DENTON JOURNAL.

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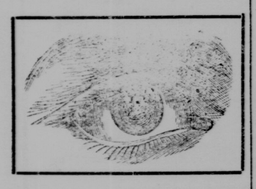

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I have Saw Mill, Teams and Carts. Would like to have tract of timber to cut at once. Apply to

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all winter, at Christmas-time, at Easter-time, also in your lawns and flower beds,

At the First Opening of Spring-time, If You PLANT NOW

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All Plumbing Repairs Should be Made Now

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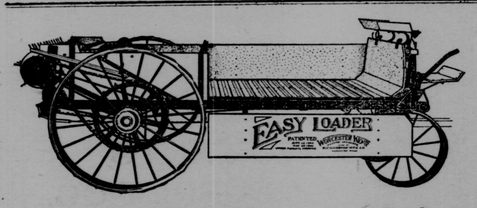

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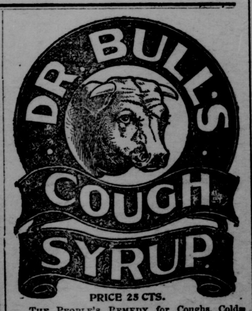

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MEMOIRS OF A YELLOW DOG.

Secrets of Flat Life Divulged by a Canine of Low Degree.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

I don't suppose it will knock any of you people off your perch to read a contribution from an animal. Mr. Kipling and a good many others have demonstrated the fact that animals can express themselves in remunerative English, and no magazine goes to press nowadays without an animal story in it except the old style monthlies that are still running pictures of Bryan and the Mont Pelee horror.

But you needn't look for any stuck up literature in my piece, such as Bearoo the bear and Snakoo the snake and Tammanoo the tiger talk in the jungle books. A yellow dog that's spent most of his life in a cheap New York flat, sleeping in a corner on an old satin underskirt (the one she spilled port wine on at the lady longshoremen's banquet), mustn't be expected to perform any tricks with the art of speech.

I was born a yellow pup; date, locality, pedigree and weight unknown. The first thing I can recollect an old

THE FAT LADY CHASED A "V" AROUND.

woman had me in a basket at Broadway and Twenty-third trying to sell me to a fat lady. Old Mother Hubbard was boosting me to beat the band as a genuine Pomeranian-Hambletonian-Red Irish-Cochin China-Stoke-Pogis fox terrier. The fat lady chased a "V" around among the samples of grosgrain flannelette in her shopping bag till she cornered it and gave up. From that moment I was a pet—a mamma's own wootsy squidlums. Say, gentle reader, did you ever have a 200 pound woman breathing a flavor of Camembert cheese and l'eau d'Espagne pick you up and wallop her nose all over you, remarking all the time in an Emma Eames tone of voice, "Oh, oo's um oodlum, doodlum, woodlum, toodlum, bitsy witsy skoodlums?"

From a pedigreed yellow pup I grew up to be an anonymous yellow cur looking like a cross between an Angora cat and a box of lemons. But my mistress never tumbled. She thought that the two primeval pups that Noah chased into the ark were but a collateral branch of my ancestors. It took two policemen to keep her from entering me at the Madison Square Garden for the Siberian bloodhound prize.

I'll tell you about that flat. The house was the ordinary thing in New York, paved with Parian marble in the entrance hall and cobblestones above the first floor. Our flat was three fl—well, not flights—climbs up. My mistress rented it unfurnished and put in the regular things—1902 antique upholstered parlor set, oil chromo of geishas in a Harlem tea house, rubber plant and husband.

By Sirius, there was a biped I felt sorry for! He was a little man with sandy hair and whiskers a good deal like mine. Henpecked? Well, toucans and flamingoes and pelicans all had their bills in him. He wiped the dishes and listened to my mistress tell about the cheap, ragged things the lady with the squirrel skin coat on the second floor hung out on her line to dry. And every evening while she was getting supper she made him take me out on the end of a string for a walk.

If men knew how women pass the time when they are alone they'd never marry. Laura Lean Jibbey, peanut brittle, a little almond cream on the neck muscles, dishes unwashed, half an hour's talk with the iceman, reading a package of old letters, a couple of pickles and two bottles of malt extract, one hour peeking through a hole in the window shade into the flat across the air shaft—that's about all there is to it. Twenty minutes before time for him to come home from work she straightens up the house, fixes her rat so it won't show and gets out a lot of sewing for a ten minute bluff.

I led a dog's life in that flat. Most all day I lay there in my corner watching that fat woman kill time. I slept sometimes and had pipe dreams about being out chasing cats into basements and growling at old ladies with black mittens, as a dog was intended to do. Then she would pounce upon me with a lot of that driveling poodle palaver and kiss me on the nose. But what could I do? A dog can't chew cloves.

I began to feel sorry for hubby, dog my cats if I didn't. We looked so much alike that people noticed it when we went out. So we shook the streets that Morgan's cab drives down and took to climbing the piles of last December's snow on the streets where cheap people live.

