed Millicent suddenly broke out with—

'Oh! Mr. Van Stoppel, I was reading about stocks in the paper to-day. Do explain to me what they do in Wall Street, and how they make and lose so much money. I do not understand it at all.'

Here was a subject on which Van Stoppel could not only talk, but talk well. And he did. He explained all about puts and calls and options and margins, buyers' ten days and sellers' five, so clearly that his fair interlocutor did not understand it. But she did not say so.

'I should like to speculate myself. I have \$250, and I should like to double it, just for the fun of the thing.'

'Miss Duke, you are very fortunate, for just now there is the greatest—that is, I think I know of a stock that will surely (I mean probably) rise to a higher—a better figure shortly; and if you intrust your little venture to me, I promise that you shall much more than double it.'

'Oh, thank you! You are so kind. But then you know that I want to deal with a broker myself. That would be charming. If you could tell me how to manage that! Could you, now?'

And she beamed on him a bewitching smile that fairly subjugated the great 'bull,' and tipped his horns with rapture. He smiled in return, hesitated—and the man who hesitates, surrenders.

'There are several stocks that are down, he said, that may go. I should recommend the B. S. and W.'

'B. S. and W.?'

'Yes—the Barfield, St. Barnaby and Waukeshaw railroad. It is standing now at 9.'

'How am I to go about it, please?'

'Dear me! I shall never remember all that. Please to write it all down for me, will you?'

Van Stoppel, still under the fascination, took out his pencil and wrote, while Millicent sat by expectant. She was at his shoulder, her breath fanned his temples, and he could scarcely write legibly, but he persevered.

'Oh, thank you so much.'

'Now,' said he, 'I have shown you two ways. You can either buy at ten days, or you can buy outright. I should recommend the latter. You see your margin will be ten per cent on the par value, which is 100, and not on the selling price, which is nine. Now, if you buy at ten days, you can only get, say about twenty-two shares, for you must keep some back to fill up your margin in case it falls.'

'Fill up my margin?'

'Yes; I have explained that on the paper. But if you buy outright you will get twenty-seven shares, for you will have no margin to fill and your profits will be more. If you were to put ten thousand dollars or more into the transaction it would be different. Then a responsible broker, able to carry the amount either by his own means or through credit, would treat the stock, which has kept uniform price so long, as favorably as he would a dividend paying stock, and give you a contract at 5, and possibly at 3 per cent. With your small amount, buy the stock outright. I'll recommend you to a responsible broker; but he is one I never do business with—a good and honorable man, though; but you must promise that you won't tell him or any one else that I sent you.'

'I promise that I won't breathe it—not even to father.'

Millicent played the piano for him—she played fairly; she sang for him—she sang well. Van Stoppel was in the seventh heaven, and was on the verge of proposing right then and there, but he lacked courage. He left, however, in an ecstasy of delight, but it did not last long. He was meditating one of his great strokes of finance, and that soon resumed possession of him to the exclusion of everything else.

The next day, while the elder Duke was at the factory, Frank was at the house, a note having been brought him. Milly met him, beaming.

'Frank,' she cried, 'do you want a \$100,000?'

'Do I, Milly? Don't I, the worst kind.' And he told her what her father had said.

'He said the same to me, Frank. Can you realize on that mortgage of yours?'

'No, I can't, because I have. It was all paid up last week, and I'm looking around for a new investment in one lump if I can.'

A long conversation ensued, and Milly gave her views with great energy

and decision. Frank demurred, but finally half gave way.

'Has any one given you information that makes you so confident?'

'I promised not to tell.'

'May be old Van Stoppel—'

'Ask me no more questions.'

'Um! It is a great risk after all. Suppose it were to keep going down?'

'I've written on this paper what you are to do then. In fact, here are your whole directions.'

'But how do you know—how did you learn?'

'Ask me no more questions.'

'Well, but—'

'Don't but me, Frank. We're not married, and I'm your master now. Take two hundred and fifty from me, and put it in the pool.'

