DENTON JOURNAL.

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MELVIN BROS.

Saturday Morning, March 28, 1885.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

George Washington Compared to Other Statesmen.

Henry Ward Beecher talked to his congregation recently about the value of a good name, and incidentally had something to say about George Washington. "The foundation of a good name," said the preacher, "is moral integrity. No man can succeed permanently in any department of human life who has not the underlying element of moral sense. When the new dog comes to the kennel there has got to be an adjustment between him and the other dog. In the strife of life men have got to be tested before they get very far along. The men who go through all temptations and come out honest, straightforward, truthful, kind and gentle—those are the men who are wanted everywhere, and they are scarce.

"The curse and blight to-day is that the young men believe that integrity is less safe than smartness. I deny it. The world was made for honest men, and it has been quarreling and fighting through the ages because they are not honest and reliable. Washington's name is probably more universally honored than any other within the bounds of time, save that of Him of Bethlehem. It was not merely a human name, and if you look for reasons for the honor paid it you will not find them in unusual or extraordinary development. He was not a very great general. There have been a hundred greater. In the argument of widely extended and complex affairs he was respectable, but he could not for a moment be compared as a Statesman to Cavour, the father of Italian unity; to Bismarck, to the round and well-nigh perfect man, Gladstone, upon whose originally rich endowment came an eminent education, and who has stood through the varying fortunes of that great empire, year in and year out, in the darkness and in the light, above not only every one of the statesmen in his own Cabinet, but those who desire to be in it—an eminent man indeed, with a great name, which shall never go below the horizon.

Washington had not the gifts and opportunities which belong to Gladstone, but he had good sense, one of the best foundations in the world on which to build, and he had a thorough loyalty to truth and honor. He could be trusted under all circumstances. His patriotism was without a spark of selfishness. He lived with good judgment and fair attainments in a stormy time, and he was neither blown from his balance nor broken in limb or branch. Standing thus through all the years, he is a marvel of a man. All men say his life was a model. All men say he was the pattern of an honest man. Though in many special gifts he will be surpassed as times go on, yet in the union of the humble, simple, fundamental elements of integrity in all relations of life he will never be surpassed. He is a good example to bring up children on, provided children are worthy of being brought up on such an example."

A CAT DONATION PARTY.

Mrs. Smith's Thoughtful Friends Come to Her Rescue.

Mrs. Smith, of Morristown, Pa., is a garrulous, good-natured lady, who retails her trials to all sympathizing visitors. Her principal grievance lately has been the rapaciousness of a colony of rats that took possession of the house. Figuratively speaking the family have had rats for breakfast, rats for dinner, rats for supper and rats for a night-cap at bedtime. The rats have annoyed the old lady by perforating her linen, playing hide and seek in her refrigerators and holding high carnivals in the pantry, so much that the burden of her song and of everybody else in the house was rats. All her friends, and she has many, had heard about her rat troubles when she gave a dinner party. About twenty people were invited. The first arrival got out of a carriage and also took out a bag.

"My dear Mrs. Smith, how do you do? You are so troubled with rats and so anxious for a good cat that I thought I would bring you a couple of cats. Here they are," and a bag being opened a Tom and a Tabby leaped forth and ran around the yard.

The second guest brought a cat. The third brought a couple of cats. The fourth brought a very young kitten. The fifth brought a new family of kittens. The sixth brought a bag full of back alley cats from Philadelphia, whose appetites, accustomed to fat sewer rats, might be expected to result in the annihilation of scrawny little country rats in almost no time. The seventh guest brought two quiet old fireside cats. The eighth brought a beautiful Maltese. In short, every one of the twenty guests brought at least one cat, and generally several.

The host and hostess began to look dubious when the tenth guest arrived. On the fifteenth arrival they began to wonder which would eat the most, the guests or the cats. On the twentieth arrival they felt like putting some rat poison into the food of the guests.

Persons in want of cats can inquire of anybody in that part of the county.—[*Philadalphia Times*

Fresh Fashion Notes.

Pink in all shades is the Parisian passion of the passing moment.

The jersey corset cover bids fair to replace those of cotton or linen.

The newest skirts are perfectly plain, falling in straight lines from the waist to the hem.

Round hats grow taller in the crown and narrower in the brim in the black as winter advances.

Shoulder epaulets are still fashionably employed for giving a dressy effect as well as shortening the length between the high collar and the top of the sleeve.

Spangles and gold thread feather, stitching unite the scraps of crazy patchwork bags, and gold fringe or tassels trim them, but they must be closed with ribbons for a draw-string.