One evening when we were thus promenading and I was trying to look like a prize St. Bernard and the old man was trying to look like he wouldn't have murdered the first organ grinder he heard play Mendelssohn's wedding march I looked up at him and said in my way:

"What are you looking so sour about, you oakum trimmed lobster? She don't kiss you. You don't have to sit on her lap and listen to talk that would make the book of a musical comedy sound like the maxims of Epictetus. You ought to be thankful you're not a dog. Brace up, Benedick, and bid the blues begone."

That matrimonial mishap looked down at me with almost canine intelligence in his face.

"Why, doggie," says he, "good doggie. You almost look like you could speak. What is it, doggie? Cats?"

Cats! Could speak!

But of course he couldn't understand. Humans were denied the speech of animals. The only common ground of communication upon which dogs and men can get together is in fiction.

In the flat across the hall from us lived a lady with a black and tan terrier. Her husband strung it and took it out every evening, but he always came home cheerful and whistling. One day I touched noses with the black and tan in the hall, and I struck him for an elucidation.

"See here, Wiggle and Skip," I says, "you know that it ain't the nature of a real man to play dry nurse to a dog in public. I never saw one leashed to a bowwow yet that didn't look like he'd like to lick every other man that looked at him. But your boss comes in every day as perky and set up as an amateur prestidigitator doing the egg trick. How does he do it? Don't tell me he likes it."

"Him?" says the black and tan. "Why, he uses nature's own remedy. He gets spifflicated. At first when we go out he's as shy as the man on the steamer who would rather play pedro when they make 'em all jackpots. By the time we've been in eight saloons he don't care whether the thing on the end of his line is a dog or a catfish. I've lost two inches of my tail trying to sidestep those swinging doors."

The pointer I got from that terrier—vaudeville please copy—set me to thinking.

One evening about 6 o'clock my mistress ordered him to get busy and do the ozone act for Lovey. I have concealed it until now, but that is what she called me. The black and tan was called Tweetness. I consider that I have the bulge on him as far as you could chase a rabbit. Still Lovey is something of a nomenclatural tin can on the tail of one's self respect.

At a quite place on a safe street I tightened the line of my custodian in front of an attractive, refined saloon. I made a dead ahead scramble for the doors, whining like a dog in the press dispatches that lets the family know that little Alice is bogged while gathering lilies in the brook.

"Why, darn my eyes," says the old man, with a grin—"darn my eyes if the saffron colored son of a seltzer lemonade ain't asking me in to take a drink! Lemme see, how long's it been since I saved shoe leather by keeping one foot on the foot rest? I believe I'll"—

I knew I had him. Hot Scotches he took, sitting at a table. For an hour he kept the Campbells coming. I sat by his side rapping for the waiter with my tail and eating free lunch such as mamma in her flat never

"WHY, DARN MY EYES!" SAID THE MAN.

equaled with her homemade truck bought at a delicatessen store eight minutes before papa comes home.

When the products of Scotland were all exhausted except the rye bread the old man unwound me from the table leg and played me outside like a fisherman plays a salmon. Out there he took off my collar and threw it into the street.

"Poor doggie," says he; "good doggie. She shan't kiss you any more. 'S a darned shame. Good doggie, go away and get run over by a street car and be happy."

I refused to leave. I leaped and frisked around the old man's legs happy as a pug on a rug.

"You old flea headed woodchuck chaser," I said to him, "you moon baying, rabbit pointing, egg stealing old beagle, can't you see that I don't want to leave you? Can't you see that we're both pups in the wood and the missis is the cruel uncle after you with the dish towel and me with the flea liniment and a pink bow to tie on my tail. Why not cut that all out and be pards forever more?"

Maybe you'll say he didn't understand; maybe he didn't. But he kind of got a grip on the hot Scotches and stood still for a minute, thinking.

"Doggie," says he finally, "we don't live more than a dozen lives on this earth, and very few of us live to be more than 300. If I ever see that flat any more I'm a flat, and if you do you're flatter, and that's no flattery. I'm offering 60 to 1 that Westward Ho wins out by the length of a dachshund."

There was no string, but I frolicked along with my master to the Twenty-third street ferry. And the cats on the route saw reason to give thanks that prehensile claws had been given them.

On the Jersey side my master said to a stranger who stood eating a currant bun:

"Me and my doggie, we are bound for the Rocky mountains."

But what pleased me most was when my old man pulled both of my ears until I howled and said:

"You common, monkey headed, rat tailed, sulphur colored son of a doormat, do you know what I'm going to call you?"

I thought of Lovey, and I whined dolefully.

"I'm going to call you Pete," says my master, and if I'd had five tails I couldn't have done enough wagging to do justice to the occasion.

The Mysterious Dispatch.

The club conversation turned to the Spanish-American war. One member of the party noted for his boasts of being a man of the world began:

"I tell you, boys, one of the strangest incidents of the war, one which never became public, was a mysterious dispatch given to a secret agent of the Spanish government to carry to the head of the Spanish spy system in the United States and which came under my observation."

Everybody leaned forward to hear the expose of the diplomatic secret. Continuing, the globe trotter said:

"This agent, who boarded the same steamer on which I had taken passage home, could not read the dispatch because it was in French. He was afraid it was some sort of a frame up on the part of a higher unfriendly official to get him in bad with his other superiors at home.

