

THE PASSOVER RITES.

JEWISH DOORS LEFT OPEN FOR THE EXPECTED MESSIAH.

Burning the Remnants of Leavened Bread—The Making of Unleavened Bread—Religious Services, Rites and Ceremonies—Solemn Recital.

In the evening, two nights before the beginning of Passover week, in all orthodox Jewish houses, doors are left open for the Seder supper. The father at head of the family makes his tour of thorough inspection of his domestic, seeking for remnants of leavened bread, first invoking a blessing upon his task, and then preserving a solemn silence until the conclusion of his search. Care is taken that there shall be some scraps left for him to find, and that he shall know where to look for them, but the form of search is carefully preserved, and his wife makes very sure that no other fragments are left but those intended to be found, which are always more crumbly. These are saved in a spoon. To them is added a small morsel left over from the Passover. The preceding year, and all are carefully wrapped up in a bit of linen and laid aside until the forenoon of the succeeding day—Ard-Pesach—when, about 10 o'clock, the little package is put in the fire and burned.

From the time when those remnants of leavened bread are burned, through the whole of the succeeding seven days no other bread is eaten than the matzos, or thin flakes of dry baked, crisp, unleavened dough, and the orthodox Jew is not supposed to have in his possession any of the things that may not lawfully be eaten by him during that season.

The requirements of the strict orthodoxy with reference to the preparation of the matzos are very rigid. A cookstove is suspended from each eaves, which it is to lay in the field when it is harvested, so that the flour that is destined for cooking passes into the unleavened bread. If this cannot be done, they select the best grain obtainable from the merchants. The grinding of it into flour must be done in a mill that has been thoroughly cleaned from every contaminating specie of other flour, and when this work is completed the product is carefully screened and sealed to be kept until required. In the preparation of the matzos—about which there is a peculiar sacredness—the grinding of the grain into flour is frequently done in a hand mill that is kept for that purpose alone; and every step in its process from the failure to the baking over is followed by an offering of prescribed prayers uttered over it. The baking should properly be done by each congregation in its own bakery, the quantities required for each family having been ascertained in advance. In practice in this country, however, the matzos are made generally in large batches owned and controlled by Jews, who scrupulously observe in their preparation every requirement of their law, and this it looks so as if sufficient. In the making of the dough, the flour is simply mixed with pure water, to the required consistency, without salt, leavening of any kind, or any other foreign substance, is rolled very thin and baked dry.

On the next evening after religious services in the synagogue, which all Hebrews should attend, each family returns to its home, and there solemnly celebrates the commemorative feast with which the religious begins. Upon the family table is set a great plate—of silver, if possible—covered with a clean napkin, on which are laid three matzos, the peculiar sanctified cakes of matzo bread set apart for this special use, and to this end particularly consecrated by the rabbi's prayers. Upon another plate appears the shank bone of a shoulder of lamb and an egg, both roasted upon coals, in a third plate some lettuce and celery, or chervil and parsley, some horse radish and watercress, a cup containing either water or vinegar, and a small portion of the wine used in the Passover, for each person present, and still another, that stands unbroken throughout the ceremonial, as a symbol of the welcome ever ready for the long hoped for Messiah. Each person present is required to drink four glasses or cups of wine during the progress of the rites. All members of a Jewish household, from its patriarchal head down to the humblest servant, sit together at this Passover feast, for all are equal before the God to whom they offer their thanksgivings for his infinite mercies to their race, all are children of those who were by him brought out of bondage.

And the things thus displayed on the table have the emblematic meaning of the horse radish and other sharp or bitter herbs recall the bitter sermons in Egypt; the unleavened bread, the hasty preparation for flight to freedom in the desert; and other meanings attach to each of the other articles, as, for instance, the apple sauce, of the consistency of mortar, which is a reminder of the clay from which the Egyptian task-masters compelled their ancestors to make bricks without straw.

