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# DENTON JOURNAL.

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| | |
|---|---|
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| Model 35 - - | 40 |

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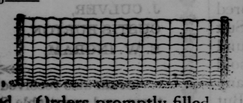

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HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS,
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS,
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS.

BILLHEADS,
BILLHEADS,
BILLHEADS,
BILLHEADS,
BILLHEADS,

LEGAL FORMS,
LEGAL FORMS,
LEGAL FORMS,
LEGAL FORMS,
LEGAL FORMS

CARDS,
CARDS,
CARDS,
CARDS,
CARDS,

TICKETS,
TICKETS,
TICKETS,
TICKETS,
TICKETS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

PLAIN AND FANCY
PLAIN AND FANCY
PLAIN AND FANCY
PLAIN AND FANCY
PLAIN AND FANCY

JOB WORK
JOB WORK
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**$3,500 WORTH OF CARRIAGES,**

Dearborns, Spindle and Farm Wagons, Farm Implements, Plows, Harrows, Corn Harvesters, Manure Spreaders, Wheel Rakes, and fine Disc Harrows with the latest improvements. Lap Dusters, Horse Covers and Fly Nets.

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If all men were built alike tailors might concede a point to the clothier.

But as no two men are exactly similar Clothing made to order is the only way to obtain a perfect fit.

It is our aim to make Clothing that is satisfactory, in quality, fit, and workmanship. By giving strict attention to the measuring and cutting we obtain results that are pleasing to our patrons

**M. TISCH,**
TAILOR,
EASTON, - - MARYLAND,


### THE EVE OF HER WEDDING.

Hush! Let me hide my happiness,
A little while let grief hold sway,
And sweetness blend with bitterness
Before I give myself away.

Soon, soon, must pass forevermore
The scenes of old. New paths I choose.
Oh, let me count my treasures o'er,
That, winning love's delights, I lose!

Dear home! How all its nooks and trees
Recall my childhood's joys and tears,
Mixed with immortal memories
Of twenty tranquil, transient years,

Familiar sounds of birds and bees
On summer evenings fair and still,
Set to the music of the breeze
Or twilight tinkling of the rill!

O babbling brook, O darling glade,
Old church beside thine ancient yew,
Where oft my childish feet have strayed,
I bid you all a last adieu!

Dear simple souls, so stanch and true,
In cottage homes, o'er hill and dell,
A distant home is mine! To you
And yours I bid a last farewell!

A last farewell! Though all appear
Part of my very being's whole,
Linked with my whole life's sojourn here,
Knit to each fiber of my soul.

Linked with the golden dreams of youth
And all its gay and gladsome things,
When childhood's innocence and truth
Lent to each buoyant day its wings.

My father smiles and chides in vain
The tears my mother's love lets fall.
My sister's heart is wrung with pain—
Goodby! I soon must leave you all.

This little hour I give to grief.
With tender thoughts mine eyes are wet.
I almost seem to find relief
In reminiscence and regret!

One little hour! My woman's eyes
With waning childhood's dews are dim.
Away! Love calls! I must arise
And hasten forth and follow him!

—J. Hudson in Chambers' Journal.

## THE SPANISH MAIN.

Our mate in the Caspian, Mr. Barclay, used to tell of the following adventure. I have sometimes thought that he possessed a talent for embellishing, and do not, therefore, vouch for its truth. But I have been careful to "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down to malice."

"When I was on my first voyage in the whaler Marion, I got infected, like many other young fellows, with the desire to run away and try my luck elsewhere. I could not let well enough alone, though I belonged to a good ship and was well treated. And I listened to the seductive stories of Tom Babson, an adventurer, who had led a harum scarum life, knocking about in the Pacific and in the various ports on the Spanish main, till I convinced myself that we were a much abused ship's company and that any change would be for the better.

"While lying in the port of Payta, in Peru, we got acquainted on shore with some seamen belonging to a ten gun brig called the Tres Amigos. She was fitting out to go and fight somebody—I never knew exactly who, for these South American republics were always in a row. I thing they hardly knew themselves what it was all about. But there was change and adventure in it, at any rate, and Tom and I laid a plan to desert from the Marion and get a couple of doubloons advance by enlisting in the cruiser.

"At various times during our stay we contrived to smuggle nearly all our clothes on shore and left them with a shark called Scotch Jock, who kept a little pulgueria, or grogshop, and the last liberty day that we were to have we left the ship in the morning, not intending to return to her.