The Barfield, St. Barnaby and Waukeshaw was one of these railroads began when everything was at a paper value, that ran from Barfield, which was next to nowhere, to Waukeshaw, which was about the same kind of place, with a branch to St. Barnaby, an out of the way spot. It was a hundred miles long with its branch. Other railroads fought it and refused connection; it was heavily mortgaged; its expenses a little overbalanced its receipts at times, and it had stood at 9, nominal, at that for two years. Nobody wanted it, in fact, at any price. That it would ever rise seemed improbable if not impossible, and two days after Moore had secured a contract at 5 per cent, and bought at 9, buyer ten days, the stock figured at 8. Some one had found out the purchase and was bearing. He had to fill up and he grew frightened. He couldn't sleep well. Milly whose little balance of fifty was drawn on as she insisted it should be, was sanguine. She did not believe in Van Stoppel as a lover, but she had great confidence in him as an operator in stocks.

It leaked out that all the leading brokers had contracts on hand to deliver large amounts of stock, and the bears went to work. But suddenly it was known that all the shares, barring a hundred or so, were locked up. Then came a startling rumor, as the stock went up twenty, thirty, forty, anything you please, that Van Stoppel was behind the scenes pulling the strings.

Wall Street raved. It was a corner. Now a corner is a two-edged sword, and keen as a razor, unless managed dexterously it cuts both ways. A gang of brokers in the face of ruin are like bucks at bay. They are dangerous. But Van Stoppel was master of his art. He did not desire to ruin anybody, if the result was to destroy his profits. With a noble magnanimity not properly appreciated by this evil generation he compromised at 50. His gains only amounted to a few millions. The street breathed easier. Moore, who did the same thing—had to in fact, for when the lion roars and the cat cries—breathed very fast with astonishment.

The day after all was over, Peter Duke came into the counting room and examined the letters of the morning. Suddenly he tapped his bell, and sent for Mr. Moore, but the manager had gone to Wall Street.

'What takes him there? Send him in when he comes,' and at the word Moore entered. 'Oh, you're here, are you? I have a letter here from Jenkins. How did the last invoice of fat turn out?'

'Lovely, sir; lovely. Everything is lovely, and the goose—'

'What is the matter with you, Moore? You seem excited.'

'Do I? So I am.'

The old scap bolder turned his chair around, and gazed on the young man who went on with his talk.

'Didn't you say, sir, that I could have Miss Millicent whenever I was able to settle \$100,000 on her?'

'Of course I did, but stop nonsense and go into business.'

'That's just what I say, papa,' said Milly, who came in as she spoke, 'stop nonsense and go to business.'

'What do you want?'

Frank thrust the bank book in the old man's hand. Mr. Duke opened it and looked up in astonishment.

'Park Bank! A hundred and eighty odd thousand! Why, where did you get it?'

'Bought B. S. and W.—buyer 10, and so on.'

'Gambling in stocks, and the firm's money going through your hands?'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Duke, but I used my own money. I never was in the Street before, and I shan't go again.'

And then he told the story of his venture, and the great stroke of the great operator.

'But how did you know? Did he take you in?'

'No, but,—he was going to say—Milly took him in, but he didn't. He merely added, "I had a hint from Milly."

Duke whistled, and then he laughed. (Gentle reader, sir or madam, don't interrupt me by asserting that Milly's trick was bad and the whole set were plunderers. I am telling a story, not discussing a question of morals.)

'You'll keep your promise?' inquired Moore, anxiously.

'My daughter shall never marry the manager of a soap works.'

'But you said—,' exclaimed the

couple.

'Of course I said, and I say now, you are discharged as manager.'

Frank's countenance fell, and Milly looked reproach.

'I can't get along very well without you, and I'll compromise,' said Duke, with a twinkle in his eye. 'Philip has one-fourth interest in the concern. I'll let you have another fourth the day you settle that hundred thousand on Milly. She shan't marry a mere manager; but I have no objection to a partner in the firm as a son-in-law.'—N. Y. Star.

WAVES OF DEATH.

Six Men Killed and Sixteen Hurt On an Ocean Steamer.

The Vessel Suddenly Covered With an Avalanche of Water.

The ocean steamer Westernland, of the Red Star line, swung into her pier at Jersey City the other afternoon after a twelve days' voyage from Antwerp. Her decks were crushed in, her staunch sides wrenched and strained, broken beams of steel and planks of oak protruded their jagged ends on every side. The first glance suggested a story of stress and storm; of suffering and disaster. Disaster and suffering the vessel had encountered, but the story that was to be told was not the ordinary one of raging winds and mountainous waves that storm-beaten ships bring with them. The winds had not given her warning, the waters had not lashed themselves to threatening fury, but when all seemed calm a single wave had risen up from the sea and crashed down upon the steamer's deck, leaving behind it as it surged away more than a score of mangled bodies, dead or dying or sorely wounded, lying amid a mass of tangled wreckage.

