# DENTON JOURNAL.

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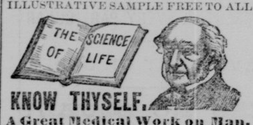


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### The Disappointed.

There are songs enough for the hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with the tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Whe barely lost the race.

For the Plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### THE JUDGE'S STRATAGEM.

A gentleman of about five-hundred-pounds-a-year estate, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest, being of a rambling disposition, took a place in a ship, and went abroad. After several years his father died, when the younger son destroyed his will, and seized upon the estate. He gave out that his eldest brother was dead, and bribed some false witness to attest the truth of it.

In the course of time, the eldest brother returned, but came home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, told him that he was an imposter and a cheat, and asserted that his real brother was dead long ago, and he could bring witnesses to prove it.

The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making bitter complaints, and at last came to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's mournful story, replied to him in this manner: "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause, and lose it, it will bring me into very foul disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence is on your brother's side. But, however, I will undertake your cause on this condition: You shall enter into obligations to pay me a thousand guineas if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequence, and I venture upon it with my eyes open."

Accordingly he entered an action against the younger brother, and it was agreed to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the poor man, and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best methods to gain his end.

At last he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first of all the judges, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly he went to London, and laid open the case and all its circumstances.

The judge, who was the greatest lover of justice of any man in the world, heard the case patiently and attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

(It is very probable that he opened his whole scheme and method of proceeding, enjoining the utmost secrecy.)

The judge contrived matters in such a manner as to have finished all his business at the King's Bench before the assizer began at Chelmsford, and ordered his carriage to convey him down very near the seat of assizes.

He dismissed his man and his horses, and sought out for a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him.

As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object. Accordingly, the judge put on a complete suit of the miller's best.

Armed with the miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, away he marched to Chelmsford. He had procured good lodgings to his liking, and waited for the assizes that should come on next day.

When the trials came on, he walked, like an ignorant fellow, backwards and forwards along the county hall. He had a thousand eyes with him, and when the court began to fill, he soon found out the poor fellow that was the plaintiff.

As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him.

"Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?"

"Why," replied the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it, I am ruined for life!"

"Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret which perhaps you do not know. Every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman through the whole twelve. Now, do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

Accordingly, when the clerk of the court had called over the jurymen, the plaintiff accepted to one of them by name.

The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty.

"What do you mean," said he, "by accepting against that gentleman?"

"I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The judge, who had been deeply bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party—"Well, sir," said he, "as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant you a favor. Who would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted against?"

After a small time taken in consideration—"My lord," said he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen;" and, looking round the court—"My lord there is that miller in the court. We will have him, if you please."

Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden Caroluses into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five.

He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have you got?"

"Ten pieces," said he.

He concealed what he had himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of evidences and pleaders, all plentifully bribed as well as the judge. The evidence deposed that they were in the selfsame country where the brother died, and saw him buried. The councellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence, and everything went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother.

The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation; and now, "gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

They waited but a few minutes before they determined in favor of the younger brother.

The judge said, "Gentlemen are you agreed, and who shall speak for you?"

"We are agreed, my lord," replied one; "our foreman shall speak for us."

"Hold, my lord," replied the miller; "we are not all agreed."

"Why," said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?"

"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller. "The first is they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses."

Upon this the miller began a discourse that discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive law, and expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence that astonished the judge and the whole court.

As he was going on with his powerful demonstration, the judge in a surprise of soul, stopped him.

"Where did you come from, and who are you?"

"I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller. "My name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day, and, therefore, come down from a seat which you are no-ways worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause over again."

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up with his miller's dress and hat on, began with the trial from its very original — searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood—evinced the elder brother's title to the estate from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses and the false reasonings of the pleaders—unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

### A Disastrous Error.

Brinks was a lawyer of considerable note, but he made a costly mistake when he took young Fudge into partnership.

Fudge burst into the office a day or two ago all aglow with excitement.

"Congratulate me, old man," he exclaimed; "I've settled that case of Biggs vs. Jiggs."

"What! That one that's been running for ten years?"

"The same. Settled it to-day"

Brink rose excitedly.

"Great Scott! man; what are you trying to do—ruin the firm?"

