Russian Social Life.

It is naturally to be expected that, in a land so backward in modern civilization as Russia, the social life of the people should present to the stranger points of novelty and quaintness even beyond what is usually met with in an unfamiliar land. In the primitive there is always something of the picturesque, and there is much of the charm of antiquity in the manners and customs of a nation whose habits have practically undergone but little change for centuries.

Although serfdom is abolished in Russia, traces of the old feudal system which so long prevailed there are still strongly marked, and the gulf between the upper and the lower classes is almost as wide as ever. Even now the peasant has virtually no remedy at law against the noble who wrongs him; for a small grievence it is hopeless to proceed against his superior in rank, while, if the great men seriously injures a poor one, the matter can easily be settled by the former paying a few roubles to the local magistrate. The result is that the peasantry often take the law into their own hands against their oppressors, by acts of petty and secret malice, such as rick-burning, which of late years has become terribly prevalent in Russia.

Nevertheless, it cannot be said that the lower classes of Russia are an unhappy people. The peasantry are industrious and ingenious, and though their services can no longer be commanded gratuitously by the landowners, they are always ready to work for the rich for a small consideration. And the Russian peasant can turn his hand to many things. One day he will be at the plough, the next he is weaving cloth or cotton, on the morrow he will help to build a house, and the following day he will be ready to mount the box and drive four horses with admirable dexterity, if some great man should need an extra coschman.

He is generally well fed and well dressed, his costume consisting of a red shirt, fastened round the waist with a leather belt, a pair of loose trousers tucked into boots reaching half way up the legs, the whole being covered in winter with a warm overcoat of sheepskin, worn with the wool inside. His hair he wears parted at the top and down the middle, and cut evenly all round the neck, to which it descends, though he generally ties a band round it, to prevent its falling into his eyes when he is at work. Such is the appearance also presented by the *izostchik* or *yemstick*, the driver or postilion, with whom every traveller in Russia soon makes acquaintance. The *izostchik* is, for the most part, a good-humored, light-hearted fellow—very civil, as a rule, but much given to over-charging, like all his race. When, however, you make your bargain with him, he will be well enough satisfied if he only gets his *sossem grievnik*, or eight-penny-piece, as *nozodka*—that is, "dram money," called by the more genteel class of drivers, *nachai*, *i. e.*, "tea-money," though it comes to the same thing in the end. Yet the crafty fellow will get more money out of you if he can. He addresses you affectionately as *batushka* or "little father," and will sometimes insinuate that he is an old friend of your family, the names of whom he will probably have got from your servant, and, therefore, you might give him a trifle extra for the sake of old times.

Another class of hard bargainers are the wandering Tartars one meets with in most parts of Eastern and Southern Russia. These usually malodorous gentlemen are great dealers in dressing-gowns, which they are constantly pressing the traveller to buy, asking eight or ten times as much as the articles are worth to begin with. They are generally seen going about with one of their dressing-gowns on as a specimen, and with these and their round skull-caps, ribbed with red and yellow, they look not unpicturesque.

But by far the most sightly class of people to be met with in Russia are the famous singing gypsies of Moscow. These people, who are generally well-to-do, and are not accustomed to wander about like others of their race, dress with great finery, but yet with a natural eye to artistic effect. Their songs, which nearly always consist of an air with a chorus, and are usually accompanied on the *balalaika*, a sort of guitar, are greatly admired by travellers. In fact, it has been said of them, that if they are not the best singers in the world there are no other singers in the world at all like them; and there is a story current that the famous Catalani was once so delighted with a certain female gypsy vocalist, that she threw round the shoulders of the singer a costly shawl which she herself had lately been presented with by the empress.

Another peculiar and exclusive order of people to be met with in Russia, though of a widely different sort, are those strange patriots known as the Old Religionists. The Russians are not much given to change, but these people are as conservative as the Chinese themselves. They detest all modern manners, insist upon wearing the old Russian *caftan*, and never cut their beards, allowing them to grow to prodigious length, from purely pious motives, because "man is made in the image of God." But still more singular is their religious objection to tobacco, for they look upon smoking—so common in Russia—as a sin denounced by Scripture in the text, "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." One would think they might get over the difficulty by consuming their own smoke; but, as a matter of fact, the Old Religionists are so particular in this respect that there are special *traktirs*, or tea-houses, exclusively kept for them, and where the "fragrant weed" and the "pipe of peace" are rigidly tabooed. Yet these queer folks are only a few degrees more behind the age than most other children of the Czar, and probably several generations will have to elapse before Russia better deserves to be called a civilized nation than that Turkey whose barbarism she denounces and is endeavoring to make the pretext of a war of ambition.—*Home Journal.*

ACROSS the island of New York, in 1685, a wall of stone and earth, cannon mounted, was erected to keep off the savages. The street was laid along by the wall, and as the street took the line of the wall, it was properly called Wall street. It is short, narrow, and architectural, but antique in history, and, excepting Lombard street in London, the mightiest in the world.

