Denton Journal.

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—BY—
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A WOMAN'S HEART.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing,
Ever made by the hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding, what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty and—
Men like you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall be always hot,
Your socks and shirts always whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing,
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts;
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker God
Shall look upon as He did in the first,
And say "It is very good."

I am young and fair, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mong the blooms of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this, a laundress
You can hire and little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be worn that way.

My Wife's Bridal Tour.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

When I married my second wife she was dreadful set about going off for a bridal tour. I told her she'd better wait six months or a year, and I'd try to go with her, but she said she'd rather go alone—when a woman was traveling, a man was an out-and-out humbug.

So I gave her seventy-five cents, and told her to go off and have a good time. I never begrudge money where my wife's happiness is concerned. My first wife never could complain of not going anywhere, for I'm dreadful fierce to go off on a good time myself, and always was. I don't pretend to say how many times I took her out to see the engine squirt, and there was no end to the free lectures I let her go to. The neighbors used to say:

"It does beat all how the Skinners do go!"

When Signor Blitz was in Skunkville, with his wonderful canaries, he gave my wife a complimentary ticket. I not only sold that ticket for my wife, but I gave her half the money. I don't boast of it, though; I only mention it to show how much I thought of my wife's happiness.

I don't think any man ought to get married until he can consider the wife's happiness only second to his own. John Wise, neighbor of mine, did thusly, and when I got married I concluded to do like Wise.

But the plan didn't work in the case of my second wife. No, I should say not. I broached the subject kindly:

"Matilda," I said, "I suppose you are aware that I am now your lord and master."

"Not much you ain't."

"Mrs. Skinner," I replied, "you are fearfully demoralized; you need reorganizing at once. You are cranky."

And I brandished my new sixty-two cent umbrella wildly around her. She took the umbrella away from me and locked me up in the clothes press.

I am quick to draw an inference, and the inference I drew was that I was not a success as a reorganizer of female women.

After this I changed my tactics. I let her have her own way, and the plan worked to a charm from the very first. It's the best way of managing a wife that I know of. Of course this is between you and me.

So when my wife said she was bound to go off on a bridal tour, I cordially consented.

"Go, Matilda," said I, "and stay as long as you want to; then, if you feel as though you would like to stay a little longer, stay, my dear, stay."

She told me to stop talking and go up stairs and get her red flannel nightcap, and that bag of pennyroyal for her Aunt Abigail.

My wife is a very smart woman. She was a Baxter, and the Baxter's are a very smart family indeed. Her mother, who is going on eighty can fry more slapjacks now than half those prinped up city girls who rattle on the piano, walk the streets with their furbelows and fixings, pretending to get mad if a youth looks at 'em hard, but getting mad in earnest if you don't notice them at all.

Ah! girls ain't what they used to be when I was young, and the fellows are worse still. When I went courting, for instance, I never thought of staying after ten o'clock, and only went twice a week. Now they go seven nights in the week, and cry because there ain't eight. Then they write touching notes to each other during the day:

"Dear George, do you love me as much now as you did at a quarter past twelve last night? Say you do dearest, and it will give me courage to go down to dinner and tackle them cold beans left over from yesterday."

Well, well, I suppose they enjoy themselves, and it ain't for us old folks, whose hearts are a little calloused by long wear, to interfere. Let them get together and court if they like it—and I think they do. I was forty-seven when I courted my present wife, but it seemed just as nice to sit on a little cricket at her feet and let her smooth my hair as it did thirty years ago.

As I said before, my wife is a very smart woman, but she could not be anything else and be a Baxter. She used to give lectures on Woman's Rights, and in one place where she lectured a big college conferred the title of L. L. D. on her. But she wouldn't take it.

"No, gentlemen," she said, "give it to the poor."

She was always just so charitable. She gave my boys permission to go barefoot all winter, and insisted upon it so much in her kind way that they couldn't refuse.

She fairly dotes on my children, and I've seen her many a time go to their trowsers pockets and take out their pennies, after they'd got to sleep, and put them in the bureau drawer for fear they might lose them.