A new dress is made from ruby cashmere; the skirt is made in plaits with a short overshirt with long pointed tunic. The waist is in blouse shape; both waist and tunic are trimmed with cream lace; the blouse is closed with a bronze buckle and silk velvet ribbons of ruby colors, and a high, standing collar of velvet, with a ruche of cream lace.

The new and elegant ladies' dresses which have been brought out are prominent through their plain appearance. A dark brown cashmere dress is made with broad plaids, which are bordered with brown silk velvet. The waist from cashmere is covered by a cape of brown brocaded velvet, trimmed with chenille fringes and a broad embroidery of brown and gold pearls.

The latest fashionable colors are ruby, tannine, a lighter shade of ruby, a dark mushroom color (like mustard), and several shades of green, as moss, tea and reseda green. Velvets, plushes and dress goods are being made in the above colors. English houses have combined these colors with India silks, which are very good for the new plaited skirts. Satins, merveilleux and serge surahs, in new colors, are largely ordered for ladies' dresses.

Slaves in Petticoats.

In Germany women do most of the menial out-of-door work. Switzerland is the only country in continental Europe where peasant women are not obliged to do all the hard work. A woman was seen recently in Naples carrying a coffin on her head, chatting gayly with a man who walked empty-handed at her side. Not infrequently a woman and a cow are seen together pulling a coal-cart through the streets of a North German city, a man touching them up gently, to be sure, with a whip as he walks beside them. In Denmark it is not unusual to see a woman high up in a cherry tree picking the fruit, while a man lies at the foot waiting to place the ladder when she shall be ready to come down with her burden. "In Upper Australia," writes a correspondent, "I saw a slight and very pretty young girl carrying the mortar up to the second story of a building, while a man waited there to put it in place when she arrived." A correspondent reports having seen a woman in Holland drawing a canal boat, bent nearly double with the leathern harness as she trudged along the towpath, a man sitting at his ease in the boat smoking.

Mrs. Grundy.

To the majority of people Mrs. Grundy is the ogre who haunts their days, and pries into their closets, and keeps them awake nights; they never make a purchase or acquaintance, publish a book, put on a new gown, adopt a new fashion or a new lover, without concerning themselves with Mrs. Grundy's view of the case: whether she will indorse or reprove that is the question. Her approval is their ambition, and her disapproval their idea of failure. To a certain extent this is a desirable frame of mind. If nobody cared what his neighbor thought of him, the world would be a queer place. At the same time it is possible to overestimate the importance of our neighbor's opinion, and so handicap our lives that we shall do nothing spontaneously, that we shall live continually in an atmosphere of self-consciousness and anxiety, when, after all, our own approval is the thing we can least do without, the thing most to be coveted, means more to us than that of friend or foe; but to live in servile awe of how Mrs. Grundy will receive our most innocent actions is to live the life of a slave or a voluntary martyr, bereft of all dignity and of all freedom. But say what we may, Mrs. Grundy is a great potentate, upon whose realms the sun never sets: the Czar of all the Russias is not more autocratic then she, and rebel as we will, we prevail little against her dictum; the traditions of her dynasty are too great for us; it is like fighting a windmill to contend against her. To be sure, the majority of mankind are willing subjects; they court her service, and would be totally adrift without her guidance; she dictates what they shall wear, where they may visit, where they shall travel, what they shall read, the furniture and architecture of their homes, whether they shall live within their income or beyond it, whether they shall spend the summer in a comfortable home or at some wretched sea-side resort. She makes and unmakes matches, and the man or woman who marries in defiance of her must have the courage of the saints. Even after death she holds a mortgage on our good name if our will does not read to satisfy her. High and low are equally under her dominion: the slums have their world of cold criticism and censure, no doubt, as well as Belgravia, and entertain as profound a respect for it, according to their light. It is perhaps difficult to say why we succumb to Mrs. Grundy with as good grace as we do, unless we feel that she represents the common-sense of mankind, or because it is a custom handed down from generations, or because it is easy to float with the current; for was there ever a time, even among the cave or lake dwellers, when she was not in authority in the universe, and to most people a sort of conscience?

Courting Miss Congo.

