MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. GINOCCHIO & BROTHER Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Water Street, foot of Broadway, - - - Jackson.

We take pleasure in informing our patrons and the public generally that we have on hand a very choice and selected stock of **Dry Goods** of all kinds, **Groceries and Provisions, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.** We particularly direct the attention of the public to the fact that we keep on hand the largest assortment of **Iron and Steel** to be found in Amador county. Also a superior assortment of all kinds of **Hardware,** such as Carriage Bolts, Screws, Nuts, and in fact everything the market demands. We are sole agents for the celebrated **Hurcules Powder,** of which we shall constantly keep on hand a large supply.

NEW NATIONAL HOTEL...

Foot of Main Street, Jackson, Cal.

First-class Accommodation for Travelers at Reasonable Prices.

SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

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

F. A. Voorheis, - - Proprietor.

E. G. FREEMAN & CO.

Gent's Working and Driving Gloves
Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Articles
Paints, Oil, Varnishes and Brushes

...General Varieties...

FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE IN OUR

Harness and Saddlery Annex

Telephone 441 Main. Jackson, Cal.

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.

He Hadn't Lost a Burglar.

"John," she said, suddenly shaking him, "there is a burglar in the house."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Positive," she replied. "Don't you hear him?"

He got up and began to dress hastily, but quietly.

"What are you going to do, John?" she inquired.

"I am going to sneak out the back way and get a policeman," he answered.

"But if you go right down stairs now," she said, "you'll find him in the dining room."

"Oh, I'll find him, will I?" he retorted sarcastically. "Well, now you just look me over carefully."

"Yes, John; what of it?"

"Do I look like a man who has lost a burglar anywhere?"

"No; of course not, but"—

"Do I have the reputation of being an impertinent fellow who is always interfering with other people's business? Do I in any way resemble the lost and found department of a daily newspaper?"

"No."

"Then why should I get tangled up with other people's property?"

"You're afraid, John."

"Afraid nothing!" he retorted indignantly. "I am looking at it from an ethical point of view. This burglar undoubtedly has been lost by the police, and if I took charge of him they might think I was trying to steal him and make a lot of trouble for me. Besides, I'm no searching party. You women don't understand the ethics of business at all."—Chicago Post.

Too Classic For Them.

A resident in a small suburban town had a visit from a German friend who knew little English, but played the violin well. One of this resident's neighbors gave a "musicale," and of course he and his visitor were invited. The German took his violin, and when his turn came he played one of his best pieces from one of the great masters.

When he had finished, there was an awkward silence and no applause. The people were still looking expectantly at the German, who looked disappointed and flustered. The silence grew painful.

Finally the hostess, quite red in the face, edged over to the side of the German's friend.

"Can't you get him to?" she whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, now that he's got tuned up, isn't he going to play something?"—London Tit-Bits.

Delicacies Out of Season.

Old Moneybags was tired of hearing all this stuff and nonsense about the poor. Some one had called his attention to his own way of living, with delicacies out of season on his groaning table and—

"Delicacies out of season!" he thundered. "What if I do get to use ice in the summer time? Don't the poor get to use it in the winter, when it's fresh, and I have to put up with the cold storage stuff? B-r-r-r-r!" — Indianapolis Press.

One of the smallest parishes in Wales is the historic parish of Sher, in the Bridgend Union. It has only a population of eight or nine souls. Nash and Stembridge, two other parishes, only number 14 inhabitants between them.

Organized 1878 Incorporated 1882

DOCTORS K & K

The Oldest and most Perfectly Equipped **Medical, Surgical** and **Electrical Establishment** in California. Devoted exclusively to the treatment of **Chronic Diseases** and Deformities. Arranged in eight departments, the whole under the direction of **DRS. KERGAN & KERGAN,** Employing exclusively their "**New Method Treatment**" which has a national reputation for the absolute cure of Nervous and Constitutional Diseases, is strictly scientific and is the result of over forty years honest investigation, experiment and experience in Eradicating the many Destructive Ailments **peculiar to the sexes.** It matters not by what name known, whether Inherited or Acquired wrongs of the Nervous System or Blood resulting in **Functional** or **Organic Miseries.** If you desire an honest and critical opinion concerning your case call at the **Sanitarium,** corner **Market** and **Mason Sts.** (entrance No. 8 Mason St.) when in San Francisco, or write full particulars of your case for a free consultation by mail, enclosing two-cent stamp.

DRS. KERGAN & KERGAN
MARKET AND MASON STS.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Mention this paper and send for "Twentieth Century facts for gentlemen."

Remarkable Power.

A dear old lady was taken one day to a musical service in a Boston church. She had heard much about the fine voice of the soprano and was prepared for a treat.

