DENTON JOURNAL.

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MELVIN BROS.

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UNDER A CLOUD.

Morris Tucker and his uncle sat at their cozy breakfast table one winter morning, each with a copy of the morning's paper in his hand, each with a clouded brow and troubled eye. The elder gentleman was the first to speak.

"It is a bad business, Morris!"

"A bad business, indeed, sir!"

Then there was another long silence, while each again read the ominous news of the failure of a firm whose business was so involved with their own that the failure of one house was nearly utter ruin to the other. The hot chops cooled on the dish, the coffee was untouched, and the breakfast literally forgotten, when the gentlemen left the house to ascertain the extent of their misfortunes. Bad as they feared these would prove, the realities were even worse than the anticipation, and before night the old firm of Tucker & Co. was in the list of failures.

There was a dreary amount of hard, distasteful work to be done after the failure was an established fact; but Morris Tucker never flinched from any task or interview till nightshadows fell, and he faced his uncle at the table once more. Then, with set features and a pale face, he said:

"If you can spare me for an hour, sir I think I had better call on Miss Cresswell."

"I can spare you, but are you wise to hurry an interview that, I fear, will be very painful?"

"Better to understand my position at once, sir. If—" he moistened his dry lips here, as if the words choked him—"if Meta is true to me I will remain here and try to work my way up again to the position I held only yesterday. If she frees me from my engagement, I accept your proposal to go to California."

"I think it is a good time to look up those old claims," said Mr. Tucker, sliding easily over the first part of his nephew's speech; "there may be money in them."

"We will see! If I do not go we may be able to find some trusty messenger."

"I am afraid you will go," his uncle said.

"It may be. Mrs. Cresswell is a worldly woman."

"Meta is a worldly woman! Nay, let me speak, Morris. I have said nothing before, though my heart was sore over your choice of a wife. Meta is wonderfully fascinating, beautiful and accomplished as but few women are, but she is thoroughly heartless. I hoped your choice would fall on Clarice."

"Clarice! She is a mere child!"

"Only two years younger than Meta. I love her very dearly, Morris."

"But you are fond of Meta!"

"No! For her father's sake, the brother of my dead wife, I have tried to love Meta but she repels me!"

"Yet you never spoke when I told you I should seek to win her love."

"Because love is too sacred in my eyes for any one to interfere with its expression. If Meta loves you I will give her warm welcome and cordial affection when she becomes your wife, Morris. But nerve yourself for the worst, my boy."

Nerved for the worst Morris Tucker sought his betrothed bride. From the time he had come from his Western home, an orphaned lad of nineteen, to accept his uncle's offer of a home he had met Meta Cresswell constantly. He had received cordial welcome from her mother, and had not suspected the schemes and subtle influence that had led him on, step by step, from the position of friend to that of accepted suitor of the beautiful girl. While his feet were bringing him slowly to the momentous interview after the failure of the firm of which his uncle had made him full partner, Mrs. Cresswell was schooling her daughter to meet the emergency.

"Did you write to Morris, Meta?" she asked, languidly stirring her coffee.

"Not yet," was the reply. He will probably call, being an honorable gentleman, mamma."

"I hope you will be firm, Meta. Remember that you have been the injured party throughout. From the time your poor papa died I have had every reason to believe Mr. Tucker would make you and your sister the heiresses of his property. He worshipped your aunt, and he never spoke of any relatives of his own until this nephew appeared. I believe there was some quarrel between the brothers that ended in the younger one going West, while John, the elder, remained here. At all events, it is very clear now that Morris would have been heir to the business and property if this failure had not happened. You are to be congratulated that it came before the wedding, instead of after."

Meta shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes! Love in a cottage is not in my style!" And while she spoke the bell rang, and she knew her lover was waiting to test her cold, worldly heart. She sauntered with easy grace into the drawing-room, while up-stairs in her own room her sister Clarice wept for the pain that was to fall upon Morris Tucker's heart.

She was a brown-eyed, golden-haired girl, whose quiet, unpretending charms had long been overshadowed by the more brilliant beauty of her sister Meta. She was timid to a fault, and was her mother's greatest affliction in her career of fashionable gayety. With a higher intellect than Meta's, with more command of foreign tongues, with a true musician's love and knowledge of music, a sweet, clear voice, and wonderful powers of expression, she was so painfully shy that society was a misery to her. Her beauty was of the delicate order that does not strike at first glance, and her affections were carefully hidden in her shrinking, gentle heart.