* * * * *

I started to tell you about my wife's bridal tour, but the fact is I never could find out much about it myself. I believe she had a good time. She came back improved in health, and I found out before she had been in the house twenty-four hours, that she'd gained in strength also. I don't say how I found it out—I simply say I found it out. In conclusion, I would say to all young men: Marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it.

The Little Rock Joker.

About two months ago, Mrs. Eliza Bobston presented her husband with a very fine boy, and as Mr. Eliza was the former young mistress of old Jerry she sent for that colored philosopher, yesterday to ascertain the old man's views on the new piece of flesh.

The old man came, and dropped his hat near the door, and afterward turning around, and stamping at a little dog that took it up and started off, he entered and advancing stood near the cradle containing the baby.

"I want to show you the prettiest and sweetest baby in Little Rock, Uncle Jerry," said Mrs. Bobston, pulling aside the covering and lifting the child so high up on the pillow that it assumed anything but a graceful position.

'Dat am a putty human bein, shoah' said Jerry, regarding the infant with interest. "I 'members mighty well, Miss Liza, when you was 'bout hits rementions."

"Don't you think that he is the prettiest child in town Jerry?"

"Since I fixes my eye squash on him, an' reserbes de political reconstruction an' new constitution ob his face, I believes dat he is."

"Don't you predict a bright future for him?"

"I doah persackly ketch de drif' ob yer discussion."

"Don't you believe that he will be a great man?"

"As I fixes my eye closer on his haid I calculates dat he won't disappoint yer."

Just then the baby set up a squall, evidently frightened at the close scrutiny of Jerry.

"Why, don't cry," said Mrs. Bobston, taking the child in her arms. "Why, here's Uncle Jerry. Don't you see him? Uncle Jerry won't come to see you again. That'll do. Now, then that's a good boy. Uncle Jerry, says you will be a great man. Get him to to tell you what you ought to be Uncle Jerry, tell him."

"Since I fixes my eyes on his mouf, I concludes dat he would make a tolerable far auctioneer. Miss Liza, I'se sorter in a hurry dis mornin', but before I scatters off I'd like to ask yer ef yer's weighed de sponsibilities ob raisen a man. Hit's a mighty serious thing ter be a chile. Dis chile is fresh now, but he's got ter go through the brine barrel of ailment's eddycation. He got to hab de scaldhead, de sore head, sore years, sore eyes."

"Hush, Uncle Jerry."

"You son't for me, now let me talk. An' de chaffin; an' den he'll be 'tacked by the chicken-pox; den de ring worms will take 'session ob him; den he'll hab de run around'—"

"For gracious sake, hush Uncle Jerry," exclaimed Mrs. Bobston, pressing the child to her bosom as though to protect it from an army of diseases that seemed to be making ready for a charge on the fortress of the child's little constitution.

"Oh, I's bleged ter talk. An' de mumps will ketch him on the jaws, an' de colic will double him up, an' de huppin' cough will make a pass at him an' de croup will snatch de staffin' outen him, an' de measles will make him ruff as a nutmeg grater'"—

"I won't stand to be insulted in this way. My poor little baby!" and Mrs. Bobston flew out of the room with the little innocent, who by this time was yelling at the top of his voice.

Old Jerry went out and mused as he walk away: "Ole man, yers 'haved yerself mighty bad Hit must have been dat pine top whiskey what flung yer, but fore de Lord dat 'oman will fine out, eben ef she did uster be my young missis. I doan kere how white a chile is, he's got to hab der scald head right along wid a nigger. Dem's facks, an' I believes I'll take some moah ob dat pine top whiskey.

Ike and the mule.

Old Isaac Saunders has just been arraigned before the Court on the charge of embezzling a mule from the Church. Ike had been assigned to circuit work by the conference, but had failed to adhere to his letter of acceptance. In fact, he refused to preach after making way with the mule, and the three churches that alternately were to receive food from him combined and had him arrested. After the examination of several witnesses a colored lawyer for the defence arose and said:

"De parson has de law all on his side becase he 'ploys a lawyer and de Church don't. Dat am a powerful factor in his resemblance. An' now I ax de Jedge of dis Court ter let de prisoner go. I don't make long speeches, but I comes down to de pint. Dis man ain't guilty no more nor I was las year when da dited me for stealin' a hog. Dis am convincin', and de Court can't step around it."