"Didn't I do right?"

"Good Lord! I've supported my family on that for ten years; and it was good for as many more. Haven't you any sense? Why, you'll put us in the poorhouse if you go around closing up these gold mines in this way." And old Brinks glared ferociously at his inexperienced partner.

### Bill Nye's Habits of Life.

The editor of an eastern health magazine, having asked for information relative to the habits, hours of work and style and frequency of feed adopted by literary men, and several parties having responded who were no more essentially saturated with literature than I am, I now take my pen in hand to reveal the true inwardness of my literary life, so that boys who may yearn to follow in my footsteps and wear a laurel wreath the year round in place of a hat may know what the personal habits of a literary party are.

I rise from bed the first thing in the morning, leaving my couch not because I am dissatisfied with it, but because I cannot carry it with me during the day.

I then seat myself on the edge of the bed and devote a few moments to thought. Literary men who have never set aside a few moments on rising to thought will do well to try it.

I then insert myself into a pair of middle-aged pantaloons. It is needless to say that girls who may have a literary tendency will find little to interest them here.

Other clothing is added to the above from time to time. I then bathe myself. Still, this is not absolutely essential to a literary life. Others who do not do so have been equally successful.

Some literary people bathe before dressing.

I then go down stairs and out to the barn, where I feed the horse. Some literary men feel above taking care of a horse, because there is really nothing in common between the care of the horse and literature, but simplicity is my watchword. T. Jefferson would have to rise early in the day to eclipse me in simplicity. I wish I had as many dollars as I have got simplicity.

I then go to breakfast. This meal consists almost wholly of food. I am passionately fond of food, and I may truly say, with my hand on my heart, that I owe much of my great success in life to this inward craving, this constant yearning for something better.

During this meal I frequently converse with my family. I do not feel above my family, at least if I do I conceal it as much as possible. Buckwheat pancakes in a heated state, with maple syrup on the upper side, are extremely conducive to health. Nothing jerks the mental faculties around with greater rapidity than buckwheat pancakes.

After breakfast the time is put in to good advantage looking forward to the time when dinner will be ready. From 8 to 10 a. m., however, I frequently retire to my private literary hot-bed in the hay mow and write 1200 words in my forth-coming book, the price of which will be $2.50 in cloth $4 with Russia back.

After that I dig some worms, with a view to angling. I then angle. After this I return home, waiting until dusk, however, as I do not like to attract attention. Nothing is more distasteful to a truly good man of wonderful literary acquirements, and yet with singular modesty, than the coarse and rude scrutiny of the vulgar herd. In winter I do not angle. I sometimes spend an evening at home, in order to excite remark and draw attention to my wonderful eccentricity.

I do not use alcohol in any form, if I know it, though sometimes I am basely deceived by those who know of my peculiar prejudice. Alcohol should be avoided entirely by literary workers, especially young women. There can be no more pitiful sight to the tender hearted than a young woman of marked ability writing an obituary poem while under the influence of liquor.

I knew a young man who was a good writer. His penmanship was very good indeed. He once wrote an article for the press while under the influence of liquor. He sent it to the editor, who returned it at once with a cold and cruel letter, every line of which was a stab. The letter came at a time when he was full of remorse. He tossed up a cent to see whether he should blow out his brains or go into the ready-made clothing business. The coin decided that he die by his own hand, but his head ached so that he didn't feel like shooting into it. So he went on into the ready-made clothing business, and now he pays taxes on $75,000, so he is probably worth $150,000. This, of course, salves over his wounded heart; but he often says to me that he might have been in the literary business to-day if he had let liquor alone.

### Love and Buttons.

The maidens who are members of the New Century Guild are in the full enjoyment of a little romance which has sprung from the advertisement which the guild recently inserted in the papers to inform the great army of "bachelors and other unfortunates" that buttons would be strongly sewed on, and the various garments of that portion of the community repaired and kept in good order for a very trifling fee. The charge for membership in the guild being so low and the attractions of the homelike establishment so numerous, a great many women and girls have taken advantage of the opportunity to enjoy the pleasure and instruction to be found there, and among the number is Miss Matilda J. Ridley of Salem, N. J. About two weeks ago, as she was leaving to go home, shortly after 9 o'clock, she met on the step a young man carrying a small parcel. He was good looking and well dressed, and, touching his hat, asked with a blush if it was the place where he could have some buttons sewed on a vest. Miss Ridley replied that he had come to the right address, and that she would be delighted to serve him, vest buttons being her particular branch of the business.

