Denton Journal.

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"JOURNAL."

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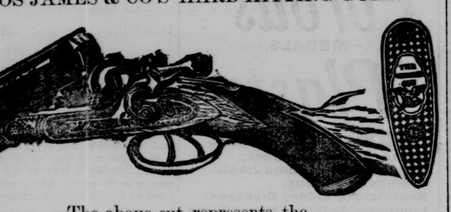

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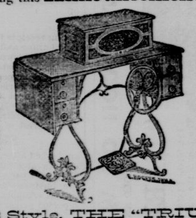

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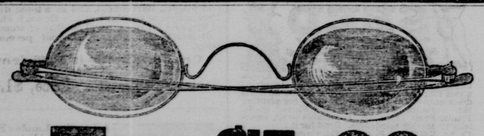

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Geo. Colton on "Happiness."

From his Latest Lecture.

For the past five or six years I have been making speeches and giving lectures in towns around here for Sunday schools and libraries. I was surprised, however, to recieve a letter from some Episcopal ladies in Pennsylvania, who, wanting a bell for their church, asked me to come and give them a lecture, offering to pay my expenses and lecture, too. I wrote to tell them they must be mistaken; I was the wrong man; but if I could assist them I would come. They replied that they understood their business and knew what they were about. I had to go. As I approached the town I saw big placards all around—a man from Baltimore was going to lecture. The house was packed full; I felt much at home at being abroad [laughter.] They took in plenty of money and had enough to pay for everything. Now, I want to say firstly, if there is anything made I want you to have everything; and, secondly, if you don't feel satisfied, don't complain, for it won't cost you anything.

My subject is "Happiness;" there couldn't be anything better than that; and to start with I lay down the proposition that if we took as much pains to make ourselves and others happy as we do to make them miserable, what a delightful world we would have! Talmage said the other day that some people were never happy except when they are miserable—a paradox with which I don't agree.

Happiness consists in a man's doing his duty. It was the maxim of the old Romans that it was the duty of every man to be happy. Then again, it is easier for a man to do his duty than not; also to tell the truth than to tell a falsehood. For instance: Mr. A. meets Mr. B. and says something bad about Mr. C. B. meets C. and tells him what A said. This is the turning point. If A. says no, he didn't say it, there's more trouble; some take side with A., some with B., and the—result they are enemies for life. Suppose A had confessed, and said he didn't mean anything by it, in nine times out of ten it would have been perfectly satisfactory to C.; result—all would have remained friends.

Again: it is easier for a man to be polite than rude. Another strange proposition. I had occasion to send a trunk by express to a friend. I went into the Adams Express office where there was a nice young man with standing collar, red necktie and his hair parted in the middle. Said I, "How do you ship a trunk?" "Put your name on the book!" For information I inquired again, "How do you manage to send—" "Put your name on that book!" I sat down, inquiring when his employer would be in. "Not for two hours," was the reply, thinking I would not wait. "I can wait for two days if necessary," said I. I sat there, and one and other gentleman entering shook me by the hand and spoke to me. The young man's eyes began to open. Soon a lady, elegantly dressed, came in and also spoke to me. "May I ask your name?" said the young man, approaching me. "Certainly, but I don't intend to tell you just now." "How long then have you lived in this city?" I looked at him and said: "Since about two years before you were born." The young man said he was sorry and begged my pardon. I told him I was glad of it, and told him it was all right. He hurt himself not me. The lesson was not lost; the young man remained there 11 years after, and is now on the road to fortune. I don't say it was all just on account of this instance. [Laughter.]

Another kind of people to look out for—people who over-do the thing, always putting their foot in it. A prominent judge and I were riding in the cars some years ago; the train stopped at the Relay House; a gentleman sitting in front of us rose and went out of the car. The train started. The judge noticed a package in the gentlemen's seat, and thinking he had forgotten it, opened the window and threw the bundle out. In a few minutes the man came back and said:

"Where's my bundle?" The judge explained and had to pay its value. At the next stopping place, another man got out, leaving his umbrella in the seat. "Judge," said I, "are you going to throw that man's umbrella out, too?" [Laughter.]

Happiness is secured by a man performing his duty. We like to feel and know we are right. What inspired Leonidas to endure the concentrated fire of his Persian enemies? Duty. What caused the sentry at Pompeii to keep his post till he was scorched to death by cinders? Duty. What emboldened our forefathers to leave their homes to escape tyranny and persecution? The duty they owed themselves and their children. What caused many a soldier to face the foe and fall, still clasping the Stars and Stripes till he exchanged them for the stars in the blue heavens above? Duty.