The head of the family takes his place upon a chair, on which a pillow has been laid, to distinguish it as a sort of throne. He is the patriarch, the master, the teacher. Around the board before him gather his family and all other members of the social board, as far as is safe and expectant. He offers up a prayer. Breaking across the middle one of the three matzos, he lays aside half of it to be kept until the next Ard-Pesach, when it will be burned. To each person seated at the board he gives a fragment of that matzo, and of one of the others, also a small portion of the herbs which are to be dipped into the salt water or vinegar and eaten. Then all take hold of the seder plate, upon which the matzos have been exposed, and together they sustain it above the table while he utters another prayer. It is then replaced upon the board and one or two younger members of the family asks the father certain prescribed questions as to why they eat as specified with the objects before them, so that no meagerly furnish forth the family table. In response, the patriarchal head of the family tells the grand old story of Israel's slavery and redemption therethrough by him who with strong hand and mighty arm led them out of the house of bondage, through the Red Sea, and humbled the pride of their cruel oppressors. As he recites the ten plagues sent upon the Egyptians, at the mention of each every one seated at the board dips a little finger in the glass of wine before him, and severs a few drops upon the floor.

A prayer follows the solemn recital. Hands are washed and the whole of the ceremonial is repeated that at all events—excepting the half-mirvo reserved—is consumed. During part of that ceremonial feast the door of the house must stand open, that if, in the fullness of God's providence, the hour shall have come for the advent of the Messiah—which, according to their traditions, will be in Passover time—his entrance may be unimpeded, and his welcome symbolized by the full glass of wine left untouched on the table, shall be ready. A fervent prayer of thanksgiving concludes the rite, and the rest of the evening is devoted to innocent enjoyment and domestic intimacy.—New York Sun.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Housekeepers who have been accustomed to judge of the age of a turkey by the firmness of the rear end of the breast bone will be grieved to learn that unperfected poultry dealers pound the breast bones of aged turkeys until the tip attains the flexibility consistent with youth, and thus render them marketable.—Chicago Herald.

The Empress "Our" Façade.

At the distance of a short drive from St. Petersburg is a charming miniature palace, owned by the empress, and known by the name of "My Own." It is in the midst of lovely grounds, and is a happy retiring place for the royal family whenever they choose to come to it.—Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE COST OF EQUESTRIANISM.

What a Correspondent Saw and Learned at a Riding Academy.

"What is the general object in the minds of those who come here?" I asked the manager.

"Ours dear men everything save the right one, the development of the art of riding. Some come for their health, some for their looks; some to get fat, some to get lean; some to acquire that grace of carriage so sought after on pavements or carpets; some to show off in the park latest. Most of them come for the express purpose of engaging in something that shall distinguish them from the common herd by the cut of money and style."

"Why, is not such an expensive amusement as that? I see your terms?"

"Ha, terms! Had one but to pay tuition fees and jump on a horse, shop girls and newsboys might ride; but mark you, \$600 for a horse, \$100 for a riding lesson, \$125 for a saddle, \$30 for top boots and \$5 for a whip. Then one who has one suit must have two, one to practice in, one to show off in. Besides, there are road losses, \$4; music ride, \$1; leaps lesson, \$1; board for horse, \$80 per month; extra practice hours, requires to saddle—Oh, yes, one can do without some of those things, but she must discount that from her pleasure and expect to meet dress, accoutrements, certificates of distinction, school horses, etc. It requires a good \$80 to take a ride in the park in anything like decent shape. A lady's complete suit, pants and all, costs in the neighborhood of \$100—boots, \$20 or \$25."

"Pants?"

"Oh, certainly. No riding suit is without pants. See that teacher assisting that young lady in the green habit to mount. See him deliberately raise the bottom of the skirt, just about as a shoe store clerk does in trying on a pair of shoes. See her once, twice, this is what is pulling down her pants, which fact she could not very easily perform for herself. This garment is well made of cloths the same as the suit, and when seen in the mirror she is as pleased as any man's dress trousers. A dressmaker at home usually makes these garments. For the special tailors keep the measurements, and a lady has to do as she can in order to secure a perfect fit on short notice."

"One of the greatest miseries with which we have to contend is the cost. I say emphatically and absolutely, no woman can learn to ride properly with a corset. She cannot obey instructions. Besides the comfort of it, she is in constant danger through lack of control over her horse. She must be absolutely free from constriction over every portion of her body, and be able to breathe, bend and throw her arm over the head with facility, if she would learn to ride gracefully and safely."

