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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.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

There's a beautiful realm in the faraway past,
All lovely with sunshine and flowers,
And voices as sweet as the song of the birds
Laugh away the bright, happy hours;
I can hear them now come echoing back,
As I watch the starry dome,
And memory bells chime soft and low—
Home, sweet home.

The voices loved so in that long ago,
And those which make music now,
The coming step and the hand whose touch
Lingers gently on my brow—
I hope to greet in that fadeless realm,
Beyond the starry dome,
Where angel voices welcome breathe to
Home, sweet home.

NICE YOUNG MAN, BUT A FOOL.

He Is Utterly Too Good, and His Wife Is Sick of Her Bargain.

One of the best girls any fellow ever knew and the pride of a village not a thousand miles from Pittsburg made a fatal mistake when she married. Being such a happy girl, so sensible and so much sought after by the best young men in the neighborhood, every one confidently expected her to make a great catch. But she didn't, and now her neighbors are wondering how it all happened. She married a fool. That explains it all. No need to go into details. The fact that he dressed well and that he moved in good society and was known as a "very nice young man" will not make the case any plainer. He is a fool, and that is all there is about it.

His foolishness consisted largely in believing that the world was not made right, that the people are wrong hearted as well as wrong headed, and that it is the duty of every one to array himself against everything as it exists and keep up a constant grumbling, growling and complaining. This young man was very religious in a sense. He honestly and faithfully endeavored to keep himself unspotted from the world by avoiding contact with it. He went not into bad company, nor did he patronize picnics and evening parties, but staid at home reading good books and thinking how he could spin for himself a cocoon that would keep the outside world away from him. He did not realize the fact that he who has himself for companion and friend is in very poor company.

It was this sort of chap that our model girl married. She ought to have known better, but she mistook his knowledge of books for an evidence of brains and of learning, while the fellow really hadn't two ideas of his own about anything. The inside history of this case shows that she did not love him any better than she had other men, but he was such a nice young fellow that she thought there would be no risk taking him. In fact, she took him in the hope of escaping the very misery she is now suffering. He doesn't beat her with a club, nor does he get drunk and smash the furniture, but he tires her life out by lecturing her, finding fault continually and never commending, and trying to make her understand that her place is at home and that her duty is to him. Their home is dreary and chilly, and their lives about the same.

They are both satisfied that marriage is a failure, and they cannot be made to believe otherwise. It isn't the man who has the least book knowledge that is the biggest fool, nor are those who are short on general information to be classed with numskulls. Some of the most delightful people one may meet are those who are blessed with an abundance of common sense. They know absolutely nothing of Darwin nor of Briggs and not a great deal about electrical science, and they may even eat with their knives, pour their coffee into saucers and blow the soup to cool it, yet with all these shortcomings and defects they are the most delightful people to know. Their hearts are all right, and they understand enough of the science of life to know how to live comfortably themselves and to make others happy.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Water Started These Two Fires.

No principle of natural philosophy is more familiar than the power of water to extinguish fire. And yet, strange to say, water has been known to cause destructive fires, not by an accident, but by direct chemical action. One case of the kind was in a large factory. A flood caused the water to rise to a pile of iron filings, which oxidized so rapidly that they developed great heat and set fire to the nearby woodwork. The building was entirely destroyed.

Another case is still more remarkable. Several engines were throwing water upon a burning building, and the water found its way to another building, which contained quicklime. The slaking of the lime, caused of course by the contact of the water, generated intense heat, and the heat set fire to the building. That was a sarcasm of circumstances, wasn't it?—Philadelphia Times.

Value of Good Cooking.

We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that goes wrong, the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and health settles almost everything. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum pudding, mingling of lemonade and custards, unmasticable beef, have decided the fate of sermons, legislative bills and destiny of empires. The kitchen knife has often cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise. The kitchen kettle has kept many a good man in hot water. It will never be fully known how much the history of the world was affected by good or bad cookery.—Nashville Advocate.

