The Millheim Journal,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
R. A. BUMILLER.
Office in the New Journal Building, Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor. A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. Terms, $1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 61. MILLHEIM PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 11., 1887. NO. 31.

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1 square	$ 2 00	$ 4 00	$ 5 00	$ 6 00	$8 00
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Busy all the time. Every Bid a Sale

TWO SCHEMERS.

"Oh What a Tangled Web We Weave When First We Practice to Deceive."

The widow Smith sat up late, reading the county paper; usually the *Weekly Budget* did not interest her, but on this occasion she read and re-read a certain part of its columns and laid it down at last with a sigh.

'Wants a wife does he?' she mused aloud; 'tired of livin' alone. It's a pearl chance for some one to get a good husband if he's what he advertises.'

Then she resumed the paper and studied it carefully.

''A good pervider.' That's one pint. 'Middle aged and well-to-do.' Laws! ef it wasn't for the——"

The widow stopped abruptly, and looked around with a startled expression.

'It must have been the cat,' she said to herself. 'I am as nervous as a mouse. I'm sure there ain't any harm in it. I dare say he'll be glad of it when he finds out. If he hadn't been so particular that he wanted a widow without any——'

Then she broke off abruptly and sat thinking.

'I've heerd tell,' she mused, 'that a man who amounted to ennything wouldn't have to advertise for a wife. 'All alone in the world.' Poor man! I feel uncommonly drawn toward him. 'Likes peace and quiet.' So do I. We're of one mind there. I'd answer if it wasn't for the"——

The clock striking startled her. After a long fit of thinking she went to the clock-shelf and took down a pen and a bottle of ink; then she looked in the family Bible and found some writing-paper.

It took the widow Smith a long time to compose that letter. When she finally had it to her mind, she copied it, after which she read it a great many times.

'I hope I hevn't done wrong,' she said to her conscience. 'But I can almost see the hand of Providence pintin' the way. 'A widower an' well-to-do, alone in the world.' It would be almost wicked not to try.'

Then she wound up the clock, put the cat out, and was soon dreaming of her new adorer.

Mr. Josiah Brown, a comfortable farmer who lived in the next township, was the man whose advertisement for a wife had enlisted the sympathy of the Widow Smith. He had been in the lonely and forlorn state of a single life. He cast his eye, figuratively speaking, upon all the widows in his neighborhood, but they found no favor in his sight; so he advertised in the *Weekly Budget* and had half a bushel of letters in answer to his demand. All the answers had attractions, but there was only one that seemed to fulfil his expectations. It was a tidy little missive and was signed 'Widow Smith.' She don't hum and haw an' beat round the bush, but comes right to the point like a man,' he said to himself. So he wrote to her, and in due time a second letter came. It pleased him more than the first.

'She's Mrs. Brown No. 2,' he chuckled. 'She says she's small—I like leetle wimmin—has a farm an' a good house, an' of course all alone in the world or she wouldn't have answred at all. Says her friends call her a good housekeeper. She's a master hand to write—begins every word with a capital an' she's apropinted a meetin' at Gabriel Simpson's! Sho! I've known Gabe sence we was boys together. I wonder ef he'll help me out about the——'

The good man choked abruptly, and seemed flurried.

'She won't mind arter we're jined. I'll appint next Thursday to meet. Friday ain't lucky and Saturday too near Sunday. I'll tell Simpson to keep dark till I come there. Wonder if the widder 's good-lookin'. Wonder if she'll be disappinted?'

The widow was first at Simpson's and held her best ear for a private audience. Then she was all smiles, talking over pickling and perserving receipes with Mrs. Simpson, who was an old acquaintance. When Josiah Brown drove up with his span of grays, best Sunday coat on, best foot foremost, the widow was observing him from behind the curtains of the sitting-room window.

'W-e-l-l!' she said with a long breath, 'he ain't to say han'sum. He's a little bow-legged, an' has a cast in one eye. I dunno as I'd have him if it wasn't for the—'

Before she had finished Mr. Simpson was presenting Mr. Brown, and then all hands sat down to a 'biled' dinner.