When you narrow it down to a point it is simply this: A faithful, honest perforance of duty is religion. I believe more in the religion of the man who dumps a ton of coal on a poor widow's pavement than that man who shouts loudest at camp meeting, and who closes his heart and buttons up his coat about him. [Applause].

A man must have an aim, a purpose in life; must have a pole-star; must look ahead. I've heard of a lady turned into a pillar of salt for looking back; did you ever hear of anybody being turned into a pillar of salt for looking ahead? I think I can explain why Mrs. Lot looked back, however; there was some lady passing and she naturally turned back to see what kind of a pin-back dress she wore. [Laughter.] A sad lot! That cured her. Poor Mr. Lot had had hardly time to save his own bacon.

Some men make a great mistake in not telling their wives their business. "Tell a woman? What does she know about business?" Much, I tell you. My life is full of mistakes; but I have never gone wrong when my wife advised. I tell you, your wives know a good deal.

I want to say a word to Christians now. I'm not going to preach a sermon. A good many Christians try to make religion a matter of business. Jacob made a vow if God would prosper him he would give a tenth of his possessions. The bargain was all on one side. That's the case with Christians today. They say, but they don't do it, "If I can get 20 per cent. interest I'll give 10 per cent. to the church." That way they get to heaven and make 10 per cent. by the operation. [Laughter.]

The lecturer then spoke of the need of manliness in facing reverses, also asserting as his opinion that a man once bankrupt, on making up his losses, should not rest until every dollar of his indebtedness be paid. Perseverance, as manifested by Columbus, Wellington, Moses—a man of "get up and git"—and Jacob, the lecturer eulogized. He spoke eloquently of the desire for happiness in this world of unceasing change.

For you to be really happy—I am speaking to young folks now, said Mr. Colton—you must get married. [Applause.] That Frenchman was much mistaken who said "Marriage is like heaven—the longer put off the better." Married life is the best; I know it to be so, for, as the man said of honesty being the best of policy, I have tried both. Saint Paul never knew what he missed by not being the husband of a pure-minded, virtuous wife. [Laughter.]

The lecturer then paid a beautiful tribute to woman's love, full of rich pathos, rising once and again to eloquence. How many times woman plays the part of a ministering angel! Nothing so lasting or enduring as a woman's love.

Mr. Colton closed by reading what he said was a "very pretty piece of poetry;" "I know it is good," said he, his eyes twinkling roguishly, "for I wrote it myself."

But, where is happiness? Where sweet content
Dwells in a heart warmed by a life well spent.
The humble laborer, who hails the day
With cheerful smile, and whistling wends his way
To the broad field of toil, thanking his God
Who gave him strength and will to plow the sod.
That man finds happiness in all he sees.
His heart is light because it is at ease.

Peck's Bad Boy.

"Yes," said the boy with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasure of the chase any more, though I did have a little quiet fun at the breakfast table. You see, pa is the contraries man ever was. If I complain that anything at the table don't taste good, pa says it's all right. This morning I took the syrup pitcher and emptied out the white syrup and put in some codl-iver oil that ma is taking for her cough. I put some on my pancakes and pretended to taste of it, and I told pa the syrup was sour and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and he poured out some on his pancakes and said I was too confounded particular. He said the syrup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancake in it and fired some down his neck. He is a gaul durned hypocrite—that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cod-liver oil was near killing him, but he said the syrup was all right, and if I didn't eat mine he'd break my neck; and, by gosh, I had to eat it, and pa he guessed he hadn't much appetite and he would just drink a cup of coffee and eat a donut. I like to died, and that, I think, makes the disappointment in love harder to bear. But I felt sorry for ma. Ma ain't got a very strong stomach, and when she got some of that cod-liver oil in her mouth she went up stairs, sicker'n a horse, and pa had to help her, and she had nooralgia all morning. I eat pickles to take the taste out of my mouth, and then I laid for the hired girls. They ate too much syrup, anyway, and when they got on to that cod-liver oil and swallowed a lot of it, one of them, an Irish girl, she got up and put her hand on her corset and said, 'Holy Moses!' and went out into the kitchen looking as pale as ma does when she has powder on her face, and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a pancake and said, 'Mine Gott, vat's de matter mit me,' and she went out and leaned on the coal bin. Then they talked Irish and Dutch, and got clubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but not from love, like my illness, and they will get over it, while I shall fill an early grave; but not till I have made that girl and the telegraph messenger wish they were dead. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week, and I bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I need a change of air, and I think he is going to try to lose me. It's a cold day when I get left anywhere so that I can't find my way back."