Why He Chose the War.

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford Press, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the state by his vigorous appeals, one of the typesetters came in from the composing room, and placing himself before the editor said, "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Until the reign of Queen Anne an English army officer was liable to have his tongue bored through with a hot iron for blasphemy.

The sultan has a right royal terror of smallpox, and he is very particular to have the household thoroughly vaccinated.

The Perfect Place to Dwell In.

We had always been hunting for it. We had always felt sure that somewhere, some day, we should find the perfect place which was to combine the charm of the middle ages with the comfort of the nineteenth century—the Albert Durer town which could be reached in a railway train, with mediæval streets through which the dinner bell would make a pleasant sound, where there would be plenty of picturesque dirt in other people's houses, plenty of fresh water and clean rooms in our own hotel. Perhaps this is a bourgeois idea. But then that is our affair.

Eight years of wandering had brought us no closer to our undiscovered country, when, last summer, as we were traveling in the mountains of—but no! why should we tell the name? Why break the serenity of its hilly streets with the rush of personally conducted parties or of easel laden artists? Why turn it into another Barbizon or Laguerre's, another Chester or Nuremberg? Besides, we have exploited so many places in our day; we have, in our recklessness, presented the painter, the illustrator, the magazine writer with more motives than they can exhaust in a generation; we have, by our enterprise, developed the cycling trade to an incalculable extent, and by our praise made the fortune of half the hotel keepers in Provence. And the result for us? Not a cycle manufacturer would give us a machine if we asked for it, not a landlord would throw us a crust were we starving, not an art student would find a spare moment to thank us. No; the name of the most picturesque place in the world we shall keep to ourselves. It is foolish deliberately to court the fate of Columbus or Stanley.—Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in Century.

The Limits of Arbitration.

With international arbitration we confess to having comparatively little sympathy. If nations mean to fight, nothing will prevent their so doing, and agreements to arbitrate will be of very little service. The suggestion of an agreement between England and the United States to establish a permanent machinery for regulating their disputes is, however, quite different. Nations in whom the same racial characteristics are to be found, who are influenced by the same ideas, who talk the same language, read the same books and possess the same political traditions, are capable of making an agreement to settle disputes by arbitration a reality.

Again, an agreement not to fight till the question in dispute has been referred to a body exercising the functions of a court of law is a step in the direction of that alliance between the United States and England which, we trust and believe, is the destiny of the two countries. If we begin by an acknowledgment that we are not in the position of foreign powers—i. e., liable to war at any moment—we may soon rise to a definite race alliance, and lastly to that declaration of a common citizenship which would prevent any Englishman from being an alien in America or any American being an alien in England and would heal the breach in the unity of the race caused by the folly of George III and his ministers.—London Spectator.

Hideous Advertisements.

It is said that a salmon, when quite devoid of appetite, may be worried into taking a fly, if only flies be presented to him with irritating pertinacity. "Hang it!" he exclaims, "I cannot be troubled with this Jock Scott any longer"—he makes an irritable snap at it and is lost.

Possibly in the same way persons are driven nearly wild by seeing this or that commodity thrust on their notice in railway stations, in trains, in the streets, in the fields, on the top of Ben Macdhui. Then they may purchase a sample in despair, may like it and go on using it. This may be the theory of frantic and hideous advertisements, but on the whole it might seem more likely to work its own destruction. "Whatever I buy I will not buy that," one can conceive the citizen remarking and looking out for a less obstrusive article. But if advertising did not pay people would not advertise.—London Saturday Review.

Very Fine Handiwork.

Dr. Heylin, in his "Life of King Charles," records that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth "there was one who wrote the Ten Commandments, the creed, the pater noster, the queen's name, and the prayer of our Lord within the compass of a penny and gave her majesty a pair of spectacles of such an artificial making that by the help thereof she did plainly and distinctly discern every letter."

