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DENTON JOURNAL.

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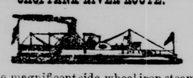

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For Rent.

The Brick Hotel, Denton, is for rent for the year 1894. Possession will be given before if desired. J. H. VANGESEL.

SEA BATHS IN ITALY.

USE MADE OF THE BLUE WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Exhilarating Plunges In Nature's Great Lavatory—In the Water All the Reserved Etiquette of the Drawing Room Vanishes—Interesting Features.

Those who have been fortunate enough to glide from Italy's picturesque shores into the warm blue waters of the Mediterranean and float luxuriously in the salty sea among a perfect school of happy bathers will never forget it. Never! Venice, Naples, Capri, Amalfi! It makes one's eyes glisten at the very thought of it. To Italy's splendid title, "The Land of Poetry and Song," might also be added "The Land of Baths" were it not that the second name to some fastidious minds would detract from the beauty of the first.

The ancient Romans, borrowing as they did all the worthily imitable customs from their Greek and Egyptian neighbors, found the baths especially suited to their luxurious tastes and carried them to a degree of excellence which had never been attained, making them not only of immense benefit in a sanitary way, but establishing them as a favorite rendezvous for people of culture and talent as well as for the poorer classes, who also enjoyed the privilege of their own compartments. Look at the baths of Diocletian, which are estimated to have accommodated no less than 18,000 people at one time. And those of Caracallar at Rome. What wonderful ruins of a still more wonderful structure! In those walls bathing became a science. Cold baths, tepid baths, hot baths, oil baths, sun baths—every kind of bath! Why simply to visit the place was a rest and recreation. Statuary and paintings lent beauty on all sides. Music charmed. Orators and poets entertained.

What beauty in the remaining walls of the Pompeian baths! The frescoes are as bright and beautiful as if they were done but yesterday, and the marble carvings and pavements which escaped the fury of the burning mountain have softened in color almost to an ivory.

Then the baths of Nero. Around the coast on the charming picturesque road leading from Pozzuoli to Baiae one alights from the little carozzella and clambers up to a cave cut in the side of the mountain, wherein is a spring heated to a high temperature in its subterranean channels by veins of volcanic life which abound near Vesuvius. This spot suited well the comfort loving Nero, who made of it a favorite resort and caused the rough stone couches to be placed there, which still remain.

One reads little of sea bathing in those days. Every Roman colony thought to construct its baths as it thought of raising its temples. But now all Italy turns its face to its natural advantages, and with one accord cries as early as May, "Let us to the sea!" Not all the establishments are as convenient and as well constructed as the Lido at Venice and those of Posilipo at Naples, but they are all on the same general plan. Every place open to the use of the public is provided with a pavilion where people congregate to discuss the latest topics, or to devour with eager ears the latest gossip, while there is always music, from morning till night, if only one of those harassing "organettes" or portable pianos, which grind incessantly and seem always to be playing "Santa Lucia" or "Bella Napoli" and vary sometimes with the "Trovatore."

On either side of the pavilion are the "camerini," or dressing rooms—one side reserved for ladies, the other for gentlemen. These "camerini" are the roughest kind of little wooden boxes, carpeted with a mat of braided straw and furnished with four rude chairs for the four persons each is supposed to accommodate. Then there are the steps leading to the water. The fee for the use of each room is one franc fifty (or 30 cents), including the linen sheets, the price never varying whether there be one or four persons together.

Once in the water and presto! change! all the reserved etiquette of the Italian drawing room vanishes. Then and then only does liberty exist, and the pretty little signorinas, as well as the handsome signoras, in the very simplest kind of bathing costume, generally dark blue with a little white braid, transformed into veritable water nymphs, swim off with all the grace and alacrity of a fish, never fearing, never tiring, just as if they had been born to it. And there is no end to romance. Fancy a boat full of handsome young officers towing a trail of pretty, bright eyed girls to some quiet, picturesque spot, where all indulge in a jolly little luncheon. It doesn't seem so very much, does it? And yet one recalls that these same young officers may never have dared address the young ladies on land, or if they have had the good fortune to do so it was only under the watchful eye of the omnipresent chaperon, then we realize what it really means.