She sat in rapt enjoyment until the service was over and then turned a radiant face toward her escort, who was a young grandson.

"Dear boy," she said, "you've given me a great treat. Her voice is perfectly beautiful. It made cold chills run all up and down my spine."

"It's too bad, grandmamma," said the boy, "but she didn't sing today, though she was there. The gentleman next me says she's been suffering from a bad cold, and one of the chorus had to sing the solos for her."

"What, dear?" said the old lady, looking momentarily distressed. Then her face cleared, and she patted his arm reassuringly.

"Never you mind," she said. "We can come again some time. But, after all, if she can make me feel that way without singing I don't know that it would be wise for me to hear her. Now, would it?"—Youth's Companion.

Too Profuse.

Managing Editor—Quiller writes more than twice as much as any other man on the staff. He really deserves to have his salary raised.

Business Manager—On the contrary, he ought to have it reduced. Just think of the money he costs us in a year in the matter of pens, ink and paper!—Boston Transcript.

The largest tree in the state of New Jersey is a white oak situated three miles north of Mickelton, Gloucester county. Its dimensions are: Height, 95 feet; diameter of trunk three feet above the ground, 7 feet 10 inches; spread of branches, 118 feet. This tree antedates the settlement of the colony.

The letter "p" is like a selfish friend, the first in pity, but the last in help.—Chicago News.

In 1790 Pennsylvania had a colored population of 10,274.

A PERSEVERING MONKEY.

Professor Garner's Story of Nellie and the Matchbox.

Monkeys are always happy if they have plenty to eat and something to play with. Professor R. L. Garner, in his "Apes and Monkeys," says that he recalls no investment which ever yielded a greater return in pleasure than a certain little pocket match safe, which cost 25 cents. He gave it to a little monkey, Nellie by name, after putting into it a small key to make it rattle and some bits of candy.

She rattled the box and found much pleasure in the noise. I showed her how to press the spring in order to open the box, but her little black fingers were not strong enough to release the spring.

However, she caught the idea and knew that the spring was the secret which held the box closed. When she found that she could not open it with her fingers, she tried it with her teeth. Failing in this, she turned to the wall, and, standing upright on the top of her cage, she took the box in both hands and struck the spring against the wall until the lid flew open.

She was perfectly delighted at the result, and for the hundredth time at least I closed the box for her to open it again.

The next time Nellie received the match safe she was in her cage, and through its meshes she could not reach the wall. She had nothing against which to strike the spring to force it open.

After looking around and striking the box several times against the wires of the cage, she discovered a block of wood about six inches square. She took this and mounted her perch. Balancing the block on the perch, she held it with the left foot, while with the right foot she clung to the perch. With her tail wound around the meshes of the cage to steady herself, she carefully adjusted the matchbox in such a manner as to protect her fingers from the blow. Then she struck the spring against the block of wood and the lid flew open.

She fairly screamed with delight as she held up the box.

Why Buchanan Never Married.

"Mr. Buchanan, who was the first bachelor elected to the presidency, was 65 years of age when elected and had deliberately given himself to a life of celibacy," writes William Perrine in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"In the days when he was a young lawyer of Lancaster, Pa., he had loved Miss Coleman, a beautiful daughter of a citizen of that town. They had been engaged to be married, when one day he was surprised to receive from her a request to release her from the promise. According to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the separation originated in a misunderstanding on the part of the lady, who was unusually sensitive, over some small matter exaggerated by giddy and indiscreet tongues. Soon after the estrangement she was sent to Philadelphia and there died suddenly.

"Throughout the rest of his life, or for nearly half a century, Mr. Buchanan is not known to have revealed to anybody the circumstances of this romantic tragedy. He would only say that it had changed his hopes and plans and had led him more deeply than ever into politics as a distraction from his grief. In his old age, long after he had retired permanently to private life, he called attention to a package containing, he said, the papers and relics which would explain the causes of his youthful sorrow and which he preserved evidently with the idea of revealing them before his death. But when he died and his will was read it was found that he had directed that the package should be burned without being opened, and his injunction was obeyed."

Irish Lacemaking.

After the famine of 1847 lacemaking was revived in Ireland. Limerick, the most successful Irish lace, is not really a lace at all. It is tambour work upon net and muslin.

The Irish point, so called, is the ancient cut work, being made in quite the same way.

Net was first made by machinery in 1768. The machine was an adaptation of the stocking loom to lacemaking and was cumbrous and not very effective. In 1809 John Heathcote, a farmer's son, evolved from consciousness and experience the first machine to make true bobbinet with perfect six sided holes. It brought a great hue and cry about his ears from laceworkers, who fancied they saw themselves thus reduced to beggary.

