DENTON JOURNAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

1886

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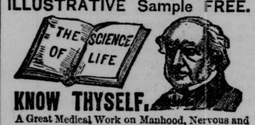

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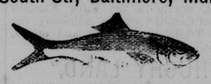

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A Fragment.

What if, while I sit here alone,
A voice I have not heard for years
Should greet me in the low, sweet tone
That once was music to my ears;
And I should start from memory's sway,
And, turning, find you sitting there
Unchanged, as though 'twere yesterday
Your feet went tripping down the stair.

Or if, upon some summer day,
'Mid song of birds and hum of bees,
I should go down the woodland way
To our old tryst beneath the trees;
And, starting back in glad surprise,
I should behold you waiting there,
The old light shining in your eyes—
The sunlight tangled in your hair.

In vain; I shall not see the glow
Of wine-brown eyes or catch the smile
Of ruby lips; but yet I know
That you are near me all the while.
For I so loved you in that range
Of sunny years that my poor heart
Would bleed afresh and call it strange
To think God held us far apart.

And so when evening shadows creep
And night falls softly o'er the lea
You touch my eyelids and I sleep,
And sleeping, dream of heaven and thee.
And when some summer morn shall break
And find me chilled by death's cold dew,
You need but kiss me, I shall wake,
And waking, be in heaven with you.

—Jean Ingleside.

THE TWO THOMASES.

The Embarrassing Way that One of Them Acted.

"I do love this little parlor-kitchen, and I pity rich girls who never get tired, so as to rest in such a one. I couldn't live without the music of a tea-kettle," said young Belle Haynes, as she lifted the bright kettle from its hole and set it on top of the shining stove. The "parlor-kitchen" was indeed a model of neatness and cheerfulness. The unsightly utensils had all been removed into an outer shed-room. A bright oil carpet, a red table-cloth, a chintz-covered lounge and rocking-chair, a cheerful-faced clock, and a few interesting pictures gave an air of quiet refinement and hospitable comfort to the room. "Now that everything is ready," she added, to her feeble mother, who sat in the gay rocking-chair, "I'll run up [illegible] depot and meet him. Do you [illegible] se I shall know him? I was [illegible] even when he went away, and [illegible] remember of him is his very [illegible] forehead and his very red [illegible] s. Which do I look handsom- [illegible] my gray or my blue dress?" [illegible] u look very handsome in eith- [illegible] aid the mother, smiling; "but [illegible] will have the evening work [illegible] you had better wear your blue [illegible]

[illegible] n the light-hearted girl threw [illegible] the cupboard door and said: [illegible] d, pies, cake, tongue, ham and [illegible]. When we sit down to tea, [illegible] be like

"'The queen in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey.'"

[illegible] being unable longer to control [illegible] eelings, she clapped her plump [illegible] s, and throwing her arms around [illegible] nother, kissed her over and over [illegible]

[illegible] on after, Belle, arrayed in her [illegible] le finery, stood in the grim old depot waiting for her brother, who had been for eleven years working in the mines, supporting the little family at home, and laying up the means of support for the future.

He had written to his mother:

"Don't be afraid you'll see either a desperado or a rowdy. I look rough and hard but I'm your boy for all that. Not an oath nor a drop of liquor has passed my lips since they kissed you, eleven years ago."

Was it any wonder his mother and sister were overjoyed at his coming? At six o'clock the New York train came thundering up, and quite a number of passengers stopped at W——. The girl eyed them carefully. There was but one young man among them. He was large and not nearly as handsome as Thomas ought to be, according to her idea.

But there was no choice of brothers, and when she heard him call out to the baggage master: "I'll send for my trunks," she ran up to him and asked:

"Is this Thomas?"

"Yes!" he shouted. "But how you have grown!"

He lifted her in his great strong arms to a level with his sunburnt face, and kissed her three or four times so heartily that the few lingerers in the depot found their curiosity excited over the cause of such an affectionate meeting. Then he drew her into his arm, and they set off together, laughing and chatting, for a five minutes' walk home.

"I never was so happy before in all my life, and neither was mother! I've got lots of nice things to eat, and a real soft bed for you to sleep on,—and—and—"

"And a warm welcome, which is better than all! It seems a mile; why didn't you let me take a carriage, little girl?" the young man [illegible]

[illegible] h, we never spend our money [illegible] was the answer.

[illegible] h, you are too prudent! I'm [illegible] l mother is growing miserly, [illegible] oarding up her money," said [illegible] as, laughing.