"The way to do this is to see the difference in the management of these two ladies over there, one with a tight fitting bodice, the other a large soft shape. And the difference is more manifest still to the wearer. Many wear that wretched jersey combination underneath the habit, some flannel, and many bangles made to the colored women—marvels in the way of streamers and gaudy patches."

New York City, St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Country Lott of Cuba.

The planter has supplied the negroes with huts, which are simple, but comfortable, and the slaves are decorated with these, and the slaves four miles in every cart have a bright rosette, surmounted by a small United States flag, placed above each long ear.

Besides these there are from one to

three great flags supported in every wagon

by a proud darky. Malay or white man,

as the case may be. When the line is formed it has a very imposing look. First comes the leader's car, in which stands the man with the last stalk held upright, and one or two big dogs which the ladies of the planter's household are solicited to each contribute, and much envied, is the man to whom they are presented, for they are as attractive as girls of tri-colored dandies, ribbons and gilt titles can make them. There are also banners made to the colored women—marvels

in the way of streamers and gaudy patches.

The long procession forms behind the last load of carts, surmounted by its gay decorations, and moves toward the sugar mill amid loud songs and deafening cheers for the planter, manager and overseer. All the mill whistle are blowing, and the much respected plantation bells are left in the power of the people to ring until the arms of the planter are won over.

The procession is granted at the sugar house with great rejoicing; speeches are indulged in, and the women and children stream from the quarters and chamber into the parts.

There is a great shrieking of whistles, ringing of machinery, crashing of cane mangled with the sounds of song and cheering, while boats are drunk in every variety of whisky but the best. Amid all this din no noises are unheard. After leaving the sugar house the troupe of darkies files around the mansion of the master, cheering the family, who are expected to be there, and the master is looked at. Addresses are made to the planter, who, of course, has to return thanks; for if there is anything dear to the soul of the darky it is speechmaking, and the father and brothers of the planter, if he has any, come in for their full share of negro oratory.

He is not vicious, though he looks it desperately. He does some labor. He does that in all, only another one in summing up population. If he be married he lives in a palm thatched hut anywhere. His wife, whose great merit is never beneath him, is prolific of children and endearing. That she will give her husband from a dozen to a score of healthy young jugs, and know how to boil roots and mend the thatches of their cabin. These duties are about all their condition imposes. Over there against the mountain, where I have been for a few days, are a number of these jugs' houses. I counted ninety-three children in seven families. Of these over one-half were naked.

Edgar L. Wakeman's Cuba Letter.

The First Photograph.

A Boston man says that when Edson first thought of making a photograph he perfected most of the details before even drawing a plan. When he had made his model developed it and told an old German, who made models for him, to make a machine after a certain pattern. The inventor didn't hint what he wanted it for, but occasionally sent an order for a change or alteration to be made, without even looking at the model. Finally the German took the machine to Mr. Edson, who fitted a bit of timber into it, turned the crank, and spoke into the funnel the words of that famous poem beginning "Mary had a little lamb."

The German looked on with a smile, as he thought that the inventor had gone crazy. Then Mr. Edson reversed the crank, and in that queer, piping voice now so familiar, the machine repeated the lines, "Mein Gott!" said the German, throwing up his hands. "Mein Gott! it talks!"—New York Sun.

Foot and Shoe Etiquette.

The box and shoe etiquette sorcery perplexes native officials on ceremonial occasions. In the walled-in is customary for all native government officials to take off their native shoes before entering the presence of their superiors, but if they wear English boots, no such change is required. When the governor of Bombay had a levee at Ahmedabad, a number of Hindu officials rushed together to buy a pair of English boots so as to avoid the necessity of removing before his excellency with bare feet. Each took it in turn to wear the boots as he was received by the governor, and no small amusement created outside the levee room by the officials rustling backward and forward to exchange the military pair of boots with the next comer.—London Globe.

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A Modest Man.

When the Vanderbiltites wanted the late T. J. Potter as general manager of the "Bea," says The Chicago Times, John Newell, president of the Lake Shore road, conducted the negotiations, and it was the following telegram:

"Mr. Newell—Mr. Potter, the Vanderbilts want you as general manager. What will you go for?"

Mr. Potter (modestly)—"Forty thousand a year and full power to do as I please."

Mr. Newell—What! Forty thousand a year?" Why, that is more than I get as president of the Lake Shore."