Then there are the quieter places, like the placid blue waters of Sorrento, away down under the high walls of rock, where one may float and gaze up at the beautiful villas and fragrant orange gardens. And Capri, where the wonderful blue grotto is free to all who can swim there, while the hurried traveler inevitably falls a victim to the merciless boatmen who shake their hands in one's face and demand "la tariffa," which never fails to exceed the fee regularly established.

Yes, the sea is a blessing to the Italians, open to all and appreciated as well by poor as by rich. Indeed one finds himself wondering what would become of the lower classes—take the Neapolitans, for instance—if it were not for this wise provision of nature. They are said to be constitutionally opposed to the use of water in winter on the grounds that it means certain death by cold, but in summer they fairly live in the sea, and the little street urchins frolic about and dive for the pennies of the "forestieri" without even the encumbrance of a bathing costume.—Chicago Tribune.

The Appetite of the Ostrich.

It is never safe to drop any article when walking near a covey of ostriches. The ostrich will eat anything, seeming apparently to have no sense of taste. A story is told of a young girl who was visiting a zoo where a large ostrich snatched her kid gloves, which were rolled into a ball, and ate them. The next day the girl returned with the family contribution of a half dozen pairs of gloves, all of which were as readily swallowed.—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Encourage Inhuman Tricks.

Let the boy fish, boat, canoe, swim and tramp through the woods on exploring trips to his heart's content. Go with him if possible and encourage healthful exercise and observation as much as possible, but don't teach him, nor allow him to acquire, unlawful and inhuman tricks. Upon nearly every one of furred or feathered things seen during June and July depends a family of helpless lives, which may be doomed to the miseries of slow starvation by one thoughtless shot.

The boy with the firearm sees a bird and says, "Watch me plug him," and if the aim prove true the boy thinks he has done something clever, and most likely his fond father tells him that he has so done. In reality he has broken a law and probably sounded the doom of half a dozen wretched fledglings hidden in a nest near by. Men will cheerfully give up a handful of dollars for the privilege of drinking in the wondrous melody from the trained throat of a Patti and go into raptures over the sweetness and the elevating influence of perfect music, yet the same men will blithely murder a poor little feathered Patti and still forever life and song such as no Patti ever aspired to—in fine, destroy what the concentated brains and skill of the world cannot replace.

And for what purpose? Simply to gratify a taste for the shambles, or to show off—to prove that an eye can glance along a bit of iron or steel truly enough to insure the planting of a nugget of lead within the limit of a poor, unsuspecting creature's body—to kill a beautiful, happy bird.—Outing.

The English Admiral and the Dey.

The Moors hold by their beards when they swear in order to give weight to their oath, which after this formality they rarely violate. The length of beard seems to weigh with them more than the stock of brains.

Admiral Keppel was sent to Algiers to demand satisfaction for the injuries done to his Britannic majesty's subjects by their corsairs. The dey, enraged at the boldness of the embassador, exclaimed "that he wondered at the insolence of the English monarch in sending him a message by a foolish, beardless boy."

The admiral, somewhat nettled, replied that if his master had supposed wisdom was to be measured by the length of the beard he would doubtless have sent the dey a he goat.

This answer so enraged the dey that he ordered his mutes to attend with the bowstrings, saying that the admiral should pay for his boldness with his life. Nothing daunted by this threat, the embassador took the dey to the window, and showing him the English fleet said if it was his pleasure to put him to death there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile.

The dey, who wore a long beard, took the hint from the man who had none.—Youth's Companion.

Forgetting One's Children.

"I left my children standing there, exactly there!" It was in one of the stores in Temple place, and the mother who had lost her two little girls pointed with absolute decision to the place where she was certain she had told them to wait for her while she went to another counter to look at a bargain. A small commotion of inquiry and search at once buzzed through the store. Presently one of the head men stepped to the door and looked up and down the street to see if the lost children had strayed out of doors.

In front of another store a few doors up the street a small crowd was collecting about two little girls who were asking piteously for their mother. They were still standing in the doorway of the store exactly where she had left them when she went away down to the other to look up a bargain. And when she was brought unto her own she "remembered that she had forgotten" where it was she had left them, and added, "I declare, I don't see how I came to do such a thing!"—Boston Transcript.

Fishing by Electricity.