A somewhat similar feat was that "rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, who also exhibited before her majesty the entire Bible written in a book, containing as many leaves as a full sized edition, but fitting into a walnut."—Boston Commonwealth.

Danger In Odd Nomenclature.

Anything out of the common in nomenclature runs the risk of being burlesqued by unskilled tongues. The nurse who called her charges Miss "Burial" and Miss "Jones" must have made their mother wish she had never christened them Beryl and Joan. As Betsy and Jane they would have come off all right. Horses, too, with fine names get strangely miscalled in the stable. One pair known by their master as Rusteb and Sohrab, degenerated first into "Rusty and Soreback," and fell ultimately into the commonplace as "the little horse and the Docthor."—London Globe.

Booth's Fondness For Waffles.

Edwin Booth had a curious passion for waffles. During his last engagement in Boston he ate one evening 25 waffles at a sitting, and hideous indigestion ensued—so bad, in fact, that the great tragedian could not play that evening, and a big house that had assembled to witness his "Shylock" was forced to go home unsatisfied.—Stageland.

The male quail, or "Bob White," deserves honorable mention among gallinaceous birds because he is particularly good to his wife. He always helps her to hatch her eggs, and if anything keeps her away will take the whole duty on himself.

What is alleged to be a piece of the bridle worn by the horse that John Wilkes Booth rode after assassinating President Lincoln is in the possession of a resident of Bristol, Pa.

THE FEAR OF SNAKES.

Why Many Children and Some Grown Persons Dislike Them.

There are many authenticated instances of children becoming attached to snakes and making pets of them. The solution of a question of this kind is sometimes to be found in the child mind. My experience is that when young children see this creature its strange appearance and manner of progression, so unlike those of other animals known to them, affect them with amazement and a sense of mystery and that they fear it just as they would fear any other strange thing. Monkeys are doubtless affected in much the same way, although in a state of nature, where they inhabit forests abounding with the larger constrictors and venomous tree snakes, it is highly probable that they also possess a traditional fear of the serpent form. It would be strange if they did not.

The experiment of presenting a caged monkey with a serpent carefully wrapped up in a newspaper and watching his behavior when he gravely opens the parcel, expecting to fine nothing more wonderful than the familiar sponge-cake or succulent banana—well, such an experiment has been recorded in half a hundred important scientific works, and out of respect to one's masters one ought to endeavor not to smile when reading it. A third view might be taken which would account for our feeling toward the serpent without either instinct or tradition. Extreme fear of all ophidians might simply result from a vague knowledge of the fact that some kinds are venomous; that, in some rare cases, death follows swiftly on their bite, and that, not being sufficiently intelligent to distinguish the noxious from the innocuous—at all events while under the domination of a sudden, violent emotion—we destroy them all alike, thus adopting Herod's rough and ready method of ridding his city of one inconvenient babe by a general slaughter of innocents.

It might be objected that in Europe, where animosity to the serpent is greatest, death from snake bite is hardly to be feared; that Fontana's 6,000 experiments with the viper, showing how small is the amount of venom possessed by this species, how rarely it has the power to destroy human life, have been before the world for a century. And although it must be admitted that Fontana's work is not in the hand of every peasant, the fact remains that death from snake bite is a rare thing in Europe, probably not more than one losing his life from this cause for every 250 who perish by hydrophobia, of all forms of death the most terrible. Yet while the sight of a snake excites in a majority of persons the most violent emotions, dogs are universal favorites, and we have them always with us and make pets of them in spite of the knowledge that they may at any time become rabid and inflict that unspeakably dreadful suffering and destruction on us.