'I like good vittles,' said the widower with a knowing glance at his vis-a-vis the widow, and he passed his plate for the third time.

'S'do I,' responded the lady with a vivid blush. 'Mr Smith used to say he couldn't bear to eat away from home, 'cause we had such good meals.'

Mr. Brown beamed at her.

After dinner he took Simpson to one side. 'Pretty as a peach an' plump as a partridge; looks like she could keep house for me and the——ugh! ugh! ugh!'

A severe fit of coughing interrupted Mr. Brown's recital. Simpson smiled knowingly.

'You're in luck if you get the widder,' he said. 'But I can't say it's quite fair not to tell her about the——'

'H-u-s-h,' whispered Brown, nervously. 'It'll be all right. I'll make her a good husband and she won't mind the——'

Another severe fit of coughing which nearly strangled the good man, nipped his discourse in the bud.

'I say, Simpson, he inquired presently, 'Has the widow any——'

'None in the land of the living,' interrupted Simpson hurriedly.

Mr. Brown rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Then the two joined the ladies, and the courtship proceeded with such alacrity that the day was set and, as a neutral ground, Simpson's house was tendered for the occasion.

But Mr. Brown visited the widow at her lonely home several times, and the widow in company with Mr. Simpson spent a day at the Brown homestead and was much impressed with its 'peace and quiet.' She whispered to Mrs. Simpson:

'I'm so thankful I'm goin' to marry into a home where there ain't any——'

'H-u-s-h! he's looking at us,' cautioned her friend.

Then both ladies laughed heartily, as if they knew some thing that pleased them immensely.

While Mr. Brown was showing off his roomy house he hazarded a remark:

'Its kind er lonesome in a house where there is nobody but grown ups. I believe you told me you hadn't any'——

'They are all in the grave yard! every one of 'em, poor things!' sobbed the widow, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

It took some time for Mr. Brown to undo the mischief. He was compelled to support the clinging form and dry the tears he had drawn forth by his careless remark.

'She's a tender-hearted little thing!' he said to Simpson; 'she'll come round all right when she sees the'—— Here he sneezed.

'You old fraud!' thought Simpson. But he only said, politely; 'Of course she will.'

They were married quietly, only the immediate friends of the family being present at the ceremony, and they went to a town where nobody knew them, and spent their honeymoon prowling around in each other's company, seeing the sights, and were as spooney as old folks in love usually are. Not that either of them was old. No, indeed.

When they went back they first located at the Brown homestead. As they couldn't live in two places at once, the widow had decided to sell, and invest her money in more land in the neighborhood of her new home, a plan highly approved by her new partner.

The first cloud on the horizon of their new lives appeared when they reached home. It was no larger than a man's hand—or a boy's hand—in fact, that was just the shape it took, on the white walls.

'One would think you had a family,' said the widow as she commenced at once to clean house.

Mr. Brown looked frightened; but he asked boldly: 'My dear, don't you think it's kinder lonesome in a house where there isn't any—'

A curious interruption happened. A troop of half-grown boys rushed in at that moment to welcome the bride. They did not go through any ceremony of knocking, and seemed very much at home. They could have sung 'We are Seven,' exactly, as to numbers.

'Who are they?' gasped the new Mrs. Brown.

'I-I-I don't know,' faltered Mr. Brown, his legs shaking like castinets. 'Run home, boys, r-r un home!'

'Where'll we go, Pa?' inquired the youngest, a cherub of five.

'Oh,' gasped the bride, faintly, 'I thought you wanted a quiet home! I have been basely deceived! You said you hadn't any——'

'Boys, don't make any noise,' asserted Mr. Brown. 'An' I thought as long as *you* hadn't any——'

'Oh, good heavens! Who *are* they? What do *you* want?'

'We've come ma! We're all here! shouted a chorus of voices, as a whole schoolful of girls rushed in,' please introduce us to our new pa.'

'But 'new Pa' had fainted and hung limp and speechless, over the arm of his chair.