The Justice also a colored man, pondered a long time, and then said:

"De attorney hab stated one fack. De 'fence hab got all de law, for de uder side haint 'ployed no lawyer. And I'll state right heah dat some powerful arguments will be needed to 'vict dis preacher, unless he can't show why he 'bezzled de mule."

One of the church members arose and told how Ike had disappointed the church people by not coming, and how, after coming, he had startled them by failing to account for the church property.

Ike, being called on for a statement, arose and said:

"I tuck charge ob dat circuit in good faith, but when da fotch me out a mule ter ride my faith commence to suffer wid de rheumatiz. Dar is two classes of niggers, de mule lubbers. I'se always been a mule hater. Well, las' Sunday mornin' I tuck my him book, my testamint, an' mounted de mule, 'paratary fer de holy work. Ob all things in dis worl' I think dat the mule is de unfittenest for gospel work. You can run a groun' hog thrasher and think 'bout David and Abraham, but yer can't run a mule in de same connection. I rid along a piece an' commence ter frame my openin' prar. 'Lord,' I sez, 'we thank thee fer thy goodness——,

De mule stopped in de middle ob de road an' looked aroun' at me 'quirinly I kicked him an' continued, 'Lord de crups ob de pas' year hab reminded us of thy—' De mule begin to lif' up his back. 'Steady,' sez I. 'An', Lord, we is—' 'Whoa,' sez I, but it was too late, fer de mule had flung me. Den I cussed dat mule till his har must hab been all kivered with sulphur. I got on him agin. He went on putty well for a while. Jes as I hed 'bout got my prar half finished, we cum to de creek He tucked his head down like he wanted ter drink, an' jes' as I was drawin' a long breaf, he flung me inter de creek. I los' all my 'ligion right dar, an' when I walked up ter de church, I wan't no more fitten ter preach den de debil would a ben. Course I sold de mule an' got de money fore I got to de church, but yer needn't ax me what I done wid hit, 'case I lost it on de road, an' I reckon yer'le find it an' my 'ligion somewhar down in de bottoms."

Ike was honorably discharged.

He Won the Bet.

Soon after two o'clock yesterday the sash in a fourth-story window of a business house on Woodward avenue was raised and a man's head and shoulders appeared in sight. Next he thrust out an arm, and pedestrians saw a small rope in his hand. Twenty men halted in less than a minute. A plank was lying at the curb, and the general line of reasoning was that the plank was to be drawn up through the window.

"You'll break the glass if you try it?" shouted one of the fast growing group.

"That cord isn't stout enough?" yelled a third.

"Why don't they carry it up by way of the stairs?" demanded a man as he flourished his gold headed cane around and seemed much put out.

The cord came part way down and stopped. Some ten different persons volunteered the information of "more yet," and presently it was lower and so that one of the crowd could grasp it. He pulled down and the man above pulled up, and four or five men seized the plank and brought it to the rope.

"Lower away!" yelled the man at the rope.

"Pull down on it!" cried a dozen voices.

The man above let out more rope and waved his hand.

"He wants it over that hitching post!" screamed a boy, and it was carried there.

"Let—that—rope—alone?" came from the man above.

Six men had hold of the plank, ready to boost on it, and three more had hold of the rope.

"Do you want the plank?" asked one.

"No!"

"Do you want the hitching post?"

"No!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want you to let that rope alone! I had a bet of the cigars that it was long enough to touch the walk, and I've won 'em! What's the row down there—somebody dropped dead?"

The plank was hurled away, cuss-words indulged in as toes were trodden on, and in fifteen seconds the crowd had melted away to a squint-eyed boy and an organ-grinder.

A Tall Horse Story.

"You ask if we have any particularly bright horses," replied a hook and ladder man. "Here is Peter; he's been with us nine or ten years and we rather brag on him. Let me introduce you. Peter here is a chap from "*The Detroit Free Press.*"

Peter nodded his head and pawed the floor.

