Denton Journal.

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BY

GEO. T. MELVIN, Editor and Proprietor,

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—o—

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mar16-tf.

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12-21-tf C. H. B.

Notice.

WE have discontinued the mercantile business, and have placed our unsettled accounts in the hands of Geo. T. Melvin, our attorney, for collection. All persons indebted to us will please call upon Mr. Melvin at once and settle.
12-21-tf. F. F. FIELD & CO

Poetry.

MARY MINE.

—o—

I've been talking to thy sire,
Mary mine, Mary mine:
And I simply did enquire,
If he would? Mary mine,
When he kinder raised his ire,
And he got as mad as fire,
And said he'd kick me higher
Than Trinity Church spire—
Mary mine, Mary mine,
If I ever did aspire
To thy hand—Mary mine.

I feel that I must wait,
Mary mine, Mary mine,
Or get another mate,
Mary mine, Mary mine;
For your Pa is so irate,
That I know 'twould be my fate
To get a broken pate,
Or be hoisted o'er the gate,
Mary mine, Mary mine;
A thing I'd rather hate;
Mary mine.

I haven't half the cheek,
Mary mine, Mary mine,
And I'm feeling rather weak,
Mary mine, Mary mine;
But should I hear the squeak
Of his boots—the mean old sneak—
You would see me run a streak,
Or like lightning so to speak,
Mary mine, Mary Mine,
And I'd keep it up a week,
Mary mine.

FEET OF SIZE.

—o—

BY MARTHA HOOD.

Take them up tenderly,
Lift them with care—
Fashioned so slenderly—
A beautiful pair.

Look at those number "twelves,"
A sight of themselves!
Made of two ox hides,
The truth shall I tell?
Made for a young bride,
A Terre Haute belle.

Touch them not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Who has to wear them;
To naught on land or sea,
Under the canopy,
Can we compare them!

How were her father's feet?
How were her mother's?
How were her sister's feet?
How were her brother's?
What had the maiden done
That she should merit it?
Was it a judgment,
Or did she inherit it

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity—
Scarcer than pearls;
Oh! it was pitiful!
To see a whole city full
Of big-footed girls.

Ah! those huge bridal shoes,
Look at her soles!
Laces like clothes lines
Pass through the holes.
Take them up tenderly,
Lift them with care—
Fashioned so slenderly—
A beautiful pair.

If such were her slippers,
What were her stogas?
Fabrics of leather, like
Two "Saratogas."
Droves of horned cattle,
While passing around,
Look at her bragans,
Then paw up the ground,
Bellowing all the while
Knowing full well,
The leather required
For a Terre Haute belle.

She had good understanding,
That's morally certain;
Her footing is proper—
So let's drop the curtain,
And pledge in a bumper,
With proper solemnity,
A health to the fair bride's
Pedal extremity.

"A Woman at the Bottom of it."

"To tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw aside his paper and faced the little group in the parlor, "I am fast growing out of patience with this text: "A Woman at the Bottom of It." It would be strange in this world, made up, as far as we are aware, of nothing but the two sexes, if a woman would occasionally be found at the bottom of anything good. It is the injustice of the thing that makes me angry. Now there are, hundreds of us poor fellows, who owe all we are, all we have, and all we can hope to become, in this world or in the next, to the unselfish love of woman."

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly; so much so that his wife, rocking her baby to sleep in the farther corner of the room, inquired:

"But why should you care, John? It has always been so, and always will be so. We don't think much about it now because we have been taught to expect it."

"But you should care! And you should fight for each other more than you do. There is one chapter in my life's history that I have always kept locked in my heart; but to-night I feel as if it were my duty to open it for your inspection; and I do it for the love of woman—for the love of one woman who made me what I am, worthy to be the husband of a good woman."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Haviland, softly approaching with baby still held tightly to her bosom, "you absolutely frighten me."

"Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be expected; and John commenced, at first a little timid, but gaining confidence as he proceeded:

When I came first to New York, at the age of 12 years, to seek my fortune, I can call myself a precious chap without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-appreciation. I was quick to learn anything—the bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oaths he dropped with a naturalness that surprised even myself. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted, but after two weeks of nausea and indescribable stomach wrenching, I came off victorious and could get away with my paper a day with the best of them. True, every word of it," continued the speaker. "One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to read; but I had plenty of tobacco and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by and by a lady said, very softly and pleasantly:

"Would you please, little boy, be more careful, for I am going to a party, and I should hate to have my dress spoiled."

"I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw. Pale, earnest and loving; to my boyish heart it was the countenance of an angel."

"What in the world did you say?" interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears as she saw how the memory of this beautiful woman affected her husband.

"Say! There was very little I could say. I think all I did was to look. I managed to dispose of the tobacco, however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt very certain she saw and mentally commended upon."

