

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. GINOCCHIO & BROTHER Wholesale and Retail Dealers in GENERAL MERCHANDISE Water Street, foot of Broadway, - - - Jackson.

NEW NATIONAL HOTEL... Foot of Main Street, Jackson, Cal. First-class Accommodation for Travelers at Reasonable Prices.

F. A. Voorheis, - - Proprietor. Rooms newly furnished throughout. Table supplied with the best in the market. Bar supplied with the Finest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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PIONEER FLOUR IS PERFECTION... Made from SELECTED WHEAT Blended according to our own Formula Producing perfect results and Bread divinely fair and feathery light Sweet to the palate's touch and Snowy White.

PIONEER FLOUR MILLS, Sacramento.

The Slav and Woman. "Abhorrent even to the strongest 'Savophile' is the position occupied by woman in the family and in social life. To escape the charge of prejudice I shall quote a few proverbs current among the southern Slavs—a few out of many hundreds: 'The man is the head; the woman is grass. One man is worth more than ten women. A man of straw is worth more than a woman of gold. Let the dog bark, but let the woman speak silent. Who does not beat his wife is no man. 'What shall I get when I marry?' asks a boy of his father. 'For your wife a stick; for your children a switch.' 'Twice in a life is a man happy—once when he marries and once when he buries his wife. And the woman sings, in the Russian folksong which I have freely translated, 'Love me true and love me quick. Pull my hair and use the stick. Although there are love songs of another kind, in which woman is praised for her charms, she becomes virtually a slave as soon as she marries, and the little poetry of the folksong does not accompany her even to the marriage altar. She is valued only for the work she can do in a household and for the children she can bear, and should this latter blessing be denied her she often becomes doubly pitiable, and she then seeks release by suicide.—Outlook.

Naming the White House. Why is the president's mansion at Washington called the White House? It has been so called for years and years, and now no one thinks of using any other name, although "executive mansion" is the official term. The name White House is a reminder of the second war with England. August 24, 1814, the British army captured Washington and burned the public buildings, the president's mansion being among those to suffer. It was damaged to some extent, and to hide the fire stains it was painted white, and while it has been painted every year or two since. The home of Washington's mother was called the "white house," and this may have suggested the name, but the fact that the mansion was so accidentally painted white after the war of 1812 doubtless brought the term into popular use.

Verdi and Bismarck on Titles. The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis of Comite de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody. Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him, he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenburg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation: "A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito!" Some days after a parcel arrived at Varsin bearing the address "Mme. la Duchesse de Lauenburg." Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically: "Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

Where He Shone. A Thespian who spent several years trying to get beyond "the carriage awaits mildred" station in first class Broadway productions was induced by his brother to join him in the dairy business in the City of Mexico. While on a business trip to this city recently buying new machinery and appliances for his prosperous Mexican creameries he met one of his former companions who was still struggling for an opportunity to "sue lines." An exchange of confidences revealed the fact that the former actor was now making a snug fortune in the milk business, and his friend, the persevering player, remarked: "You're all right, Billy. You could never have shone in a theatrical way, but you are a star in a milky way."—New York Sun.

Squares of Consecutive Numbers. Squares of consecutive numbers, as 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., may be formed by the simple rule: To the square of the preceding number add the preceding number and the number itself. Thus: 0=0 1=0+1+1=1 2=1+1+2=4 3=2+2+3=9 4=3+3+4=16

Our first regular factory for manufacturing glass was established at Temple, N. H., in 1780 and was operated by imported German glassmakers. The algebraic proof is: (n+1)^2 = n^2 + 2n + 1 (n+2)^2 = n^2 + 4n + 4 (n+3)^2 = n^2 + 6n + 9 (n+4)^2 = n^2 + 8n + 16

