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THE DEATH DICE. GOING TO BED IN SIBERIA.

Dramatic Climax to a Test Used in a Trial For Murder.

There is shown in the Hohenzollern museum a gift of the German emperor, the "death dice," with which one of his ancestors decided a difficult case in the seventeenth century. Their history is an interesting one.

A young girl had been murdered. Suspicion fell upon two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were suitors for her hand. Both the accused men denied their guilt, and even torture failed to extract a confession from either of them.

Then Elector Frederick William decided to cut the knot by means of the dice box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives, and the loser should be executed as the murderer. The event was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity.

Ralph had the first chance and threw sixes, the highest possible number. The dice box was then given to Alfred. He fell on his knees and prayed aloud: "Almighty God, thou knowest I am innocent. Protect me, I beseech thee!"

Then he rose to his feet and threw the dice with such force that one of them broke. The whole one showed six, the broken one also gave six on the larger portion and the fragment split off showed one. This was a total of thirteen, one beyond Ralph's throw. The audience held its breath in amazement.

"God has spoken!" cried the prince.

Ralph, appalled by what he regarded as a sign from heaven, confessed his guilt and was sentenced to death.

Married His Grandmother.

There lived in the village of Arretton, Isle of Wight, some years ago a young man who was betrothed to a young woman. Both were poor and in humble life, but the grandfather of the young man had money, and he fell in love with the young woman and proposed marriage to her. The girl told her lover. He was displeased, but, having pondered over the dilemma, saw a way to extricate himself and his sweetheart from the same. "Marry him," said he to the girl. "He is rich. He cannot live long. When he dies you'll have his money and I'll have you." She took the advice. By the marriage she became the young man's grandmother. Not long after the old man died; and then she wedded her first betrothed.

Your Child.
 Does your child break into the conversation when you have visitors?

Does he leave his clothes lying all over the house?

Does he eat surreptitiously between meals?

Does he lay his hands on almost anything he wants to make something out of without asking your permission?

Does he come down late to breakfast?

Does he say "Huh," "Gee?" And, if not, why not? You are his parent, and he is living in the United States of America—Life.

Test For Butter.

Here is a test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice: A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burnt paper is rather pleasant, but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fat.—Chicago News.

This is the "ad limina" year for the Episcopate of Great Britain. The Holy See, because of the war, has suspended its obligation for the year.

The famous clock of the Cathedral of Beauvais, France, is composed of 92,000 separate parts, and 52 dials.

It's a Simple Matter If You Lodge in the Hut of a Peasant.

A snow bound Siberian village in the full light of day looks about as desolate and uninviting a human haunt as you can well imagine, but to the traveler who enters it at night after a long day of sledging against the wind its cheeriness is overwhelming.

I found Brookhanov a very pleasant spot, says Bassett Digby in "Through Siberia." Every little window blazed out its warm welcome. Here and there I caught the glint of a brass samovar on a table with a knot of people sitting round it. Cascades of sparks poured from chimneys. Men's voices rose to accompany the brayings and beating of an accordion.

We stopped at a two-story log cottage. Supper was a banquet of soup, potatoes, meat, bread and milk. There was no guest room here; so I went to bed with the rest of the family—men, women and children.

Going to bed in a Siberian peasant's hut is a simple matter. You take a blanket or two, cocoon yourself in them, lie down on the floor and go to sleep there and then. There are no bedrooms, no beds. You do not disrobe. Men, women and children, cats and dogs, chickens, ducks and turkeys, lie down side by side. The last person to turn in stacks pine logs into the stove to its fullest capacity. Then he extinguishes the lamp and another day is over.

Sometimes there will be a bench, a pair of chests or a niche in the wall to serve as a couch, and sometimes the grandfather or grandmother of the household exercises the prerogative of sleeping on the flat, whitewashed top of the brick stove, hazardous as that may seem. But in the great majority of cases every one with a fine democracy shares the floor.

I found that the thin blanket with which I was provided did not do much toward softening the hard brick floor and, noting a pile of hay in the corner with a couple of ducks resting on it, I asked if I might take some to make myself a couch. The family put the matter up for debate. There was a noisy discussion. The ducks waddled more comfortably into the hay and surveyed me with frigid, unblinking hostility. For a while one of the women seemed to take my part, but eventually she capitulated and a unanimous decision was given against me. The ducks turned their heads under their wings and waddled off to the land of Nod, while I had to resign myself to the bricks.

"Signer" Witherspoon.

President John Witherspoon, the great executive of Princeton college, who raised it from obscurity and penury to the first rank among educational institutions, left an imperishable name aside from his services to American independence and as a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was an eloquent preacher, a writer of standard books on theology and recognized in Europe as one of the first educators of his age before the battle of Lexington was fought. He continued to be a member of congress until 1782, at the close of the war.

To Brighten Towels.

When towels have become dingy looking place them in a pan and cover with cold water; add shavings of pure white soap and juice of lemon. Place the pan on the back of the stove and allow the water gradually to come to the boil. If the towels are much soiled the process may have to be repeated. Rinse in tepid water, then in slightly blue water and hang in the open air to dry.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

French priests at the front are establishing for themselves a reputation for heroism.

Numerous converts continue to be received into the Church in England.

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