It was on November 20 that the Westernland, the staunchest of the Red Star fleet, sailed out of Antwerp with sixty-nine cabin and 574 steerage passengers and twenty-two officers and men. A heavy fog in the River Scheldt caused the loss of a day, but after that the weather was favorable and the voyage continued prosperous until Saturday last, November 27. At noon on that day Second Officer Ehoff, as he relates, went on watch and found the sky clear, a fresh breeze blowing and a moderate sea. The members of the crew were busied about their various tasks, and several of the steerage passengers were lounging about the deck. The cabin passengers were nearly all below. While standing on the main bridge the second officer suddenly saw an enormous wave on the starboard bow. The next instant another similar wave was seen on the port side. Joining each other at right angles the two waves swept toward the vessel. The united mass of water rose higher than the lower yards of the foremast. In a moment it crashed down upon the deck of the steamer and swept it from bow to stern, carrying everything before it.

The turtle-back deck was crushed to splinters. The steel beams supporting it were broken off like pipe-stems. The stanchions were bent and twisted and beaten down to the fore-castle deck. Everywhere lay masses of broken planks and beams and woodwork. Lying crushed in the wreckage were twenty-two steerage passengers and members of the crew.

As soon as the first moment of panic had passed orders were given by Captain Randle, who was on the after-deck, to aid the injured, and the crew promptly obeyed. Four of the seamen were found to have been killed. Max Frank, a steerage passenger, had his abdomen cut open and his skull fractured. He died the next morning. Gabriel Levaderi, another steerage passenger, was apparently but slightly bruised. He had, however, sustained internal injuries which caused his death five hours after Frank expired.

The others injured were suffering from broken legs and arms and painful bruises. They were at once taken to the intermediate cabin, which was fitted up as a hospital, and carefully attended to until port was reached by the ship's surgeon and Dr. Felix Cohen, of New York, who was a passenger on board.

A steward who was just coming out of a closet under the turtle back lost the tips of two fingers in a curious manner. The door opened forward and was held open by a catch over the top. The steward put his left-hand on the after door post just as the big sea came along, carrying off the door, the door, which caught the ends of the fingers that projected beyond the door post, shaving them off as with a knife.

The officers of the vessel, one and all, say that they never knew of an occasion when two such fugitive waves came together in weather such as that which prevailed at the time of the accident.

—SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

PULLING HEMP.

'You may talk about mad elephants let loose, or circus tigers on the rampage,' said a man from Western Michigan, 'but they are no comparison to a crowd of angry and excited men hungering for your death. Four years ago I came into possession of three or four pieces of property in Southern Indiana, and I went down to look them over. At Jasper I concluded to get a saddle horse. One morning, almost before any body in the town was astir, and while I was taking a before-breakfast walk, a stranger came along astride of a fine animal, and to my query as to whether he wanted to sell he returned a ready affirmative. It was a sorrel horse spotted with white, and one to be recognized and identified on sight by any one who had ever seen him before. The price asked was \$125, and though I beat the man down to \$100 he told such a straight story that I could have no suspicions of him. He claimed to be a resident of Vincennes, and to have purchased the horse in New Albany.

'I was congratulated by the villagers on my purchase, and soon after breakfast set off for the south. After proceeding about ten miles I turned to the left, and had gone about three miles when a band of horsemen, about a dozen strong, came riding from the opposite direction at a gallop. The instant we met they surrounded me. Some had revolvers and some guns, and I was menaced on all sides. I was astonished, of course, half believing I had fallen in with a band of robbers, but they quickly gave me to understand to the contrary. The horse under me had been stolen the previous night, or at an early hour in the morning, and the owner was among those who surrounded me. It didn't strike me that I looked like a horse thief, but those men were mad and excited, and they had me out of the saddle in a minute. Of course I protested, telling them who I was and where I could be identified, but as they hustled me under a tree and began to noose a rope the owner of the nag slapped me across the face and replied—