"We went to the rendezvous where they shipped men for the brig and found, much to our disappointment, that the wages were not so large as had been represented and that only one doubloon would be advanced us instead of two.

"I began to perceive that all that glittered in a beach combers' story was not gold, but we had gone so far that we disliked to turn back, and we should hardly be able to get our clothes back from Jock, for his object was to have us desert and spend our advance money in his tavern.

"So Tom Babson proposed that we should not ship immediately to the Peruvian man-of-war, but hide away until the Marion had gone to sea and then take our chance of something better. We could at all events take up with the offer of the rendezvous as a last resort.

"There was no occasion for us to hide away before nightfall, for our leave lasted until sundown, so we were cruising about hail fellow well met with other seamen through the day. I took good care to keep sober, but my comrade drank so freely that he was stretched out in Scotch Jock's back room before the day's leave was up, quite oblivious of everything. Of course he was no company for me, and indeed I was fast getting disgusted with him and his plan.

"When the boat came in for the liberty men at sunset, I got out of sight, where I could reconnoiter, and saw one after another of my shipmates go down and take their places in her. I felt lonely enough to set my sober second thought to work, and the result was I determined to stick by the Marion and let Tom Babson go his own reckless road. Had he kept himself sober and been with me at that moment to use his influence I might have seen things in a very different light.

"The boat was in the very act of pushing off when, obeying the voice of this better angel, I ran shouting down the pier. The officer waited for me and as I jumped in said: 'All on hand but Tom Babson. Where is he? Does anybody know?'

"I alone knew, but though I had repented my own foolishness I had no idea of turning informer. So Tom was left behind, and the next morning a new hand was shipped in his stead. Of course when we got to sea I was obliged to go to the captain to draw more clothing from the slop chest, but I never told the whole story, and he only reprimanded me as a foolish, improvident fellow for having sold all my traps in port and spent the money.

"I was better contented on board now that I had not Tom's influence at work to make me otherwise. We were very lucky in taking whales, and in a year afterward we anchored at Tumbez, with a full ship, and, after taking in our water, went up to Payta to enjoy our liberty and refit for the passage home. I had almost ceased to think about Tom, and had no thought of finding him there, more than in any other part of the world, knowing his life to be that of a mere adventurer.

"But one day, while strolling about, I passed what I took to be a prison or guardhouse, where a sentry was pacing back and forth, when I heard my name called from a loophole.

"I stopped in astonishment and stared at a face pressing up against the opening, which I did not at once recognize.

"'Who is it that knows me?' I asked.

"'Don't you remember your comrade, Tom Babson?'

"I walked up to the loop to push my hand in, but the sentinel interposed—a little, insignificant looking Cholo, as the half Spanish, half Indian is called on the coast. I took his measure at a glance; a few Spanish words whispered, and, more yet, a few silver reals displayed to his avaricious gaze, and the coast was clear.

"He even hinted to me that if I would pass round to another pigeonhole on the other side I could talk with the prisoner without being observed, and he himself would not be compromised with his superior officer. I was not slow to take the hint, and after a shake of the hand, in which I could feel half that I had to say, Tom told me his sad story, peeping through the little loop like a postoffice clerk.

"He had, it seems, waited and searched in vain for me after he got over his revel, until he was satisfied that I must have gone to sea in the ship, when he took charge of the two stocks of clothing, which were transferred to Scotch Jock's hands for liquor and board.

"A few days were sufficient to wear out his welcome there.

"He was forced, after all, to ship in the Tres Amigos, man-of-war, and the landlord got the lion's share of the advance doubloon.

"Tom was soon convinced that the Peruvian naval service was not what it had been described, and he, as well as several other English adventurers, was heartily sick of his bargain and determined to back out of it at the first opportunity.

"So, having been sent inshore on some sort of spy service under the command of a young middy, they took charge of the boat themselves, put the officer on the beach and started down the coast to leeward. But not daring to show themselves at any town on the main they managed to get a small stock of provisions at an out of the way place and headed her off for the Galapagos islands.