The noise brought him to. He asked if the earthquake had done much damage, and seemed in a dazed condition for some time. Indeed the shock of finding himself the the trevet-point of seven daughters, was too much. His first intelligent words were those of reproach. Simpson had been sent for and was present. Mr. Brown looked feebly at his distressed wife and said:

'You told me you hadn't any——'

'No dear, I said they were in the graveyard. So they were, boarding with the sexton. They're real sweet girls, seven of them. You must love them for my sake.'

''Seven and seven make fourteen,' figured the eldest male cherubim. Its a good thing the house is large enough to hold us all.'

A peace was patched up—several peaces in fact, and after awhile the new couple found what can't be cured, must be endured Mr. Brown took the longest to come round, but when he did, he gave in fully. In a moment of confidence his wife told him that she knew beforehand all about the boys, and had taken her own cue from that bit of design. Mrs. Simpson had told her.

'Just like a woman—never can keep a secret,' said Mr. Brown severely.

'Yes,' replied Jinks, 'because, though she told me all about your little scheme, she never said a word to you about mine.'

And Mr. Brown was obliged to admit that he was fairly beaten at his own game.

Bringing Up Children Rationally.

It is natural to a child to be happy, as it is to a fish to swim. But for this they need a certain amount of 'letting alone'. It is a great mistake for parents to hamper their children with foolish restrictions. We pity the little B's our next-door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our heart. There is a picket fence in the front of the house and they are scarcely allowed to go near it, lest they should climb and hurt themselves. They cannot climb a tree for the same reason. They may not skate or swim or have a gun. The consequence of this training is that parents have made cowards of them all, with the exception of little Bessie, who is the most daring little mischief that ever wore a sun bonnet, and she has learned to be deceitful and plays all her mad pranks well out of her parents, eyes. We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad a hundred feet below. The railing was not a foot wide, and she triumphantly told us she had walked it while the train was passing under. It was enough to make one shudder.

Don't fancy your boy is made of glass. Grant a reasonable request, and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good. Between the Jellybys and Gradgrinds of life children have a hard time of it. The youngest child needs some sort of agreeable occupation, and a certain amount of physical freedom. There is nothing more painful to young people than to feel that life is one dull routine and that 'nothing ever happens' as we once heard a disconsolate lad remark.—*American Agriculturist.*

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office.

JINKS' TOOTHACHE.

A Story of a Man's Courage and of a Woman's Cowardice.

'If there's one thing more than another that's perfectly disgusting,' said Jinks, the dentist, 'it is, to see the way a woman will perform when she comes in to have a tooth drawn. There's my wife for instance; worked an hour and a half by the clock, yesterday with that woman, trying to get out a little aching snag, and then she went home with it in. One hour of the ache is worse than having it drawn three times over,' and Jinks snapped his finger in contempt of the whole transaction.

'Squealed did she?' asked Hobbs, the doctor, to whom the facts were being related.

'I should remark that she did,' resumed Jinks, in an injured tone, 'squealed when I looked at it, squealed when I selected the forceps, and once, when I actually got them on the tooth, I thought she would take the roof off.'

'Men never act that way,' said Hobbs musingly.

'Men, well no!' replied Jinks, 'a man steps in like a man, opens his mouth and never stirs till the tooth lays in the spittoon, but a woman, bah!'

'That reminds me of a story,' said Hobbs. 'you know Harvey, the horse doctor over at Carroll? Well, one day Perkins came into his office with his head tied up and groaning with the toothache.

'Why don't you go to a dentist and have it pulled?' says Harvey.

'Dar-s-ent,' mumbled Perkins, 'he'll break my jaw; that tooth's got double and twisted, back action prongs, an' aw'nery pulling won't boost it a particle.'

'Let me pull it,' says Harvey, in a trifling way, and Perkins falling in with the joke, said, 'aw right,' and sitting down on a horse medicine box, opened his mouth like a yawning contribution box, and indicated the tooth.