She had given John Tucker true love since she was a mere baby and sat upon his knee, playing with his watch chain. She had never thought of his money, and when Morris came she was only glad that her dear old uncle, as she called him, was to have a companion and friend. She had never questioned her heart about Morris Tucker, rejoicing sincerely when his engagement with Meta drew him into nearer brotherly relations with herself. She respected his worth, his devotion to his uncle; she admired his talents, his noble, frank beauty, and she grieved deeply over the sorrows so suddenly thrown into his life. Shyly as she had liked him, so she crept away to weep for him. The utter heartlessness that would throw him aside in his troubles was only comprehensible to her from knowing well how her mother and sister worshipped wealth.

She heard the door of the drawing-room open and her sister's voice say coldly:

"Good evening, Mr. Tucker. You have my best wishes for your future success."

Then a voice as cold and haughty answered:

"Thank you. I have the honor to wish you good evening."

The drawing-room door closed, and Clarice could see Morris standing under the hall lamp, silent and evidently wishing to recover somewhat from the pain of the trying interview before going into the street. He was very pale, and the brightness that had formed one of the greatest attractions of his face was all stricken from it. The sad, pallid face conquered all Clarice's shyness. With a sudden, irresistible impulse she glided down the stairs and stood beside Morris. He did not hear the light foot fall upon the thick carpet, nor see that he was not alone until a soft touch on his arm startled him. Looking down he saw a sweet, pleading face, soft brown eyes, misty with unshed tears, raised to his own, while Clarice said, in a low voice:

"Morris, I must tell you how sorry I feel for you and Uncle John."

"Thank you," he said, gravely, covering the little white hand upon his arm with his own; "I will tell my uncle what you say."

"Tell him," she said, earnestly, "that he has no friend who loves him more truly than I do—no one who feels more deeply any misfortune that can happen to him."

"I will carry your message. And will you wish me God-speed, too, Clarice? I shall sail for California in a few days."

The large, brown eyes dilated, while the sweet face grew white as snow. The blow was too sudden. Without word or murmur Clarice fell forward, fainting. Morris caught her in his arms and carried her to the library. It was dark there, and no one saw the kiss he pressed upon the pale lips before he put Clarice gently upon the sofa and left her. He did not linger again in the hall. Snatching his coat and hat hurriedly from the rack he strode into the street and walked rapidly homeward.

Five years passed swiftly, and Meta Cresswell had altered little, when, five years after her parting interview with Morris Tucker, she stood in the wide drawing-room of her mother's house, waiting to greet a number of invited guests. Time had matured her beauty and taken nothing from her great attractions. Clarice, shy as ever, and pretty as a violet, stood near her sister, while Mrs. Cresswell, magnificent in velvet and diamonds, spoke hurriedly:

"Here is strange news Meta, Mr. Jarvis has asked permission to bring a friend, and who do you suppose it is?"

"I cannot guess," said Meta, languidly; "some musical man, I suppose, as Mr. Jarvis is so devoted to Euterpe."

"No; it is Morris Tucker! Oh, Meta, I am so glad you have not positively accepted young Cooke!"

"I thought you were very anxious to be mother-in-law to his $200,000?"

"But not since I have heard of Mr. Jarvis' news. My love, John Tucker had some land claims in California that Morris hunted up and sold for more than double young Cook's fortune. He has come home now, and is settling his uncle's estate, being his heir for everything."

"Uncle John dead!" cried Clarice.

"Yes, more than a year ago, though Morris has just returned. The bell! Some one is coming."

In the crowded drawing-room, an hour later, Morris Tucker bent gracefully over Meta's hand, and responed politely to her cordial greeting. He met all her advances with such evident pleasure in his welcome that her heart beat high with hope. Life had been a struggle for a rich husband even since she had made her debut in society, and now there was one paying her deferential attention upon whose heart she had at once made deep impression. Would he forget that cruel parting interview, and lay his fortune once more at her feet?