So they went into the reception room, and Miss Ridley quickly procured a work-basket, and seated before the cheery open fireplace, they chatted as she dextrously sewed on seven buttons and repaired a little break in the binding. Once the matron looked in, but, judging them to be old friends, did not intrude. When the vest was quite itself again and had been once more tied up in its brown paper wrapper, the young man arose to go, and inquired the cost of the repairs.

"Twenty-five cents, if you please," was Miss Ridley's smiling reply.

Three 10-cent pieces were produced, but the young lady had no change.

"Wait a moment and I will get it for you," she said, starting toward the door.

"Oh, please don't bother; let me have this for the change," remarked the young man, picking up the spool of cotton which had been used in sewing on the buttons.

Miss Ridley laughingly agreed, and he went away.

The very next evening the same young man returned with another vest, on which there was not the vestige of a button, and inquired for the young lady who had so skilfully served him on the previous night. After a moment's inquiry in the library, where a group of girls were reading, the matron reappeared with Miss Ridley, and the young man modestly requested her to again undertake the rebuttoning of his vest. She did so, and used the same spool of cotton which had done duty before, the young man producing it from the left breast pocket of his coat.

When he went away he said he still had another vest to be furnished with new buttons, would she do it for him the next evening?

"Certainly, with pleasure."

From that time it was as good as settled, for the young man fell deeper in love. Miss Ridley reciprocated his affection and three days ago he told his position and prospects, proposed and was accepted. She wrote to her parents, telling them that she would bring her fiance to Salem to spend Sunday, and the happy pair yesterday took one of the early evening trains for that place. The young man's name is Howard Venning Brullee, and he is an expert shorthand writer well known in the law courts of this city and Pittsburg, where he lived until last March. The young lady who related this little romance to the writer last evening added: "They are going to be married at Easter, and are going to keep house in the cutest little sugar-plum box you ever saw, out in West Philadelphia, and I'm to be a baidesmaid, and, altogether, ain't it just perfectly delightful?"—Record.

### How to Spoil a Career.

The late Gov. Seymour, whose experience and observation of the conditions of public life were such as to make his opinion in such matters valuable, strongly advised young men against spoiling their careers by accepting clerkships at Washington or Albany. "I never yet made or procured an appointment for a young man for a clerkship," wrote the Governor to a young applicant four years ago, "which did not in the end prove to be a great injury to him. If you get a place, in a little while a change will throw you out. Now is the time for you to get some employment which will be lasting, and in which you will become skillful, and where you will not be dependent upon others. Any duties that will give you food and clothing are better for a young man than any of the places in the public departments." This is golden advice, as multitudes of successful as well as disappointed office-seekers will admit. A job at grubbing up roots in a piece of new ground is a better start for a bright young fellow just out of his teens than a $1,200 or $1,500 position at the City Hall or in the departments at the national capital. The salary at first glance may seem attractive, the work light and the mode of life of the clerk agreeable, but the actual results do not justify such anticipations. The increased expense of living leaves little margin for saving; the hardships of subjection to ill-natured official superiors are considerable, and the temptations to form bad habits are very great. To get office, to bear the indignities incident to it, and to obtain the "influence" that enables one to keep it, involve usually a course of action that effaces all manliness and independence of character. An old clerk, though he will never admit it, is often the most helpless of beings when taken from behind his desk, his contact with practical affairs having, as a rule, been so slight as to make him incapable of originating or transacting business requiring activity and sound judgment. A danger is that young men will reconcile themselves to taking such positions under the impression that it is "only for a time." Once accepted, they create a habit and tend to create an office-seeking character. "You may think," said Governor Seymour in the letter quoted above, "that you want a place only for a time. I have heard that said so often by those who meant what they said, and have seen it turn out so sadly, that I distrust all such ideas." Of all things, in a country like this, a young man should seek independence, and there is no better means of attaining it than by making up one's mind at the outset of one's career to a few years of the hardest kind of work in some useful mercantile or industrial occupation.

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