DENTON JOURNAL

PAGE 3

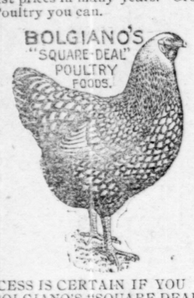
HOWARD MELVIN BENJ. H. JOHNSON

MELVIN & JOHNSON, PUBLISHERS.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1912

NEXT FALL AND WINTER You Can Look For Big Money In Poultry and Eggs

The Spring's Hatch has been woefully small, the cold has killed many baby Chicks The high price of grain has forced an enormous quantity of old fowls on the market--with a great many less chickens and a greatly increased demand for Poultry and Eggs, you will see the highest prices in many years. Grow all the Poultry you can.



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First—"Square Deal" Chick Starter for baby chicks up to three weeks old.
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Millet, Cowpeas, Grasses, Seed Corn.

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Car leaves Greensboro at 6.48 p. m., arriving at Denton by 7.15.

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Anty Drudge—"That's just the day I'll come. And I'll be there bright and early with a cake of Fels-Naptha soap. The wash will be on the line before noon—and the ironing done before night."

If you found it easier to do your washing on Tuesday than on Monday, you would change at once. Sensible women would! Yet there are some women who still wash clothes in the old-fashioned, hard-rubbing way, just because their mothers taught them so.

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Oliver Chilled Sulky Plows, at the right price
Moline Gang Plows
Riding and walking Cultivators
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Supply your Drug Wants—
Compound your Prescriptions—
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And assure you Promptness and Attention to your wants,
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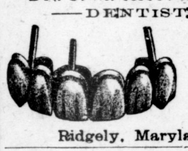

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This pretty waist is of white lawn, and has V-neck, pointed sailor collar and three-quarter sleeves with turn back cuffs. The front has pleat on each side; collar is trimmed with cluny lace edge and insertion; cuff has cluny lace edge to match collar.

This waist may be had in all sizes from 34 to 44 bust measure. It will be mailed on receipt of price, with the understanding that if it is not satisfactory in every way, it may be returned for the refund of purchase money in full.

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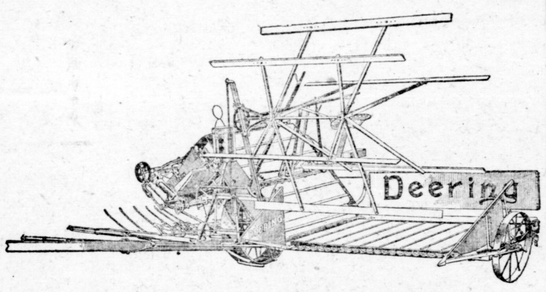

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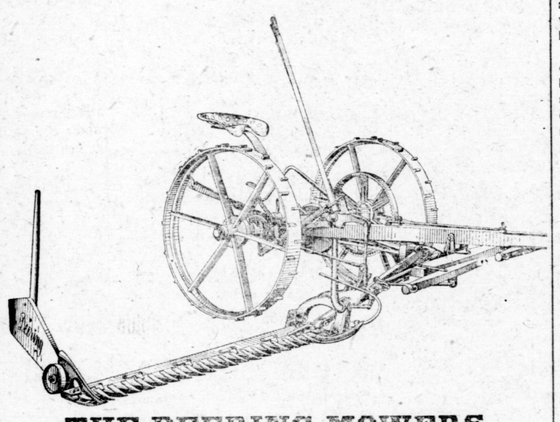

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will be needed on many farms. They are light-running, durable and satisfactory.

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A. K. ROBINS & CO. Baltimore, Md.

Re-embodied

A Story of an American's Experience In a City of the Past

By E. A. MITCHEL

Dwight Wetmore since his return from Europe has gone into a sanitarium. They say that while abroad he received a shock. Before it was considered necessary to retire him he told me a great deal about the cause of his trouble. From talks I had with him I have put together the following narrative:

When in Naples Wetmore went often to visit Pompeii, that ancient Roman city the very site of which was lost for nearly 2,000 years. An eruption of Mount Vesuvius, five miles distant, during the first century of the Christian era covered it with ashes, but during modern times two-thirds of its area has been uncovered.

And now one may walk about in its streets, in which ruts worn in the stones are plainly visible, or go into the houses, in tolerable condition, except their roofs, which have disappeared. Furniture, implements, statuary and mural paintings have been removed to the museum at Naples, where they are inspected by hundreds daily.