"After many strange adventures and dreadful sufferings they landed there, and, as might be expected, they soon became scattered, joining different ships. Tom had been in half a dozen vessels during a year's time, and feeling quite safe had come ashore in Payta a few days before from a coasting craft in which he was employed. He had hardly landed when he was recognized by one of the former officers of the man-of-war. He was arrested and tried by a hasty court martial, where the little middy himself was brought forward, and, glad enough for this chance for revenge, swore to Tom's identity.

"He was at once found guilty of having mutinied, deposed his superior officer, laid violent hands upon him and turned him ashore in a hostile territory. All this was true, of course, but until then Tom had hardly understood the enormity of his offense, which had seemed to him a mere sailor's freak. He was sentenced to death.

"'Next Monday,' said he, 'I am to be led out at sunrise, stood up in the corner there at the angle of the wall and shot by a platoon of these Cholo scarecrows. Heaven have mercy upon me, for I have had none upon myself and have found none at the hands of my judges.'

"You may imagine how I congratulated myself that I had been so suddenly led to think better of our mad scheme and to return to my duty on board the Marion. But what could I say to comfort my misguided shipmate? In three days, for it was then Friday morning, he would be put to death. There was no hope of pardon or reprieve.

"But the second mate, after hearing my story, entered into the thing heart and soul. It was too bad to see an old shipmate made a target of in that manner, he said, by a crowd of human monkeys, like these Cholos, and by a little management and a few dollars used in bribes he thought he might save Tom from his fate and run him off the beach. He went ashore with me the same evening, and we managed another interview with the prisoner at his pigeonhole and cheered him up with a hope of deliverance, giving him some idea, too, of our plan of effecting it, that he might be prepared to act in co-operation.

"We smuggled a coil of rope ashore on Sunday and concealed it in a pile of rubbish convenient to the place where it was to be used. We were stirring early on the morning appointed for the execution and landed with a picked crew before daylight. No particular notice was taken of our movements, as we were supposed to have been impelled by a natural curiosity to see the man shot, and we mingled with the other spectators without suspicion, keeping always near each other, however, and ready to communicate by signals agreed upon.

"We saw Tom led forth from the guardhouse by a file of the soldiers and marched across the yard to the place of execution. Here he stood up like a man who had nerved himself to meet his death without flinching, and as he braced himself against the mud wall in the corner his calmness extorted admiration from his jailers.

"We could hear what was said, for we had now rallied our whole force at the same angle of the wall on the outside, where we were making our preparations entirely unobserved, the whole of the attention of the spectators being engrossed by what was going forward inside.

"Sunrise was the time fixed for the execution to take place, but with a refinement of cruelty worthy of Peruvians he had been brought out and led to his post an hour before that time.

"This circumstance, however, was favorable for our project, as it was now just on the gray of the morning, between daybreak and full daylight.

"The Cholo officer and his file of men withdrew to the other side of the yard after having set poor Tom up for a target, as one might say. The firing party had not yet come on the ground, and now was our time.

"The wall at the angle where the condemned man stood was about nine feet high, so that his guards had no fear of his being able to climb it when they fell back and left him there, but they little dreamed what was going on on the other side of it. We were able to communicate in low tones through a chink or crack, and Tom, watching a favorable opportunity, gave the word in a whisper, 'Now.'

"At the signal the rope, with a bowline knot of suitable size ready tied at the end, was tossed silently over the wall. In the dusky morning twilight this operation could not be seen by the soldiers or by the spectators who had gathered on the opposite side of the inclosure. Tom, whose hands had been left free in deference to his own request and sheer admiration of his supposed courage to meet his fate like a hero, slipped the bowline down over his body, and placing himself as in a 'boatswain's chair' he gave the signal by a slight jerk.

"Our whole souls, as it may be supposed, were in the muscles of our arms, and his slight jerk was responded to by one which lifted him into the air as if he had been a child. His hands grasped the top of the wall, and quicker than a flash, it seemed, he was over and dropped among his shipmates.

"'Caramba!' was the exclamation from the guards as they caught a glimpse of his form against the sky over the wall.

"Stupid half breeds as they were, they rushed to the spot to assure themselves that he was really gone and then rushed back again. But meanwhile the word had sprung among the lookers on, and many were ahead of the soldiers in the pursuit. As they had a considerable circuit to make before they could even see the scene of our operations we had time for a good start and made the most of it. We had made straight for our boat, which we had taken care to have all ready for a start on the instant, the oars being 'peaked' in the rowlocks and a boy left in her to keep her off from the landing place. He did his duty like all the rest, and, each man dropping upon his own thwart as he arrived, a vigorous shove sent her well under headway before the howling crowd of pursuers reached the waterside.