The Luddites broke into the factory where the machines were first set up and made scrap iron and kindling wood of them. The only result was to drive the new manufacture to other and safer quarters. For long the secret of the machine's construction was most jealously guarded by English manufacturers. Not satisfied with letters patent they kept up a coast patrol to make sure that nobody took model or drawings to France.

At last, though, they were outwitted. A discharged workman who had the plan of it in his mind managed to get safe over sea and build a machine in France.

Sort of a Cannibal.

An old farmer for many years got his dinner on market days at a small hotel kept by a widow.

She had long suspected that he ate more than the price (1s. 6d.) warranted, so she determined to test him. She accordingly arranged matters so that there was no room for him at table, but she took him into a private room the table of which was graced by a steaming leg of mutton. He set to in good earnest, and soon nothing was left but the bones.

Highly delighted with his cheap feed, on passing the bar he tendered 2 shillings for his dinner and a quart of ale.

The widow declined to take any payment on the ground of having inconvenienced him so much.

Chuckling to himself, the farmer lifted down his market basket from a hook, and, finding it rather light, he tore off the covering and shouted:

"Here, Mrs. Brown, where's my leg o' mutton?"

"Why, ye old silly," said the widow, "ye have ate your leg for your dinner!"—London Answers.

Dosing an Elephant.

A difficult operation was performed the other day at the zoological gardens at Hanover. An elephant was suffering great pain from a growth on the lower part of one of its hind feet, and it was deemed necessary to cut this malformation away. In order to render the animal insensible a dose of 600 grains of morphia in six bottles of rum was administered. This dose took about an hour before any visible effect was produced. The elephant then fell over in a kind of sleep, and the operation was successfully carried out without any further ado. The operation lasted in all three days.—London Globe.

A TEST OF COURAGE.

TORTURES WHICH INDIAN SCOUTS BORE WITH SMILING FACES.

It Was Up to Lieutenant Farrow Once to Emulate Their Example, but the West Pointer Used His Wits and Escaped the Ordeal.

The Indian scouts that joined forces with the United States army in 1878 to make prisoners of the Sheep Eaters in western Idaho were skeptical at first of Lieutenant Farrow's abilities to lead them into battle. They had never seen his courage tested and plainly intimated by word and action that they had no intention of obeying his orders unless he should prove himself braver than any chief, subchief or buck in the command.

First they gave themselves up to all kinds of physical torture as a lesson to him. They slashed their bodies with knives without showing pain. They slit the skin on their chests, ran skewers thereunder and jerked off cutaneous and fleshly strips while smiling happily in his face. They split their ears, pierced their noses, lacerated their cheeks, butchered their arms and legs. Their stunts were so far beyond anything Farrow could inflict upon himself that the poor young lieutenant thought he "saw his finish."

Suddenly, while rivulets of cold perspiration trickled down his spine, the West Pointer recollected that in his schoolboy days he was an adept at driving a pin into the thick of his "vastus externus" without feeling pain and the joyful inspiration to thus illuminate his courage seized him.

The necessary pin was in the lapel of his fatigue jacket. Ruthlessly he slit the front of his breeches leg from pocket to knee, then his drawers till the front of the thigh was exposed to the wondering gaze of the Indians gathered close around. Then dramatically exhibiting the pin, an affair of an inch and a sixteenth, he reached for a flat stone and drove the harmless bit of wire down to the head in the unresisting muscle. His handsome face was as unclouded as when he helped to haze his first plebe.

The red men nodded approvingly, grunted, looked wise and sat down on their haunches. They had seen something new, but wanted something more convincing. Farrow realized this and was in the seventh heaven of despair as he smilingly pulled out the pin and held it aloft for inspection.

To show the white feather meant in that hostile country insubordination and treachery, involving Farrow's mysterious death. It was a moment to try a soul—and to fry it. The lieutenant whispered to his trusted sergeant: "I am going to take a desperate chance. I am going to shoot myself through the head with my revolver, but you stand beside your horse, and just an instant before I shoot you fire your rifle, yell 'Si-wash!' mount and make off through the woods as fast as you can ride. Don't forget to fire before I do, else I shall be a dead man."

Sitting upon a jagged rock, he explained to the Indians what he was about to do, and with great deliberation and some fine theatricals he cocked the pistol and placed the muzzle against his temple. The Indians were wrought up to a high pitch. They had never seen a man shoot himself through the head and live. Surely here was the bravest of all brave leaders. They would follow him through hell.