The success which attended the use of the electric light in fishing off the California coast has led to the devising of various improved apparatus for that purpose. One of these consists of a large iron frame interlaced with netting, which can be opened and closed at the will of the operator. An electric light incased in a lantern is lowered into the net, the electricity being furnished by a motor in the bow of the boat. As the boat moves along the net work is thrown open, and the bright light of the lamp, which is seen at a great distance in the clear water, arouses the curiosity of the fish, which readily swim into the trap. This is the modern variant of the old method of destroying fish from a canoe by torchlight.—Exchange.

Early Reading.

It may seem superfluous to say that one can not put old heads on young shoulders, yet it is a truth of which many parents require to be reminded who are very anxious for their boys to "get on" and who deplore with uplifted eyes their offspring's fondness of "adventure books." That is the tendency of the average boy. Occasionally the precocity of genius asserts itself in a Goethe, a Shelley or a Byron; but, speaking generally, childhood is mentally prone to follow after the new and the wonderful. It is a principle the operation of which should not be interfered with as long as a boy's excursions into the realm of fiction are kept within reasonable bounds.—Chambers' Journal.

Tobacco and Microbes.

Dr. Tassinari has published in the Italia Termale the result of an investigation into the effects of tobacco smoke on microbes. He finds that the smoke of the Cavour, Virginia and Tuscan cigars and all black and chopped tobaccos possesses a very pronounced bactericide power, especially against the bacillus of Asiatic cholera. This microbicide action may in all probability be attributed to the products of nicotine. In epidemics of cholera and typhus the use of tobacco may be rather useful than hurtful. Tobacco smoke merits special consideration on the hygiene of the mouth as a prophylactic means of combating microbian affections of the buccal cavity.

Always Clean.

Good Minister—I observe with pleasure that your family Bible is not covered with dust.

Little Girl—It's always nice and clean now, ever since the piano stool broke.—Good News.

NEW GREEN GOODS METHODS.

Dressed In Feminine Attire, the Swindler Lures His Victims.

Accompanied by Police Constable Irving and a friend, a gentleman whose accent afforded indisputable evidence that he is of German extraction walked into the detective office last night and there related a most remarkable experience which, he stated, had befallen him. His name is Franz Hohlbein, he is the representative of a tan bark company, and in the register of the Red Lion hotel he has given his address as Dashwood, Ont. His business has taken him all over this country and the adjoining republic, and he has only recently returned from the southern states.

His story to the detectives is to the effect that on Saturday evening, having nothing to do, he paid a visit to the museum on Yonge street. When the performance was over, he came out to the street and was about to return to his hotel when he noticed a very plump, rather handsome young lady, who appears to have had power enough to charm him away from his original intention to go home. Neither seems to have objected to the other's company, and, to make a long story short, the two strolled away up the street arm in arm. Hohlbein is a stranger in the city, has no knowledge at all of its geography, and is therefore unable to now describe, except in very general terms, the route followed by him and his companion, but it is sufficient to know that at length they reached the outside of a house which the lady informed him was her home. With some hesitation he accepted an invitation to enter and was ushered into a room furnished in a very ordinary way and containing, he noticed, a typewriter. He was offered some ale, but having declined to drink the lady drank some for him.

After some pleasant chatting his companion stepped back, and raising her hand lifted off her hat and a wig, and to his intense amazement Hohlbein saw that he was in the presence not of a woman, but of a man. Another twist of the wrist, and the man had removed a jacket, waist and skirt, and there he stood—a young man in ordinary male attire.

Hohlbein was at a loss to account for this very strange metamorphosis and grasped a revolver which he carried with him, determined to defend himself should the occasion rise. The stranger, however, requested him to be calm and at his ease, as no harm would come to him. He then produced some samples of bills, which he handed to Hohlbein with the request that the latter express an opinion as to what they were.

"Green goods!" said Hohlbein.

"Right you are!" said the stranger, and he then and there offered him all he wanted for 35 cents for each dollar's worth.

"How much money have you?" he asked Hohlbein. The latter produced his purse and showed his companion that there was nothing in it but some small change scarcely worth mentioning. This seemed to exasperate the occupant of the room, and with rather strong language he opened a door leading to the back yard and promptly evicted his guest. Hohlbein said he walked a long distance before he could find a street, and when he at last did so he hastened to his hotel. In the morning he related his experience to a friend, and the two interviewed Constable Irving, who went with them to the detective office.