[illegible] ell, here we are!" cried the [illegible] girl, as she ran up the steps of [illegible] ent brick house, and then up [illegible] airs, followed by the new com- [illegible]

[illegible] e threw open the door of the [illegible] or-kitchen," and as she did so [illegible] ale old lady came towards them [illegible] outstretched arms.

[illegible] e then drew back a little, and [illegible] d up at the dark, stalwart fellow before her, exclaiming:

"Surely this can never, never be Thomas!"

"Yes, this is Thomas, but you are not my mother," he said, still holding her thin hand tenderly.

"Oh, yes, she is your mother! She's only pale and thin!" cried Belle.

"No! no!" said the poor woman, sadly.

The stranger replied: "No! no!" Turning to his guide, he added:

"Then I suppose you are not my niece, Katie?"

"No; I'm this mother's child," replied Belle, with tears of mortification and disappointment in her fine eyes: "Oh, this is dreadful!"

"Who is? I? My mother won't say so;" said the young man, playfully.

"But where is my Thomas? Did you leave him in the mines?" asked the disappointed woman.

"The mines? I never saw a mine in my life. I'm the first mate of the Orient, and have just returned from China. But your son's safe I hope. He'll be here by the midnight train, take my word for it"—a remarkable exhibition of ideal confidence, as he had never seen nor heard of the missing son and brother before!

"I hope you'll let me come back to-morrow, and see if this is not so," he added.

"Oh, no, I shall be ashamed ever to see you again—I made such an exhibition of myself at the depot!" said Belle. "I ought to have asked you if you were my brother, Thomas Haynes. I ought to have known there were hundreds and thousands of Thomases in the world!"

"Oh, I see now what the 'dreadful' thing was! I kissed this little girl at the depot, before all the people, thinking it was my niece grown beyond my knowledge. I don't see how I can help it now—she wouldn't let me take the kisses back, I know."

"Well, call it a blunder that no one could help. But I do wish I could know where my boy is! He was to come, surely by this train," said Mrs. Haynes.

"He'll come to-night; don't worry. Now, let me say 'good-bye' to you both for there's another mother worrying now, on Prince street," said the stranger. "I wondered what she had moved for."

The young stranger had scarcely left the house, when a messenger-boy came with a telegram with which he had been running about for an hour. Thomas Haynes had missed the morning train in New York, by the carelessness of a hack-driver; and would be home at midnight. But how was he to find where the family lived now? for they had moved to their new home since he had left the mines. Belle left a message with a sleepy-looking official, as to how the inquiries of a stranger for "Mrs. Mary Haynes" should be answered. But she might have saved herself the trouble; for "that other Thomas," as she now styled the jolly intruder whom she said she "hoped never to see again," was awaiting the train.

He knew Thomas Haynes for a miner as soon as he sprang from the cars; and "hailing" him, told him his mother had moved lately, and he had come to guide him home. It was a happy family that gathered round the fire and listened to each other's account of all that had occurred during their separation.

"Of all the earthly blessings God can bestow on a woman," said the aged mother, "good and noble children are the greatest."

After this Belle called her brother "This Thomas," and their new friend That Thomas. Well, life has its poetic episode, its pleasant events that are like romance stories. This Thomas and that Thomas were both tired of rough work on land and on sea. Each had a small amount of money; and after some weeks of close intimacy, the two decided to buy a farm together, and when men enter into the friendly relations of brothers, their sisters are not ignored. It was so in this case.—Belle was not forgotten.

The next spring the double family—for the two families were new one—moved into the farmhouse, the cosest and pleasantest room in which was the "parlor-kitchen," which Bella had reproduced with the furniture of the old one in the city. And Bella—the sister of this Thomas, and the wife of that Thomas—made the one home as happy as she had the other; for a good daughter and a true sister, and an agreeable and careful housekeeper in her "teens," is apt to prove a very appreciated wife, and become the head of a happy household.—Youths Companion.

Gossip About the "Abell Boys."

The next richest man in Baltimore (after Garrett) is A. S. Abell, the proprietor of The Sun. He, too, has accumulated nearly as great an estate as the Garretts. He is as plain and economical to-day as when he began making his fortune. His children do not go in society, neither does Mr. Abell. The boys are kept as close to business and put upon as short commons as any of the clerks in The Sun office. Baltimore people say that these young gentlemen will make the property fly when once they get hold of it and the project of Mr. Abell to have his property kept intact and accumulate after the fashion of the Garretts will not succeed. They give as a reason for this the fact that the Abell boys have been kept in too close check and that the removal of restraint will be too much for them.