The sergeant, unnoticed, fired his rifle, his "Si-wash!" woke the echoes of Shoshone and Bitter Root, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs rang down the Clear Water as far as Fort Lapwai. "Si-wash?" The Indians knew what that cry meant. In less time than it takes to tell it Farrow was alone. His forces had scattered to the four winds. In the course of a few hours all were united again, but the courage test was not renewed.

Twenty-two years after this exciting incident, on a certain evening in 1900, Farrow occupied a box in the Madison Square Garden when Buffalo Bill's Wild West was in full blast. Chief Joseph, the celebrated commander of the Nez Perces, whom Farrow had captured 22 years previously and whom he had not seen in the interim, led a wild, whooping, yelling, screeching mob of painted Indians out into the arena for a dash around the circle.

But the charge was interrupted—cut short. When Joseph reached the curve near the Madison avenue end of the amphitheater, he pulled his horse sharply to the right, cutting across the first file of warriors in most dangerous fashion. In a mad gallop he poked his charger's head into an arena box, straightened up in his stirrups, held out his hand and cried: "How! How! How!" The old fellow had caught sight of Farrow and nothing could prevent him from riding up to salute his captor of 1878. It was a dramatic incident.—New York Press.

Budget.

The origin of the word "budget," meaning an estimate of government revenues and expenses, is thus explained:

Almost from time immemorial it was the custom in England to put the estimates of receipts and expenditures presented to parliament in a leather bag, the word budget being thus borrowed from the old Norman word bougette, which signifies a leather purse. Curiously enough, the word has passed back again into France from England.—New York Tribune.

"I love company," said a local Mrs. Partington. "It makes things bright and lively—it breaks the anatomy."—New York Sun.

From a cliff 1,000 feet high one with clear vision can see a ship at a distance of 42 miles.

The Germans are claiming that, in spite of all our boasting, they are increasing their production of pig iron faster than the United States. This seems to be the fact. The German output of pig iron the past year was 8,351,742 tons, representing an increase of 75 per cent since 1890. The United States output last year was 13,789,242 tons, representing an increase of 50 per cent since 1890.

Near Rio Grande City, Tex., an immense deposit of an unknown gaseous substance has been discovered. Pieces of it ignite quickly and give out a strong flame which lasts for a remarkably long period. It is said by scientists that the substance is either an unknown mineral or ordinary clay highly charged with natural gas. In either case the value of the deposit as fuel is immense, as it covers many thousands of acres and is of immense depth.

Snow falls on 15 days in the year at Dublin, 71 at Moscow and 46 in Iceland.

Life and coat buttons often hang by slender threads.

HIS DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

A Pompous Reception That Amused President Grevy.

M. Severiaro de Heredia, the minister of public works in the Rouvier cabinet during the presidency of M. Grevy, belonged to the famous naturalized Cuban family, of which another member, the Comte de Heredia, is one of the immortal 40 of the French academy. Most of the family have dark spins, suspiciously mulatto, and other negro characteristics. This has, however, in nowise interfered with their standing in Paris, where several of the family have long been prominent. The former minister had also been president of the municipal council of Paris and a deputy from a Paris arrondissement.

His dark skin led to a curious mistake at the Elysee the day after he had been appointed a member of the Rouvier cabinet. According to immemorial custom the new ministers called singly on President Grevy to pay their respects. On the same day, as it happened, an official visit was expected from the president of the republic of Haiti, who was to present his letters to the president. When M. de Heredia arrived in the court of the palace, the minor officials stationed there, who were not familiar with the new minister's features, judged from his complexion that he was the Haitian dignitary. The courtyard became very animated with guards hurrying to and fro to their places, while one of the officers of the president's military household went to inform M. Grevy of the distinguished visitor's arrival.

M. de Heredia received all this with dignified composure, for, never having been a minister before this, he thought this ceremonial was probably the usual one. Finally, with the beating of drums, he was ushered into the reception room, where the chief executive stood ready to receive him. "What," cried he, "it's only you, Heredia!" "Why, yes, M. le President," replied the puzzled minister. Grevy began to laugh. "Well," he cried, "you have been minister only 24 hours and have succeeded in turning my house upside down. What will you do later on?"—Chicago Herald.

THE NEW TENANT.

Now, when he left my life I drew
Close shut the casements of my heart
And locked the door, and in each part
Strange darkness reigned, forlorn and new
There pierced no happy sunshine through
The barrier of fastened doors;
The dust lay thick upon the floors
Where rosemary was strewn and rue.

But on a certain day came one
Who knocked and would not be denied
And threw the rusted casements wide
And entered with the wind and sun.
The dingy webs that grief had spun,
The dust that sad neglect had laid,
The faded hangings, rent and frayed,
Had vanished ere his work was done.

