Denton Journal.

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Heart Secrets.

No life can be all sunshine,
Though, friend, it seems to you
To be both fair and lovely,
The clouds are not in view.

Think not because one's laughter
Can ring out loud and gay
The heart is gladsome ever,
To sorrow ne'er gives way.

For many eyes will sparkle,
And many lips will smile,
And hearts seem glad and merry,
Though breaking all the while.

How oft will mem'ry linger
On days forever past,
Till the light heart doth sicken,
And tears fall thick and fast;

For in ev'ry heart there's something
That makes a tender spot.
Perhaps 'tis deeply hidden,
Believed to be forgot.

But at some unthought-of moment
It looms up into view
Like a troublous spirit hunting,
And saddens us anew.

Mayhap some word or action
We mourn—oh, vain regret!
Some burning, mad'ning sorrow,
We gladly would forget.

Some friend from whom we've parted
Forever and for aye,
Will haunt us, though the vision
We fain would drive away;

Will rise up from the ashes
Of some dead, bygone day,
Hold o'er us strange dominion,
Strive 'gainst it as we may.

Then each one has his sorrows,
And each heart knows its own,
And each must learn endurance,
And bear it all alone.

He Cures His Pa of Drinking.

"Come in," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth stood on the steps in an uncertain sort of a way, as though he did not know whether he would be welcome or not. "I tell you, boy, I pity you. What started your pa to drinking again?"

"O, ma thinks it was losing money on the races. Pa can't stand adversity. But I guess we've got him all right now. He is the scartest man you ever saw," and the boy took a can opener and began to cut the zinc under the stove, just to see if it would work as well on zinc as on tin.

"What, you haven't been dissecting him again, have you?" said the grocery man, as he pulled a stool up beside the boy to hear the news. "How did you bring him to his right senses?"

"Well, ma tried having the minister talk to pa, but ma said she guessed I would have to exercise my ingenuity on pa again. Ma has an idea that I have got some sense yet, so I told her that if she would do just as I said, I would scare pa so he would swear off. She said she would, and I went to work. First I took pa's spectacles, Saturday night, and had the glasses taken out and a pair put in their place that would magnify, and I took them home and put them in pa's spectacle case. Then I got a suit of clothes from my chum's uncle's trunk, about half the size of pa's clothes. My chum's uncle is a very small man, and pa is pussy. I got a plug hat three sizes smaller than pa's hat, and took the name out of pa's hat and put it in the small hat. I got a shirt about half big enough for pa, and put his initials on the thing under the bosom, and got a number fourteen collar. Pa wears seventeen. Pa had promised to brace up and go to church Sunday morning, and ma put these small clothes where pa could put them on. I told ma, when pa woke up, to tell him he looked awfully bloated, and excite his curiosity, and then send for me."

"You didn't play such a trick as as that on a poor old man, did you?" said the grocery man, as a smile came over his face.