The centre of Africa is the centre of a good deal of attraction just now among the potentates of Europe. Uncle Sam, whose distinguished citizen Henry M. Stanley, threw so much light on the secrets of the dark continent, not having the colonizing instinct very much developed, looks on as a comparatively disinterested spectator; but Germany, England, Italy, Portugal and other nations are wooing the dusky maiden of the deserts most assiduously. It is all a matter of business. The Congo drains and opens up a vast area of territory containing many natives; these natives have wants which it is the ambition of civilization to supply. Civilization is quite prepared to furnish bibles, beads and rum in exchange for ivory, palm oil and gold-dust. The rivalry arises from the commercial industry of a lot of traders, who are all anxious to be first in a new field, and to control it. And so it goes.

England's experience in Africa has not, of late, been of so pleasant a nature as she could wish. Still, the "grasping islanders," as some one calls them, are never content to see any portion of the inhabitable globe occupied by others. Under Bismarck's influence, Germany has recently developed an astonishing *penchant* for colonization, and poor little Portugal claims that she was the first, and ought, in common justice, to be allowed some finger in the pie. Amongst them all we are inclined to let our sympathies go to Miss Congo. Whichever wins, she is pretty certain to get left, eventually, "Too many lovers puzzle a maid."—[*Judge.*

The Romance of a Tombstone.

"Anything new in epitaphs?"

"Nothing particular. I can tell you a sentimental story about one, though. I got an order for a gravestone from a nice young man, who thought he didn't have long to live. No lungs and hardly anything else, you know. He picked out a verse from Dr. Watts, to have chiseled under his name. Same day I called on a nice young lady who thought she was going fast. She had an idea that it would be a great comfort to select the style of her own gravestone. We made all the arrangements without much trouble until we came to the epitaph. She couldn't think of a verse to suit her. At last I pulled out my note book and showed her the young man's epitaph. She was tickled with the verse, and said the young man who wanted that on his gravestone must have been a very good young man, and wished she had known him before he died. 'He's not dead yet,' I said. 'Not dead!' she holiered. 'Where does he live?' I told her. The result was that when I came around with the gravestones all complete, except that the 'departed this life' date on each wasn't filled in, I found that young woman nursing that young man and both of them getting well. They invited me to their wedding six months afterwards, but I didn't go. I thought they had treated me rather shabbily; for though they had paid me for the gravestones they didn't use them, and I could never point to them as specimens of my workmanship."—[*Chicago News.*

The Editors Were There.

Both of the editors of *Puff* were at the wedding of Miss Mattie Seitz and Mr. Russell Stewart on Wednesday.

It was a splendid wedding.

The house was a fairyland of flowers and dressed people.

The bride looked the best.

So did the maids of honor.

The bride kissed the editors of *Puff*.

All of the gentlemen looked as if they wished they were editors, too.

The refreshments would be hard to beat.

We hope to have some more weddings of the kind to look after.—[*Easton Puff.*

Millions in Cattle.

Some of the wealthiest cattle companies are located in Texas, Colorado and New Mexico, as follows: Texas Live Stock Company, $45,000,000; Cherokee Live Stock, $45,000,000; South Texas, $21,000,000; Northern New Mexico, $10,000,000; Central New Mexico, $6,000,000; Lincoln Company of New Mexico, $8,000,000; Milo A. Smith, Socorro, N. M., $2,000,000. A dozen companies represent $175,000,000. In this ratio it will be only a few years before the vast domain of fine grazing land will be controlled by cattle companies and reap the immense profits of this multiplying wealth of the United States.

At a hat shop in the Bowery, near Grand street, an Irishman approached the counter, saying he wished to purchase a hat. "What size, sir?" asked the assistant. "Begorra, oi don't know," said the Hibernian, scratching his head, "but oi take noines in boots!"

Jones—"Yes, sir, it is mighty hard to collect money just now. I know it." Smith—"Indeed. Have you tried to collect and failed?" Jones—"Oh, no." Smith—"How, then, do you know that money is hard to collect?" Jones—"Because several people have tried to collect of me."

A young gentleman who was pledged to take a young lady to a party remarked on the afternoon previous to the event that he was going home to take a sleep in order to be fresh. "That's right," she replied, "but don't sleep too long." "Why?" he asked. "Because," she answered, "I do not want you to be too fresh."

Mike (something like an invalid)—The doctor says Oi must dhrink oirun for me blood.

Mary—Shure, an' how can yes dhrink oirun, Moike?

Mike—By meltin' it, av course.

Mary—But yes can't dhrink hot melted oirun, ye fule.