Mr. Cooke, a young man about half-witted, possessed of $200,000, watched the brilliant beauty who had smiled so sweetly upon him all winter with jealous eyes after Morris entered the room, but Meta forgot him in her new-born hope. All the evening Morris hovered about Meta, wondering where Clarice had hidden herself; but when the supper call thinned the rooms Meta missed her cavalier. In the conservatory Morris had seen a vision of a golden head and white, fluttering dress; and Clarice, half hidden by a flowering screen, saw him desert Meta to come beside her.

Longing to see him, in an agony of maidenly shame at the secret she had revealed when they parted, she hid there to watch him unseen. But he came swiftly across the flower-bordered path to her side, and taking her hand in his, said:

"Clarice, I have come all the way from California to win your love. Little one, with all my heart I love you. My sole hope of happiness is the hope that you will be my wife. Must I go back again desolate, or will you bid me stay?"

She looked into the earnest face, the pleading eyes, and her heart grew faint with its own happiness as she whispered:

"Stay, for I love you, Morris."

Meta saw the sister she had always despised for her timidity, and the lover she had thrown aside in his poverty, enter the drawing-room together and her heart was full of jealous anger as she read their secret in their happy faces.

She has been Mrs. Cooke for three years—the miserable wife of a jealous miser, whose sole aims in life are to save money and to keep his wife out of society. In their unhappy home there is constant quarreling, while Morris blesses every hour the temporary poverty that led him to appreciate the heart of his little wife, and won for him a knowledge of the treasure of her love. There is a toddling boy named John, who calls Morris "papa," and in the peaceful happiness of her home life and mother love Clarice is rapidly conquering her old timidity and letting the world of society see sometimes what an accomplished, graceful lady Morris has won for his wife.

And Morris, holding her to his heart, will often say, tenderly:

"The happiness of my life commenced, Clarice, when your tender sympathy greeted me at the time I was under a cloud."

DYNAMITE.

A Recipe for Making This too Popular Explosive.

Many of the ideas held even by generally well-informed persons in regard to this awful explosive are a little short of wild.

"Nitro-glycerine," said a gentleman who is pretty well informed upon the subject, "is made by uniting nitric acid with glycerine at a warm temperature. It is then absorbed in 'infusorial earth,' which is the residue of microscopic animals, and has great absorptive power. It is really a mineral, and is found in large quantities in the earth. The infusorial earth has much the greater absorptive capacity, and will hold a great deal more nitro-glycerine in the same amount of space."

"Is dynamite really so dangerous to handle as a great many think?"

"Well, the men who make and handle it say that they are not at all afraid of it, and it is well known that if it is lighted with a match it will burn up like paper and do no harm; but at the same time there are scores of cases on record where the stuff has exploded without any one or anything touching it, and they haven't found out yet what causes it to go off. One reason for this, though, is that any one who is near enough to notice what might make it explode is usually collected in fragments after the explosion. I suppose it explodes from decomposition."

"In what shape is it usually made up?"

"In cans or packages. It is not a cake, I believe, but in the form of a loose powder."

"What is the most common way of setting it off?"

"All these explosives are set off by percussion. They use fulminate of mercury, the material that is in percussion caps. This makes a very quick explosion. Fulminate of mercury is used because the vibrations it makes in exploding are the same in number, as those made by the dynamite. The terrific results of dynamite are caused by the suddenness of the explosion."

"What are these infernal machines?"

"An infernal machine is simply a box, or something of the sort, containing dynamite and clockwork, so arranged that at a certain time a hammer fails upon a percussion cap and the thing explodes. There is one striking difference between dynamite and gunpowder, which is that dynamite will do its deadly work without being confined, whereas gunpowder, will not. A few spoonfuls of dynamite set off on the top of a bowlder would shatter it, while the same or a much larger amount of gunpowder would simply end in a puff of smoke. Again, gunpowder fractures with a smooth cleavage, and dynamite grinds up the rock and breaks it into small pieces."

THE VALENTINE.