"You bet. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Well, ma told pa he looked awfully bloated, and that his dissipation was killing him, as well as all the rest of the family. Pa said he guessed he wasn't bloated very much, but he got up and put on his spectacles and looked at hisself in the glass. You'd a dide to see him look at hisself. His face was as big as two faces, through the glasses, and his nose was a sight. Pa looked scared, and then he held up his hand and looked at that. His hand looked like a ham. Just then I came in, and I turned pale, with some chalk on my face, and I begun to cry, and I said, 'O, pa, what ails you? You are so swelled up I hardly knew you.' Pa looked sick to his stomach, and then he tried to get on the pants. O, my, it was all I could do to keep from laffing to see him pull them pants on. He could just get his legs in, and when I got a shoe horn and gave it to him, he was mad. The pants wouldn't come around pa into ten inches, and pa said he must have eat something that disagreed with him, and he laid it to watermelon. Ma stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth to keep from laffing, when pa looked at hisself. The legs of the pants was so tight pa couldn't hardly breathe, and he turned pale, and says to me, 'Hennery, your pa is a mighty sick man.' But when pa put on that condensed shirt, ma she laid down on the lounge and fairly yelled, and I laffed till my side ached. Pa got it over his head, and got his hands in the sleeves, and couldn't get it either way, and he couldn't see us laff, but he could hear us, and he said, 'It's darned funny, ain't it, to have a parent swell up in this way. If I bust you'll both be sorry.' Well, ma took hold of one side of the shirt, and I took hold of the other, and we pulled it on, and when pa's head come up through the collar, his face was fairly blue. Ma told him she was afraid he would have a stroke of apoplexy before he got his clothes on, and I guess pa thought so too. He tried to get the collar on, but it wouldn't go half way around his neck, and he looked in the glass and cried, he looked so. He sat down in a chair and panted, he was so out of breath, and the pants and shirt ripped, and pa said there was no use living if he was going to be a rival to a fat woman in the sideshow. Just then I put the plug hat on pa's head, and it was so small it was going to roll off, when pa tried to fit it on his head, and then he took it off and looked inside of it to see if it was his hat. Then he told me to go for the doctor mighty quick. I got the doctor and told him what we was trying to do with pa, and he said he would finish the job. So the doc cum in and pa was on the lounge, and when the doc saw him he said it was lucky he was called as soon as he was, or we would have needed an undertaker. He put some pounded ice on pa's head the first thing, ordered the shirt cut open, and we got the pants off. Then he gave pa an emetic, and had his feet soaked, and pa said, 'Doc if you will bring me out of this I will never drink another drop.' The doc told pa his life wasn't worth a button if he ever drank again, and left about half a pint of sugar pills to be fired into pa every five minutes. Ma and me sat up with pa all day Sunday, and Monday morning I changed the spectacles, and took the clothes home and along about noon pa said he felt as though he could get up. Well, you never see a tickleder man than he was when he found the swelling had gone down so he could get his pants and shirt on. Ma says I am a smart boy, and pa has taken the pledge and we are all right. Say, you don't see anything wrong in a boy playing it on his pa once in a while, do you?"

"Not much! you have very likely saved your pa's life," and the grocery man cut a chew of tobacco off a piece of plug that was on the counter, and which the boy had soaked in kerosene, and before he had fairly got it rolled in his cheek he spit it out and began to gag, and as the boy started leisurely out the door the grocery man said, "Look-a-here, condemn you, don't you ever tamper with my tobacco again, or by thunder, I will maul you," and he followed the boy to the door, spitting cotton all the way, and as the boy went around the corner the grocery man thought how different a joke seemed when it was on somebody else. And then he turned to go in and rinse the kerosene out of his mouth, and found a sign on a box of new green apples: "Colic or cholera infantum. You pays your money and takes your choice."

A Dead Murderer's Plea.