Mike—Oi knaw Oi can't dhrink hot melted oirun, but it's mealif that can wait till it cools

Best State for an artist—Colorado.
Best State for a doctor—Md.
Best territory for a tramp—Wash.
Best state for a toper—R. I. (and rock).
Worth more than nine States put together—Tenn.
Best State for hogs—Penn.
Worst State of health—Ill.
The State we like the best—Me.
Best State for wealthy sinners—Mass.
Best State for dogs—Ky. (yi).
Best State for a poor shot—Miss
Best State for Arabs—Ala.
Best State for those who can't pay—O.
Best State for a flood—Ark.
Two States oftenest together—Wis. Ky.
Best State for miners—Ore.
Worst State of all—Texas.

ALL SORTS.

A middle-aged farmer of Glenville, N. Y., went to bed recently in excellent health and with perfect eyesight. The next morning he awoke totally blind, though his eyes appear perfectly natural.

Dio Lewis says he had no difficulty in getting into bar-rooms in any part of Iowa. The difficulty in Iowa bar-rooms is not the getting in; it is the getting of the genuine Kentucky article.—[*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Two travelers in Central Africa are utilizing the phonograph in a novel manner. They visit the different savage tribes and persuade chiefs to talk at the instrument. The record is preserved, to be taken to Europe for the inspection and study of philologists, who are to be qualified to make out the languages and determine whether or not they are related to any other known tongues.

Quite an excitement was created a few years ago by the announcement that a Pittsburg glass manufacturer had discovered a method of spinning glass so fine and so pliable that it could be woven into dresses, outside wraps and garments of all kinds. There was a great rush of applicants to see and utilize the novel fabric, but when it was learned that glass cloth would cost $20 per yard the curiosity of the public received a set back, and there is no record yet of any sales having been made for glass garments.

Brown (who has just had telephonic connection established between his office and house and is very much pleased with it)—I tell you, Smith, this telephone business is a wonderful thing. I want you to dine with me this evening, and I will notify Mrs. Brown to expect you. (Speaking through the telephone)—My friend Smith will dine with us this evening. Now listen and hear how distinctly her reply will come back. Mrs. Brown's reply (coming back with startling distinctness)—Ask your friend Smith if he thinks we keep a hotel.

Ex-Mayor Robinson of Hartford, Conn., tells this of the famous preacher, Dr. Joel Hawes: "One day he came into my office and said: "Henry, a man was in my study this morning, and, right under my own roof, told me I hadn't preached the gospel for forty years! What would you have done if you had been in my place?" I said I would have kicked him out of doors. The good old doctor—a man of peace in all respects—looked at me with a queer expression for a moment, and then remarked, thoughtfully: 'I wish you'd been there, Henry!'"

Japanese children have their heads shaved, with the exception of four little tufts, one before, one behind and one on each side. They wear bright and many colored clothes, their loose jackets having very long sleeves, almost to the ground, in each of which there is a pocket. They are odd little mites, sometimes going about in clogs, with their little bald heads shining in the sun. Some wear short stockings, but not all, and these are made like a mitten, with one division for the big toe, round which the sandals of the clog are fastened. Custom requires that these clogs be removed before the child is taken into a room.

A pretty literary anecdote is related by Wilhelm Grimm, one of the pair of famous story-tellers. One day a little girl rang their bell and met him in the hall with the words: "Are you the Mr. Grimm that writes the pretty tales?" "Yes, I and my brother." "And that of the clever little tailor who married the princes?" "Yes, certainly." "Well," said the child, producing the boiz, "it is said here that every one who doesn't believe it must pay him a thaler. Now I don't believe that a princess ever married a tailor. I haven't as much as a thaler, but here is a groschen, and please say I hope to pay the rest by degrees." And then Jacob came up, and the brothers had an interesting interview with the little dame; but they could not persuade her to take away the groschen which she had laid on the table.

Saying and Doings of Little Ones.

Freddie has a cat of which he is very fond. The other day kitty scratched him, when he remarked: "I love pussy, but I don't love to have her puss me."—[*Boston Times.*

Perhaps the little boy who explained to a companion the other day that "gas is melted wind" is the same one who defined dust as mud with the juice squeezed out.—[*Wilmington Star.*

"What would I do were you to die?" said a lady to her husband, who had just purchassed a sealskin sacque for her. "Oh, come off!" said the eight-year-old hopeful; "you'd marry that old codger you kissed when pa was asleep on the sofa."—[*Evansville Argus.*

"What celebrated King ate grass?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"Nebuchadnezzar," was the prompt reply.

"Why did he eat grass?"

"Cause his mammy cooked it in the greens!" said a little boy who had had some experience.—[*Newman Independent.*

"Mother, kin a thing have two mothers?"

"No, son."

