Denton Journal.

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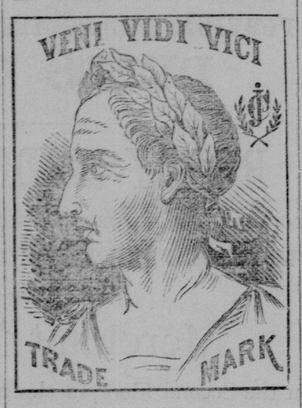

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Rheumatism.

Time and money have been wasted in futile endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance where it has been employed, whether such has been of the inflammatory or chronic type. In Lumbago and Sciatica it affords instant relief.

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Is caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine, and produces violent and acute pains, making it very difficult for the person to move. It should not be neglected, as the curvature of the spine is often brought on by neglect of this common complaint.

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The causes which usually induce Sore Throat are those which give a sudden check to perspiration, and thus obstruct Nature's regular work, quickly producing, in consequence, an inflammatory condition which, involving the tonsils, and rapidly spreading over the whole mucous membrane of the fauces will cause Quinsy.

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This distressing complaint may be cured, or entirely prevented by the timely use of this remedy. It has never failed, when applied at the commencement, or before the gathering takes place.

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Strains and chronic pains, cold and external injuries, are the chief causes of this complaint. The muscles are relaxed, in many cases making it difficult to move. By a free use of this Liniment a certain cure will be effected. As a

Horse and Cattle Lotion

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And many other Diseases.

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Roman Liniment

Never fails to give satisfaction, and, as a domestic remedy for man and beast, it is incomparably superior to any of the so-called family liniments, salves, etc., as a single trial will convince all.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

OPIUM and Morphine habit cured. The Original and only absolute CURE. Send stamp for book on Opium Eating to W. H. Squire, Northville, Greene Co., Ill.

DISCONTENT.

Two boats rocked on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree;
One was in love with the harbor;
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore;
But held the other, longing
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree,
With wistful eyes look ever
To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow,
Though sailing fair and fleet,
Looks back to the peaceful river,
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet
Of the moss-grown shaded shore;
One sighs that it may enter
That harbor nevermore.

One wearies of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and wail;
One dreams, amid the lilies,
Of a far-off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us
There's naught so true as this—
The winds of fate blow ever,
But ever blow amiss.

Birds at the Window

"Better be at work," grumbled John Spence, as he passed the minister's house and saw Jenny, the minister's daughter, feeding the birds that came every day to her window. "My girls have something else to do. I'll not give a cent to support such lazy doings."

"Good morning, Mr. Spence," said a voice.

"Oh! it's you. Good morning, Egbert. Nice day, this."

"Elegant! Balmy as May and soft as June. I was going round to see you."

"Ah! Just met, then, in the nick of time."

"Yes—in the nick of time. I want to know how much you will put down for Mr. Elder's salary this year. We want to increase it five hundred dollars if we can."

The countenance of Mr. Spence fell. He pushed out his lips, and looked hard and disagreeable.

"Not one cent," was his slow, emphatic answer.

"Oh, you're jesting, Mr. Spence," said his neighbor.

"No; I'm in earnest. My girls have something better to do than feeding birds. Humph!"

"Feeding birds! I'm blind as to your meaning," returned Mr. Egbert.

"Set me open your eyes. Come back with me a little way."

They turned and walked a short distance.

"Yes, there it is," said Mr. Spence, as he came in view of the minister's house. "Do you see that?" And he pointed to a window where Jenny Elder, the minister's daughter, stood feeding half a dozen birds that flew close to her hand; one or two of them even lighting on her shoulder.

"Well, that is beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Egbert.

"Beautiful?"

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"I think she'd better be at work," replied Mr. Spence, in a hard voice.

Mr. Egbert turned and looked at his neighbor, in mute surprise.

"I mean just what I say," added Mr. Spence. "My daughters have no time to waste after that fashion, and I can't see that I am under any obligation to support other people's daughters in idleness."

"Jenny Elder is no idle girl," said Mr. Egbert, a little warmly.

"Don't you call that idleness?"

"No, it is both rest and invigoration. The ten minutes spent with these birds will sweeten her life for a whole day. She will hear them chirping and twittering as she goes about her household duties, and be stronger and more cheerful in consequence."

Mr. Spence shook his head, but not with the emphasis of manner shown a little while before. A new thought had come into his mind. A bird had flown in through a window of his soul.

"Work, work, work, every hour and every minute of the day," said Mr. Egbert, "is not best for any one—not best for Jenny Elder, nor for your daughters nor mine."