Oh, he hath swept my heart for me
Clean of old sorrowing and doubt,
And he hath set it all about
With peace and happy certainty!
Oh, home be glad for such as he
And very sweet nor let him find
That ghost one tenant left behind,
That silent, sad eyed memory!

—Theodosia Garrison in Harper's Bazar.

NO BREAKING OFF.

Just a Little Disagreement Between the Peppery Lovers.

"See here, Daniel," began the old farmer when he had cornered his son out by the cornerib, "what's this here circalatin round 'mong the neighbors 'bout you and Patience breakin off yer engagement?"

"Nuthin to it 'tall," with a sullen tone and look.

"Blamed funny. I never see so much smoke where there wasn't some fire. Did you and her have some words?"

"I said there wasn't no breakin off, didn't I? What's the use of cross questionin a feller like he was on the witness stan'?"

"Lots of use, my young man. Hain't I tole you more times 'n you've go. ingers and toes that my mind and ma's mind is sot on this here marriage? Don't our farms jine, and isn't she a only chile, and hain't you a only chile? Hain't you got no gumtion nur common sense?"

"She said not. She said I didn't know enough to peel b'iled pertaters afore eatin 'em or to keep awake when I was a-courtin of her."

"She hain't so fur wrong, either. And what did you say?"

"I tole her she didn't have interleck enough to talk so's to keep nobody awake and that ef I was a-pickin and a-choosin fur beauty she'd be at the foot of the class. That's what I tole her."

"Well?"

"She ordered me to git out and said ef she ever see me on that farm from hencefor'ard she'd set the dogs on me, and I tole her the dogs would have a confounded easy time of it so fur as I was consarned. But there was no breakin off."

Then the old man informed the boy that if the engagement wasn't renewed within 24 hours he'd leave every "durned dollar to a sannytorium fur fools."—Detroit Free Press.

World's Longest Stairway.

The Philadelphia city hall contains the highest continuous stairway in the world, and tourists who have boasted of their muscular ability in climbing the stone steps of the Bunker Hill monument at Charlestown, the Washington monument or the monument to General Brock near Queenstown, Ontario, will tell their friends of their feat of ascending the 598 steps which lead from the seventh floor of the city hall to the landing about the feet of William Penn's statue. It extends from the seventh to the sixteenth floor and contains 598 steps of iron, arranged about a square central shaft, in which runs an electric elevator. To reach the tower stairway the climber may mount 245 granite stairs in the stairways at the northern end of the building, thus making a total climb of 743 steps.

Tower climbing is one of the fads of tourists. Hitherto the Bunker Hill monument, with its four hundred odd stone steps, and the Washington monument, which has a few more, have represented the acme of opportunity for tests of physical endurance in this country.—Philadelphia Press.

Willing to Hear of It.

A Methodist critic, wishing to put his bishop "in a hole," or, as Dr. William Everett would say, "to deposit him in a cavity," asked in open meeting whether or not the bishop came to the conference in a Pullman car.

"Yes," the bishop cheerfully replied. "Do you know any easier way?"

Automobilism and the increasing necessity for some form of traction for goods and passengers better suited to cities than that furnished by the horse have given another impetus to the search for a storage battery that combines lightness with high output and enough mechanical and electrical strength to insure long life. Nothing is more urgently needed, and nothing seems further from attainment.

JAPAN IN WINTER.

Colder In Houses of the Rich Man Than In Open Sunshine.

"I suppose that the American people and the Russians are the only western races that really keep warm in winter. Still those who dwell in other countries admit that they have the same ideal by their inefficient effort to attain to it," writes Anna N. Benjamin in Ainslee's. "The Japanese winter is most trying on account of its continual dampness, but the Japanese are content to remain cold. They make almost no effort to overcome it. The old 'bushido' (chivalrous) idea of the 'samurai' (knights) was that it was effeminate to feel cold, and such is their severe training that they do not really feel it as we do. The wearing of some extra 'kimonos' and the use of a 'hibachi,' or brazier, in which are a few tiny sticks of lighted charcoal, are the only concessions to winter weather. With the 'hibachi' they never pretend to heat more than their finger tips, which they hold over the coals. It is used when the house is entirely open.

"The houses, as every one knows, are built of thin, light wood, and the sliding panels which serve for doors and windows have paper panes. They are as apt to be open as closed during the day. When I took my first jinrikisha ride through the streets of Nagasaki, I forgot my own sufferings in my sympathy for this unhappy nation, which as surely as the cold came endured such misery from it. The coolies wear thin blue cotton clothes and are always paddling through the mud. The storekeepers sit out in their open booths, and the women go bareheaded about the streets. In the houses of the rich the still cold behind the closed panels is often more intense than that outside in the sunshine, where the air is stirring. The schools and public buildings are equally frigid.