This leads to the following question: Is it not at least probable that our excessive fear of the serpent, so unworthy of us as rational beings, and the cause of so much unnecessary cruelty, is partlp at all events, a result of our superstitious fear of sudden death? For there exists, we know, an exceedingly widespread delusion that the bite of a venomous serpent must kill and kill quickly. Compared with such ophidian monarchs as the bushmaster, fer de lance, hamadryad and tic polonga, the viper of Europe—the poor viper of many experiments and much (not too readable) literature—may be regarded as almost harmless—at all events not more harmful than the hornet. Nevertheless, in this cold, northern world, even as in the other worlds where nature elaborates more potent juices, the delusion prevails and may be taken into account here, although its origin cannot now be discussed. For my own part I am inclined to believe that we regard serpents with a destructive hatred purely and simply because we are so taught from childhood.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Hawthorne as a Visitor.

On one occasion after my return from an African and European cruise I was ordered to the Portsmouth station, where we were hardly settled at housekeeping when Hawthorne came to see us.

The hall was encumbered with boxes, the sight of which made him feel his visit to be inopportune, and he said quickly:

"I have just come for an hour or two to see you and must return this evening."

Mrs. Bridge, seeing that he was only afraid of incommoding us, at once answered:

"Must you desert us when I need your aid in unpacking these boxes?"

"Will you really let me help you?" he asked.

Her joking answer, assuring him of her pleasure in gaining a helper so strong, both in muscle and intelligence, put him entirely at ease, and for a week he made himself useful on all possible occasions.—Commodore Bridge's "Recollections."

Mental Emotion and Jaundice.

The connection of simple jaundice with sudden mental emotion is generally admitted. Such facts as the following are not uncommon: A young woman becomes yellow at the discovery of her misdeeds; another on hearing that her fiance was killed; a young man on being discharged from office because he had not grown tall enough.

Simple jaundice is often followed by acute yellow atrophy, which is also known to be directly caused by shock. In this form of jaundice there is always disorganization of the liver cells. Even cancer may have a like origin.—Exchange.

In the Street Car.

Fogg—No, I never give my seat to a lady unless she is advanced in years. (To young lady who has been trying to eye him out of his seat) Would you like my seat, madam?

Young Lady—Thanks! Prefer to stand!

But she looks mad enough to bite Fogg's head off.—Boston Transcript.

The throne, the grandees, the high ecclesiastics, the captains general, the admirals and the ministers of state in Spain wield a very powerful influence in Spanish politics and control the upper house of the cortes.

The thinnest tissue paper measures 1-1200 of an inch in thickness. The Krupp gun works claims a machine which will roll iron so thin that it would take 1,800 sheets to make an inch.

THE BALL ON ST. PAUL'S.

Things Seen by Ambitious Climbers From the Dome of a Celebrated Cathedral.

There is only one St. Paul's, and upon the summit of its dome there is but one ball. At long intervals a Londoner, and more frequently a tourist, climbs to this ball and sticks his head and shoulders inside. Having done this and looked upon the heart of the world from the stone gallery and the golden gallery and upon the congregation from the whispering gallery, he returns to earth and tells his friends and acquaintances of his feat and advises them to follow his example. The number of persons who make this pilgrimage averages about 40 per day. To reach the ball it is necessary to climb 640 steps of many varieties. The proportions of the gilded globe are in perfect keeping with its surroundings. It has a diameter of 6 feet, and 12 persons can stand within its walls. It weighs 5,600 pounds. The gilded cross that towers above it is 15 feet in height. From this ball nearly all London is seen on a clear day.

Why there are so many kinds of steps in the cathedral no one pretends to explain. In the opinion of those who have counted them to climb these steps is equal to covering 20 miles on an ordinary road. It is universally considered, however, that the return journey is equal to a Russian bath. The first steps are of wood. These are succeeded by steps of stone, and these in turn by iron ones. Then there are ladders, some with a gentle slant, while others stand so straight that to those who climb they appear to lean backward. The first ladder stands on the crown of the second dome, where an official gives necessary directions to such men as want to see the ball, for few try to go above the crown of the dome, being content to rest there and watch some exceptionally active sightseer do the rest.

NEARING THE BALL—THE LAST LADDER.