CHOICE MISCELLANY

She Was Disappointed. An American girl, writing from Berlin to the New York Tribune, thus expresses her disappointment at the famous "Unter den Linden" street, the glories of which have so often been dilated upon: "The very name breathes a romantic, old world charm, full of suggestions of a sweet peace beneath widespread trees. When I actually saw the gay boulevard, and its shops and hotels and cafes and its two rows of tall, thin, leafless trees, just down the middle, I should have liked to use a hatch on one of them that I might have lugged it off as a souvenir of my disappointment. In one way, however, this Unter den Linden is a right royal highway. When the emperor or his family are here, it appears to an outsider as if between them they spent most of their time driving like mad up and down its length. I early learned that if one wanted to get anywhere in season one would take the Unter den Linden for any distance along this Linden street. The first thing you know you are hauled up and switched off into a side alley, along with every other nearby bus, carriage or truck. The pedestrians stop shop gazing and crowd to the edge of the sidewalk and crane their short necks up and down the avenue. After ten minutes or so of this sort of hiatus there sounds a sudden slashing of whips, a sharp scurrying of wheels and clinking of hoofs. Before you know what is coming a coupe or landau has dashed round the corner, giving a running vision of the royal, befeathered coachman and footman on the box, and whether the bunch of color inside is a red military jacket or a scarlet cape one has no time to see. There is no calm pronouncing by this reigning household. They drive as if they were an emergency wagon, fire engine and New York Central record breaker, all in one. It makes the kindly proverb that demands cleared streets a wise provision for the saving of more plebeian lives and limbs."

Made Him Pay His Bill. "Defaulters' row" is the rather pointed name given by the tradesmen to a certain locality in Wissahickon, Pa., and an undertaker claims to have collected the only bill paid by the residents of the row in six months. He had a record of one of the "defaulters," but for months he had been unable to bring the debtor to terms. One day last week he drove up to the house in his hearse, hitched the horse outside and made a strong demand for his pay. He was unsuccessful at the time, only getting the promise of a check in a few days, which he knew meant nothing. No sooner had he driven away than all the neighbors docketed in the door of the house. No satisfactory explanation could be given, as the debtor did not wish to announce that his child's funeral had not been paid for. Several days later the undertaker again drove up in his hearse. More questions followed, and on Tuesday, just as he was about to make another call with his hearse, the man dropped in and settled.—Philadelphia Record.

Kansas as a Maker of History. Kansas' inhabitants are among the most active, tolerant and versatile on the globe. They give fads and hobbies of all kinds a hospitable reception. Maine has had prohibition in one shape and another for over 50 years, but Kansas' brief experience with it has attracted far more attention from the country than it won in the half a century in which it has been in operation. That law, Kansas is contributing to "the gayety of nations." The entire gamut of the human emotions—tragedy, melodrama, burlesque, farce—has been swept by the events in which Kansas has participated. Across the pages of the story of Kansas in the past 45 years have passed as striking and picturesque characters as John Brown, Jim Lane, the guerrilla Quentrell, Jesse James, George Love, Jerry Simpson, William A. Peffer, Carlisle Nation and General Funston—as have figured anywhere in the novels of Dumas, Balzac or Dickens.—Leslie's Weekly.

An Apprentice System. A death of engineers and draftsmen has forced the American Bridge company to adopt a novel scheme for the education of young men for its work. It is the intention to inaugurate an apprentice system with graduated pay to teach employees in the technical branches and supplement the work undertaken in manual training schools. Students graduated from grammar schools will be accepted as apprentices for four years after the probation period of 90 days. Apprentices will be paid \$5.50 a week for the first year, with an increase of \$1 each year thereafter until the apprenticeship is completed. Apprentices will be bound to remain the entire period and if they successfully complete the course will be granted a bonus of 50 cents for each week they have served. Unusually good work may reduce the apprenticeship not more than six months.—Pittsburg Cor. Boston Evening Transcript.

Philadelphia Wants More Monkeys. Society has become infatuated with the monkey. Charming girls and staid mesdames who would tremble at the sight of a cow do not hesitate to idolize the simian, because it is the newest fad. The demand for monkeys has grown so great in this city that dealers are unable to fill the orders, and prices have jumped twice in two weeks. The Calveras skull is rejected. The paleolithic period is considered as corresponding to the early quarter, and 222,000 years is assigned as the length of this period. Add to this number 10,000 years for the protolithic and neolithic periods and 6,000 years more for the historic period, and we have 238,000 years, which is, according to the authors, a moderate estimate of man's antiquity.—Philadelphia Press.