In an instant Harvey had his great horse forceps on the tooth, on the whole side of his head in fact, Perkins thought, and with one mighty jerk, not only the double and twisted back-action grinder, but another shining molar that was perfectly sound, came out and stuck up in triumph on the end of the forceps. 'Je-rusalem crickets!' whooped Perkins as he danced all the steps he knew in his anguish. 'Did it hurt?' asked Harvey, cooly. 'N-n-o-o,' replied Perkins gamily, 'the sick one didn't, but the well one twinged a little,' and, if you'll believe me, Perkins is mad, and is laying low to play a trick on Harvey.

'Well, he ought to be thankful that he escaped as well as he did, since he refused to go to a dentist,' said Jinks, with professional feeling. 'I do despise a womanish man!'

One day, not very long after this conversation, Jinks came into Hobb's office in a pitiable plight; his head was done up in a napkin and, and an aroma of camphor, laudanum and various other drugs filled the room as he stepped into it.

'What's the matter?' asked Hobbs, airily; he scented a joke at once.

'Got-er-er-toothache,' mumbled Jinks, crossly. It was enough to make a man cross to see Hobb's heartless smile.

'How long have you had it?' asked Hobbs, trying to draw his face down to a becoming length.

'Three days,' growled Jinks. 'Swelled up bigger'n your fist.'

'Well, sit right down here, and I'll take it out for you quicker'n you can say Jack Robinson,' said Hobbs, bringing out a dainty pair of shining forceps.

'It's too sore,' replied Jinks, looking at the forceps with an unfriendly eye; they didn't look nearly so well to him as his own shining instruments of torture, ranged so neatly on a little table in full view of the silly women who occupied his chair at times.

'Ulcerated, eh!' said Hobbs.

'Yes,' replied Jinks, 'clear from here to there,' and he indicated the top of his head and a point under his cravat.

'Well, just let me look at it,' said Hobbs, carelessly slipping the forceps into his pocket.

'And you won't pull it?' said Jinks, anxiously.

'Why, of course not,' replied Hobbs, deceitfully, 'not unless you want me to, old fellow.'

'I—I—dassent trust you,' said Jinks, bobbing up, as Hobbs drew near, 'you look too plagued tickled about it.'

'Oh, bother,' cried Hobbs, getting out of patience, 'sit down like a man, and have it out. One hour's ache hurts you worse than to have it out three or four times.'

'I can't,' whined Jinks, 'I've been trying to come to it these three days, an' I can't.

'I'll put petticoats on you, you great overgrown baby, if you don't stop this,' said Hobbs, trying sternness; 'what does your wife say to you?'

'S-she knows how to p-pity me,' whimpered Jinks, sheepishly.

'Well I don't,' replied Hobbs, severely.

'Now, sir, when you see fit to let me look at that tooth, I'll see what I can do for you,' and so saying, he turned his back on Jinks, and went on compounding pills, while the sufferer walked the floor, and groaned, and used reprehensible language at intervals.

'Say, Hobbs, I don't care if you do look at that tooth,' he ventured after a time.

'I'm busy,' said Hobbs, crustily, and ranging his pills in neat, mathematical order.

'Oh!' replied Jinks, 'I thought you had a burning curiosity to see it,' and he moodily resumed his walk.

'I say, Hobb, won't you please look at that tooth for me?' he said presently, as an extra twinge of pain gave his courage an upward twist.

'And you won't back off the instant I come near you?' inquired Hobbs. 'Time's money, you remember.'

'No, 'pon my honor,' Jinks,' sitting down on a chair as cautiously as if he suspected there was dynamite in it, and opening his mouth in a small a crack; his faith in Hobbs was not yet fully established.

'Open that mouth!' roared Hobbs.

'I—I can't,' said Jinks, his courage beginning to ebb.

'Oh, very well, then,' returned Hobbs, coldly. 'I've got some plasters to spread.'

'I—I'll try to; honest I will! It's swelled, you know,' cried Jinks, as Hobbs was was turning away.

The mouth flew open, there was the tooth, an innocent looking affair, loose from the ulceration, and with a tiny swelling on one side, the size of a small split pea; out came the forceps, and before Jinks knew just what was happening, Hobbs had him.