RICHARD M. JORDAN, a stationer in New York City, lost between $18,000 and $20,000 at faro in a gambling saloon, at various times, and has brought suit not so much to recover the money, but to punish the gamblers.

Wickedest Town in America.

I have seen wicked cities in my time. I have seen spreeing at the Esler in St. Petersburg, seen fellows "make a night of it," in the Orpheum in Berlin, seen the wickedness at Nilni Novgoroc during the September fair, seen the Matille packed with depravity when the empire was at its meridian, but I never expected to see hell itself. I sauntered on the streets of Cheyenne at midnight. Fifty saloons and a dozen licensed gambling houses line the principal street, all thronged and gaily illuminated till the morning sun puts out the lights.

What makes Cheyenne the wickedest city in the world?

I. Cheyenne is the metropolis where the rich owners and the buckskin clad drivers of five million dollars' worth of cattle rendezvous for a weekly spree.

II. It is the nearest point where the Black Hillers can sell their gold dust and nuggets and then gamble and spree away the proceeds so as to go back to the mines.

III. It is the point to which all the Indian fighting army officers come as a place where they can spree away a hundred dollars in a night and make up for lost time on the Big Horn.

IV. It is the stopping point for all the swell demi-monde from San Francisco, St. Louis and Chicago. In a word, it is the American paradise for licensed drinking, fighting, gambling, etc.

Walk with me into one licensed house on the principal street in Cheyenne at three o'clock in the morning. The house is a medley. It is the Parisian Varieties on Sixteenth street, John Morrissey's Saratoga gambling house, the Argyle rooms on Sixth avenue, and the Alhambra, with its fifty waiter girls, in London, all crowded into one. The building is fifty by one hundred and thirty feet, and two stories high. On the ground floor is a theatre stage, room for three hundred cow boys, soldiers, ranchmen and waiter girls, and just out of it are the gambling tables and bars. At the tables every known game is played. Among the dealers are several French women dressed in silks and diamonds. Utterly devoid of delicacy they shuffle and deal the cards and handle the chips for the swearing, drinking crowd which throng the tables.

On the stage there is a constant variety show going on. Skillful variety actors are employed, and there the tight-rope walkers, the song and dance women in tights, the low-necked ballad-singer, the clog-dancer, the negro minstrel, the model artists and the female bathers come out in a continuous stream from ten at night till morning.

On the first floor every drink is twenty-five cents, and about thirty English, French and American waiter girls keep the crowd constantly drinking. Above this motley crowd of cow-boys, ranchmen, Black Hills freighters, miners and soldiers is a row of private boxes filled with rich ranchmen, officers, tourists, and fellows who have come down with gold dust from the Black Hills. These boxes all communicate with the stage. Twenty or thirty waiter girls supply the boxes with champagne, the price of which is five dollars for pint bottles. All drinks in the boxes are fifty cents. It is a common thing for a rich ranchman, after selling a thousand cattle, to come here and spend one thousand dollars on a spree. A colonel in the army, who had been fighting up in the Big Horn country, came in the other evening and spent $1,000, and finally left his watch on the red, and lost that, too. The proprietor of this gambling and variety saloon is a very generous man. Everybody likes him, and he is considered to be a good citizen in Cheyenne. Clergymen shake him by the hand, and bankers chum with him like an old schoolmate. The profits in the one building are $1,000 per day. I suppose there are a dozen houses on one block where gambling goes on day and night with open doors. Sometimes the marshal and the policeman take a hand. The Judge goes out and "bucks the tiger" while the jury are agreeing on a verdict. You will see colonels in the army standing by private soldiers, and see cow-boys in buckskin dividing the chips with a Cheyenne Indian—all in the most enterprising border town in America and the wickedest city in the world.—*Ex.*

A RATHER seedy-looking individual came into a Detroit shipping office the other day and stood around with an aimless and uncertain air for a few minutes. Finally one of the firm noticed him, and conjecturing his errand said, "No, sir, we don't want any lead pencils or the 'Life of Christ,' to-day. Couldn't buy them. Nor pain-killer either; nor shoe-laces. We've bought matches until the closet is full of 'em. If we used some patent soap on our collars it would disgrace the rest of our coats. And finally, we don't ever get our silk hats fixed up. We use them for cushions."