A long letter written by N. L. Dukes, after his acquittal of the murder of Captain Nutt, has been published, in which he justifies the act as one of self-defence. It was written in view of the fact that his life was in great danger, and its publication at the present time was doubtless intended to have an effect upon the trial of his slayer, the young son of Captain Nutt, which will take place early in September. In regard to his fatal interview with Captain Nutt, he says: "On the the morning of the 24th of December, 1882, I was sitting beside my desk in my room in the Jennings Hotel reflecting upon my troubles. The porter rapped at my door—his rap is very familiar to me because he carries my coal. I said, 'Come in.' The door swung open, the colored porter stepped back, and Mr. Breckenridge stood in the door. I rose as I was uttering these words and stepped within six feet of the door, and was going to shake hands with him and offer him a chair. He said: 'Capt. Nutt wants to see you.' I had no time to reply, when the Captain pushed into view, passed Mr. Breckenridge, and into the room, and slammed the door shut without turning. He did not lift his eyes to mine, but hissed thro' his teeth, "I want to see you,' and rushed upon me instantly with cane upraised. I instantly threw down my head and threw up my arm, and the blow fell severely diagonally across the arm. We struggled a few moments about the foot of the bed, and I wrested the cane from him and attempted to strike him down with it. He then threw himself against me and the blow had no effect. We were struggling once more, and had scuffled over into the corner back of the bed, by the window. I now knew that I was his superior in physical strength, and could have drawn my pistol and shot him in the struggle, the pistol being self-acting, but I did not want to kill him. I concluded, as I was physically his superior, to do nothing to keep him from hurting me, and I cried, 'Murder! Murder! Murder!' with all the full force of my lungs, in order to bring some one to the rescue. As soon as this alarm was given Captain Nutt called 'Clark! Clark! Clark!' in a much lower tone of voice than that employed by me. This call for his nephew, who had accompanied him there, coupled with the threat in his letter of an avenger, filled me with terror and desperation. I instantly threw myself on the cane with all my power and it was mine. He sprang away from me to avoid another stroke from the cane, back toward the mantel, and as he went he thrust his right hand into his overcoat pocket and attempted to draw his pistol. It seemed to be entangled. I shall never forget the murderous look in his eyes. The awful moment had come. It was he or I. In the twinkling of an eye my pistol was drawn from my hip pocket, my right foot and arm advanced, the trigger pressed—a flash, and Captain Nutt sank down along the wardrobe. My position threw my back toward the door. As Captain Nutt sank down I heard confusion behind me. I turned my head and saw Mr. Breckenridge about the foot of the bed hastening toward Captain Nutt. Mr. Feather, bare-headed, was just behind him. His face was as white as the counterpane upon the bed. Turned toward me, just in the door, were the black face and white eyes of the negro. The whole picture is indelibly impressed upon my memory. I can never forget it." He then alludes to the matter that led to the hostile encounter, and admits that when he wrote that first letter to Captain Nutt he committed a most appalling blunder. He says: "It was the personification of stupidity, and the remorse of a lifetime will be inadequate expiation of the error. When I look back upon it in the light of developments, I can scarcely resist the conclusion that I was laboring under temporary insanity. But here the matter ends. I would not believe in my total depravity and abandoned villainy if every fanatical minister in the land howled it from the pulpit till he were blind, and every hare-brained editor in existence should lie about it to all eternity. True, Captain Nutt is dead. This fact can fall upon no heart with more crushing force than upon my own. I had no more malice against the man than against my own mother. Why should I have? He never wronged me. No man respected him more than I did, and no man reveres his memory more than I do now. The images of the disconsolate widow and the helpless orphan children rise up before me like accusing spirits, and, if such a think were possible gladly would I lie down in this man's grave and restore him to his desolate family. Could I have known the culmination of this wretched affair, how much better would it have been for me to have sacrificed my life's happiness and self-respect upon the altar of pacification. But I foolishly thought I was doing Captain Nutt a cruel kindness and taking a stand for the preservation of my own honor."

In reference to the daughter of Captain Nutt, he says that although he wrote the letter accusing her, it was marked "personal," and should have been regarded as a secret that her father would guard as his own life. "She has been crucified by her own friends and lifted high on the cross for the mock-sympathy of the millions. The responsibility rests upon those persons who, actuated alone by vindictiveness againt me, ran roughshod over everybody to convict me of the crime of murder by showing that I was a fool. That letter was legally no part of the case, and the friends of Captain Nutt and his family should have withheld it. But as they did not let them shoulder the responsibility of publishing it to the world."

All About Cholera Morbus.

One of our exchanges says: "Cholera morbus is about the meanest thing a man can have and the easiest thing he can get. It lies around loose and jumps on a person without any previous warning, and once on it rides until it gets tired. It comes like a thief in the night, and steals a man's sleep and his peace of mind at the same time. It falls on the just and the unjust, and no one knows at what hour of the night he will have to get up and bustle around after Jamaica ginger to pour on the troubled ice water he has drank during the day. Verily, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, but the cholera morbus is more than this. There is nothing on earth to equal it for genuine misery. It starts from anywhere and travels alone, but it gets its work in as effectually as if there was a whole crowd. It is not a citizen of the United States, but it summers here with all the regularity of a poor relation. It is the sworn enemy of temperance, and the bosom friend of the devil. The man who can wrestle with a healthy cholera morbus and retain his piety is entitled to the finest harp on the golden shore and a reserved seat in the celestial circle. His price is far above rubies, and he is a correspondingly rare article. This is about all we know about cholera morbus."

Changing the Bearing Year.

Most varieties of apples bear only on alternate years, giving an abundance of fruit one year and little or none the next. But this bearing year in a tree can be changed by removing the blossoms on the bearing year and allowing it to bear no fruit, when it will make a set of fruit buds and bear the next year. In a young orchard this habit can be noticed and changed by the above method on a portion of the trees, at the expense of but little labor, so as to have a part bearing fruit every year. With a step-ladder and pair of shears the work can be rapidly performed. It is not too late after the blossoms are gone and the fruit set. Its removal is as easily accomplished and with the same results.