AN exchange thinks that when the revised edition of the arithmetic comes out seventeen hundred will make a ton. If this work did not come out long ago some coal dealers must have secured a number of advance sheets.—*Norristown Herald.*

MISS KATE FIELD may not have known much about conducting a co-operative association but the fact that she demanded and was paid $10,000 a year for her services as president of the concern shows that she was not a green Field.—*Norristown Herald.*

About Superstition.

THE VARIETIES OF PEOPLE AFFECTED BY IT.

Many persons are unwilling to own a belief in the possibility of the planets exerting an influence upon this world and the people in it, because the idea savors of superstition, and superstition implies weakness. It is needless to say that astrology is purely a part of physical science, but even if it were not there is nothing to be ashamed of in what is termed a superstitious tendency.

Practical people are not superstitious because they have no imagination. Their senses are material and gross, likewise they are generally without reverence; they do not fear or respect that which is uncertain or unknown.

Nothing is held so silly as the idea that small events are "signs" of important things, still we find this in Holy Writ. The swarm of flies was a "sign" to the Egyptians. The going back of the dial was a "sign" to Hezekiah. Isaac walking backward was the "sign" of the Syrian conquest of Egypt. There was no natural connection between the one circumstance and the other, nor is there any in the commonly accepted "signs" of good and evil in favor with those who are superstitious to-day. Nevertheless, they tenaciously maintain their hold on many orders and types of characters. To spill salt, to stumble up the stairs, or to meet a funeral on leaving the house for the day are simple accidents, and analyzed it is impossible to see anything terrible in them, and yet there are few who would rather they had not happened as a personal experience.

It is difficult to imagine a more hard-headed and robust character than Dr. Johnson, and yet he was intensely superstious. One of his peculiarities in walking the streets was to touch every post that he passed. If he missed one he was troubled all day. He had many of these small follies. Lord Byron was altogether a different type of mind—a cynical and mocking spirit, an unbeliever and scoffer—and yet he was intensely impressed by such things as are commonly received as omens. His conversations, journals and letters are full of references as to these fancies. Differing from both these great organizations was that of Napoleon Bonapare. He was extremely practical and yet he was profoundly superstitious.

Nothing is more intensely interesting than the mysterious traditions of certain localities and old family legends. In Holland there is the phantom funeral procession; in Pembrokeshire, England, the corpse-candle; in Wales, spectral dogs and haunted wells; in Scotland, the dead-bell; in Lancashire, the death-cart that rattles through the streets at night; in Norway the demon that rides the storm; in Ireland, the Bashee. Nearly every eld and noble family in England has its ghost, and the truth of some of these stories seem so well authenicated, and has been established apparently so beyond dispute, that it is impossible to doubt it.

Is there anything more singular than presentiments? Coming events cast their shadows before, and it is an everyday experience that we have intimation of approaching persons. So generally recognized is this that there is even a proverb about it—"Talk of angels and they appear." In a recent number of All the Year Round a writer on the subject of presentiments says:

Mozart's sad notion that the requiem he had undertaken to write for his mysterious customer would be his own death-chant proved as prophetic as Hogarth's serious assent to the jocular suggestion that when "The End of All Things" was completed there would be an end of the painter. Fleicher's intuition was not at fault when it made him urge the sculptor, taking his instructions regarding his last resting place, to set to work at once as there was no time to lose; when the tomb was ready for the tenant he was ready for the tomb. Tom Sheridan, bidding Angelo good-bye with the remark, "I have twenty months to live," gauged the term of his existence to a nicety. Awakened from a sick man's slumber by the baying of hounds and the uproar attending the pulling down of a stag in a neighbor's garden, sport-hating Millet said: "It is an omen!" and in a few days took leave of the pencil and palette forever. Not long before his fatal illness Prince Albert said to the queen: "I do not cling to life; you do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for I should be quite ready to die to-morrow. I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once; I should not struggle for life."