"Nobody said it was," replied Spence. "But—but—" His thoughts were not very clear, and so he hesitated.

"The rest that gives to the mind a cheerful tone, that makes it stronger and healthier, is the true rest, because it includes refreshment and invigoration."

"Nobody denies that," said Mr. Spence.

"And may not Jenny's ten minutes with the birds give her just the refreshment she needs, and make her stronger for the whole day?" If not stronger, then more cheerful; and you know how much comfort to a household one cheerful spirit may bring."

"You have such a way of putting things," replied the neighbor, in a changed tone. "I never saw it in this light before. Cheerfulness—oh, dear! I am weary looking at discontented faces. If feeding birds at the window is an antidote to fretfulness, I shall recommend my children to begin at once."

"Let the birds come first to your window," said Mr. Egbert.

"Oh, I'm too old for anything like that," was replied.

"To the windows of your soul, I mean."

Spence shook his head. "You shoot too high for me."

"Thoughts are like birds—right thoughts like doves and sparrows, wrong thoughts like hawks and ravens. Open the windows of your mind, and let true thoughts come in. Feed them, and they will sing to you and fill your soul with music. They will bear you up on their wings; they will lift you into purer regions. You will see clearer and feel stronger. You will be a wiser and happier man."

"I never did hear any one talk just as you do, Egbert!" said the neighbor. "You look into the heart of things in such a strange way."

"If we can get down to the heart of things, we're all right," was the smiling answer. "And now I want to know how much we may count on from you toward Mr. Elder's salary. Open wide the windows. Let just the generous thoughts come in."

"A much as last year; perhaps more. I'll think over the matter," was replied.

While sitting at dinner with his family on that day, Mr. Spence broke the constrained silence—the usual accompaniment of their meal—with the words: "I saw a beautiful sight this morning."

Both the sentence and the tone in which it was spoken were a surprise. A weight seemed removed from every one—a shadow fell from each dull countenance. All eyes were fixed in inquiry upon him.

"Jenny Elder at a window, with the wild birds feeding from her hands and sitting on her shoulders," added Mr. Spence.

"Oh, yes; I've seen it often," said Margaret, his oldest daughter, a light breaking over her face. "Jenny is so good and sweet that even the birds love her. I wish they would come to my window."

"You must ask Jenny her secret," said the father, with a gentleness in his voice that was such a surprise to Margaret that she looked at him in wonder. Mr. Spence noticed and understood the meaning of her look. He felt it as a revelation and a rebuke.

The dead silence passed away. First one tongue and then another was unloosed; and in a little while the whole family were in pleasant conversation—a thing so unusual at meal time that each one noted the fact in a kind of bewildered surprise.

Mr. Spence opened the windows of his soul still wider, and let the singing birds come in. All the hours of that day he pondered the new ideas suggested by his neighbor; and the more he considered them, the clearer it became that there was a better way to secure the happiness of himself and family than the hard and narrow one he had been pursuing. Minds needed something as well as bodies. Tastes and feelings had their special needs. Soul hunger must be satisfied.

As he came home from his shop that evening, he passed a store, the windows of which were filled with singing birds. And as his eyes rested on them he remembered how often he had heard Margaret wish for a canary; and how he had as often said, "Nonsense! you've got something better to do than wasting your time with birds."

Mr. Spence saw things in a different light now.

"She shall have a bird," he said, speaking to himself, and turned into the store.

"Oh, father! not for me?"

Mr. Spence was taken by surprise at the sudden outburst of delight that came from Margaret, when she really understood that he had really brought her the bird. Tears filled her eyes. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"It was so kind of you—and I wanted a bird so much!" she said. "Oh I'll be so good, and do everything for you I can."

What a sweet feeling warmed the heart of Mr. Spence through and through. The delight of this moment was greater than anything he remembered to have experienced for years."

"I am glad my little present has given you so much pleasure," he answered, subduing his voice that it might not betray too much of what he felt. "It is a good singer, the man said."

"It's a beauty," returned Margaret feasting her eyes on the bird; "and I will love it, if it doesn't sing a note."

"Such a little thing to give so much pleasure," Mr. Spence said to himself, as he sat pondering this new phase of life. And to his thought came this reply. "A cup of water is a little thing, but to thirsty lips it is sweeter than nectar."

And then, as if a window had been opened in his soul, a whole flood of new ideas and thoughts came in upon him, and he saw that the mind had needs as well as the body; and that unless these were supplied, life would be poor and dreary—just as his life and the lives of his wife and children, had for the most part been.

Mr. Spence never shut that window, but let the birds fly in and out at pleasure. When Mr. Egbert next saw him he doubled his subscription for the minister's salary.