The blind should not judge of colors.

Camp Meetings.

With August the camp-meeting season reaches its climax. Life in tents then, if ever, becomes in most places enjoyable, and those who can only obtain a few days of vacation from routine occupations for their summer pleasuring are apt to select this month for enjoying it. Yet so numerous have camp meetings now become that the earliest begin with the opening of the summer resorts, and before all have had their turns it is already the middle of September. Even with schedules arranged to accomodate those enthusiastic devotees of camp meetings who make the rounds in a prolonged summer of spiritual exaltation, many of the meetings are perforce held simultaneously.

Camp meetings are sometimes spoken of as institutions that have had their day; but facts do not warrant this notion. At all the famous centres, like Sing Sing, Ocean Grove, Sea Cliff, Martha's Vineyard, Yarmouth, Mount Tabor, Silver Lake, Thousand Islands, Carmel, Northampton, Juniata, Wyoming, and Willimantic, they are palpably thriving; and while some of the older resorts have suffered somewhat from the newer and more attractive ones, yet it is very rare to hear of any being abandoned for lack of support. They extend, too, in every direction across the country—from East Poland and Old Orchard in Maine, through Weir's in New Hampshire, Hamilton and Lake View in Massachusetts, Canaan and West Redding in Connecticut, Merrick in Long Island, Cape and Atlantic Highlands in New Jersey, Landisville and Johanna Heights in Pennsylvania, Concord, Emory Grove, Woodlawn, Windsor Heights, and Wye in Maryland, and so on southward till they reach Topisaw in Mississippi, and Cypress Bayou in Louisiana. Or, again, moving from East to West, they start with Round Lake, Auburn, Willow Creek, Hunter, and the other familiar spots in New York, and, journeying through Lancaster in Ohio, Island Park in Indiana, Lincoln, Lake Bluff, Jacksonville, and Des Plaines in Illinois, Clear Lake Park in Iowa, Mahtomedi in Minnesota, they strike the Pacific with Brentwood in California.

But while the camp meeting, so far from declining, is really growing with the growth of the country, no doubt it is largely changing its character, and particularly in two respects. The primitive simplicity of the exercises, in the first place, has given way to a great variety of attractions. Not only do foreign missions, temperance, Sunday school, and similar subjects claim their share of the season, but in the Indiana camp meeting we find art schools in operation, and in the Illinois camp a school of languages and another of philosophy in full blast, while diverting lectures, concerts, and other entertainments are going on everywhere. The meetings for the conversion of sinners may not be cut down, but they are supplemented by entirely differerent classes of pursuits at the same places and usually under the same management. It is doubtful therefore, whether the number is nowadays equal to that of former times, when the camp meetings were less numerous and varied in their programmes.

But a second change, still more marked, is the substitution of regular villages of comfortable, and often handsome, cottages for the rough camp-meeting life of former years. Tents are still occupied by thousands, but they have no appearance of being temporarily pitched, and are more like permanent dwellings, with their carpeted floors, lace hangings, and luxurious fittings. Between meetings, or even while meetings are going on, bathing, boating, driving, and croquet enliven the austerities of the camp; and so largely has the social element gained upon the religious, that at some of the encampments the tally of engagements and marriages seems to be bragged of as much as that of the conversions. The consequence of these changes is that the camp management becomes of necessity a business enterprise, and conducted by men versed in real estate; while a permanent population, depending on the summer patronage, is gathered at the camps.

Some old-time Methodists no doubt lament the changes as a lapse of camp meetings into worldliness; but it may be a hasty jumping at conclusions to decide that the changes are for the worse.

Borrowers of Toois.

About these days, when Farmer Thrifty is pestered by Smith, Jones and other shiftless neighbors who want to borrow his tools and implements, it is in order for him to read them either the riot act or the following little lecture: "One of the most aggravating misfortunes which can befall the prompt, enterprising farmer is to live in the vicinity of one or more neighbors who continually borrow his farming tools and forget or neglect to return them. We hope there are not any of that kind among our readers, who either lend to suffer or borrow to ruffle the good nature of a host who undoubtedly would often count it a pleasure to lend if he knew the favor would be reciprocated to an extent that the tools would not only be well-used, but returned at a proper time afterward. The farmer who expects to thrive by doing his work with borrowed tools, had better give up farming, hire out, and make a new start."
—Exchange.