'Leggo! leggo!' he roared, clutching Hobbs' arm with a howl.

'Certainly, sir; certainly,' replied Hobbs, holding up the tooth in the forceps.

'Bless you, my friend; bless you,' said Jinks, jumping up with an ecstatic revulsion of feeling and embracing Hobbs as if he were a long-lost brother, and afterward dancing a jig in his delight. 'I'll do the same good turn for you some day, old boy, see if I don't.'

'I love to see a man have a tooth drawn,' said Hobbs, reflectively, as Jinks strutted up and down the room with the air of a conquering hero. 'He just comes in and sits down in the chair like a man, and never stirs until the tooth is out; but a woman——'

But Jinks was gone, and Hobbs, the wretch, laughed, till the bottles jingled on the shelves, and now he never wearies of telling, when he can catch the dentist in a crowd, how Jinks had the toothache.

JACKSON'S BRIDE.

The Story of a Conflict Which Settled Who Was Boss.

Old Bud Jackson, one of the terrors of Montana, lost his fourth wife, and came over into Dakota for a fifth victim. He met and married widow Baggs, a trail, and gentle woman, who had just been left a widow for the third time and seemed crushed to earth by her losses.

Mrs. and Mrs. Jackson wended their way to Bud's Montana home, and as the gushing bridegroom led his bride into his lovely cot of one room and introduced her to his favorite dogs, he said tenderly:

"You want to remember, Mrs. Jackson, that I'm the boss here. Don't you never forgit that. The four dear companions that I've laid away, mighty soon found that out. All I ever had to do was to crook my finger and they come a-running' to know what I wanted. There wa'n's no hangin' back nor askin' questions. You see that ox gad up there? Well that's the little arbytrater that useter settle any slight diffrences I ever had with the four dear companions that are gone. They ginerally suckkumed after 'bout six licks, an' I hope you'll be equally obeejent.

'Now s'posen' you take my boots an' clean 'em up an' grease 'em. They've got mighty muddy while we was on our tower. Clean 'em up good. I'm mighty pertickler 'bout my boots, an' I'd hate to take that air gad down the fust day you was in your new home. Come an' pull off the boots.'

The frail, sad-eyed little bride did not move. Her pretty lips began to tremble, and her gentle bosom heaved.

'You comin'?' roared Jackson. 'Hev I got to snatch down that air gad? Oh, yer comin', eh?'

She came. She snatched down the gad on her way, with set teeth and eyes that twinkled merrily she landed within two feet of Bud. He had faced wild-cats and hyenas, but never any thing like this. A conflict ensued; it was short, fierce and decisive. It ended in Bud's crawling under the bed, and as his bride prodded him with a hoe-handle she gailey shouted:

"Ye pore innercent thing ye! Had'nt no mo' sense ner to raise the dander of Lizy Jane Baggs Jackson, her that never did nor will take a word of sass from any man living. Ye'd better crawl under there! Ye'd better crawl clean through the wall.

Oh, ye'll holler 'nuff,' hey? Well, you go and cut a month's supply o' stove wood 'fore you show yer face in this cabin agin. I'll learn ye who's boss here?'

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

She Calmly Suffered Torture.

Mrs. Fremont, in her agreeable gossip about her early life, makes mention of a wedding dinner-party she once attended at Lexington, Va.

One of the married daughters of the hostess noticed that though her mother was presiding at the dinner-table with her usual grace yet fleeting expressions of pain passed over her face. At last she sent a servant to ask if the mother was too ill to remain and should she, the daughter, take her place. A motion of the head answered 'No.'

When coffee was served in the drawing-room, the guests learned that the hostess had been obliged to 'retire.' Rather than disturb the company she had quietly endured the torture.

A hornet had got caught under her cape and had traveled about, stinging as he went. Searching for an outlet, it had turned down between the shoulders, where it browsed about the poor woman's back.

Fever came on and the lady was obliged to take to her bed; but her training had made her willing to suffer acutely at her post rather than to disturb the enjoyment of her guests.—*Youth's Companion.*