

GETTING DRUNK IN RUSSIA.

How They Deal With Intoxicated Persons in a Despotic Country.

A gentleman who has lived for several years in St. Petersburg, Russia, gave to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the following in reference to the liquor traffic in that country:

"There is no attempt at regulation, except that the Government police, *polizei*, keep a sharp eye on all the vendors of vodka and other intoxicating drinks. The dealer in Russian whisky is protected by the law and is answerable to the law. He dare not make use of his license to deal in vodka as a blind for robbery. Such things as you Americans call 'dives' are utterly unknown there. No man can be tempted to drunkenness and robbery while in a drunken state without punishing the dealer, which means the deprivation of his license and a period of incarceration in jail with hard labor, followed, in extreme cases, with a touch of the knout on his bare skin. The terror of this punishment makes each keeper of a vodka shop really a conservator of the peace; for, as soon as the liquor dealer sees that one of his customers is likely to get violently drunk, he turns him out on the street. And a man already drunk can get no more vodka."

"But suppose the drunken man kicks up a row, what then?"

"He is taken in charge by the police and down to the station-house. His punishment then follows as a matter of certainty. No matter whether he be rich or poor, whether he belongs to the noble or the working class, he must serve eight hours in the street-sweeping gang. At 6 o'clock in the morning succeeding his orgie he has offered to him a lump of bread and a glass of whisky. He may or may not accept of the proffered municipal hospitality, but when 7 o'clock strikes he has to go out on the street gang, and with broom and spade make the Nevskoi Pewspekt, or any other street he may work on, as clean as a new pin."

"But do they make no difference between gentlemen and workmen?"

"None whatever; yet there is a difference generally. The gentlemen who are found drunk on the streets at night usually have black clothes. They are marked on the back with a great white Greek cross, a cross big enough to be seen half a square away. The moujik, or workmen class, who, at least in summer, are found with their dirty white shirts covering their shoulders, are marked with an equally-conspicuous black cross. This is the only difference, and, if a gentleman be with white or light-colored clothing on him, he gets, also, the black cross. They are all classed as drunkards, and treated without reference to their rank."

"But you said these men have to do eight hours' work on the street. Do you mean that they are kept eight hours without any rest?"

"No; the street-sweeping gangs are accompanied by wagons, which carry the tools, something like your hoodlum wagons, and they also carry provisions. At 12 o'clock noon each gang is halted, and from the wagon is offered to each individual a second lump of bread, accompanied by a Dantzig herring. This luxurious fare can be eaten or left, just as it suits the principal parties concerned. The moujiks all grasp at the offered food; occasionally you will see a gentleman indignantly spurn it. But all have to go to work again as soon as the gong sounds, and they must work three hours longer. At the end of the eighth hour the wagon comes along and gathers up the tools and material that belong to the Government, and the order is given to the drunkards to scatter. They go off; they have been thoroughly punished for the indiscretion of a night, and the streets of St. Petersburg benefit by the indiscretion."

Married in a Great Hurry.

"The quickest courtship on record," said one old resident, was that of Dr. Nick McDowell, who, driving along the street in his buggy one day, saw a beautiful girl standing at the window. He immediately stopped and hitched his horse, rang the bell, inquired the lady's name, was ushered into the parlor, announced his own name, said he was "pleased with her appearance and wished to marry her at once." Nothing but the knowledge that she was actually in the presence of the celebrated physician kept her from fainting. To her plea of "surprise" at this unexpected announcement he only replied "Now or never." When she asked to "take a week to consider" he said, "I am going down street to attend a critical case and have no time to spare right now." "Give me a day, then."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. When I am through with this professional visit I'll drive around and get a preacher. If you've made up your mind to marry me by that time all right." And he left her, breathless and unable to articulate another word. When he returned they were quietly married. "No cards."

Avoid Repetitions.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, says he admires newspapers, because they avoid repetition, get into the heart of a subject, and put it before their readers in a clear, tersc style. The Senator gives a bit of personal experience, which we commend to those who would acquire the art of public speaking. He says, "I experienced great difficulty when I first entered the Senate in avoiding a repetition of a sentence."

"It was my habit in my stump speeches frequently to refer several times, in the course of a speech, to anything that I considered a good point. I wanted to beat it in the heads of my listeners, as it were."

"Well, when I got into the Senate, where every word I uttered was taken down, I found that I had to be more careful."

"I was horrified to read one of my speeches in which I noticed I had repeated an entire sentence six times. I found that might do in North Carolina, but it would not do in the Senate."

Rising Stock.

A friend of mine, who dabbles considerably in stocks, walked into a well-known banking-house and created considerable excitement by remarking, "I got a pretty good thing when I bought that last winter. It was at 34 then,

and to-day it stands at 95." "Well, I should say so," exclaimed the senior partner. "But what stock was it?" "It was a thermometer," coolly replied his friend. It didn't cost the boys anything for lemonade that day.—*Boston Times*.

Heads, Hands and Feet.