Mr. Potter (again modestly)—Well, that may be, but, then you know, I am a better man—Exchanges.

She Loved to Seize.

An old woman in New York, whose will is now being contested by her heirs, had an odd practice. Like a good many others of her sex she loved to scold, but as she possessed all the energy and tact of a woman of 80, she could, with such apparent relish, indulge in her favorite pastime more frequently than most.

This defect, however, she buried a morsel to read her extracts from the old newspapers that she particularly disliked and that vexed the girl for their contents. Thus the girl was compelled to respond to everything that went wrong throughout the world. How she bore the great load of responsibility is not stated.—Arkansas Traveler.

Bitter Struggles by Coughing.

A London coroner has raised the question whether a man can cough himself to pieces. A broken rib was found in a deceased lunatic, when medical evidence was brought forward to show that under certain abnormal conditions bones may be broken by muscular efforts, or even by a violent fit of coughing.—Arkansas Traveler.

A LOUISIANA CUSTOM.

CELEBRATING THE CUTTING OF THE LAST STALK OF CANE.

Vigorous Work at the Last Acre—An Envied Man-Hunters of All Sorts—A Long Procession of Happy Darkies. Negro Oratory—Supper.

A time honored custom among the hands on a sugar plantation is the celebration of the day when the last load of cane is hauled from the fields to the sugar house. There are few planters who object to this festival, and there are not many who are in its observance. An account of one of these celebrations will be an almost faithful picture of all for there is little variety about them.

It is a clear, sunny, winter day, and the hands work vigorously at the last acre of cane. Knives glitter in and out of the rustling green tops; there is a swift gleam of bright steel along the stalks, a quick stroke near the ground, and the planter lifts the clean stalks in piles ready for the team to toss in great handfuls to the men waiting in the carts. Cane is heavy, and it requires a marvelous strength of hand to hold it upright, and it requires a remarkable strength of heart to bear the weight of the load. The men are eager and excited; the overseer hurries them up; one after another falls over, and the overseer, shouting, "Get up, you d—d niggers!" cuts the last, and waves it triumphantly above his head. As the last load is piled on a cart, cheers loud and long announce the beginning of the celebration.

RANKERS OF ALL SORTS.

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Besides these there are from one to three great flags supported in every wagon by a proud darky. Malay or white man, as the case may be. When the line is formed it has a very imposing look. First comes the leader's car, in which stands the man with the last stalk held upright, and one or two big dogs which the ladies of the planter's household are solicited to each contribute, and much envied, is the man to whom they are presented, for they are as attractive as girls of tri-colored dandies, ribbons and gilt titles can make them. There are also banners made to the colored women—marvels in the way of streamers and gaudy patches.

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Then followed the extraordinary feat of lifting over the head with one hand what was stated to be a 100-lb. dumbbell.

After this Sandow gave his Roman column with weights, another very clever exhibition following.

Sandow being in a recumbent position a strong weight, stated to be 100 lbs., was set over by means of a pulley and placed on the board, and a couple of stools were also placed upon it, and upon which Louis stood and, after a brief interval, lifted the 100-lb. weight with one hand. At this time Sandow was bearing the unified weight of the stone and Louis. As a termination to the feats, and a test of endurance, weight to the amount of 1,200 pounds were placed on the board, the whole of which Sandow supported. He will visit this country.

Looking Into the Windows.

"You know," said a well-known glass dealer to a reporter, "that the great plate glass windows that adorn large store fronts have their origin in the vanity of women. A woman likes to see herself as others see her. She can do that in a mirror. When she is on the street the show windows serve as mirrors to tell her how pretty or how ugly she appears, if her hair is on crooked, her back bent or her nose misshapen. She can do that in a mirror. When she is on the street the show windows serve as mirrors to tell her how pretty or how ugly she appears, if her hair is on crooked, her back bent or her nose misshapen. She can do that in a mirror. When she is on the street the show windows serve as mirrors to tell her how pretty or how ugly she appears, if her hair is on crooked, her back bent or her nose misshapen. She can do that in a mirror. When she is on the street the show windows serve as mirrors to tell her how pretty or how ugly she appears, if her hair is on crooked, her back bent or her nose misshapen. She can do that in a mirror. When