The story is such a queer affair that it is difficult to come to any conclusion regarding it. The man who tells it is said to be an honest, truthful and sober man, and those who know him place reliance on his word.—Toronto Mail.

Strange Gods of Ignorant People.

There is a sect in Orissa, in the Bengal presidency, who worship Queen Victoria as their chief divinity. Colonel Graham discovered that her majesty was also an object of worship in the temple of the Phodonga-Lama, at Tuulong, in Thibet. A sect in the Punjab worshiped a deity whom they called Nikkal Sen. This Nikkal Sen was no other than the redoubted General Nicholson, and nothing that the general could do or say damped the enthusiasm of his adorers. M. du Chaillu tells that some of the African savages looked upon him as a superior being, and the South Sea islanders worshiped Captain Cook as a deity. Even when they had killed him and cut him into small pieces the inhabitants of Owyhee fully expected him to reappear and frequently asked what he would do to them on his return. Leader, in his Niger expedition, says that in most African towns and villages he was treated as a demigod. Lord John Lawrence has been worshiped among the Sikhs in northwest India.—Boston Globe.

Old Polo.

In "The Arabian Nights" we read of a wise sage who cured a great king by a decoction with which he anointed the handle of a stick with which the king was in the habit of playing a game at ball, to the end that when the royal hand perspired in the vigor of the play the open pores might receive the medicament.

The translator speaks of this stick as a "golfstick" (sic), but it is plain from the context that the game was played on horseback. It was, in fact, polo. Indeed the illustrations of the very same edition show the said king playing the game on horseback.—Blackwood's Magazine.

He Won't Be Expelled.

Mouldy Mike—By all th' saints, has yer lost yer mind? Wot you carryin that saw for?

Ragged Robert—It's all right. I stop at houses an offer to saw wood for me dinner.

"You'll be expelled from the Travelin Gentlemen's union."

"No, I won't. After dinner I tell 'em I can't work till I file me saw. They lend me a file an tell me to go way off where they won't hear me filin. Most any saloon will give a drink for a good file."—New York Weekly.

A Theory acted Swiggins.

"What makes Swiggins such an unconscionable liar?"

"Stinginess. He has as many facts as anybody, but he hates to give them out."—Exchange.

Travelers by rail in Russia are divided into three classes—civil, military and convict, with the further subdivision of paying and nonpaying.

The Weight of Crowds.

The load which is produced by a dense crowd of persons is generally taken at 80 to 100 pounds per square foot and is considered to be the greatest uniformly distributed load for which a floor need be proportioned. That this value may be largely exceeded in an actual crowd was pointed out by Professor W. C. Kernot of the Melbourne university, Australia, in a paper before the Victorian Institute of Engineers. In an actual trial a class of students averaging 138.5 pounds each in weight were crowded in a lobby containing 1,823 square feet, making an average floor load of 134.7 pounds. There was still room to have placed another man, which would have brought up the loading to 143.1 pounds per square foot.

Professor Kernot also quoted from Stoney, who placed 38 Irish laborers averaging 158 pounds each in weight in an empty ship deckhouse measuring 57 square feet floor area. This was a load of 147.4 pounds per square foot. In another test, with 73 laborers crowded into a hut 9 feet by 8 feet 8 inches, Stoney produced a load of 143 pounds per square foot and estimated that two or three more men could have been squeezed in. It appears from these experiments that while the figures ordinarily assumed of 80 to 100 pounds are sufficiently correct for spaces on which there is no cause to induce the collection of great crowds, larger figures, say 140 to 150 pounds per square foot, should be used for railway stations and platforms, entrances and exits to places of public assemblies or of office buildings, bridge sidewalks, pavements over vaults and other places where dense crowds are likely to gather.—Engineering News.

A Bashful Lord of Other Days.

There was a young lover who was a compound—very rare—of high rank and great abilities, with sweetness, great modesty and shyness. Most noble lords knew their own value and behave accordingly. This noble lord, however, was modest. He thought himself so far—so very far—below the worth of the young lady whom he loved that he was afraid to speak. Some women do not understand this modesty. Believe me, ladies, 'tis a sure and certain sign of a noble character, because only a lofty soul can conceive the existence of a goddess. We measure others, you see, by ourselves. It is also a sure sign of love, because such a man can only love a woman whom he deeply respects. Encourage this modesty, my daughters. Above all, do not laugh at it. This young man, therefore, was afraid to speak, and the delay, which is at first, I am told, pleasing and exciting, began to grow monotonous.