The degeneracy of the human race is with some people a cherished article of faith, not to be lightly parted with, and many are the facts by which this foregone conclusion has been temporarily sustained. Very recently, for instance, it was said that the heads of English people were growing small by degrees, if not "beautifully less." Upon this point the testimony of haters was approximately unanimous. Thirty years ago the average size of hats was considerably larger than now, and the conclusion followed that heads must have been also. A little discussion, however, showed that the conclusion did not necessarily follow from the premises. Hair is cut shorter than it used to be, and the method of wearing hats has changed also—they are nowadays not pressed so far down on the head. The two facts together explain the mystery without making that profound plunge into physiological details and the laws of life which was at first suggested. Next comes an outcry about gloves and hands, but here again not nature, but fashion, must be held accountable. People have developed a fancy for thrusting large hands into small gloves, and so long as they can strain a glove across the back of the hand many persons appear to be satisfied, no matter how badly the fingers are accommodated. This is, of course, very absurd. In the first place it is bad for the glove, which has only a certain amount of "stretch" in it, and when this is exceeded something must give way, either the stitches or the leather, or both. Then again, an over-tight glove is uncomfortable to wear and ugly in appearance; and, looking at the subject in all its aspects, there is positively not a single gain to balance the disadvantages.

The fact, however, remains. Messrs. Dent, Alcroft & Co. inform us that the sizes formerly kept in stock were from 7 to 10 for gentleman's gloves, and that they never thought of making anything smaller, except to special order. Now the sizes range from 7 to 10, with an increasing demand for the smaller sizes. In ladies' gloves the smallest size formerly kept in stock was 6s, now 5s are kept. They have further found it necessary to issue circulars calling attention to the increasing practice of wearing gloves too small, and the consequent multiplication of complaints of the gloves giving way; naturally, neither shop-keepers nor manufacturers can be expected to hold themselves responsible for gloves destroyed in this manner. So, after all, it is not hands, but gloves that are smaller. The latest story of this kind is that feet are diminishing in size. A contemporary says: "It cannot have escaped the observation of the trade hatt in ladies' goods there is a decided tendency to wear boots shorter and wider than was formerly the case," and suggests "that it is possible, with reference both to hands and feet, that we are developing smaller extremities." We can well believe in any amount of distortion in the ladies' feet, as a consequence of the idiotic boot-heels which have been fashionable for some years past; but most probably the fact, if it be a fact, referred to by our contemporary will be as readily explained when it is examined as the questions of hats and heads and gloves and treated without reference to their rank."

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He Didn't Relish the Blamed Joke.

"I have a good joke to tell you," said an Arkansas Colonel to his friend the General. "The other day, you know, Higgins announced himself as a candidate for Judge. Well, I met him, and told him that you made fun of the idea, and declared that he didn't have sense enough to serve on a Coroner's jury. He is a notorious coward, you know, but he became furiously angry. Now, here's where the joke comes in. 'The General,' I said, 'is the biggest coward in the world.' 'Is that so?' Higgins asked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'and what you want to do is to meet him and thrash him. He won't fight you, and you'll have an easy victory.' Everybody that is acquainted with you knows that you are a brave man, General, and when the joke gets out we'll have a good laugh."

Several days afterward the Colonel again met the General. "Hello, General, what's the matter with your eyes and nose?"

"Your blamed joke. You know, you told that fellow Higgins that he could whip me."

"Yes."

"Do business there?"

"Yes; I'm in Wall street. I am a broker."

"Broker, eh? Do much breaking?"

"Well, I'll leave that to my customers to decide. I do the best I can, however."

"Well, you look as if you might be respectable if you had a chance," said the old farmer; and turning the corner of the house he called out to his wife, in a voice plainly heard at the gate:

"Say, Maria, here's a feller from New York who wants a glass of buttermilk. He looks all right and I guess he'll pay cash down, but it won't do any harm to thin it down pretty well with spring water."—*Wall Street News*.

Put His Foot in It.

According to the "Asiatic Researches" this phrase derives its origin from a custom in Hindooostan; when the title to land is disputed, two holes are dug in the ground and used to encase a limb of each lawyer, and the one who tires first lost the case! In this country it is generally the client who "put his foot in it."

London Monopolies and Scandals.