"Peter, have you been to a fire today?"

He shook his head.

"Were you out yesterday?"

He nodded.

"Peter, how old are you?"

The horse pawed thirteen times with his right foot.

"That's right, old boy. Do you remember when a loafer stabbed you at a fire?"

He did.

"Where is the scar?"

Peter bent himself almost double to bite his hip at a spot where a scar could be traced.

"Now, Peter, show the Detroit man how you take your place at the pole."

Down went the chain and the horse covered the distance at two jumps.

"Now walk around the truck and come and take my hat off."

The horse obeyed to the letter.

"Now," continued the fireman, as he lay down on the floor, "step over me."

Peter lifted his feet very high and stepped softly over, and returned to his stall.

That horse is one of us," said the man, as he brushed off the dust and sat down. "We can rest the foot of a ladder on his back and he will not move. Whenever we stand him at a fire there he will stay without watching. He eats with us, chews tobacco, likes beer and would learn to play dominoes in a week, if he could only handle them."—*M. Quad.*

An Essay on Woman.

After man came woman.

And she has been after him ever since.

She is a person of free extraction being made of a man's rib.

I don't know why Adam wanted to fool away his ribs in that way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all he did,

It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shot gun.

But she pays you back with interest—by giving you a houseful of children to keep you awake all night and smear molasses candy over your Sunday coat. Besides, a wife is a very convenient article to keep around the house.

She is handy to swear at whenever you cut yourself with a razor, and don't feel like blaming yourself.

Woman is the superior being in Massachusetts.

There are about sixty thousand more of the female sex than males in the State.

This accounts for the terrified, hunted-down expressions of the single man who has emigrated from the east.

Woman is not created perfect.

She has her faults—such as false hair, false complexion and so on.

But she is a great deal better than her neighbor and she knows it.

Eve was a woman.

She must have been a model wife, too, for it cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes.

Still, I dont think she was happy.

She couldn't go to sewing circles and air her information about everything she knew, nor excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new winter bonnet to church.

Neither could she hang over the back fence and talk with her near neighbors.

All these blessed privileges were denied her.

Poor Eve! she's dead.

A Mean Advantage.

A distressing occurrence which should be a warning to all unmarried men, occurred the other evening on the West Side, the victim being a youth of the most exemplary habits, and almost the sole support of a poker game into which he had fallen early in the season. For some time past he had been paying attentions to a beautiful but experienced girl of 20, his natural timidity, however serving as a shield to ward off the dangers which always attend enterprises of the kind in which he was engaged. Seeing that he was not to be captured by ordinary means, the cold-blooded siren conceived a plot which she immediately proceeded to put into execution. The next time her victim called he was ushered into the hair commonly known as the parlor, and induced to deposit himself in a large arm-chair, while the assassin of his happiness occupied an adjacent sofa. Knowing that he was an admirer of fast horseflesh, the striped stocking demon artfully directed the conversation in that direction, and finally asked what a handicap was. "Why," said the young man, it is a race in which the horses carry different weights; for instance, one that carries 120 pounds, while all the rest are in at 100 or so, is said to be handicapped;" "Then," said the sorceress, while a cold light seemed to be emitted from her eyes, 'if I were to sit on your knee you would be handicapped at 145 pounds, wouldn't you?" It is hardly necessary to say that the unfortunate man made no resistance, that in a moment she was seated there and that the old man opened the door precisely at the right time.

Reckon he Did.

Bill Skittle lives in South Arkansas. For the past six months he has been studying for the ministry, and it occurred to Bill several days ago, that just before instituting a revival, it would be a good idea to get married. He mentioned the subject to a young lady and asked her to share his ministerial melancholy and hilarity, but the young lady said that she had promised to marry Zeb Monk, the professional well cleaner of the neighborhood. "Oh, well,' said the minister 'I am pretty well acquainted with Zeb, and don't believe he'd kick.' The young lady finally agreed and the wedding day was fixed.