One day they were playing cards for money, after the fashion of their generation. The lady won; the loser paid.

"It is," he said, "half a crown. I wish indeed it were a crown."

"At least," replied the lady, "your lordship can give me a coronet."

And behold a miracle! For his tongue was loosened, and his eyes glowed, and his lips spake. They lived happy, one may add, though it is an unusual ending to a story, ever afterward.—Walter Besant in London Queen.

The Ostrich and Its Eggs.

I am rehearsing a few of the peculiarities of the creature which have made it of interest ever since the days of Job, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust." It would appear to be an evidence of cunning rather than stupidity for Mrs. Ostrich to adopt this very simple method of incubation. However, it has its disadvantages, for while she is away getting a good dinner her enemy, the white necked crow, spies the unguarded nest. He knows he cannot break one of those mammoth eggs and devises a shrewd plan to help him. Taking a stone in his beak he flies over the spot, calculates with bird sagacity the necessary distance and drops the stone. Plunk! An egg is broken, and he descends to his feast. This is said to be the same kind of a raven that fed the prophet Elijah. His wisdom seems almost of a supernatural order. It is said that the cry of an ostrich is like the roar of a lion, and the Hottentots often run from it in fright until they see the bird.—Detroit Free Press.

A Remarkable Bedstead From Bombay.

A Bombay man has constructed a bedstead priced at 16,000 rupees. It is thus described: "It has at its four corners four full sized, gaudily dressed Grecian damsels—those at the head holding banjos, while those on the right and left foot hold fans. Beneath the cot is a musical box which extends the whole length of the cot and is capable of playing 12 charming airs. The music begins the moment the least pressure has been brought to bear from the top, which is created by one sleeping or sitting, and ceases the moment the individual rises. While the music is in progress the lady banjoists at the head manipulate the strings with their fingers and move their heads, while the two Grecian damsels at the bottom fan the sleeper to sleep."

Why Delaware's Boundary Is Circular.

The northern boundary line of Delaware is circular because the charter given to Penn states that Pennsylvania was to be "bounded on the east by the Delaware river from 12 miles distant north of New Castle town until the three and fortieth degree of north latitude," and that the southern boundary was to be "a circle drawn at 12 miles distant from the town of New Castle northward and westward until the fortieth degree of north latitude and then by a straight line westward." This makes a circular boundary for northern Delaware unavoidable, and the facts above set forth explain a geographical curiosity that has puzzled many students.—St. Louis Republic.

A Word For Farmers.

The great drawback on many farms to the highest success with cows is the want of good pasture. Many pastures are stocked with early grasses which give a fair amount of feed early in the season, but after the last of July begin to fail, and through the remainder of the season afford but scanty feed. There is but one way for the farmer to bridge this chasm of poor pasturage, by adopting a partial soiling system—that is, to get near the full benefit of his dairy.—Lewiston Journal.

Mutual Recrimination.

Cora—I hear you keep bad company.

Jack (fiercely)—Tell me who said it, and I'll shoot 'em! I'd rather be slandered myself than to have one talk about your being bad, darling!—Exchange.

THE TURKEY.

Seasonable Hints Furnished by a British Fancier and Worthy of Note.

At the age of about 8 or 9 weeks, or in some cases a little more, turkey cockerels begin to develop their distinctive characteristics. The carunculated skin about the head and neck and a little later on the hornlike contractile comb on the forehead also assume a marked character. At this critical period the system requires a plentiful supply of nutritious food, together with the very best attention of the turkey raiser. Comfortable dry sheds for retreat during the daytime, in case of rain or very hot sun, will be of very great assistance.

Perching accommodation in large, well ventilated houses free from drafts should be provided for the poults. The distinctive sexual marks being well established—the youngsters lose the name of chickens and are termed turkey poults as soon as they begin to throw, or, as it is generally called, shoot the red—a little more care for a short time, together with a little extra allowance of flesh meat, and now and then a bit of hemp seed, will be well bestowed upon them. The time of danger will soon be over, for they will become every day stronger, more vigorous and hardy, and the turkey poult, which was so very delicate and required so much attention as a chicken, will after passing this stage rapidly develop into the mammoth of the the poultry yard, with a constitution befitting his extraordinary size and handsome appearance.