Profits in Fractions of Cents. It is most astonishing that trade in the few days' week on the profits in fractions of a cent. In one of the cities of the country there was a bank president who gave his millions for philanthropic purposes. During his life, even on the days when he was almost too infirm to walk, he would trudge sadly and brokenly to his home. One day a man met him on the street and said: "Why don't you take the street car?" He instantly replied: "My dear friend, I have just received the fact that a hundred dollars would have to work half a week to pay that fare?" And yet he gave two millions to a library and another million to a hospital. That is the spirit of modern money making. On the one hand it gets the millions through the fractions of cents, and with the other it spends the millions without regard to decimals.—Saturday Evening Post.

Very Grave. Twiddle-I went last night to a man who was buried alive so that he might know what the sensation is like. Twiddle-Don't you think that was a very grave thing to do?—Ohio State Journal.

When Irving Forgot Himself. Ben Webster, an English actor, told the story of how he held his own when Sir Henry Irving happened to be in the audience. "The 'Globe Mail' there is a touching scene between Leroux (played by Irving) and his daughter Julie, of which Didier (Mr. Ben Webster) is a perfectly silent witness. One night Sir Henry, instead of making his long speech, appeared in trembling tones to Mr. Webster: 'Speak to her, Didier; speak to her!' Didier was dumfounded. There was an awful pause. Irving, quite unconscious of his own mistake, frowned and glared at the young actor, but Mr. Webster, equal to the occasion, gave way to a burst of tears and exclaimed, 'I cannot; you know I cannot speak!' and turned his back on the audience. Then Sir Henry plucked up his lines with a start, and it was observed that Didier's shoulders shook with emotion!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Victoria's Proposal. It was at Windsor castle that Queen Victoria, then only a girl of 20, did what she described as "the most nervous thing a woman was ever called on to do"—when she summoned the young Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to a private interview and "proposed" to him. She had first met him when as a boy of 17 he came with his father to England, and when, several years later, he "made no secret" of his love for his fair cousin "no one was surprised and every one was delighted."—London Tit-Bits.

Tapoca. This elegant and delicate starch is the product of a plant that is cultivated very extensively in the Malay peninsula, where its culture is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. The tubers of the plant (Manihot utilissima), which weigh on an average from 10 to 25 pounds, are first scraped and then carefully washed, after which they are reduced to a pulp by being passed between rollers. This pulp is carefully washed and shaken up with abundance of water until the fecula separates and passes through a very fine sieve into a tub placed beneath. The flour so obtained is repeatedly washed and then placed on mats and bleached by exposure to the sun and air. It is finally converted into the pearl tapoca of commerce by being placed in a crude shaped frame covered with canvas. It is slightly moistened and subjected to a rotary motion, by which means it is granulated. It is next dried in the sun and finally over the fire in an iron pan greased with vegetable tallow and is then ready for the market.

The Word Gazette. The word "gazette" is from the name of an old Venetian coin worth about one-half cent of our money. The name is applied to newspapers because it was the sum charged for reading the first written journals that made their appearance in 1550. After the paper was read it was handed back to the owner, who charged the next owner a "gazette" for taking a new "copy."

DOGS ON THE STAGE.