Eh! give you a lift? Why, surely, jump in,
sir, along o' me.
(Whoa! Dobbin, you critter!) Wal, yes, sir,
The walkin' is rough, I see.
You're a stranger in these parts, I take it.
Goin' to stop a spell?
S'pose you'll put up at the tavern? Oh,
yes, they will feed you well.
What's the news of the village? Wal, stranger,
I'll own ye hev me thar.
I ain't no hand fur a gossip; don't hear any
news, I declar'.
An' my old woman, she tells me a man ain't
only half wise
Ef he don't keep his ears wide open, and larn
how to use his eyes.

Wal, yes, when I was a youngster, I used to be
pert an' spry,
An' there ain't a contenteder couple now than
my wife an' I;
But we had a sorrer that come to us more'n
ten years ago,
An' it sorter shadowed our lives, like a hurt
long healin', you know.
Five years would a been long enough, sir, to
leave a putty deep scar,
But to double that time seems a'most like
pushin' a trouble too far:
An' he was our only child, sir, the boy that ran
off to sea,
An', though he had been a wild un, we loved
him, his mother an' me.

He was just a lad—but eighteen, sir, the month
that he ran away,
An' it's hard to say, but there's come not a line
from him since that day.
Whether he's drowned, or killed, only God an'
the angels may know,
But his mother an' me are a-waitin' some
message to tell us so.
It's lonely enough for us both, but I've done my
best, sir, to cheer
An' comfort my dear old woman thro' each
long waitin' year;
An' to-day, while down to the village, a
thought came into my head,
(For to-morrow is Valentine's Day, sir,) an' so
to myself I said—

"I'll play that Betsey an' me was 'way back
to our courtin' time,
An' I'll buy her a Valentine—somethin' nice,
with picter an' rhyme!"
An' so I've got it all safe, sir—the puttiest one
I could find,
An' my old woman'll know that I have her
allers in mind.
Go home with me, did you say, sir? Wal, I
don't know as I mind,
Tho' wife won't be dressed for comp'ny, an'
our food ain't the hotel kind;
But if you'll jest take pot-luck, sir, why wife
an' me'll be glad,
For the sake of your two blue eyes, like them
that our own boy had.

What's that you say? Will I let you give
Betsey a Valentine, too?
Why, surely, I won't gainsay it, but Betsey
ain't nothin' to you.
An' it's kind of you, stranger—but see, sir,
here is my gate—(hold on!
Why, whar is the feller goin'? This beats
creation, I swan!)
Say, wife, old woman, come out here? (Why,
surely, that's Betsey's scream!"
Whoa! Dobbin, you pesky critter!—law, I
must be hevin' a dream,
Else why is my woman kissin' the face o' that
stranger so,
An'—Oh! praise God for His goodness, I've
brought her own son, I know!

HE TOOK THE BLAME.

How the Engineer Hurried to Meet His Dying Child.

A grand crash—a shower of flying splinters—bump! bump! and the coaches settled back on the rails, and the passengers picked themselves up and cried out to each other that there had been a collision.

So there had. Freight No. 17 was pulling it on the side track, but the day express thundered down on her while the long train was a third of its length on the main train.

Some one had blundered. Some one's watch was off time. Some one must be held responsible for the accident.

Under the overturned locomotive was the fireman—dead. Near him was the engineer, pinned down to the frozen earth by one of the drivers, and when he had been relieved, a doctor, who was among the passengers, knelt beside him and said:

"Arm broken—leg broken—foot crushed to a pulp. He cannot live."

Who had blundered? Who had disobeyed orders? The conductors of the two trains were comparing watches and orders, when the engineer beckoned them.

"I am alone to blame!" he whispered. "I wasn't due here until 10:10, and it was just 10:05 when I struck the freight. I was ahead of time—running on her time."

"So it was—so it was," whispered the two conductors.

"This morning when I left home," continued the engineer, "the doctor was there. Our little Jennie—our five-year-old—was sick unto death. In her delirium she kept crying out: 'Don't go, papa! don't leave little Jennie to die.' It was like a knife to my heart to leave her, but go I must. I was leaving the house when the doctor put his hand on my shoulder, and said: 'Tom, my boy, by 9 o'clock to-morrow morning she'll either be dead or better.'"

"What a long day this was to me!" he went on after a bit. "When I pulled out of the depot to-night, headed for home and Jennie, I wanted to fly. I kept giving her more steam, and I kept gaining on my time. We aren't due till 7, you know, but I wanted to be in at 6—aye! an hour before that. When thought came up to me that Jennie might be dead when next I entered the door I should have pulled the throttle wide open if the fireman hadn't grabbed my arm."