The other members of the firm and the clerks wore grins on their countenances, and the caller seemed nonplussed. But he shook himself and gathered his shiny, threadbare coat about him, and shrugged his shoulders, and as he opened the door to go out he remarked in low, quiet tones: "All right; I just called in to pay you a freight bill that has been running since last summer. I'll call again, *perhaps.*"

The door closed softly after him, and a stillness like that of a Sabbath morn prevaded the office.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A STRANGE PLANT.—A plant, supposed to be new, has been found in Nicaragua, which, if what is said of it be true, is a great vegetable curiosity. It has been named "Phytolacca Electrica." It is said to possess very pronounced electro magnetic properties. The hand is sensibly benumbed upon touching the shrub, and the magnetic influence is felt at a distance of eight or ten feet. The magnetic needle is sensibly perturbated, becoming more and more so until it reaches the center of the shrub, when the disturbance is transformed into a very rapid gyratory movement. The intensity of the phenomenon varies with the hours of the day, and at night is hardly perceptible. It attains its maximum about 2 P. M. In stormy weather the energy of the action is augmented. No insects or birds have been seen on the shrub.

THE death, at fifty-four, lately occurred to an Englishman, known as the Norfolk giant. He was a farmer and often loaded his own wagon by carrying four bushels of wheat under his arm at a time. When in great haste to get farm-work done he has been known to harness himself to one of his own harrows. His weight was 336 pounds; height, six feet six inches; width, from shoulder to shoulder, across the back, twenty inches. He was a most amiable man.

OF Missionaries to India, 600 have died at their post. The present number in that field is exactly 600, so that one has come forward to take up every fallen mantel.

Victor Hugo at Home.

An English tourist, describing a visit to Victor Hugo, says: Presently an old gentleman with silvery hair enters, and all rise. It is Victor Hugo. The first effect of the face is most peculiar: you seem to see the high forehead and nothing else—for one reason, perhaps, because the lower features are permanently hidden by the crisp white beard. He advances with a slight stoop, and slowly moves among his visitors with a peering glance, as though he were engaged in the vain effort to identify them by the names on their cards. When he does speak, his manner is found to be perfect. He has the unostentatious graciousness of his twofold patent of nobility, social and intellectual; for in spite of what the wits say about the moderuess of his title in the French peerage—now long laid aside—the name he bears has been a good one, as the world's estimate goes, for over three hundred years. He has the benignant smile of his age, the gentleness and the complete absence of self-assertion of his assured position in the public regard. His speech is eminently simple in form; he seems incapable of an epigram—no doubt because he has just made so many hundreds in the other room, and he wants a rest. The morning crowd dismissed, he goes out to take the air. It is rumored that he likes no way of taking it so well as to jump on an omnibus, and to do the whole journey out and home with the panorama of the crowded streets before his eyes. Sometimes, but not very often just now, he takes the train for Versailles on senatorial duties intent. He missed the right one the other day when they were electing a brother senator, and arrived five minutes too late with a vote that might have saved his party from ultimate defeat by turning the immediate contest into a draw. He was twitted for it, but more by his triumphant enemies than by his beaten friends. "Why try to make men of business of poets?" cried the *Figaro*. "What can they be expected to know of the flight of time?" They look at the zodiac, not at their watches. It is fair enough as a hit in party warfare, but outside of that it is of no force whatever in its implication of censure of this over-busy life. At seven he enters for dinner. He is always punctual, this being his first hour of true mental relaxation. He has friends at the board every day, and their talk makes the meal the holiday-time of his spirit. He seems to keep open house for those he likes. Go on what day you may at this hour, and you find a party sitting down to table. The talk is a finely-blended salad of good things, soft and piquant, in literature, politics, music, the drama, and even art, for Victor Hugo is no mean hand with the pencil. Politics has the first place—it is a veritable little parliament; and, since there are seats instead of speeches, it is much more entertaining than Versailles. It may be likened rather to a periodical tea-room meeting, at which the course of one section of the House is determined in advance from day to day. The key to much that passes in the Hall of Assembly in the afternoon is to be found in what was said in this little dining-room the night before. The host leads—not more by reason of his position at the board than the substantial value of his advice. The meal is commonly a long one, but probably no one rises from the table without feeling that it has been too short. Not a single precious moment has been wasted in ennui—the presence of the ladies serving as a standing security against that worst evil of life. Long before the dinner is at an end, fresh pilgrims have begun to assemble, in the smaller drawing room, for the evening reception, and the host has to make short work with his dessert. When the process of identification is completed they are invited to enter the salon—furnished in a lighter style than the other apartment, but still on the same principle, of the absolute exclusion of mere white from either ceiling or wall. Mirrors are plentiful—it is a French house—and the many colored ornaments of their Venetian frames harmonize well with the tapestry. Presently the throng is increased by the contingent from the dining-room, and then the scene becomes one of great animation. The apartment is crowded with striking figures, but there can be no question as to which is the most striking of all—that white-haired old man, who, in spite of his seventy-five years, is still incontestably the greatest spiritual force of France. Nothing can be more unjust than to accuse him of vanity or the greed of homage, as is sometimes done. His bearing is modesty itself; he simply cannot get away from his admirers.