However, in order to grow turkeys up to the required standard of perfection and also to compensate in some degree for loss of size and stamina a further judicious course of feeding must be continued until a large frame has been built up and all the bone possible grown in as short a time as possible.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the turkey was bred and reared expressly to grace the tables of those who could afford such luxuries at Christmas. But at the present day these noble birds are justly classed among other fancy fowls. Classes are provided for them at many of our leading exhibitions, and prices are ruling higher, and it must be very gratifying to breeders to be able to note the number of first class birds which change hands at very satisfactory prices at many of our best shows. The increasing demand for first rate specimens at remunerative prices should therefore be an inducement for farmers to go in more extensively for this handsome and useful race of poultry.

Cost of Cutting and Curing Hay.

Here is an estimate made by The American Cultivator: The cost of cutting and curing hay and putting it in the barn will necessarily vary much with circumstances. In a good field, where there are two tons of hay to the acre or more, a man with a pair of good horses can begin in the afternoon and mow three or four hours; the next morning, after the dew is off, a smart boy can stir it up with the tedder, and in the afternoon can draw it into windrows with the horse rake, and if the weather has been good it may be driven into the barn at once, or if not quite cured enough it may be bunched and covered with hay caps, to sweat during the night, when a very little stirring the next day will fit it for the mow, and the cost of labor of man, boy and teams need not be over $1 a ton at fair wages. If the grass were heavier than two tons to the acre, it would not reduce the cost very much, as not as many acres could be cut unless the horses were very heavy, and it would be more work to get it properly cured, and the drawing in and putting upon the mow would be just as much for a ton in one case as in the other.

But where the grass is not more than a half ton to the acre, and we have seen many fields mown that fell far short of this, to mow with the hand scythe and rake with hand rake and to give an extra handling in airing because of lack of facilities for getting it dried the same day, two men would do very well to put in six tons in a week, and their time should be worth in haying not less than $30, and it would cost $5 per ton, and if one or two showers delayed and made it necessary to dry the hay several times it could be increased much more than that. Probably a fair average for a good farming town or county would be from $2 to $2.50 per ton as expense of curing and putting in, but the poor farmer's hay will very likely cost him at least $3 per ton more in expense than does the hay of his better equipped neighbor upon richer and more highly manured land.

Going Into the Animals' Cage.

"I never go into a cage of wild beasts unless it is absolutely necessary," said A. I. Robson, the veteran animal trainer. "In the first place, it is dangerous, and there is nothing to be gained by it. What is the use of risking one's life for nothing? I used to do it when I was younger, but I don't want to do it any more. Showmen once thought it was an attraction, but the people don't appreciate the danger of the performance, so that it is seldom done any more. John Robinson will not allow any one to go on parade in a cage of beasts, and he is right. Do you know that during the season I am continually annoyed by men who want to go into the cages? A good trainer will not risk his life so foolishly, and it is only novices who take the fearful risk. Some people think there is a lot of money in it, but I know that most of the men now parading in cages are working for no more than $30 a month.

"Showmen offer no inducement, but often they will permit a man to go on parade with a den of lions if he insists on it and agrees before witnesses to take all the risk upon his own shoulders. They do it for glory, but I don't see where the glory comes in. I used to have a cage of leopards that I raised from kittens. I went in with them for a few years, but when they got full grown I quit it. A fresh young man who was pining for glory insisted upon taking the place I refused to fill longer. He got the job, and one day the leopards tore him to pieces before a large crowd to the music of the calliope. They took him out just in time to let him die in the open air. Yes, it is very thrilling and very glorious. But I don't hanker for glory."—Cincinnati Times Star.

Advertisers on Hand.

During the university races at Putney advertisers try to make capital out of the crews. The vendors of patent medicines, soups, soaps, wines, bitters, pipes and foods all pounce down in order to be able to say that their particular patent was used by one crew or another.—London News.

Hoss and Hoss.

Belle—Charley Pruyne is the most impudent fellow in our set.

Blanche—What has he done?

Belle—Why, after I had been "out at home" to him several times, he sent a note to the door requesting our footman to tell me that he had not called.—Truth.