Wetmore never tired of roaming about Pompeii or looking at the different articles that had been in use when they were abandoned by the inhabitants fleeing for their lives from the dread volcano. He was naturally a dreamer and loved to sit on the fragment of a wall or a pillar in the exhumed city and picture the scenes that were going on within the range of his vision before the flight began. Fellow travelers passed on to visit other scenes, their places were taken by other tourists, yet Wetmore remained.

One afternoon Wetmore strolled into one of the most spacious as well as one of the best preserved houses in Pompeii—the house of Cassius. Passing over a mosaic pavement in which were inlaid letters composing the word "Welcome," he paused to look at a bronze statue of a dancing fawn in the center of the rectangular basin called the impluvium. In the houses of Pompeii, with an opening above and beneath it, the impluvium was sunk in the ground to catch the rain. The figure danced as lightly as it did when it was made by the heathen artist. From the impluvium Wetmore passed into the garden in the rear.

It was late when Wetmore entered the house of Cassius. Suddenly awakening from one of his day dreams, he remembered that it was about the hour that the gates were closed and started for the exit. But before he could reach it he heard the gate closed and locked. He ran to it, hammered on it and called. Too late. He was locked in.

Wetmore never could give me a satisfactory account of a transition that followed. He said that when he found that he must pass the night in the house of Cassius alone he deplored the discomfort he would be subjected to, but felt no other reluctance. There are no seats in these houses, and Wetmore after loitering till he tired sat down on a slab. He does not say that he fell asleep and dreamed or that he awakened from sleep. He says that in a twinkling while he was feeling a trifle drowsy Cassius' house passed from a ruin to a Roman domicile in perfect condition for use.

So great was the change, so splendid, so richly adorned the edifice, that at first he could not realize that he was in what had been the ruin. He was in a hall painted in bright colors, and at each end were two Corinthian pilasters. Under the opening of the roof above was the impluvium. The light was poor since there were only oil lamps burning.

From the rear came a girl in Roman costume. She was tripping along lightly, humming, when she caught sight of Wetmore. When she recovered somewhat from her astonishment she asked him the very natural question:

"Who are you?"

Wetmore says she spoke in Latin. He was educated in a German university and learned to speak Latin tolerably well, but he says that her pronunciation was so different from any he had ever heard that he found it difficult to understand her. As he progressed he became more used to it.

"Who are you?" the girl repeated, "and what do you here in that strange dress? Are you one of those strange gods they worship in Greece or Egypt?"

"I am no god," replied Wetmore. "I was locked in here"—

"Locked in?"

"Yes, but now—now"— He cast his eyes about him, dazed.

"Are you mortal," asked the girl, "or half mortal, half god? Perhaps you are a faun."

"I am a mortal from"—

It occurred to Wetmore that if this was Pompeii as it had been before the volcano burned it and the girl was a Roman of many centuries ago she would not understand if he told her he had come from a land that was not known to her.

"Beyond the Pillars of Hercules," he added, "there is a land—you would best know it as Atlantis—which is my home. There are millions of people there—a strange people to you, a people who talk to each other from points thousands of miles apart, some on wires, some through the air. They ride in immense coaches—many coaches strung together—and as fast as the fastest wind. Yet there is no horse to draw them."

"Surely these people must be gods."

"No; they are mortals. Lately they have begun to fly through the air like birds. I have looked up from a plain in that country and seen a man far above the clouds soaring on two great wings. Indeed, I have made flights myself."

It was the credulity of the Roman people that created their great network of mythology. A modern girl of, say, the eighteenth century, living before these wonders were even thought of, might have doubted Wetmore's statement. Not so this girl. She sank upon her knees, clasped her hands and bent her eyes to the floor.

"O Apollo," she said (Wetmore is a handsome man), "forgive me that I have dared to look upon your celestial face. If you have flown in the air like a bird you have done a wonder that no person has spoken of in these days or since the sacred fire was committed to the vestal virgins. Did you fly from that strange land across the ocean to the Pillars of Hercules?"

"No; I came in a ship far larger than the greatest trireme—a ship moving without oars or sails."

This seemed to affect the girl as even more of a marvel than flying in the air. She bent her head clean down to the floor.

"O Apollo," she said, trembling, "for I am sure you are he, I fear you have come to work disaster on this house!"

"I assure you I have not."

"Have you come to bring us good fortune, to beat down those evil spirits that would work us ill?"

"I would gladly favor you."

"Then attack these monsters in the mountain who are groaning under the work of preparing to shake it as they did a decade ago, when they destroyed our city."