Make the Face the Mirror of the Soul.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered sunbeams "on the just as well as the unjust." Such a disposition will yield a just reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Joubert says, "When you give, give it with joy, smiling." Smiles are little things, cheap articles to be fraught with so many blessings both to the giver and the receiver—pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of every day life. They are higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them—those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful faces of those who need them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged; they come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long and weary path of life. They look for them from you, who are rejoicing in the fullness of life.—*Dr. Holland, in Scribner's.*

ONE of the pretty girls at an evening reception in Providence, R. I., last week wore an antique bracelet, the gift of a New York gentleman to whom she was betrothed. It was an heirloom of his family, and had been brought from Holland, he said, and she said it after him. A New York lady who happened to be present said that it looked like her aunt's bracelet, which had been taken from her in the lobby of a metropolitan theatre. The accepted suitor was asked whether the bracelet did not inclose a picture. "Yes," he said, "that of my sister." "My aunt's," said the lady, "contained Miss Cary's picture. The bracelet was opened—there was Miss Cary's picture.

THE Rhode Island Supreme court has given a verdict of $10,000 against the New York, Boston and Providence Railroad Company for the loss of a life resulting from the Richmond switch disaster.

A Medicine of Many Uses.

A medicine which remedies dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility, intermittent and remittent fevers, urinary and uterine troubles, depurates the blood, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and gout, and relieves nervousness, may be truly said to have many uses. Such an article is Hostetter's Bitters, one of the most reliable alteratives of a disorderly to a well ordered state of the system ever prepared or sold. It has been over a quarter of a century before the public, is endorsed by many eminent professors of the healing art, and its merits have received repeated recognitions in the columns of leading American and foreign journals. It is highly esteemed in every part of this country, and is extensively used in South America, Mexico, the British possessions and the West Indies. If its increase in public favor in the past is to be regarded as a reliable criterion of its gain in popularity in coming years, it has indeed a splendid future before it.

A Notable Industry.

THE MANUFACTURE OF FLAVORING EXTRACTS, ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, LEMON, SUGAR, ETC.—THE ESTABLISHMENT OF P. RIEGER & CO.

At 511 Front street, San Francisco, is the establishment of Paul Rieger, the industry carried on in which, though unpretending, is but the nucleus of what will be in the days to come a great industry. Five years ago Mr. Rieger, who had been brought up as a practical chemist, and who was in the drug business for many years, conceived the idea of manufacturing the Flavoring Extracts that previously were most commonly imported. The amount of these extracts used would hardly be credited by one not in the business, so that there was a good field for the enterprise of this gentleman.