A Man Sleeping In the Street.

A well dressed man leaning against a lamppost and apparently sleeping the sleep of the just created a great deal of interest in a busy London street the other day. He sat on a box which he had been carrying.

Evidently, being suddenly overcome with drowsiness, he had placed the box on the curbstone, and sitting down upon it had fallen asleep. To those who succeeded in getting close enough to the man his gentle, restful snore dispelled the fear that he might be dead. The side of his face was exposed and betrayed no sign of intoxication. It was the judgment of every one that he was sober, in good health and simply taking a quiet snooze.

When the crowd became so deep as to threaten a blockade, the supposed sleeper suddenly jumped to his feet, mounted his box, and flourishing a couple of bottles over his head exclaimed:

"Now, gents, seein that you are all here, I rise to a question of privilege, and after thankin you for this most cordial reception, which I assure you will long remain upon the tablets of my memory, I wish to call your attention to my world renowned corn and bunion eradicator."—Exchange.

Reading of the Schoolboy.

Habits are contracted and characters formed early in life, and it is probable that the color of a person's reading is mainly determined during the time of hobbledehoydom, when he is in process of passing from the limp and lanky schoolboy to the set and rigid man. Just at this time is a most critical period in his career, for now it is that he obtains a new outlook into life. Previously he has been concerned with the miniature world of school and looked at the greater world only with the eyes of a schoolboy. But now, entering a business or a profession, he enters into a larger life and begins to look about him with an air of deeper inquiry. And the more he reads of contemporary literature the worse does he become, for the air is thick with controversy. Nothing is too sacred to be contradicted, and the spirit of "sweet reasonableness" seems to be dead.—Chambers' Journal.

Pretty Cold Weather.

Two boatmen on the Ohio river were talking about cold weather and of a certain severe winter. "It was just awful," said one of them. "At Cincinnati the river was froze tight, and the thermometer went down to 20 degrees below Cairo."

"Below which?" asked his puzzled companion.

"Below Cairo, you blubberhead! You see, when it freezes at Cairo it must be pretty cold, so they say so many degrees below Cairo."

But light was bursting in upon the other. "No, they do not," he exclaimed eagerly. "You've got it all wrong. It's so many degrees below Nero. I do not know what it means, but that's what they say when it's dreadful cold."—Harper's Young People.

Two Strange Meetings.

At table d'hote in a New York hotel two strangers met about a year since. An interesting conversation ended by hearty pledges of mutual friendship. Precisely six months later to the day and almost to the hour they again met, without the slightest prevision or prearrangement, at the same hotel and the same table. During the interval each had traveled around the world, one eastward, the other westward.—Exchange.

Chokes, Not Jokes.

"Don't send the horse reporter to any more hangings," said the proprietor of a Texas paper to the managing editor

Managing Editor—Why not?

Proprietor—In this report of the double hanging he has it that the two entries came in neck and neck. In reporting executions levity is out of place.—Texas Siftings.

VASSAR'S MATHEMATICS.

One of Its Graduates Taught That Eight Gills Make a Pint.

She was a Vassar girl, and she had come to visit her sister. The sister just at this time is paying particular attention to a very small girl who will call the Vassar young woman auntie when she gets so she can talk. Besides the three mentioned females there were in the family a husband (who didn't count for much at this juncture) and a hired girl who was empress of all she surveyed.

One morning the hired girl thought it was just about time for her to visit the World's fair. Accordingly she packed her trunk and walked out, first putting a large baking of bread and two cakes in the oven. Two or three hours later the Vassar girl strolled out into the kitchen for something or other and discovered the bread and cakes burned to a crisp. Then she said several things in Greek and instituted a search for the empress. But the empress was no more. The family consultation which followed brought out the fact that the husband was obliged to eat once a day at least, and the Vassar girl boldly threw herself into the breach and declared that she would cook.