Wetmore smiled. Then, advancing, he raised the girl, but she dared not look in his face.

"I have no power over such forces. I am not Apollo, nor Jupiter, nor Hercules. I am an ordinary man, one of many men who have learned that these phenomena, which to you are the acts of gods, are mere forces of nature. We have learned that the world is a great globe resting on nothing, whirling around the sun once every year."

"That cannot be. Atlas supports the world. And, as for the sun, it rises in the east and sets in the west, and none but the gods knows where it goes at night."

"What I say I know. I have started eastward from Atlantis, gone around the great globe and come upon Atlantis again from the west."

"And yet you say you are not a god. Then how do you steer your ships across the waters, since between the shores no land is to be seen?"

"We poise a steel needle on a point, so that it swings free. It is always turned to the north."

"And what god points it—Neptune?"

It occurred to Wetmore that any attempt to explain to this one of a people who had a god for every force what even scientists of the present advanced age cannot explain would be futile. "And yet," he said to himself, "even with all our enlightenment, the source of these forces—our one God—is no more intelligible to us than the many gods of the ancients were to them."

"Tell me," said the girl, lowering her eyes, "who is your goddess of love?"

"We have no such goddess."

The girl looked surprised. "Nor Cupid?"

"No Cupid."

"Whence, then, comes love?"

Another point in which we heirs to the past know no more than the ancients.

"Love is sent by God," he replied, with an uncertain tone.

"But I thought you said you have no god for love?"

"The difference between our one God and your many gods is that each of yours controlled a certain power or emotion; our one God controls all. He can move us to love as powerfully as if he had no other work. From heaven, I believe at this moment, comes upon me that which you believe follows from a prick of Cupid's arrow."

"For whom?"

"For you, fair maiden."

She stood as one in a dream. Wetmore was curious to know how she would receive the announcement. He knew that all his efforts to convince her that he was not immortal had been ineffective. What would be her reply to the announcement that she had been chosen by a celestial being? At last, raising her eyes filled with an ineffable pride and happiness, she exclaimed:

"Happy mortal, that I may be the mother of a god!"

This is as far as Wetmore ever got in a clear narration of what he believes to be a meeting with a live Pompeian. Beyond this point he became incoherent. He had evidently been seized with a passion for this heathen maiden, and it was returned, but she faded from him just as he was about to stretch forth his arms to embrace her.

Next he was lying on the stone floor of the house of Cassius, and it was again a ruin. One of the guardians of this city of the past was standing over him.

"How did you get in here?" asked the man in Italian.

Wetmore looked at him, dazed. He had not yet got the vision of this house as it was and the maiden he met in it out of his mind. He made no reply. The man raised him, led him to the railroad station and put him in a train.

At last reports Wetmore is recovering. That is, he is recovering from the effects of his experience, not the experience itself.

KILLING A COBRA.

A Plucky Crow For Which the Big Snake Had No Terrors.

If the testimony offered by an English naturalist in Ceylon be given full credence, then the cobra is not so dangerous a snake as popular reputation makes it. In at least two instances, reports this naturalist, cobras were chased by large birds. In neither case did the snake seem to have any hypnotic power, such as is generally credited to snakes in general.

A crow was seen fighting an intruder into its nest situated at the very top of a tree. The crow was circling at close quarters and pecking hard at the nest, cawing loudly all the time. The nest was some forty feet above ground.

Presently a snake came out of the nest and started to descend, with the crow in hot pursuit, pecking at the cobra continually. The snake took refuge about ten feet down in a clump of dead ferns, from which it was chased out by the crow. It came from branch to branch until it reached a large horizontal limb, which stretched out about twenty feet.

Here the snake was at a great disadvantage, inasmuch as it could not turn upon the crow. The latter seemed fully to appreciate the situation, and its tactics were excellent. It would peck hard at the spine close to the tail and then peck near the snake's neck. At each peck pieces of the snake's skin were torn out, whereupon the cobra would lie quite motionless. But just as soon as it evinced signs of again attempting to escape the crow would recommence its attacks with extraordinary surety of aim. After fifteen minutes the cobra was dead.—Harper's.

The Artistic Temperament.

Millet, the painter of "The Angelus," had a standing agreement with a firm of art dealers who took all his work in exchange for regular payments of £40 a month. When he was told that they could sell a single picture for as much as £2,000 he said:

"That is their affair. As long as I have all I need and can paint what I like and as I like it I do not mind what they get for my pictures."—London Graphic.

Domestic happiness, the only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall.—L'Estrange.