"Poor man!" they whispered as he shuddered with pain and seemed to be exhausted.

"Yes, blame it all on me?" he whispered. "No. 17 had five minutes more to get in, and she'd have made it all right, but I stole her time. And now—and now"—

He lay so quiet for a moment that the doctor felt for his heart to see if it still beat.

"And now—that's her—that's Jennie. She's beckoning—she's calling! Right down the track—over the high bridge—through the deep cut—I'm coming—coming!"

And men wiped tears from their eyes and whispered:

"He has found his child in death!"

HAGAR'S NERVE.

He Was Almost Tempted to Get Mad at Jack.

"I saw an exhibition of what you might call nerve the other day up in Delaware County," said Deacon Charles N. Bean of the public stores. "I was up there on business last week, near Harpersfield, and an acquaintance took me out to fish for pickerel through the ice. On our way to the pond we met a couple of men chopping in the woods. My friend knew one of the men, and stopped to talk to him. The other man kept chopping. He had made but two or three strokes with his axe when it flew off the handle. The sharp blade whizzed through the air, passed close to my friend's head, and, striking the other chopper, whose name was Hagar, cut his nose off close to his face as clean as if it had been done with a razor. The man who had lost it put his hand up to his face in a startled sort of way, and looked down at the severed nose as if he could hardly believe his eyes. When the full force of the situation struck him he looked at his fellow-chopper with an expression of surprise and deep injury on his face, and said:

"'Well, Jack, you're a d— nice fellow, ain't ye?'

"Hagar then stooped and picked up his nose and pressing his handkerchief to his bleeding face, astounded both my friend and myself by resuming the subject upon which they had been talking—which was the making of a contract for some chopping—as if nothing of consequence had occurred to interrupt it. My friend, however, started the other chap to the village after a doctor, and wanted to take Hagar home at once on his buckboard. Hagar wouldn't hear to this and he said he would cut across to his cabin through the woods and wait for the doctor, and he started off without any apparent hurry, carrying his nose in his hand.

"When we returned at night we went out of our way two miles to inquire after Hagar. We found him chopping up fire wood in front of the cabin. There was a bandage around his face. When we asked if the doctor had seen him he said:

"'Yes, he's been here. He stuck the nose on in its old place and bound it there, and said he believed it would grow fast again, as he had known of such things happening. Say, I came blame near getting mad at Jack when that axe flew off to-day. He's always cutting up some dido or other.'

"Then we drove back to Harpersfield. I had a letter to-day from my friend. He had just come from a visit to Hagar. He says the man is getting along, and that the nose will grow fast again, sure. Now, these are facts, and I tell you that Hagar struck me as giving an exhibition of what you might call nerve."—[*New York Sun.*

The attack.

The repulse.

Re-enforcements.

A pear tree eighty-seven years old, and which has not failed to bear a crop of fruit for over eighty years, is boasted of by Montgomery County, Ga.

An English physician has been trying to count the hairs on the human head. He quotes the average number of hairs per square inch at 1,036, and estimates about 128,000 hairs for the entire head as a general rule.

A man named Senor Nicholas Anchelena, of Buenes Ayres, recently deceased, is said to have been the richest farmer in the world. He had 1,710 square miles of land, 152,000 cows, 500,000 sheep, and 5,600 horses. His assets footed up $120,000,000.

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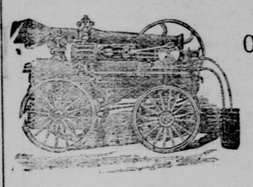

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Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

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Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns. 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

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Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side rheumatism, neuralgia.

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"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility, $1.

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and the many Throat Affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough oh Coughs" Troches, 15c. Balsam, 25c.

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If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

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If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

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Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 and 25 cents.

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Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells Health Renewer."

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Hacking, irritating Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruption, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chillblains.

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Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "ells' Health Renewer."

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three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using ells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c.; Balsam, 25c.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" POROUSED PLASTER;

Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in the chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 6-22-1y

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla*, with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia*, the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron*, and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

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