"It seemed to me that the only warm things in Japan were the babies, who looked like bundles of gayly colored crape, their round heads covered by knit caps. They slumber peacefully tucked down their mothers' backs. The attempt to keep warm in winter is not entirely a 'modern improvement,' though it goes with western civilization. The Koreans do it very thoroughly, the Chinese to a certain extent. The Japanese, as a race, continue to scorn it as they always have done, and this is merely one of a hundred examples which prove that the Japanese are still true to their traditions in their daily life and as yet little affected in the ordering of their homes by the ideas adopted from the west."

NOVEL CURES.

Unique Methods Employed to Overcome Certain Diseases.

Freezing, baking, illuminating, torturing, frightening and bruising are among the accepted ways of curing certain diseases, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times. For example, the baking cure: When one has a well developed rheumatism, he is placed in a species of stove and the crystals of uric acid are literally melted out of his body.

Another odd cure once tried for rheumatism was burial in damp, warm clay. The first rheumatic burial took place at Menominee, Mich. The treatment was not a success, and this form of cure has been given up.

The freezing cure: This was first introduced by a Swiss doctor, Paul Burdeyront. He placed his patients in sheets immersed in ice water, packing the patient all about with crushed ice. This treatment is today used in typhoid fever cases.

Or the patient is plunged into an ice water bath. The treatment saves many lives. Raging fever above 105 degrees F has been brought down by these means to normal—98 2-5 degrees—in less than ten minutes.

Neither of these modes of treatment actually freezes one. A physician of Paris, M. Figeau, introduced in 1890 an ammonia vapor method, which really froze the patient. The body was placed in a chamber into which certain chemicals were introduced. Ammonia gas, by sudden evaporation, then produced intense cold, and the blood in the body lost most of its heat.

M. Figeau's method did not meet with success. Some of his patients succumbed to the drastic measures, and the practice was abandoned.

The Wheel Problem.

Which, at any given moment, is moving forward faster—the top of a coach wheel or the bottom?

The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate—that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the double velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

Flower Gardens of the Sea.

The sea has its flower gardens, but the blooms are not on plants as they are on the land. It is the animals of the sea that make the gardens, the corals of the tropical waters particularly making a display of floral beauty that fairly rivals the gorgeous coloring and delicate grace presented by land flowers. So closely do they resemble plant blooms that it is hard to believe that they are wholly animal in organization. Dr. Blackford says that among the coral gardens there are fishes of curious forms and flashing colors darting about, just as the birds and butterflies dart about plant gardens on land.—Chicago Chronicle.

The First Millionaire.

Who was the first millionaire? Solomon? But come down to earth in modern times. Solomon's wealth was fiction, like that of Crœsus, Midas and the rest. Perhaps you remember Pope's lines—

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who, living, saved a candle end.

John Hopkins was generally known as "Vulture" Hopkins from his rapacious method of acquiring money. He was the architect of his own fortune, dying worth $1,500,000 in 1732.—New York Press.

The best collection of Chinese coins to be found outside of China has been given to the Archæological museum of the University of Pennsylvania by Rev. E. W. Twing, a Honolulu missionary. The collection goes back to a time over 2,500 years ago and includes those odd early Chinese coins which were made in the form of spades, razors, keys, shirts and tools.

The geographical divisions of the United States are the north Atlantic group, the south Atlantic group, the north central group, the south central group and the western group.

USING ANÆSTHETICS.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM AND ETHER.

Evil Deeds Are Not Easy to Do With the Aid of These Drugs—Some Popular Misinformation on the Subject Corrected.

A curious case of robbery under chloroform which was decided in London not long ago was followed with great interest by writers on medical jurisprudence. Hitherto many such writers have expressed great doubt about these cases, for the process is by no means so easy of use as people think.

Very extravagant ideas prevail among the public as to the power of anæsthetics, owing perhaps to the license employed by novelists when they describe "fancy" cases in their books.

One reads, for instance, of a man in a railway carriage waving a handkerchief before the face of a fellow traveler and producing instantaneous unconsciousness. This is absolutely impossible. Another imaginative writer recently described a murder carried out by pushing a towel saturated with a powerful anæsthetic under the bedroom door of his sleeping victim. This also is nonsense.

In another tale the more feasible plan is carried out of entering the sleeping man's chamber, pouring the anæsthetic on the bed, the murderer standing by and watching his victim die. But even this is stretching the truth rather severely.