"'Give way, my lads!' said the second mate, wild with excitement.

"'The captain will have to give me up again if you take me aboard,' said the condemned man.

"'Not he! The foretopsail is loosed now, and he got his clearance papers last night. We'll be under way for home before these Cholos get their eyes fairly open!'

"The firing platoon at this moment turned a corner, coming at a double quick pace. They rushed, all out of breath, down the pier and brought their muskets to a 'ready' at the order of a little bewhiskered officer, whose voice, jerking out Spanish oaths, seemed the most formidable part of him.

"But we had already a safe offing, and their bullets rattled harmlessly in the water on either side of us. Several other spattering shots followed, but equally impotent as the first ones, for we had not lost a stroke in our pulling, and the oars were doing their best in the nervous grasp of trained whalemen.

"The Marion was already casting her head seaward when we shot alongside, and as the head yards were braced full she gathered rapid headway. Never was canvas handled quicker in making sail than it was that morning by us. Two or three boats were seen to push out in pursuit, but they might as well have saved their labor and given up the chase as soon as the sun showed at what a rate we were leaving them astern.

"That was the nearest that I ever came to running away from a ship, for, you may be sure, the lesson was not lost upon me. I think Tom Babson always gave the whole Spanish main a wide berth afterward. He would not even venture round the western Horn again, but shipped for an Indian voyage as soon as we arrived in England."—Exchange.

#### Bakers' Old Pans.

The question has often been asked by people who visited junk stores, "Why is it that one never finds old bakers' pans in the junk stores?"

A New York master baker was asked where all the old bakers' pans went to when they had fulfilled their mission.

"They never finish their mission while they hold together," he said. "No baker will use a new bread pan if he can get an old one. In the first place, a new bread pan, shining and smooth, is not as good a conductor of heat as an old one with all the polish rubbed off it. For this reason cakes are hard to cook through in a new pan without burning them. If the underside is only cooked, the cake is usually raw inside. Besides, the cake or bread, when baked in a new pan, sticks to it. In the second place, you can't get rid of the smell of the new tin for the first baking or two.

"Now, an old pan, on the other hand, cooks the cake or bread more quickly and cooks it all through because its dull surface makes it a better conductor of heat. That is the reason you never see old baking pans in the junkshops. Bakers will buy them, no matter how old they are, in preference to new pans."—New York Press.

#### Bullfight Bombast.

"These constant 'victories' won by our friend the enemy," remarked the man who had seen Spain, "remind me of the herculean labors performed for public amusement in the bull ring at Madrid.

"The chief toreador comes out, stalks about the arena, swings his bright colored draperies and finally, halting before the royal inclosure, puffs up his chest and pounds upon his manly bosom with clinched fist.

"'O mighty and magnificent potentate,' he calls, 'do but cast down the key, that I may go and drag from his lair the furious beast!'

"Then, with great strides, he passes to a gate, unlocks and opens it. Out comes a puny, measly, bloodless little bull calf that has been kept half starved in a darkened pen to prepare it for the prowess of the fighter. Attendants goad the poor, frightened creature through the usual spectacular performance. When the 'furious beast' ought to die, the toreador slaughters it, and quickly its emaciated body is dragged away.

"'Behold, O majestic monarch!' shouts the fighter. 'I have triumphed over the savage foe of man. I have brought to dust the raging beast, as I will bring all its kind forever.'

"Then he parades himself around, while the crowd goes wild with delight. I tell you, it's a grandiloquent vocabulary that keeps things a-going in Spain. At word painting the dons are artists."—New York Sun.

### A FAMOUS SOUTHERN COIN.

A Confederate Half Dollar, the Only One In Known Existence.

Of the four celebrated Confederate half dollars of 1861—practically the only coins of the Confederacy—not more than one is now known to be in existence, and that is in the possession of J. W. Scott, the well known coin dealer of this city. He values it at $1,000. The obverse side of the coin is the same as that of the silver half dollars of the regular mint series of that time, with the Goddess of Liberty seated and the date, 1861, beneath. The distinctive feature is the reverse side, for which a new die was struck. In the center is a shield bearing the stars and bars of the Confederacy. The number of stars in the field—seven—represent the seven states which seceded before the inauguration of Lincoln, March 4, 1861. A liberty pole is thrust through the shield and bears on its tip a liberty cap. Twined around the shield, in the form of a wreath, are a stalk of sugar cane and a stalk of cotton. Above these devices are the words, "Confederate States of America," and below them the denomination of the coin, "Half Dol."