"Have you a mother, little boy?" she next asked in the same tone.

"No ma'am," I answered, and felt my throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"You have a father, then, I suppose?" she kept on.

"No ma'am."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Neither, ma'am."

"Then the little boy is alone in the world?"

"All alone, ma'am."

"How long has your mother been dead?" and the dear woman looked away from my face and waited until I could speak.

"Two years," I answered.

She was silent for a moment, and then said so sweetly—oh! I never shall forget it: "And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this? pointing to my cheek, where the tell-tale cud had vainly tried to stand its ground.

"I must leave now," she continued, "but here is my card; if you come to see me almost any evening I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other."

She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I could do nothing—with her I could grow to man's estate—a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never passed my lips.

As soon as I could summon courage I called upon this lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down; and how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting room. Here she got at every point in my life, and, before I bade her good bye, it was arranged that I should spend two evenings a week at her house, and study on those occasions just what she thought best.

No lover ever looked forward to meeting with the mistress of his heart any more than I did to these meetings with my friend.

I grew careful of personal appearance careful of my conversation, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of hers, where I remain to this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe that woman. During the last three months of those years I noticed that she grew pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would reply:

"Oh, no! I'm only a little tired—that is all."

One evening she kept me by her sofa much longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons, and laid out work enough, it seemed to me, for months.

"Why so much to-night?" I inquired conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

"Because, dear," she answered, "I do not want you to come next week, and I am anxious that you should have plenty of work to anticipate as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John?"

"I think you can ma'am," I answered almost sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after; and when I hear folks saying, "There's a woman at the bottom of it," I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me.

For President.

I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the people want is a man who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history, so that enemies of the party will not be able to rake up against him things that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the worst about a candidate, to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter upon the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography, in the hope of finding any daring and deadly deed which I have secreted, why let them prowl.

In the first place, I admit that I did freeze a rheumatic grandfather of mine, in the winter of 1859. He was old and inexpert at climbing trees. But with a heartless brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out of the front door in his night shirt, at the point of a shot gun, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remaind all night, while I emptied shot in his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in '59. No rheumatic person shall snore in my house.

I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth this fact by the assertion that I merely got behind a tree, that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington who went into the woods at Valley Forge to say his prayers. It was a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in at straight line for the Tropic of Cancer, simply because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I wanted some one else to save her. I entertain that idea yet. If the bubble of reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, provided the cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my inflexible purpose is to get over the fence and go home. My invariable purpose in the war has been to bring two-thirds more men out than I took in. This seems to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with advocates of inflation or contraction. I do not insist up special supremacy of rag money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under a grape vine is founded upon fact. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to that purpose. Does that unfit me for the Presidency? The Constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was considered unworthy of office because he enriched his grapevine with his relations. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit also that I am not the friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man in his present condition as so much raw material. Cut up and properly canned he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannabil Islands, and improve our exports in that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be to dessicate the poor workingman. Stuff him into sausages!

These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country doesn't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as being a safe man—a man who starts from the base of human depravity, and proposes to be fiendish to the last.

Very respectfully,
MARK TWAIN.

Splitting Paper.

It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, that it can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf of the *Illustrated News* thus divided into three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings are printed; another was the side containing the letter press, and a perfectly blank piece on each side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think it impossible; yet it is not only possible, but extremely easy, as we shall show.

Get a piece of plate glass and place on it a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little dexterity the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, violently and without hesitation pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth.

The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach the one side from the other. The paper, when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing ink is somewhat duller; otherwise the two pieces present the appearance of the original if again brought together.

Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to our readers gratuitously.—*B. and O. Printer and Stationer.*

For the Journal.

Glory of Work.

It is no mean thing to be able to work—to work well. Originally the offspring of the Divine curse, a kind Providence has gently interposed and tuned it into a boon and blessing. No perfect physical vigor is ever attained, with the litke limb and rounded muscle, until the body has attuned itself to the song of labor, and at times earned the right to rest. The intimate relation between mind and matter, between ourselves and "the house we live in," makes a healthy, physical condition a prime requisite for healthy mental action. So that he who would accomplish much in the pulpit, forum or at the bar may well freshen himself by frequently pumping himself full of fresh air, and straining his muscles into perfect tension by some systematic method of exercise.

Wilson, the great prose poet of Great Britain, prided himself not more upon his intellectual vigor than he did upon the fact that he could jump further than any man in England. Sir Walter Scott delighted in his early rambles over the fields around Abbottsford, and drank inspiration from song and sun-shine as he followed his dogs on their morning trail. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward, once the Nestor of American Pulpit, used to prepare himself for speaking by shoveling a cart-load of sand from one side to the other of his cellar. While Benton, the historian of the U. S. Senate and so long one of its most vigorous champions, was accustomed to prepare for morning work by a plunge into the Potomac.