The true facts about chloroform and its companion anæsthetic, ether, are as follows:

First, with regard to administering the drug during sleep, doctors have made very exhaustive experiments, for it would be of great advantage to a patient on whom an operation has to be performed to chloroform him while asleep and save him the horror which so many people have of the inhalation, and they sum up the results, showing that very rarely can chloroform be administered to a sleeping person without awakening him. Grown people are, with the rarest exception, awakened by the irritating fumes. If a man were tired and if his nose were naturally insensitive to unpleasant odors, and especially if he were under the influence of drink, it might be possible to make him unconscious while asleep. But not even every doctor could do it. The operation would require the highest skill, and the most skillful administrator would succeed only once in a hundred times.

If we take the case of spilling the chloroform in a room and thus impregnating all the air of the room, the thing is out of the question. Yet not only do novelists assert that this can be done, but many people have been actually charged in real life with doing it—for the purpose of blackmailing them, for injuring them or perhaps to throw off suspicion from the pretended victim who has committed the robbery himself. If the room measures, say, 12 feet square and is 9 feet high, it would probably take a gallon of chloroform spilled on the floor to make a man unconscious. All the chinks and crannies would have to be stopped up first, moreover, and the operator himself would have to be poison proof or he also would succumb.

As a matter of fact, the only way to render a person unconscious by the use of chloroform is in the way practiced by surgeons in the operating room. And this is by no means an easy task. There are several ways of doing it. The chloroform may be dropped on a handkerchief, which is then held over the face at some little distance, or it may be dropped on a sponge, or it may be used in one of the innumerable machines invented for the purpose. But the vapor must be mixed with air before it is breathed. That is the reason the handkerchief or the sponge is held some inches from the face. As a rule it takes from five to eight minutes to make the person unconscious, and during this time he generally struggles very violently.

It is probable that many of the charges of chloroforming which have been made are false. Sometimes the pretended victim asserts that he has become unconscious immediately. But it has been shown in evidence that the time necessary to bring about this result is at least four or five minutes. Sometimes he says he could not cry out, yet he describes all the circumstances of the administration minutely. Now, the first effect of the chloroform is to produce confusion of the mind, while, on the other hand, the patient can cry out almost up to the last. He becomes mentally confused before he loses the power of speech. These few facts are sufficient perhaps to demonstrate that some charges of possible chloroforming are necessarily untrue.—London Mail.

Not Quite What She Meant.

A very stout lady while out walking in a certain part of Edinburgh came to a gateway which appeared to be the entrance to a private road. Not being certain, however, she asked one of two messenger boys who were standing at the entrance whether she could get through the gateway or not.

The boy looked her up and down and across. Then, winking to his friend, he replied:

"I dinna ken, missus, but think ye micht try, as I saw a horse and cart gang through a wee while since."—London Tit-Bits.

He Knew When He Was Well Off.

Teddie slept in a big bed with his mother, and one winter's night, being right in the middle of it when his mother's bedtime came, she suggested to him to move on his side. He blinked up at her rebelliously: "No, I t'ink I won't move. It's cold everywhere I ain't."—Harper's Bazar.

Understood at Last.

"Hello, Central. Give me one triple nought South."

"What?"

"Don't you catch it? One zero, zero, zero South."

"Wh-a-t?"

"South one double nought, nought."

"Can't you speak plainer?"

"One thousand South — ten hundred South. Get it now?"

"Oh, you mean South one ought, double ought. All right."—Chicago Tribune.

A bill which has just become a law of New York makes the funeral expenses of a deceased person payable from his estate before any other debts. Besides being a boon to undertakers, this measure may have some effect in encouraging reasonable simplicity of funeral display.

An old horn snuffbox once belonging to Sir Francis Drake, possibly the one which he used at Plymouth Hoe during his famous game of bowls, has just been sold for £3 10s. in London. The snuffbox is a quaint old relic, bearing the coat of arms of Sir Francis, with his name on the lid.

CAME IN TO BE HANGED.

A Story Told of Abel Erasmus, the Boer, and Lord Wolseley.

A good story is told of the old Boer, Abel Erasmus, and Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet Wolseley, in connection with the part Erasmus took in Wolseley's campaign in 1879 against Sekukuni, the chief of the Bapedis, on the borders of Swaziland. After the capture of Sekukuni he was immediately brought before Sir Garnet Wolseley, who asked him how he, a miserable Kaffir, living in a cave, dared to defy the great queen of England. The chief replied that he had been instigated to do so by Abel Erasmus.

Sir Garnet in describing the scene at a public dinner given to him at Pretoria on his return from the campaign said that he wished there and then to let Abel Erasmus know that if ever he found that Erasmus had been inciting any chief to levy war against England and he was able to lay hands on him, Abel Erasmus would hang as high as Haman.