A Dilettante.

Can you recall an ode to June
Or lines to any river
In which you do not meet "the moon"
And see "the moombeams quiver?"
I've heard such songs to many a tune,
But never yet—no, never—
Have I escaped that rhyme to "June,"
Or missed that rhyme to "river."

At times the bard from his refrain
A moment's respite snatches,
The while his over-cudgeled brain
At some new jingle catches;
Yet long from the unlucky moon
Himself he cannot sever,
But grasps once more that rhyme for "June"
And seeks that line to "river."

Then let not indolence be blamed
On him whose verses show it
By shunning "burdens" (rightly named
For reader and for poet),
For rhymes must fail him late or soon,
Nor can he deal forever
In words whose sound resembles "June,"
And assonants of "river"

When "loon's" been used, and "shoon" and "spoon,"
And "stiver" sounded "stivver,"
Think of a bard reduced to "coon
And left alone with liver!"
Then, ah how blessed were the boon!
How doubly blest the giver,
Who gives us one rhyme more for "June,"
And one more rhyme for "river."

—From Time.

Lodge Secrets.

Mrs. Yerger—"You have no idea how much trouble I have with my old man. I didn't think it was possible for him to get any sillier than he was already, but I was mistaken."

"What is he up to now?"

"He is always up to some new foolishness. He is just running the lodge business in the ground. I would like to know all that goes on in these lodge rooms."

"I would too. Judge Peterby comes home every night about one o'clock, smelling of whiskey or beer, and when I ask him what sort of a smell it is, he has the impudence to tell me it is incense which they use in their mystic ceremonies."

"I've noticed the same smell about Colonel Yerger. He, too said it was incense, and the effect it had upon me proved it was incense, because I was incensed as soon as I smelt it. We poor women never find out any lodge secrets, for even if a man is ever so talkative, when he comes home from the lodge he is not in a condition to talk. I don't know what Col. Yerger has been doing to deserve it, but they have made him a Grand Sachem."

"What in the world is that?"

"I don't know. That's some new order he has joined. He already belongs to the order of the Veiled Night-caps, and the order of Idiotic Red Muffs, and three or four Ku-Klux gangs."

"How did you find out that he is a Grand Sachem? Does he talk in his sleep?"

"No. Day before yesterday was his birthday. Just as we were getting up from the supper table there came two knocks at the door, and a deep, grave-like voice said, 'Is the Grand Sachem in his wigwam?' Col. Yerger opened the door, and there was Gus deSmith, Kosciusko Murphy, Mose Schaumburg, Gillhooly Hostetter McGinnis, old Judge Pennybunker, and a lot of those reprobates. They came into the room in Indian file and said: 'Is our red sister well?' Just think of it."

"I'd have scalped them with the fire shovel," said Mrs. Peterby.

"Then Gillhooly struck an attitude and said: 'Most noble Grand Sachem, this is thy birthday and thy red brethren, the noble red braves now present in thy wigwam, in consequence of the high esteem they have for their noble brother, and his great services to the lodge, do hereby present thee, noble savage, with this gold-headed walking cane. Lean on it, most worthy son of the forest, on thy stroll in the direction of the happy hunting-grounds behind the setting sun."

"Do you allow such proceedings in your house, Mrs. Yerger? Why, I would have scalded them. I'd have exterminated them."

"I couldn't help it. Col. Yerger was very much moved. He said it was the happiest moment of his life, but that his heart was too full for utterance, and turning to me he had the impudence to say, handing me a quarter: "Here, noble squaw, take this string of wampum, go to the corner grocery with the tin growler, and bring some beer, that I may make merry with my red brethren of the forest. Be seated, my dear braves.'"

"I would have mopped the floor with him."

"And for a week afterwards he put on lots of airs. When I wanted him to walk up and down with the baby he said it was not the business of a warrior to carry the papoose around. For a whole week, Mrs. Peterby, that wretched man talked dime novel to me until I threatened to invite mother to come and stay with us. That took the nonsense out of the Grand Sachem."

"What silly fools these men are."

"Well, ain't they."

Scraps.

Artist (to critic)—What, going so soon? You haven't really studied these masterpieces of the Great French Impressionists! You can't get the full effect of them when you stand so close; you want to be a little way off. Critic—Dear boy, I am going to be a big way off in about ten minutes—ta, ta!

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