What He Got.

"Now, Leander, my dear, I want you to be sure and not forget these few things when you come down to-night," says the young wife, just before the kiss and good-by, at the summer hotel, in the morning, as the gentlemen were starting for the city.

"Certainly not, my love."

And this is the way the list ran.

1. Two yards of blue barege.
2. Two yards of Hamburg edging.
3. My new braid from the hat store.
4. Half a dollar's worth of nainsook.
4 Box of pearl-powder from my upper drawer.
6. "Modern Minister," from Loring's Library.

Arriving in town, he forgot all about the list till late in the afternoon, and then he couldn't find it in any of his pockets; but hadn't he read it over, and didn't he recollect it all? Of course he did, and this is what he brought home to his expectant wife:

1. Two heads of blue cabbage.
2. Three yards handsome netting (mosquito.)
3. Some blue braid.
4. Half a dollar's worth of canned soup.
5. Box of seidlitz powders and pair of drawers.
6. Loring said he hadn't got any such book as "The Mug and Canister" in the library.

Exclamation on receiving the above. "O Leander, Leander, you must have been dining at the horrid club again, or you would not have made such a mistake."

"I can't hold this baby any longer," called out the young husband and father; "it's getting too heavy."

"Pshaw, Edward," replied a muffled voice from the other side of the room, "you used to hold me for hours and never complain, and baby is as but a feather to what I was." "That was when I was a fool," said Edward. And she was too sleepy to dispute him.

Yarns of the Sea.

There is a story told among the sailors of an old Nantucket skipper, who said if he could only taste the soundings anywhere on our coast, he could tell where he was the darkest night that ever was known. The boys that sailed with him determened to test this, and the next time they were in port procured some earth from a neighbor's garden, and secreted it on board the vessel they sailed in of which the old skipper was the master. One night when he was in his bunk, the young rascals woke him up and said they had got some soundings, and wanted him to taste, and tell them where they were. Accordingly he deliberately applied his tongue to some of the mud, and then sprang from his berth exclaiming; Nantucket's sunk, and here we are right over Hackett's garden.

The old ship Diana was running down before the northeast trades for New Orleans, and one day at dinner the Captain called to a young fellow, who was at the wheeel, through the open sky-light, "How does she head?"

The youth replied:—"Southwest be west half west, a little westerly sir!" The Captain said to his passengers, That's a precious youngster. I wonder of I can get another "west out of him."

"Jack," said he, put another west on that course, and I will give you duck enough for a hammock."

"Southwest be west half west, a little westerly, Captain West," came down through the sky-light, and the boy got his duck, for the Captain's name was West.

IT takes most tender care to cherish the delicate beauty of the soul. Only God can do it.

IF thou hidest thy treasure upon the earth how canst thou expect to find it in heaven.

Mary's Lamb.

"Mary had a Little Lamb," is the true account of an incident that happened 61 years ago not 50 miles from tpe Cradle of Liberty. And "Mary, a delightful old lady of there score and ten, still lives and cherishes the memory of the event. The writer on a recent visit, craved from her own lips the true story of the affair, and will reproduce it as nearly as possible.

"It was when I was nine years old," she said, "and lived on the farm, used to go out to the barn every morning with father to see the cows and sheep. They all knew me, and the cows, old Broad and Short-horn and Brindle, would low a good morning when I went to their stables. One cold day we found that during the night twin lambs had been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of the twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved, and almost frozen; and father told me I might have it if I could make it live. So I took it into the house, wrapped it in a blanket, and fed it on peppermnint and milk all day. When night came I could not bear to leave it for fear it would die, so mother made me up a little bed on the settee and nursed the poor little thing all night, feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could stand. After this we brought it up by hand until it grew to love me very much, and would stay by me wherever I went unless it was tied. I used, before going to school in the morning to see that the lamb, was all right, and and securely fastened for the day.

"Well, one morning when my brother Nat and were all ready the lamb could not be found; supposing it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we startad on. I used to be a great singer, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning, after we had gone some distance, I began to sing, and the lamb, hearing me, followed on and overtook us before we got to the school house. As it happened we were early, so I went in very quietly, took lamb into my seat where it went to sleep, and I covered it up with my shawl. When the teacher came, and the rest of the scholars they did not notice anything amiss and all was quick until my spelling class was called. I had hardly taken my place before the pattraing of little feet was heard coming down the aisle, and the lamb stood beside me ready for his word. Of course the children all laughed too, and the poor creatrae had to be turned out of doors. But it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the woodshed till night.