Then there is the belief in lucky days. Sir Kenelm Digby was born, fought and conquered at Scanderoon, and died on the eleventh day of June. An ancient volume states that the 14th of October was lucky for the Princes of England. On it William the Conqueror won the crown, William III landed, and James II landed. The number eighteen seems to have had special significince in connection with the career of the first Napoleon. The battle from which he assumed the consulate, that of Berisina, that of Leipsic and that of Waterloo were fought on the 18th of the month. On that day also his corpse was landed on St. Helena, and on the 18th the vessel sailed with his remains for France. Cromwell also had a similar important date. There is also sometimes a superstition about colors. Green was fatal to the clan Graham in Scotland. The Highlanders believe that the field of Killekranki was lost because Dundee was habited in green uniform, and an old Graeme, when he fell at a fox chase, referred his disaster to the green whip-cord. Dreams are worth a chapter in themselves. RUTHIEL.

Advice to a Bridegroom.

To become a husband is as serious a matter to a man as it is for a woman to become a wife. Marriage is no child's play; it brings added care, trial, perplexity, vexation, and it requires a great deal of the happiness which legitimately springs out of it to make the balance heavy in its favor. Very few people live happily in marriage, and yet this is not because unhappiness is german to the relation, but because those who enter it do not know, first, how to get married, and, second, how to live married happily. You have already made your choice—wisely, I am bound to believe. Those qualities of character which have attracted you to choose as you have should make your love grow daily while you live together.

As to the second point: "If you wish to live in harmonious union with your wife start out with the avowed recognition of the fact that she is your companion and copartner. Marriage usually makes the wife neither of these. In many instances she sees less of her husband than before she married him. He comes, he goes, he reads, thinks, works, and under the stimulus of business brings all his powers and faculties to the surface, and is developed thereby—not always symmetrically, but vigorously—not always harmoniously, but with increasing power. Married men do not usually shrivel up nor put on a look of premature age, but women frequently do, and it is plain to me why they do.

Married women are shut up in houses and their chief care is for things which have no inspiring influence. Their time is taken up in meeting the physical wants of their families—cooking, washing dishes, keeping the house in order, sewing, receiving company—not one of which has in it a tendency even to culture and elevation. Married women are devoted to the house, and this means a life of vexation and pettiness. It gives no sort of stimulus to the spirit. So the husband, who is out of doors, active, interested in measures which affect the public good, coming into contact with men greater than himself, who inspire him to better purposes and nobler ends of labor, developes into manly beauty and grows in character, while his wife at home, who has as faithfully performed her share of the work, withers and decays prematurely.

Treat your wife exactly as yourself would like to be treated if you had to live under her circumstances, and you will not go far wrong.

Do not entertain the silly notion that because she is of a different gender from your own that she is therefore different in her wants, feelings, qualities and powers. Do not be the victim of any social policy. Stand up bravely for the right, give your wife a chance to live, grow, and be somebody and become something.

Try to be thoughful, considerate and forbearing. You will have new duties and they will bring new trials. Take good care of your health and hers. Be simple, both, in your habits; be careful in your expenditures; be industrious. If you keep good health and are frugal, blessings will come from your united love, and you will grow better day by day as the years pass.—*Dr. James C. Jackson.*

MULCHING FOR THE PEACH BORER.—A Nebraska farmer finds mulching the best remedy for the borer. He says: The boror is about as troublesome an enemy of the peach, especially in Nebraska as any that I know of, and if not looked after in time will require labor and constant vigilance to get rid of. One or two are sufficient to destroy a young tree in a single season; four or five an old one. A little experience will soon enable any person to detect a borer in a peach tree. The most certain and obvious sign is the gum at the neck of the tree. Wherever this appears you may certainly conclude that the borer is at work. Several remedies have been prescribed for the borer. The one I make use of is mulching. I have two peach orchards. One I cultivated with mulching all the trees. The borers are at work in the trees not mulched. The other orchard I did not cultivate, but let the grass grow up and rot down. In it I find no borers at all.

Song of the Advertiser.

I am an advertiser great!
In letters bold, and big, and round,
The praises of my wares I sound;
Prosperity is my estate.
The people come,
The people go
In one continuous,
Surging flow—
Then buy my goods and come again,
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate:
I am an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way,
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyed and dead,
With ne'er a customer a day.
The people come,
The people go—
But never there;
They do not know
There such a shop beneath the skies,
Because he does not advertise;
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact which I may state,
Too many tradesman learn too late,
Is I have goods to advertise!
Then people come,
And people go,
In constant streams—
For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am advertiser great!

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