This city—if twenty municipalities working independently side by side can be called a city—comprises the most terrible monopolies in the world. Something like ten square miles are built solidly upon land which is the absolute property of three men—the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Portland and the Duke of Westminster—and this is the fashionable West End of the city. They own the whole of it. No body else owns a lot, except the crown property, the palace and abbey of Westminster and the parks and royal palaces they inclose. These Dukes not only own the land, but they own whole square miles of the buildings on the land, which have fallen to them at the expiration of long leases; and these "improvements" are now dropping in at the rate of \$50,000 a day. Nobody knows how much these men are worth—their income is fabulous. There is no map of their possessions. And yet they are not happy. The heir to one of these vast estates is a gambler and debauchee, who has spent millions; and last year, it is said, his father paid off \$250,000 of gambling debts for him. During the last year, too, another spendthrift the Duke of Hamilton, sold his library and pictures, and the sale attracted great attention, even in America. The sons of these titled magnates can run in debt, and they can, when in extremity, sell their great picture galleries, their libraries, their palaces, their horses, and even their jewels and their clothes; but they cannot sell or even mortgage the splendid estates which they will have by and by. One of the richest noblemen in the realm was defendant in a divorce suit three or four years ago, and his wife obtained the divorce from him on the twin grounds of brutality and infidelity. Thereupon she was permanently banished from court, and will never have another chance to present her respects to the Queen, while the husband's status is uninjured. This is one of the incongruities of British law. There are other incongruities. The season here is in the heat of summer, while society goes to the country and to the sea-coast in winter! Parliament sits in hot weather, and begins its sessions at 7 p.m., and continues all night. Both teams and pedestrians turn to the left instead of the right; the people look upon ice as a wicked American invention, and whenever I ring the bell for the chambermaid, up she comes with two jugs of hot water.—*W. A. Croft's London letter*.

Poisoned by Paper.

Paper-hangings are convenient and ornamental, but carelessness and a false, lazy economy in using them make them unhealthy and dangerous. To put on new paper over old, thickness after thickness, for years, is more hazardous than the neglect of the man who puts on a clean shirt every week without taking off his dirty ones, until he has six on his back at once. There was a very handsome house near one of our provincial towns which could never keep its tenants, and at last stood empty and became worthless, because a detectable fever seized upon every family that lived in it. A ready-witted observer promised the owner to find out the cause. He traced the mischief to one room, and presently conjectured what was the matter there. He let a slip of glass into the wall, and found it the next day dimmed with vapor. He tore down a strip of the paper, and found abundant cause for any amount of fever. For generations the walls had been papered fresh without the removal of anything underneath. And there was the putrid size of old paper an inch deep! A thorough clearance, and scraping and cleaning, put an end to the fever and restored the value of the house.—*Exchange*.

A Boy with \$10.

He was only 12, but he picked up a pocket-book with \$10 in it, and with the rashness of youth started in for a grand debauch. He laid in \$2 worth of cigarettes, and then commenced sampling the lemonade at the bridge entrance. As everybody knows, there is a wild profusion of brands at that place. He tried them all. By this time he was excited and reckless, so he bought a quart of green apples and two decayed bananas and sat down on the Astor House steps to enjoy them, and then went and had some clam chowder. After this he proposed to go up to High Bridge and smoke cigarettes for a week. But he was interrupted by the Coroner at Eighty-sixth street, who took out of his clothes two pistols, a quart of peanuts, six raw tomatoes, one paper of chewing tobacco, four pounds of damaged gum drops, six tickets for a dime museum, three new iron pocket-knives, a clay pipe, a dime song book and a pair of bathing pants. He was reported as a case of cholera infantum—but it was only extravagance.—*New York World*.

Blood-Poisoning—An Alarming Discovery. Half the people are suffering and may die from this fatal complaint. Diseases of the kidneys and liver are the principal causes. As everybody knows, there is a wild profusion of brands at that place. He tried them all. By this time he was excited and reckless, so he bought a quart of green apples and two decayed bananas and sat down on the Astor House steps to enjoy them, and then went and had some clam chowder. After this he proposed to go up to High Bridge and smoke cigarettes for a week. But he was interrupted by the Coroner at Eighty-sixth street, who took out of his clothes two pistols, a quart of peanuts, six raw tomatoes, one paper of chewing tobacco, four pounds of damaged gum drops, six tickets for a dime museum, three new iron pocket-knives, a clay pipe, a dime song book and a pair of bathing pants. He was reported as a case of cholera infantum—but it was only extravagance.—*New York World*.

Venner's Predictions. Venner's predictions so far have been wonderfully correct. He says 1882 will be remembered as a year of great mortality. German Hop Bitters should be used by everybody. Sold by druggists.

The royal road to marriage—Going to court. CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—Mr. C. H. Harman President of the Peoples' Bank, to file to the value of Brown's Iron Bitters for relief from indigestion.

DOLLS for little girls, dolls for their big sisters. ENRICH and revitalize the blood by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

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SEND for circulars for Machine for shortening Carriage Axles. Butterfield & Co., Derby Line, Vt.

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72¢ WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Young Men learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

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For You, Madam, whose complexion betrays some humiliating imperfection, whose mirror tells you that you are tanned, sallow and disfigured in countenance, or have eruptions, redness, roughness or unwholesome tints of complexion, we say use Hagan's Magnolia Balm.

It is a delicate, harmless and delightful article, producing the most natural and entrancing tints, the artificiality of which no observer can detect, and which soon becomes permanent if the Magnolia Balm is judiciously used.

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Don't die in the house. "Bough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION. A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker Than a Child and Then Recovers His Former Strength.

(Waterloo N. Y. Observer.)

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors, possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNamee of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest. "Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the news gatherer.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so too possessed of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it in the wagon, but in two minutes from that time I was exhausted and recovered so for I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered from internal injury and experienced a general debility, which seemed similar to the effects produced by malaria. My back was very weak. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely in the top and it p