Noah's Ark Discovered.

A Constantinople newspaper announces the discovery of Noah's ark. It appears that some Turkish commissioners appointed to investigate the question of avalanches on Mount Ararat suddenly came upon a gigantic structure of very dark wood protruding from a glacier. They made inquiries of the inhabitants (Q. 1,725 of their report). These had seen it for six years, but had been afraid to approach it, because a spirit of fierce aspect had been seen looking out of the upper window. Turkish commissioners, however, are bold men, not deterred by such trifles, and they determined to reach it. Situated as it was among the fastnesses of one of the glens of Mount Ararat, it was a work of enormous difficulty, and it was only after incredible hardships that they succeeded. The ark, one will be glad to hear, was in a good state of preservation, although the angles — observe, not the bow or stern—had been a good deal broken in its descent. They recognized it at once. There was an Englishman among them who had presumably read his Bible, and he saw it was made of the ancient gopher wood of Scripture, which, every one knows, only grows on the plains of the Euphrates. Effecting an entrance into the structure, which was painted brown, they found that the admiralty requirements for the conveyance of horses had been carried out, and the interior was divided into partitions fifteen feet high. Into three of these only could they get, the others being full of ice, and how far the ark extended into the glacier they could not tell. If, however, on being uncovered, it turns out to be three hundred cubits long, it will go hard with the disbelievers in the Book of Genesis. "Needless to say," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "an American was soon on the spot, and negotiations have been entered into with the local pasha for its speedy transfer to the United States."

Refuting What Have Been Called Facts.

"Tell me somepopular errors in regard to the microscope."

"One very old one and very common one is that every drop of water we drink is teeming with animal life. There never was a greater mistake. It is very rarely indeed, in the lake water, that any animalculæ are to be found. If a bit of grass or shred of meat, or any organic matter, be left in the water for two or three days there they can be found. It is supposed that a peculiar kind of organism like eels can be found in vinegar. It may be that way back in the country, where they make vinegar out of apples, and not out of aquafortis, there may be some, but they don't seem to thrive in city vinegar. Another thing, people think that hairs are hollow. The hairs are no more hollow than a fence post, and the coloring matter, instead of being filled in a tube, is mixed up in the cells of the hair. The mistake never would have occurred if it had been recollected that the hair is but a modification of the epidermis. Then there is another idea that the human skin is as full of pores as a sponge."

The fallacy of this idea was demonstrated by the microscopist's taking a slice with a razor off his hand and putting it on a slide. The reporter was surprised to find that pores were very scarce indeed, appearing to be about a fiftieth of an inch apart.—Cleveland Herald.

Here and There.

Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

A completely broke horse is worth more than a man who is completely broke.

The girl who will not marry a poor man is pretty sure not to be fit to marry a rich one.

If you think nobody cares for you in this cold world, just try to learn to play a fiddle in a populous neighborhood.

California is about to have a large cotton mill, to be erected at Oakland. The state of gold and grain and fruit will raise her own cotton for her own use.

A very good way to remove grease spots is to place a piece of blotting paper or thin porous paper over the spot, and place a hot flat-iron on the paper. The heat will draw the grease into the paper.

A Chicago paper claims to have found a woman who is not all afraid of a mouse. It is devoutly to be wished that a little more regard for truth and veracity were occasionally exhibited by Chicago newspapers.

A CONVERT in a Methodist congregation had been a strictly honest man, but profane and a Sabbath breaker. The Christian Advocate, in telling the story, says that he made a full confession in one of the meetings. He said he had lived an ungodly life and considered himself an amazing instance of God's mercy. The tide of religious feeling rose high on his positive testimony, and as he took his seat a brother started the hymn, "The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day." To the surprise of all, the new convert, in a towering rage, left the building. On being asked what the matter was he said: "There is one thing I never did — I never stole; and that they should immediately sing like that was a personal insult."

If pointed shoes remain in use, human toes will be obliterated.

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