A few days after the dinner Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir Garnet's military secretary, was sitting in his office when a tall, bearded Boer entered and asked permission to speak with him.

"I am Abel Erasmus," he said, "and I have very important business to do here."

He explained that he had come to see Sir Garnet Wolseley, for he had heard that Sir Garnet had said that if he could lay hold of him he would hang him, and so he had come to be hanged. Sir Garnet was in the next room, and Sir Henry Brackenbury thought it would be advisable to consult him on the subject. Sir Garnet, however, happened to be too busy at the moment to see anybody, and Sir Henry after reflection persuaded his angry visitor to take his leave and allow the hanging to stand over for the time.

Nassau's Lake of Fire.

"I doubt if many persons realize the fascination to be derived from a winter spent in the Bahamas," said a visitor just returned from there the other day. "Down near Nassau, for example, there is a curious sheet of water known as the Lake of Fire that is worth going far to see. It is simply a phosphorescent lake, but its weird effects cling to one's recollection in an uncanny way. It is about three miles from the hotel. You drive through quaint and narrow streets, with only here and there a lamppost shedding a dim light, and past the open doors of huts whose occupants seem to fill every space in the abodes to overflowing.

"The gates of the old estate of Waterloo have long since disappeared, and the house is in ruins, but you drive between the posts which still mark the entrance down a grass grown roadway to the edge of this wonderful pond. The water is only a few feet deep, and the pond is scarcely a quarter of a mile long. We stepped into a rowboat by the dim light of a lantern, and in a moment, as the boat pushed off and the oars broke the water into ripples, we were surrounded by a sea of flame. The divers who swam about seemed literally merged in blue smoke, for the effect of this phosphorescence is more like smoke than water. It reminds one of the butterfly dance seen on the stage. The form of the diver is surrounded by a luminous glow, and the fishes take fright and dart away like little flames into the dark and quiet waters. It is a beautiful sight."—New York Sun.

An Early Georgia Monster.

In the fore part of August, 1812, a party of hunters found in a mountainous region now known as Rabun county, Ga., a being nearly eight feet high covered with bluish hair and having a human face adorned with immense ears resembling those of an ass. The creature was stone deaf and on that account seemed wholly unconscious of the approach of the men. This monster seems, from old accounts, to have been seen upon several occasions during the next four years.

In 1816 a number of adventurers from Virginia, most of them surveyors working up the unexplored portions of Georgia and the Carolinas, formed themselves into a party for the express purpose of capturing the uncanny being if possible. They scoured the hills and valleys for several days and at last returned unsuccessful to the starting point.

The many tales told of this extraordinary being seem to have created quite a stir all along the Atlantic coast. A printed circular issued by a land company in 1815 says, "The climate of Georgia is exceedingly mild, the soil productive, and the danger of attack from uncouth beasts which are represented as being half beast and half man are fairy tales not worthy of consideration."

The White Shark.

The shark of sharks, the real "man eater" and the one most dreaded, is the white shark. This variety reaches a length of 35 feet and a weight of 2,000 pounds. Its head is long and flat, and the snout far overhangs the mouth. Its six rows of teeth are sharp as lancets and notched like saws. Its mouth is very large, so that one has been known to cut a man's body completely in two at a single snap of its cruel jaws and another to swallow one at a gulp. Near Calcutta one of these sharks was seen to swallow a bullock's head, horns and all.

From the stomach of another a bull's hide was taken entire, and the sailor who made the discovery insisted that the bull had been swallowed whole and all except the hide had been digested. From the stomach of another was taken a lady's workbox, filled with the usual contents, scissors and all. It is commonly the white shark which follows the vessel at sea day after day and week after week.

Laughter.

Laughter is a positive sweetness of life; but, like good coffee, it should be well cleared of deleterious substance before use. Ill will and malice and the desire to wound are worse than chicory. Between a laugh and a giggle there is the width of the horizons. I could sit all day and listen to the hearty and heartsome ha, ha, of a lot of bright and jolly people, but would rather be shot than be forced to stay within earshot of a couple of silly gossips. Cultivate that part of your nature that is quick to see the mirthful side of things, so you shall be enabled to shed many of life's troubles, as the plumage of the bird sheds the rain. But discourage all tendencies to seek your amusement at the expense of another's feelings or in aught that is impure. It was Goethe who said, "Tell me what a man laughs at and I will read you his character."

The Indian Territory, which increased in population from 180,000 in 1890 to 391,000 in 1900, is an aspirant for the same territorial representation in congress as is now given to its neighbor, Oklahoma, formerly a part of it. The white population of the Indian Territory is largely increasing.