The history of this coin and its three counterparts is interesting. In February, 1861, the United States mint at New Orleans fell into Confederate hands. The Confederate government, then seated in Montgomery, Ala., decided to have some new dies made and to start a coinage of its own at the mint. It was determined to begin the series with the silver half dollar. In April Mr. Memminger, the secretary of the treasury of the Confederacy, having issued a call for designs, selected the one above described. The die was made by A. H. Peterson of New Orleans, and four coins were struck as specimen pieces, under the direction of Dr. B. F. Taylor, "chief coiner for the Confederate States of America." But the southern government then found that, owing to a total lack of silver bullion, it was one thing to make four specimen coins and quite another to issue the money in quantities. The idea was abandoned, and on April 30, 1861, the mint closed, only a few days after the sample pieces had been made.

The four coins were distributed to persons who would be most likely to take an interest in them. One was sent to the government, one to Professor Riddell of the University of Louisiana, one to Dr. E. Ames of New Orleans, and the fourth, together with the die, was kept by Dr. Taylor, who had charge of the mint when it was struck. This is the coin which is now in this city. About the year 1879 Dr. Taylor sold the coin and the die to Mr. Scott. The latter in turn disposed of the coin three or four years afterward at a public auction in New York for $870. Ten years ago the collection of which it formed a part was offered for sale. Mr. Scott bought the rare old piece back and has owned it ever since.

One of the other coins, probably that which was sent to the Confederate government in 1861, came into the possession of Jefferson Davis. After the war Mr. Scott wrote to Mr. Davis asking him if he still owned the piece. Mr. Davis replied in a letter, which Mr. Scott still has, that the coin was taken from him when he was captured on May 10, 1865, together with many other things that he owned, and that he had never heard of it afterward. Up to the present its whereabouts is not known. Of the other two coins there is no definite trace, although one was reported to be in New Orleans in 1882.—New York Tribune.

#### Escaped an Avalanche.

"Was you ever in the track of an avalanche?" asked A. P. Squires, a pioneer Alaskan. Every one remained silent, evidently believing that their presence there was ample proof of the negative sort.

"If you haven't been," continued Mr. Squires, "you have missed one of the most thrilling experiences of life. In 1892 I got mixed up with one and miraculously escaped with my life on Chilcoot pass."

"Can you tell when they are coming?" chimed in one of his listeners.

"Well, I should say yes. You all imagine from descriptions how a cyclone sounds in the distance? A landslide is a thousand times more horrible. The first you notice is a kind of a trembling of the earth. Then in a short time you hear a roar resembling distant thunder, that seems to become louder at intervals of eight or ten seconds. Louder and louder it gets, until it is right on you, and then it seems to come with a crash that cannot be described. The only thing to do is to hunt safety on an opposite side of the gulch, and even then, if it is possible to get out of the way, the concussion is liable to precipitate a slide on the other side. It just sweeps a mountain clean of everything that gets in its way."—Denver Times.

#### The Oldest Postal System.

We find the first recorded postal system in the Persian empire, under Cyrus the Elder, but it is clear that Rome, of all the ancient states, possessed the best organized system of transmitting letters through its numerous provinces.

All along the great Roman roads houses were erected at a distance of five or six miles from each other. At each of these stations 40 horses were constantly kept, and by the help of the relays it was easy to travel 100 miles in a day. These services were intended for the state only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications.

In the time of Julius Cæsar the system was so well organized that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cicero at Rome the one reached its destination in 26 and the other in 28 days. Private citizens had to trust to the services of slaves, and it is not till the end of the third century that we hear of the establishment of a postal system for private persons by the emperor Diocletian, but how long this system remained history does not say.

#### Revelations to the Landlady.

"Mrs. Biscuit, will you lend me your hammer?"

"Hammer? What for, Bobby?"

"Why, papa said we couldn't keep anything in this house unless it was nailed down."—Detroit Free Press.

Ostriches, which are supposed to flourish only in very warm climates, have been raised successfully in southern Russia, the feathers being of good quality and the birds healthy.