She pushed back the bangs from her classic brow, rolled up the sleeves of her empire gown and began to cook. Things ran smoothly until it came time to make the coffee. Now, it so happens that the husband is a crank about his coffee. He likes it strong. The Vassar girl knew this, and she went in to her sister and asked for instructions. The sister gave the instructions very minutely. There were a certain number of gills of water to be used and a certain number of tablespoonfuls of coffee. Dinner time came, and when the coffee was poured out it was found to be that pale, old gold color so much affected by the coffee of boarding houses. Not a word was said, but at the next meal the Vassar girl was nervous. Coffee was poured out, and it was very, very blond.

"Say," said the husband, who still continued to count for but very little, "what's the matter with this coffee?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the Vassar girl. "I made it just as I was told to."

The coffee was paler than ever at the next meal. The husband ventured to kick, but was promptly squelched. At the next meal it was so weak that the flavor could not be smelled, to say nothing of being tasted. The Vassar girl was low in her mind, but she still maintained a bold front. "I'm following your wife's recipe," she said chillingly to the husband. I don't know that it's my fault that it isn't strong."

Dinner time came around and with it the coffee, which was but a ghost of what coffee should be. The husband looked at that which had been poured out for him and remarked, "Sure you make this stuff right, sis?"

"Certainly," replied the Vassar girl. "Don't you suppose I know enough to follow simple directions?"

"Dunno," said the husband.

"What do you mean?" asked the Vassar girl, with fine indignation.

"Oh, nothing," replied the husband pacifically, "only it's blamed funny."

The Vassar girl looked unutterable things, and the meal proceeded in silence. Finally the husband broke out, "Say, sis, do you use that gill cup in measuring the water?"

"Yes," replied the Vassar girl shortly.

"Well, how many gills are there in a pint down at Vassar?"

"Is this a kindergarten?" asked the Vassar girl.

"No, but I just thought I would ask you."

The Vassar girl smiled a smile of infinite scorn. "At Vassar, just as everywhere else," she said loftily, "there are eight gills in a pint."

And the husband was brute enough to laugh.—Buffalo Express.

The Original Wedding Cake.

Our wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheat ears, and many centuries later an English bride wore on her head a chaplet of wheat. The attendant girls threw corn, either in grains or in small bits of biscuit or cake, upon the heads of the newly married couple, and the guests picked up the pieces and ate them. Such was the beginning of the wedding cake, which did not come into general use until the eighteenth century and was then composed of solid blocks, laid together and iced all over with sugar, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head the cakes inside fell on the floor, and they were then distributed among the company.—New York Sun.

The Bull Was Scared.

An amusing incident is said to have occurred recently when one of the Armours, the great beef and pork packers of Chicago, was traveling in Spain. He was taken by a grandee of Madrid to see the national sport. When the bull came in, he sank on his knees and refused to move. Then the director called the toreador and inquired the cause of the trouble, to which the toreador replied, "Ah! senor, ze bull 'ave seen ze great Armour of Chicago sitting with your excellency, and zere is no fight left in him."

What Aluminium Is.

There are many misconceptions about aluminium that are widespread and which it seems difficult to correct in the public mind. Aluminium is not, section for section, a very strong metal. It is only one-half as strong as wrought iron. It has a very low elastic limit. It is not rigid, but bends under a transverse strain readily. It is in its alloys that its utility commences to appear. With 8 to 12 per cent of copper or aluminium bronze we have one of the most dense, finest grained and strongest metals known.—New York Telegram.

For the Canary Bird.

Canary birds are often covered with vermin. They may be relieved of them by placing a clean white cloth over their cage at night. In the morning the cloth will be covered with minute red spots, so small that they can hardly be seen with the naked eye. These are the parasites, a source of great annoyance to the birds.—Philadelphia Press.

Very Polite.

"How do you like your new music master?"

"He is a very nice, polite young man. When I made a mistake yesterday, he said, 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take so much pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.