Leaping For the Villain's Neck—A Very Sensitive Animal. Four legged animals in drama are of a very common sight today. Although they are often far more important than the mere super, they have an affinity to that class, for theirs is no speaking part, unless one counts the bark of a dog as such. A little time ago the writer met an actor who was taking the part of a villain in a play wherein a big mastiff seized him on the neck of the neck, just as the villain was about to murder the heroine. "Nasty part, that of yours. How do you manage to escape nightly being bitten by that big brute of a dog?" "Not a nice part, it is true," he answered, "but the dog is well trained. He is kept without food for a few hours before the show. A piece of cooked liver is tied to my neck. He is held in the wings till the cue comes, then I make a dash for it, and he follows me, and the curtain goes down on a very effective tableau. I don't object to the dog. It's the liver!" The mention of stage dogs brings to mind an amusing incident that occurred in a well known theatrical agent's office last summer. In came a rough looking little man wearing a check suit that once used to speak out for itself, but was now silenced by the heavy hand of time. The man was followed by a dog of attractive appearance. The visitor said he did a "trap act," assisted by the animal. Then they gave an exhibition of themselves and were certainly above the average. "What are your terms?" the agent queried. "Ten pounds a week." "I'll give you two." The imitation tramp—but he was not far from the real thing—looked with a sad, reproachful eye at the agent and silently backed out of the office. The dog meekly followed. However, within a few seconds the man returned, quickly closing the door to exclude his partner, who clamored to get in. "I'll take it," he said in a hurried whisper. "Where's the contract? I'm real broke, so it's a clear case of push; but, for heaven's sake, don't mention the price where the dog can hear you."—Chambers' Journal.

Most People Lopsided. Differences Between the Legs, Eyes and Ears of Men and Women. The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, larger than the left. Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have the largest proportion of shortsighted persons. The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to increase with the attainment of maturity. The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that is, the middle finger grows the fastest, while that of the thumb grows the slowest. In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh 20 pounds, those of a woman are six pounds lighter. That unruly member, the tongue of a man, is also smaller than that of a woman, given a man and a woman of equal size and weight. It may be appealing to reflect, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the muscles of a human jaw exert a force of over 500 pounds. The symmetry which is the sole intelligible ground for our idea of beauty, the proportion between the upper and lower half of the human body, exists in nearly all males, but is never found in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people. The rocking chair, according to an English scientist, is responsible for the "bent back" which is the "beauty of the lower limbs." The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and it makes the ankle delicate and slender.—Exchange.

TRICKS IN THE SILK TRADE.

How Shoppers Are Fooled—Tests Which Show the Pure Material. Pure silk, when it has been through all the processes necessary to bring out all its good qualities, is worth its weight in silver, said an expert the other day. Therefore the women who expect to buy pure silk at little more than the price of cotton must expect to be fooled, and there are lots of ways by which the manufacturer gets even with them. They make stuff that is called silk and passes for it with credulous persons who don't know any better out of nearly any old thing now. One favorite is to take a piece of cellulose treated with chemicals. It isn't a good material to get on fire in. Then there are south sea island cottons and some mercerized cotton which after treatment look something like silk, though of course they wear very differently, and their silken appearance soon vanishes. But it is in adulterating goods which really have some silk in them that the greatest skill is exercised to deceive the buyer. The heads of the threads are and body rough does in often used for the wool of the material. This soon causes it to wear shily. Another trick is to increase the weight and apparent solidity of a flimsy silk material by using metallic salts in the dye vats. By using some kinds of silk increases the weight also, but at the sacrifice of strength. Cheap, crackly, stiff silk which has heavy crinkles is good silk to avoid. It won't wear.

There are several tests which reveal readily the purity of a piece of silk. The microscope of course will show it at once, even to an unpracticed eye. Pure silk has the appearance of fine, smooth tubes. Another good test is by burning. Pure silk burns slowly with a slight odor. Cotton flares up quickly and would throw off a decidedly disagreeable smell. Then the tongue will readily reveal the presence of metallic salts. The expert, not mistaking their taste. But all these may be disregarded, said the expert, when silk is offered for the price of cotton. You need not bother to test that stuff.—New York Sun.

THE DEADLY COBRA.

How Venomous Creature Is Handled by Hindoo Snake Charmers. The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat serenely in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. Kullam talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or the other of them would lower his head, collapse his hood and begin to try to wriggle away. Whereupon Kullam would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic over these cobras or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply the result of method I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same. He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and, after they had been hissing and swaying the head backward and forward for a few minutes, he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently, speaking all the time in the most endearing Hindoostanee terms. The serpents appeared spell-bound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still, with heads uplifted, and seemed rather to enjoy the attention. Presently his hands would descend down the necks, a few inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely around the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that the harm was being done them, and they made no effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.—Cornhill.