These, and kindred instances recognize the fact that successful mental efforts are largely dependent upon physical conditions. How often is excellence attained in "that world-wide school," as Hugh Miller expresses it, "in which toil and hardship are the severe and noble teachers?" Those who graduate in this great school have learned much that to the soft-handed collegian is more difficult to comprehend than the strange characters of an unknown tongue. The deep utterances of mother nature, that break forth like volcanic out-bursts from lava depths below! Poor Hugh Miller! Noble Hugh Miller! What struggles he passed through, and how his great nature came forth like gold from the fire purified of its own dross.

"On one occasion," he writes, "when engaged in building in a wet season in the Western Highlands, I had all my fingers oozing blood at once; and those who think that in such circumstances labor protracted throughout a long day can be other than torture, would do well to try." Taught, however, by his own rude experience as stone mason, that upon the roughest foundations often rest most firmly superstructures of the greatest beauty. Grand thought—work expressed in stone. His mind quickly caught at the faintest ray of encouragement, and buoyed him over floods of misfortune, in which a spirit less brave and a soul less trained would have sunk. "One day," he writes, "when on the top of a tall building, part of which we were throwing down to supply us with materials for work, I raised up a broad slab of red micaceous sand-stone, thin as roofing slate and exceedingly fragile, and holding it out at arm's length, dropped it over the wall. I had been worse than usual all the morning, and much depressed; and ere the slab parted from my hand, I said, looking forward to but a few months of life, I shall break up like that sand-stone slab, and perish as little known.

But the sand-stone slab did not break up; a sudden breeze blew it aslant as it fell; it cleared the rough heap of stones below, where I had anticipated it would have been shivered into fragments; and lighting on its edge, struck upright like a miniature obelisk in the soft green sward beyond. None of the Philosophies or the Logics would have sanctioned the inference which I immediately drew; but that curious chapter in the history of human belief which treats of signs and omens abounds in such postulates and such conclusions. I at once inferred that recovery awaited me; I was 'to live and not die'; and felt lighter during the few weeks I afterwards toiled at this place, under the cheering influence of the conviction."

To work as this man worked, with his hard and horny hand, but with his tried and noble soul, surmounts the toil of daily labor with a halo that makes work a glory.

RENO.

Color Blindness.

The attention of railroad managers has, in Europe, been repeatedly called to the grave danger likely to arise from a failure to distinguish between green and red lights, or, in other words, between the safety and danger signals. It is true that the majority of even color-blind persons can discriminate bright red from bright green when they are near the eye and well illuminated. But this power diminishes with distance in very rapid ratio, is totally frustrated by certain atmospheric conditions, and is seriously impaired even by the effect of time in tarnishing and darkening flag signals upon railroads. It is believed that not a few marine disasters have resulted from the mistaken color of a lighthouse, beacon, or harbor lamp which, on a strange coast and with perhaps the accompaniment of a snow storm or thick fog, has been wrongly deciphered by a color-blind pilot. It is plain that on railways the hazard attending mistakes of signals is much greater. We might imagine a color-blind railroad employee would be immediately detected, or would have, at least, discovered his own deficiency. It appears, however, that, like the deaf, the victims of this incapacity learn to supplement weakness in one direction by developing peculiar sensitiveness in another. To the color-blind, as also to the normal eye, the green flag or lantern is undoubtedly deeper or darker, and the red more brilliant. The color-blind employee learns to govern his decision by the intensity of the light and not the hue, and may thus manage to avoid accident when the object is perceived under favorable conditions of the atmosphere or at modern distances. It is clear that the quantity of light reflected will greatly vary, according to the nature of the illuminating material or the tint and thicknesss of the glass, as well as the amount of smoke or vapor in the air. Moreover, the same light is brighter even to a healthy eye in repose than to an organ fatigued and weakened. From these considerations we may judge how little dependence can be placed upon the facility in recognizing signals which the color blind may acquire from exercise. No railway superintendent would operate a road, with uncolored signals alone, where, for, instance, a feeble light meant "danger" a medium one "caution," and a strong one "road clear." Yet these are just the conditions under which every color-blind engineer performs his duties.

One word as to the new and decisive test of color blindness invented by Prof. Hohlgren of Upsala, and within the last two years very generally adopted in Europe. It simply consists in requiring the examined person to sort out from a skein of Berlin worsted the shades corresponding to a green sample on the one hand, and to a red or purple sample on the other. Simple, inexpensive and expeditious as this test appears, it is said to be exhaustive and infallible. It cannot be evaded by design, and, provided the experiment is conducted in the sunlight, the color blind derive no benefit from their sensitiveness to varying degrees of luminous intensity. There is no pretext upon which railway surgeons could refuse to employ it, and a resort to ruder and less adequate methods would obviously taint an examination with bad faith. When the community comes to understand that color blindness exists to a notable degree among us, but that this defect can be eliminated among railway employees by the test just described, we imagine a court or jury would hold an accident resulting from color blindness preventable, and the corporation liable.—*New York Sun.*

Discipline.