"We became chummy, and owing to my fluency in speaking Spanish I easily passed for a Spaniard. When he learned that I also knew French he mentioned the dispatch and suggested that I translate it for him. I was more than willing to learn something that might be of advantage to my Uncle Samuel and assented. He drew the precious paper from his breast and handed it toward me when"—

At this point every listener was on the edge of his chair with bulging eyes.

"Suddenly a gust of wind swept the deck and blew the paper from his hand into the sea," concluded the narrator, with a smile.

As the smile grew into a hearty laugh the others knew they had been stung.—Philadelphia Times.

Fighting Water Fires.

It falls to the lot of few to set the river on fire, and, despite the tradition that the feat is the quickest way to fame, the names of those who have done it never seem to survive.

But that many a man can and does set a river on fire is so true that invention has had to concern itself with means for putting out those very blazes.

They occur usually when petroleum, gasoline or some other liquid hydrocarbons spread on the water's surface and happen to be ignited before their spread has too greatly broken up and thinned them. Whole ports, with their shipping, are endangered.

In Germany they have devised two solutions which, mingling as they are poured, instantly raise a thick, tenacious foam. One solution is composed of potash, alum and sodium sulphate, the other of sodium bicarbonate, sodium sulphate and licorice root extract.

The soapsuds appearance of the foam in reality covers an inert gas, which, spreading over the entire burning surface, acts as a blanket and instantly kills the flames for want of oxygen.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Natural History Mystery.

The principal of the Peterson Preparatory school had a penchant for distributing prizes. "Prizes mean parental pride and consequently more pounds and pence for me," he would tell himself. "The dear fathers and mothers imagine their children are progressing amazingly, and I get the credit and cash!"

And he was a wise principal, for when Willie, aged six, returned home with an award for his scholarship his fond mamma beamed with maternal joy.

"Splendid, my dearest pet!" she exclaimed. "But how did you gain it?"

"I was first in natural history," proclaimed the prodigy.

"Natural history at your age?" exclaimed mamma. "How did that happen?"

"Oh, they asked me how many legs a horse has," answered Willie, "and I said five."

"Five!" cried mamma. "But a horse hasn't five legs, child!"

"I know," explained Willie, "but all the other boys said six!"—Liverpool Mercury.

The Modern Architect.

In his book on "The English House" W. Shaw Sparrow, the eminent English art critic, puts up a novel plea for the castigation of the modern architect through newspaper criticism. "Public opinion," he says, "should be an artist's critic as well as his client.

"At present he never feels that whip with a thousand thongs which newspapers keep for writers, painters, actors and dramatists. A writer of a bad play is flogged in one week by all the leading newspapers in England, for those in country places quote from the best known London critics. Indeed, there is so much ado that a bad play might well be a danger to the British empire. Yet it does harm only to the dramatist and his company, while a single bad plumber, a single slipshod builder, does more mischief in a year than all the bad plays written in a century."

The Complete Bookkeeper.

Mrs. Knicker—How do you make your books balance? Mrs. Booker—That's easy. I always spend the exact sum I receive right away.—New York Sun.

For Him to Say.

"Do you think I can stand an operation, doctor?"

"You know your financial condition better than I do."—Exchange.

Anger is a stone cast into a wasps' nest.—Malabar Proverb.

THE RIDDLE OF SLEEP

A Mystery That the Mind of Man Is Unable to Penetrate.

THE CAVERN OF MORPHEUS.

It Is Pitch Black as Far as Human Understanding Goes, For We Know No More About It Than We Do About Its Twin Mystery, Death.

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded, the body is abandoned, while the inner essence is we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The fly has no shorter existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as bottleflies buzz at the window panes. They, too, may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel, but cannot verify; some permeative thought insistently moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations; voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind—not of the mind, but deeper throned in obscurity.

The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and untrustworthy, a phonograph and a camera for audible and palpable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labors and awake it by surgery after forty years and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are nonexistent to it. Yet to that hidden memory those diseased years are not blank. It knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom blent machinery of the flesh and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious, and in death is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our sphinx, which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter nor our tears. We have fancied it with immobile, brooding features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us but one question, nor from the day of Oedipus unto today have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Osiris living in us. It is the unknown God to whom we erect our altars, the fire in the tabernacle, the presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness at least will it answer our queries, but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion are discovering somewhat of its mystery and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may define dreams and nightmare, coma and swoon and trance with what terms we will, search their physical reasons and learn to guide and guard, yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may begin to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies, and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our inquisition.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinitude, of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever torpescent and unamazed, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep—sleep that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, recreating what we destroy.

Black—pitch black, indeed—is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legions and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the Lethean air and forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed, and finally we enter for the last time and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy and awake no more and no more return, to the autumn dyed skies of the dawn. And yet we shall dream.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Anti-speed Argument.

"Was that a novel your messenger boy was reading?"

"Worse than that," answered the man in charge of the office. "It was the fable of the hare and the tortoise."—Houston Post.

A Place to Do Time In.

"Have you ever been to Dragway's place at Bungalowville-in-the-Bush?"

"Yes; spent two weeks there one afternoon."—Browning's Magazine.