GRANDMAS OF TODAY

The Old Fashioned Grandmother, the One Who Placidity sat in the Chimney Corner Darning Stockings, is a Thing of the Past. I was bemoaning the fact that I had never known my grandmothers. One died before I was born and the other when I was a few months old. I thought it would be so comforting to have a grandmother because they always regarded their grandchildren as being incapable of doing wrong. At least they were sure to multiply one's virtues and minimize faults. Their chief object in life, as I picture them, was to minister to their descendants' comfort, to make the crooked places straight. The grandmothers of my family would keep my clothes in repair, darn the stockings, knit plenty of wash-rags and silk mittens, surprise me with my favorite dishes, laugh at my jokes and generally submerge her life in the affairs of mine. What was I going to do in return for all this unselfish devotion? I would be her granddaughter. That, according to the old traditions, was quite enough compensation. I was holding forth, exploiting my views and desires on the grandmother question in the presence of one of those people who delight to take a person down and make him feel cheap, especially if they imagine one is posing as younger than the family Bible records. This individual spoke up and said: "Why, if your grandmothers were living they would be so aged that they would be mummified. Instead of darning your stockings, knitting your mittens, they would be blind, deaf and imbecile. You would have to tend them with greater slavishness than a mother a newborn babe, and without the sweet recompense in the latter case. When people become imbecile with age, they grow repulsive, and the prolonging of this state is dreadful, while each day the unfolding of a budding life is filled with mysterious delights." Of course I did not want a grandmother that was decrepit, old and feeble. I thought I would drop the subject, as it appeared to be getting personal. But my companion continued: "Besides, could it be possible in the order of things for you to have a vigorous, industrious, capable grandmother, she would not be sitting at the chimney corner darning your stockings. She would be out attending to her lodge or club business, visiting the millinery and ordering a fashionable gown, playing cards or attending a high tea. The old fashioned grandmother is as much a thing of the past as the spinning wheel, the canalboat, stagecoach, making candles and family rendered soap." I protested that I did not believe my grandmothers would be of the modern pattern. I had heard my mother tell often of how completely her mother had been taken for society and outside affairs after she had grandchildren. She had raised a large family, but these reproductions were just as much a delight as had been the originals. She infinitely preferred their society to that of grown people. Their prattle, school experiences, little ambitions, filled her life completely. She was constantly planning surprises for them by making animal cakes, individual pies, candy, aprons, hoods, and clothes. "Yes, but she lived now she would be different. The air she would breathe is filled with assertive germs which declare that every woman owes it to herself to have a career and stand at the helm and steer it to the very end. She must not allow her life to be submerged in that of her own children, as they make their appearance rather unwelcome frequently, but must have outside missions. As soon as her offspring is married, which is accomplished with a great dispatch as diplomacy can secure, then she is free to carry out pet schemes and natural desires untrammelled." "Perhaps you are right," I replied. Such a grandmother as this would be no comfort to me as a grandmother, while she might be a most helpful friend, and I could be proud of her position in the literary, artistic or philanthropic world as her tastes might dictate her pursuit. A grandmother of my acquaintance said to me not long ago: "It would be a great trial to me to have my grandchildren or any children in the house with me now. I could not adapt myself to their demands and interruptions. I have raised my family and now want my time for individual pursuits." This woman has special talents and necessities for using them, and in that respect she is the better way in which the intended victim treated his tormentor. An Italian painter received a letter in the following terms: "Dear Sir—I should like to ask you a great favor and hope you will excuse the liberty I take. I am making a collection of painted portraits and should be very glad if you would kindly send me, with a little picture painted on it by yourself. It will certainly be the most beautiful and valuable of all. I should be able to say that you were one of the first to honor me in this way. Hoping to receive one, I beg to thank you in advance." The artist replied: "Dear Sir—I should like to ask you a great favor and hope you will excuse the liberty I take. I am making a collection of thousand franc notes and should be very glad if you would kindly send me, with a little picture painted on it by yourself. It will certainly be the most beautiful and valuable of all. I should be able to say that you were one of the first to honor me in this way. Hoping to receive one, I beg to thank you in advance."