It is only by sustained effort and severe concentration that the man of letters can succeed; the painter and the poet are helpless if their intellectual powers are not fully at their command. It will be said here that the exact purpose of college discipline is to prepare men for these exacting duties. But in our observation training at college bears so small a proportion to that which comes with the competitions of life that it is scarcely traceable. We have always found that men whose necessities force them to bend their energies to work are the men who hold themselves well in hand, and that other men usually have little power of applications. Necessity is the great master, and it operates on all classes of society—it gives the power of concentration to the lawyer, teaches the physician to be self-contained and studious, gives efficiency to the pen of the writer, drills the book-keeper and the clerk, and trains the hand of the artisan. It is an ever-present and most exacting schoolmaster; and, as with an immense majority of people this schoolmaster begins his lesson in youth by means of the struggles and burdens of life, and continues them without relaxation to the end, the discipline within certain limits is complete—the self-control being general but the proficiency lying in each case solely along the line of experience.

How Corns Originate.

A writer in the *Transcript* says in regard to corns;—I have been treated with great ridicule for ascerting they are dependent upon the digestion; but I have observed these things, and the ridiculers have not. With me, when I am in the best of health they disappear and only come or inconvenience me in proportion as I am careless. This I have ascertained over and over again. Of course they are made better or worse by different kinds of boots or shoes; but no kind of boot or shoe will bring them unless there is a tendency from improper living. Pressure would only affect as long as it lasted, but would cause no formation without some superfluity to work upon. The reason why corns shoot on the approach of rain is that the change of the atmosphere more or less deranges the digestion, which causes a throbbing sensation. I have made these remarks because the state of the feet is of so much importance to our comfort and activity, and because I think they are applicable to general management of ourselves and may be useful to those who are subject to gout, rheumatism, cramp and other distress of the limbs.

Josh Billings' Advice to the "Quire" Singer.

The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair; if he is very rich buy some more and build it up high upon your head, then get a high-prised bunnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and git the milliner to plant some high prown artefishals onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as sophrano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on second seet from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the sophrano. Coff and hem a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the artafishels off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side and open your mouth the widest on that side, shet the eye on the same side jest a triphle, and then put in for dear life,

When the preacher gits under hedwey with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf of your note book. That's what the leaf is made for. Git sumbody to pass the not to sumbody else, and you watch them while they read it and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregashun and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good chants for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher darsent say any thing to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire give him the mitten—you ought to have sumbody letter now.

Don't forget to giggle.

"The Nexte Thynge"

On the walls of an old English parsonage is engraven, in old Saxon letters sunk in the granite, the motto, "Doe the nexte thynge." Like many other groupings of plain words, it has wrapped up in its quaint simplicity a treasure of significance. For how many doubts would be solved, how many cares would be lightened, how effectually the problem of life would be wrought out, if, instead of halting in the way, or fretting at visionary difficulties to come, we should each day and hour just go on to do the next thing. The words may have two meanings. If that which we are trying to do is plainly impossible, pass on to the next duty that offers. If what we have aspired to as the the best is plainly not at once to be reached, go on to do the next best.

And it also means, do the thing that comes next in order; that lieth nearest to your hand. "Whatsoever thy *hand* findeth to do"—not what your *dreams* picture, but what your *hand* finds to do—*do it.* Not *wish* it were done, not *resolve* sometime to do it—but *do* it at once, and with a will. This is the secret of efficient working and successful living.

To do the next thing freely and heartily we must let go the last and draw off the eyes from the past. The last thing may have been a failure. You cannot afford to let it discourage you—the next thing may be a success; or the last thing may have been a victory—do not rest on your laurels. The next thing may be a grander triumph; at least, it may be more needful to be done. Do it. To do the next thing we must not be too anxious about results. Act with what light you have and what strength you have at the time.

Keep 'em Awake.

A sense of duty often causes some ludicrous mistakes, as the following story will illustrate: Near Dumfries, Scotland, lived a pious family who had adopted an orphan who was regarded as half-witted. He had imbibed strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she did not think it wrong for the people to come to church and sleep, paying no regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he struck the astounded sleeper a blow with an apple on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned round and gazed indignantly at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance. 'You preach and I'll keep 'em awake!'"

A facetious correspondent calls a frog the Dutch nightingale.

The more you like a man the better you know him.

Sausage stuffers are rather crowding things.

Never look a gift apple in the worm hole.

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