"Now, that day there was a young man in school, John Roulston by name who was on a visit to one of the boys, and came as a spectator. He was a Boston boy, son of a riding school master, and in a few days after he gave us the first three verses of the song. How or, when it got into print I don't know."

Thus she ran on, telling of the care she bestowed on her little pet until it grew to be a sheep and she would curl its long wool over a stick; and it bore lambs until there was a flock of five all her own; and finally how it was killed by an angry cow. Then she brought out a pair of her little girl's stockings knitted of yarn spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which had been raveled out and given away piece-meal as mementoes.

John Roulston died before entering college. What the world lost in him who wove into verse the immortalized story of Mary and the Lamb no one may know.

Jakie on Watermelon Pickle.

Old lady Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and being hard of hearing, and as she couldn't see to read well, she got her grandboy Jakie to peruse it for her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child, and holding in upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon—"

"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken; I thought the melon must be ripe."

"O, what's the matter wid you; jewever see a watermelon that wuzn't green?"

"Cut the watermelon into four halves—"

"But there ain't only town halves to anything; I don't believe you are reading that right, Jakie."

Well, I don't halve to. But anyhow that's what the reseet says. Then soak the watermelon in a pint cup—"

"O, dear me! how in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup—"

"Well, I ain't here to tell the whereases and the howfores. I'm just readin the facts, and you ken put in the philosophy to suit yer taste. After soaking the melon, put it in a skillet and fry it for four days."

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a reseet as that," said the old lady, but Jakie kept on.

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar. "I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart without spilling any of it," but Jakie continued: Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk strainer over the melon; and to one cup of butter add the whites and the yolks and the shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid 'em, and four sticks of cinnamon drops, and a bottle of Dr. Mary Walker's Venegar Bitters, and two tablespoonful of quinine, and run it through a coffee mill and let it stand till it ferments, and then put it in a tin can, and tie the can to a dog's tail—this will stir it up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it off into tanks and have it ready for use. Serve it up cold and spread it on mince pie, and it makes a capital dessert," and Jakie sild out of the door and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

"I golly!" said Jakie," bet yer sweet life she won't ask me to read any more reseets!"

The Honeymoon Eclipsed.

"When you are looking on me you are looking down on a heart-broken woman," said Eliza Powers, as she wiped her eyes before the desk.

"They come here 'most every day," he replied.

"I was married four weeks ago," she sighed softly, as she scratched her nose. "I was living as cozy as a duck, up on Chene street, when Powers first found me. He said he was struck with my beauty."

"Was he crazy?" softly inquired his Honor, after the boys got through laughing.

"No, sir; he was a nice man, or so I thought then. He could quote off the nicest poetry you ever heard. He could tell you how long George Washington was President, which is the biggest city in the world, when old John Brown was killed, and lots of other things. And he called me his angel, sir, and he was always talking about my raving locks and chestnut eyes."

"Hurry up—come to the family fight as soon as you can," warned the Court, as she paused for breath.

"Can't I tell what I wore when we went to be married?"

"No ma'am. The law doesn't know as you wore anything."

"Well, I did, sir. D'ye s'pose I'd be married without clothes, and good clothes, too? Well, as I was saying, we'd been married three days when I hit him a slap on the ear and he gave me a cuff on the mouth.

"Any more?"

"Yes, sir; but it was his fault. He called me names, and he objected when I took a little sip to drown me sorrow, and he was mad when I wouldn't draw me seven dollars out of the bank and let him invest it for me. The other day he left me. We had a row, sir, and because I backed him into the wood-box and jammed his head agin a rail he flew to Canada."

"I'm left here with mo sorrow
This dark day;
That I may die to-morrow
I shall pray,"

"Pooh!"

"Oh, you may make light of this aching heart sir, but I'll soon be under the sod."

"You'll soon get the red color out of your face, your hands washed, your hair combed, and a job for sixty days," he replied.

"If you send me up I'll choke myself to death with a string."

"That is nothing to me. Mrs. Johnson. If I lend a man my snow-shovel, and he breaks his back falling over it, the law can't hold me. Go in and sit down. There's a pan of snow apples, and a dime novel, and a good fire in there."

IF men of brains were always men honor, this world would be comparatively safe.

It is tough to be poor, but to be ashamed of it is putting salt on a sore.

We are all ot us poor just as we want more, and rich as we want less.

The more a man or woman knows the less they gossip about their neighbors. Culture kills gab.

ROAD DUST is invaluable to a farmer in the saving of hen manure, while nothing is better for absorbing gasses and neutralizing odors from vaults, cesspools, pigstys and the like.

LIFE is a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed thro' death.

WHY is the letter "o" the more charitable letter?—Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

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