Grand preparations were made.—The girl's brothers had caught a couple of possums, and the old lady had baked an immense sweet potato pie. The justice of the peace arrived. The parties took their places. The justice proceeded with the ceremony, when Zeb Monk walked in and demanded:

'Let up thar boss. Say, cap'n turn that gal loose.'

'I reckon I won't,' replied Bill.

'Well, then,' said Zeb, drawing a revolver, 'I'll kinder resort to extremities.'

"See here,' remarked Bill, are you in yearnest about this thing?'

'I reckon I am.'

'Do you mean hog's head and turnip greens?'

'I reckon I do.'

'Right down to corn bread and cabbages?'

'I reckon it is.'

"Well, then, you can take the gal. It was only sweet milk and pie with me. I'm in fun. I had a new pair of britches and didn't know what to do with 'em.'

Which caused Him to Wonder.

We have "the" smart boy in Centreville. To explain all, I must first tell you of his father. Like many gentleman, he takes his cod-liver oil and whiskey each morning. Of course, such an opportunity of impressing temperance principles upon the youthful mind could not be lost. So—each dose went down with a shiver, terrible frown, and exclamation, "Boo! I could stand this cod-liver oil, but this whiskey, another shiver, "is dreadful!" Our boy listened, and stored it all up in his youthful mind. The other day he was cleaning out the top shelf of a closet for his mother. "Ma, what's this?" Mother looks, and cautiously smells. "Oh, rancid cod-liver oil." Soon another bottled is handed down, another another, contents varying from a teaspoonful to a half a cup, all "spoilt cod-liver oil." At last the youngster raised his eyebrows and gravely remarked: "Ma, its funny pa lets all this good cod-liver oil spoil but never a drop of the whiskey."

Matrimonial Twinkle.

"Husband," said a North Side wife yesterday, "I think we should have a filter for our hydrant. "But that would increase our grocery bill, dear replied the head of the family, with a twinkle in the corner of an eye. "How so?" queried she. "By our systems losing just so much brain food—from the water, you know!" he said. "Well, you are welcome to have your part of the unfiltered," she continued. "Aye, but I need its brain food the least of any in the family," declared he, looking at her provokingly. There was a momentary pause only, when she retorted: 'I can see that you are entirely right—having no brain to feed, dear, what should you want of brain food?" He looked up at her again—this time appalingly—and it was noticed that the twinkle no longer dwelt in his eye. It had gone over to hers.

In His Wife's Name.

A middle-aged man, with black eye and a skinned nose, found his way into Justice Alley yesterday, and asked for a warrant for the arrest of a man who had pummeled him. His Honor made some inquiries and wrote out the warrant, and when the witness had sworn to it, he asked:

"Now, as I understand this thing, the constable will arrest this fiendish defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the case will be tried?"

"Doubtless."

"And the jury will give me a verdict?"

"That remains to be seen."

"Well, what I was going to say was this, in case I do get a verdict I'd like to have them give it in my wife's name as I am somewhat in debt and don't want to be garnisheed."

The Learned Darniel.

"Do you think we shall have a storm, Mrs. Goodinton?" asked the young parson, politely uncovering his brain box. "Well, I don't know, Mr. Prooflex," replied the old lady; "I don't know. Darniel was just saying that the circus clouds looked rather omnivorous. Darniel, you know, has just gravitated at the Universalist, where he studied gastronomy and all about the heavenly constellations. Why, Parson Proof tex, if you could hear that boy talk—just like reading, too—about apple-trees and Pericles and then them roly poly-alliases, you would only have to shut your eyes to think you was in a state of visionary." And the good old soul shut her eyes and seemed to have really gone off in a "stupid," as she would call it.

"I BELIEVE in a personal devil," said Mr. Moody at a revival meeting held in a remote Western city. "That's true, that's true—you're right there, stranger," said an old farmer, rising from his seat in his earnestness. Whereupon rose from the other end of the pew, took him by the ear and led him slowly out, and the assembly knew then, for the first time, that the old man's mind was filled with domestic thoughts instead of the hereafter.

HERE'S to lovely woman—the conundrum which we can't guess, but which we will never, never give up!

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