AGGRESS WITH A GRUDGE.

She Gets Furious at Sight of a Keeper—Who Once Was Her Master. There is a lean tigress in the Central park menagerie who spends a part of the day beating her head against the iron bars of her cage in a vain attempt to spring upon one of the keepers. Ordinarily the animal is quiet enough. It is only when this keeper passes that she ceases to be a purring cat and becomes a fiend incarnate. The other morning the tigress was in an extremely temper. When her fancied enemy struck her upon the shoulder with a stick to clean her cage, she sprang at him, growling in thunderous bass. Nearly everybody in the crowd stepped back involuntarily. The keeper placed an iron bar in the cage at the great cat's feet and went on with his work, while the animal snarled in impotent rage and drew back her upper lip over two gleaming white fangs. "She doesn't seem to be fond of you," ventured a bystander. "No, there isn't much love lost between us," replied the keeper. "Her tantrums show that animals treasure grudges just like people. That tigress came here eight years ago. A day or two after she arrived I had to punish her, and she has never got over it. She watches me all day out of the corner of her eye, and every time I go by the cage she makes a jump. I suppose she thinks she ought to get me some time. If she does, I might as well say goodbye." While the man talked the tigress looked at him with pale plainly stamped on her face. When he went away, she watched him until he was lost to view. Then she resumed her nervous tramp, tramp.—New York Mail and Express.

THE DEER'S EYES.

A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire: "It wasn't a case of 'buck fever,' such as a novice might experience, for I had been a hunter for many years, and had killed a good many deer. This was a particularly fine buck that I had followed for three days. A strong man like me had been in the woods for so long at last I had my prey tired out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up the fight, and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him, he changed his position and took shelter behind a bowlder, and, using the same bowlder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but stood there looking at me with the most pitiable pair of eyes I ever saw. "Shoot? I could have no more shot him than I could have shot a child. Had the chance come from a distance of 100 yards, I would have shot him down and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes it would have been nothing less than murder. I have hunted deer since then, but I find the sport affords me little pleasure. Whenever I draw a bead, the picture of those most appealing eyes comes before me, and, though it has not prevented me from pulling the trigger, I have always felt glad somehow when my bullet failed to find its mark."—Washington Post.

HOW LITHUANIANS PLAY DICE.

A peculiar dice game is indulged in by the gambling element of Lithuanians in Baltimore. Gathering about the dice tables in the saloons kept by their fellow countrymen they quickly lose all interest in everything outside of that which is transpiring upon the cloth before them. As they sit or stand about the tables the careworn features of old men contrast strongly with the ruddy faces of the youths. The eagerness with which the players seek the numbers upon the falling pieces is wolfish in its intensity. Comparatively small sums are placed upon the game, and side bets run from 5 cents to 25 cents. Although resembling in the manner in which it is operated the high dice game as played by the Anglo-Saxon races, the dice of the Lithuanians, instead of numbering from 1 to 6, run from 1 to 10, the numbering of the six sides being 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 10. The game is played with four pieces, and a possible 40 is the point striven for instead of 24, which is high mark in the similar American game.—Baltimore Sun.

A FLEAD COLLECTOR SANBLED.

Collectors of autographs, postcards, etc., are not always conscious of the impertinence of their demands, and the following anecdote, which comes from Trieste, gives a striking example of how they quickly lose all interest in everything outside of that which is transpiring upon the cloth before them. An Italian painter received a letter in the following terms: "Dear Sir—I should like to ask you a great favor and hope you will excuse the liberty I take. I am making a collection of painted portraits and should be very glad if you would kindly send me, with a little picture painted on it by yourself. It will certainly be the most beautiful and valuable of all. I should be able to say that you were one of the first to honor me in this way. Hoping to receive one, I beg to thank you in advance." The artist replied: "Dear Sir—I should like to ask you a great favor and hope you will excuse the liberty I take. I am making a collection of thousand franc notes and should be very glad if you would kindly send me, with a little picture painted on it by yourself. It will certainly be the most beautiful and valuable of all. I should be able to say that you were one of the first to honor me in this way. Hoping to receive one, I beg to thank you in advance."