"Yes, they kin. If one hen lays an egg and another hen hatches it out the chicken what's hatched has two mothers, hain't it?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me with such foolish questions."

"Mother, d'ye think I won't know any more then you do when I get as old as you are?"

Various Viands.

We believe it is a cold day for victuals when they're left.—[*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Every cloud has a silver lining." That's where the clouds get away with vest-pockets.

It is a mistake to judge the *menu* of any hotel by the size of the diamond stud supported by the clerk.—[*Fall River Herald.*

Often a cold shoulder pleases the recipient, especially if it happens to be a cold shoulder of lamb.—[*Waterloo Observer.*

An English circus clown is reported hale and hearty at the age of eighty. Shows what a light diet will do for a man; lived on sawdust for years, probably.—[*Boston Bulletin.*

A household magazine says that "very nice codfish balls are made by cutting a codfish up fine," etc. We supposed that nice codfish balls were made by cutting a piece of liver up fine, etc. It seems like a queer notion to put codfish in codfish balls.—[*Morristown Herald.*

A new plan of gradually driving the poor out of town has been adopted in Urbana, Ohio. The society young ladies have organized a cooking club, and they prepare a basket of food at each meeting and take it to some poor family. One basket for each family is enough.—[*Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.*

She Cautioned Him About Being Too Previous.

She was a daffodil and possessed all the sweetlings of her sex. He asked:

"Would there be any objection from the head of the table if we should conclude to Siamese?"

Silence prevailed until he could explain matters. He took fresh courage, and continued:

"I would shield you, my darling, from the cold and frosty winds of heaven, and from the dismal howling storms of earth. I would love you ever and ever, and protect you from those who would make your life dreary and unhappy. Speak, dearest, speak!"

"Well, John," she replied, "to speak candid, I don't think father would consent if you should say anything to him about twins right off."

He didn't ask the old man any serious questions concerning the daughter at the tea table that evening.—[*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

An Old Man's Advice.

David Dudley Field at 80 advises young men to be abstemious in their habits, to avoid tobacco in all forms, and to sleep not less than eight hours a day. To the fact that he has never permitted anything to interfere with his regular rest each day he attributes his long life, good health and capacity for hard work. All of these commend themselves to every thoughtful person, but they gain additional weight when enunciated in the vigorous old age by a man who is almost as old as the century. The necessity of moderation and the undeniable evidences to be seen daily that nothing is gained by consuming one's candle at both ends cannot be too often impressed upon the American people.

Americans abroad are apt to be very American. A Mr. Livingstone, who is spending the winter in Florence, drives out daily with three coaches always driven in line; the first, driven by himself, is drawn by a pair and six horses tandem; the second, driven by his son, with eight horses tandem; while the third, driven by a coachman is drawn by four tandem or a double pair. This noble gentleman first drove the whole twenty steedst together, but meeting with an accident, the city officials interfered and obliged Mr. Livingstone to separate them.

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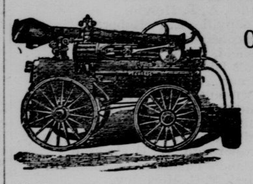

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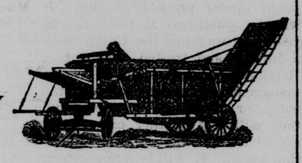

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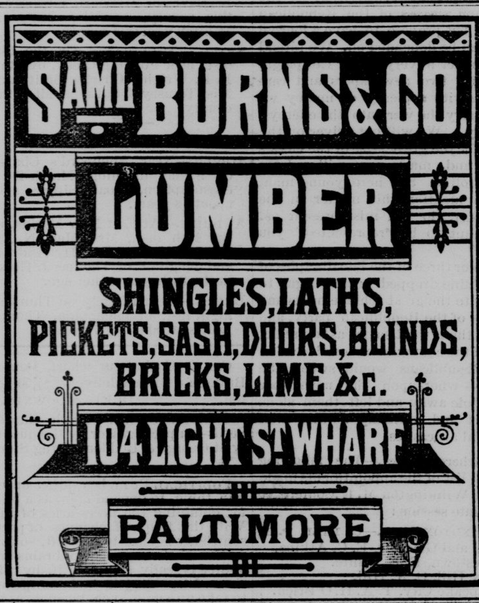

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Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

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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.

"ROUGH ON PAINS" POROUSED PLASTER;

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

THIN PEOPLE.

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

WHOOPING COUGH,

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

MOTHERS.

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

LIFE PRESERVER.

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

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

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

PRETTY WOMEN.

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

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

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of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

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Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

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