THE LEADING ARTICLES

Manufactured by him are Extracts of Lemon, Vanilla, Nutmeg, Cinnamon, Cloves, Rose, Bitter Almonds, Strawberry, Raspberry, Pineapple, etc., Sugar of Lemon and Treble Pure Extra Extract of Jamaica Ginger. These are all distilled on the premises under the personal supervision of Mr. Rieger himself, and are consequently of the purest kind; his best, which are called Treble Extra, are equal if not superior to any ever imported. They are put up in five different sizes in bottles containing from two ounces to a pint, and are of two different degrees of strength. The Concentrated Extracts have been long and favorably known to the trade. The label of the Concentrated has a blue background, while that of the Treble has a red one. The Treble Extracts, though of more recent introduction, are from their superior merit making their way quite rapidly. They are very superior, and must soon take the place of everything not of home manufacture. They are three times as strong as the Concentrated Extracts, and, of course, cost as much again as the Concentrated. The

LEMON SUGAR

Manufactured by this gentleman is the equal of anything in the line that we have ever seen, and it is the best made on the coast, all others having been previously imported. It is made from the pure fruit, and it is allowed by all who have seen it to be equal to anything ever introduced into the market. During the past month he has sold a very large amount of it.

The Treble Flavor Extra—his best—are fully equal to the famous ones of which there has so long been a monopoly. He commenced with a few gallons at a time, but now makes five to ten barrels per month. Mr. Rieger was down in Mexico four months ago, and made arrangements to obtain regular supplies of the Mexican Vanila Bean, which is the best in the world.

PAUL RIEGER'S PURE EXTRA ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Which is made from the root imported directly by him, has a very large sale in this city. And while speaking of it we must not forget to mention the very showy label which has cost him a large amount of money. The merits of the article are beginning to be well known and recognized, and for the multifarious uses to which Ginger is put is evidently one of the very best articles ever sold in this market. That we are guilty of no exaggeration in this matter will be admitted when we say that a personal examination of Mr. Rieger's sales book showed us that all the leading grocery and liquor houses of the city were purchasers in ten to twenty-five gross lots at a time. Besides the special articles mentioned above, this gentleman puts up Bay Rum, Eastern Castor Oil of the purest quality; Epsom Salts, Commercial Cream Tartar, Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, Schiffelin Powders, according to the formula of the United States Pharmacopoeia; Lime Juice, strictly pure; Bi-carb Soda, and Saleratus, and many other articles of general consumption. Mr. Rieger has had several good friends in the country who helped him to introduce his Extracts to the trade, and to whom he is particularly grateful, but he wishes it to be distinctly understood that he sells only to the wholesale city trade in future.—*S. F. Journal of Commerce.*

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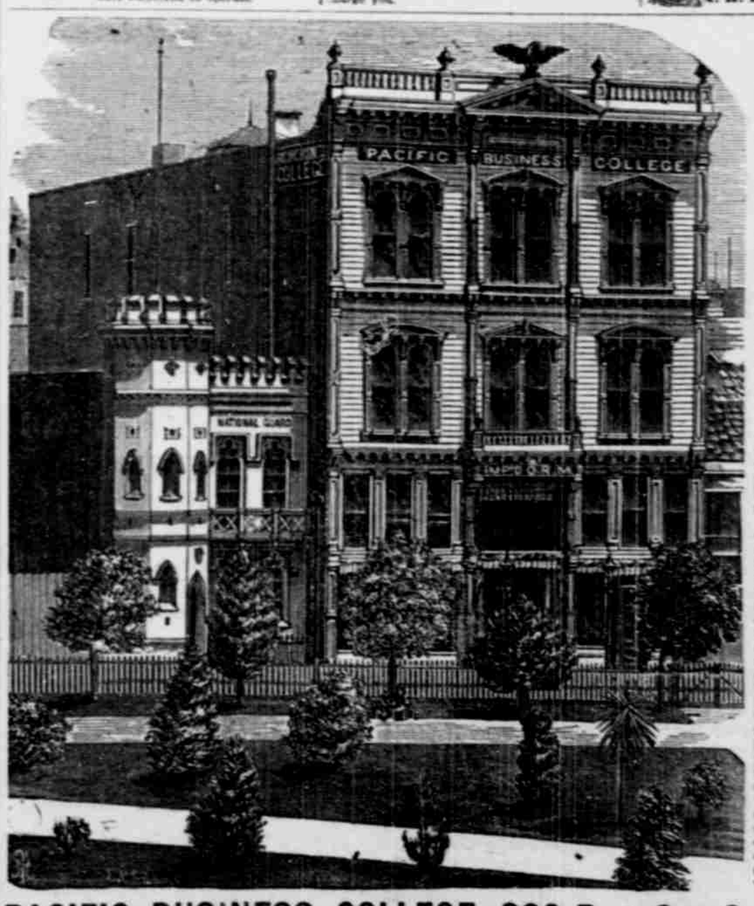

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