BREATH AND CHEESE.

A couple advanced in years got married lately. The husband had a room in the house securely locked, the inside of which his wife had never seen, and, being curious as to its contents, she begged again and again to see the room. At last he consented, and, lo and behold, the room was full of whole cheeses! He explained matters by telling her that for every sweetheart he had in his young days he bought a cheese. "His wife began to cry. "Don't cry, dear," he continued. "I've had no sweetheart since I met you." "It's not that," she replied, still sobbing. "I only wish I had bought a loaf of bread to have to use the key to me. We could have had bread and cheese enough to last us all our days."—London Tit-Bits.

EVERY ROBBER IN LONDON ALWAYS KEEPS SOME OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE ROBES OF STATE—THOSE OF A REGISTRAR.

For instance—ready any land them out would be ready to have to use the key to me. We could have had bread and cheese enough to last us all our days."—London Tit-Bits.

WHY SHE DISCARDED HIM.

"Don't despair, Edward, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry five years from now, but how about you?"—Philadelphia Times.

TRICKS IN THE SILK TRADE.

How Shoppers Are Fooled—Tests Which Show the Pure Material. Pure silk, when it has been through all the processes necessary to bring out all its good qualities, is worth its weight in silver, said an expert the other day. Therefore the women who expect to buy pure silk at little more than the price of cotton must expect to be fooled, and there are lots of ways by which the manufacturer gets even with them. They make stuff that is called silk and passes for it with credulous persons who don't know any better out of nearly any old thing now. One favorite is to take a piece of cellulose treated with chemicals. It isn't a good material to get on fire in. Then there are south sea island cottons and some mercerized cotton which after treatment look something like silk, though of course they wear very differently, and their silken appearance soon vanishes. But it is in adulterating goods which really have some silk in them that the greatest skill is exercised to deceive the buyer. The heads of the threads are and body rough does in often used for the wool of the material. This soon causes it to wear shily. Another trick is to increase the weight and apparent solidity of a flimsy silk material by using metallic salts in the dye vats. By using some kinds of silk increases the weight also, but at the sacrifice of strength. Cheap, crackly, stiff silk which has heavy crinkles is good silk to avoid. It won't wear.

There are several tests which reveal readily the purity of a piece of silk. The microscope of course will show it at once, even to an unpracticed eye. Pure silk has the appearance of fine, smooth tubes. Another good test is by burning. Pure silk burns slowly with a slight odor. Cotton flares up quickly and would throw off a decidedly disagreeable smell. Then the tongue will readily reveal the presence of metallic salts. The expert, not mistaking their taste. But all these may be disregarded, said the expert, when silk is offered for the price of cotton. You need not bother to test that stuff.—New York Sun.

LINCOLN ADOPTED IT.

His Famous Phrase, "Of the People," Originated by Theodore Parker. William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, knew Theodore Parker very well and had much correspondence with him, and after the Lincoln-Douglas debate he came on to Boston and saw Parker and other antislavery men with an eye to Lincoln's political prospects. Going back to Springfield, he took with him some of Parker's newer sermons and addresses. "One of them," he says in his "Abraham Lincoln," "was a lecture on 'The Effect of Slavery on the American People,' which was delivered in the Music hall, Boston, and which I gave to Lincoln, who read and returned it. He liked especially the following expression, which he marked with a pencil and which he in substance afterward used in his Gettysburg address: 'Democracy is direct self government, over all the people, by all the people, for all the people.'" The address referred to (Parker's last great antislavery address) was delivered July 4, 1855. Here, I submit, was the probable origin of Lincoln's phrase. In one variant or another it was a great favorite with Parker, often taking the exact form that Lincoln gave it, with his sure intuition of the best where there was any choice of words. In a speech delivered by Parker in 1850 we find it imbedded in a passage which might have been the inspiration of Seward's famous "house divided" contract, or Lincoln's "better divided" contract. It is a view to which Parker continually returned. In two other speeches it stands "government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people." Its earliest appearance that I have discovered in his writings is in a letter to Rev. Samuel J. May in 1848, where it is simply "government of all, by all, for all."—Review of Reviews.

FOR THOSE WHO SMOKE.

The great point in pipe smoking is to learn to smoke slowly. When this habit is acquired, the full flavor of the tobacco will always be enjoyed, every smoke will be a cool one, and tongue burning will be unknown. It is, however, very hard for nervous people to learn to smoke slowly, and those who have smoked have tried for a score of years to check their smoking speed without success. They probably did not begin to make the effort early enough in their smoking careers. With good tobacco and a root pipe the slow smoker attains a degree of pleasurable enjoyment in smoking of which the rapid smoker has not an inkling. Perhaps all smokers do not know that it makes no difference in the favor of pipe tobacco how many times a pipe is smoked, provided it is allowed to go out once has its flavor ruined and is most appreciably termed a butt. A pipe, however, tastes, if anything, better for going out. Fastidious smokers always have at least two pipes at hand and never fill one until it has entirely cooled off. This is a help toward cool smoking and reasonable life in a pipe. A good test by which to tell if you are smoking too fast is to hold the bowl in your hand. If it too hot to hold in your hand, you may know your speed is too great.—Exchange.

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THE DEADLY COBRA.

How Venomous Creature Is Handled by Hindoo Snake Charmers. The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat serenely in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. Kullam talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or the other of them would lower his head, collapse his hood and begin to try to wriggle away. Whereupon Kullam would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic over these cobras or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply the result of method I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same. He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and, after they had been hissing and swaying the head backward and forward for a few minutes, he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently, speaking all the time in the most endearing Hindoostanee terms. The serpents appeared spell-bound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still, with heads uplifted, and seemed rather to enjoy the attention. Presently his hands would descend down the necks, a few inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely around the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that the harm was being done them, and they made no effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.—Cornhill.

GRANDMAS OF TODAY

The Old Fashioned Grandmother, the One Who Placidity sat in the Chimney Corner Darning Stockings, is a Thing of the Past. I was bemoaning the fact that I had never known my grandmothers. One died before I was born and the other when I was a few months old. I thought it would be so comforting to have a grandmother because they always regarded their grandchildren as being incapable of doing wrong. At least they were sure to multiply one's virtues and minimize faults. Their chief object in life, as I picture them, was to minister to their descendants' comfort, to make the crooked places straight. The grandmothers of my family would keep my clothes in repair, darn the stockings, knit plenty of wash-rags and silk mittens, surprise me with my favorite dishes, laugh at my jokes and generally submerge her life in the affairs of mine. What was I going to do in return for all this unselfish devotion? I would be her granddaughter. That, according to the old traditions, was quite enough compensation. I was holding forth, exploiting my views and desires on the grandmother question in the presence of one of those people who delight to take a person down and make him feel cheap, especially if they imagine one is posing as younger than the family Bible records. This individual spoke up and said: "Why, if your grandmothers were living they would be so aged that they would be mummified. Instead of darning your stockings, knitting your mittens, they would be blind, deaf and imbecile. You would have to tend them with greater slavishness than a mother a newborn babe, and without the sweet recompense in the latter case. When people become imbecile with age, they grow repulsive, and the prolonging of this state is dreadful, while each day the unfolding of a budding life is filled with mysterious delights." Of course I did not want a grandmother that was decrepit, old and feeble. I thought I would drop the subject, as it appeared to be getting personal. But my companion continued: "Besides, could it be possible in the order of things for you to have a vigorous, industrious, capable grandmother, she would not be sitting at the chimney corner darning your stockings. She would be out attending to her lodge or club business, visiting the