## A DIPLOMAT'S DINNER.

A Plain and Cheap Banquet Where Every-

ody Was Extremely Well Pleased. Some years ago an accomplished diplomate at Washington, the representative of a power not of the first importance, sed his regret to a friend that he could not give dinners, "because," said, "my government is poor, and I cannot afford it." The conversation occurred at the profuse and splendid table of a rich and courteous host, whose feasts were of great fame, and whose invitations were credentials of admission to the best society. A young diplomatic com-rade who sat by heard the remark, and smiled as he said: "My government is poorer than yours, and I am but lately arrived. But what is diplomacy without dinners? and I am going to give one. will not be like this, but the splendor is not an essential part of the feast. I shall give a plain and cheap dinner, to which

invite you both," His manner was gay, and his invita tion was gayly and gladly accepted be-cause he was one of the delightful men in Washington. His colleague, however, who had spoken first, shrugged his shoulders, and said that, for his part, be couldn't do it; he couldn't ask people to come to his house and eat a poor dinner. "Not so fast," replied his friend; "I didn't say a poor dinner, but a plain and cheap dinner. I hope it will be good, nevertheless, although there may be no baked carp or stewed nightingales' tongues. But come and see."

young minister of the small and gdom was one of the most accomplished men in Washington He was known to have corrected a justice of the supreme court in regard to a decision of a United States court in a western state, and to have made the correction in English, which was a foreign tongue to him, but in English so exquisitely chosen and urbanely expressed that the justice was probably unconscious of the mortification of the correction. The young minister had no foolish, fond reserves. "My government is poor, I am poor, we are poor in my country," he said, "and I and my secretary work like day laborers here in Washington to acquire and to report necessary information to my government." But nobody was more sought; there was nobody whose coming more brought pleasure to any circle than that of the young minister.

The day of the dinner came, and plainer and pleasanter dinner was never known in Washington. Every guest, from the secretary of state and the English envoy to all their neighbors at table, gave every week, indeed, repasts much more magnificent. But the simple dinner, admirably cooked and served, without display of table service, without the carp and nightingales' tongues, but with enlivening and inspiring charm of the host and the welcome variety of plainness, after the luxurious extravagance and ostentation of the usual dinner, was so fresh and delightful that the satisfaction and pleasure were universal, and the skeptical colleague who had thought great cost essential to a success ful dinner owned himself converted, and the next month ventured upon a similar feast, and with the same success .-George William Curtis in Harper's Maga-

Lifting a Thousand Pounds.

To lift 1,000 pounds on the health lift is no very remarkable feat for a person of average strength, giving sufficient time daily for a few months to practice. Mr. Blaikie learned in this way, at the age of 17, to lift 1,000 pounds after only six months' practice. Those who pref-r to lift an actually measured weight will find it necessary to adopt some such plan as was employed by Topham, preparing a framework to bear the weight and standing in its midst, so as to lift the weight by means of symmetrically attached straps. For the body cannot, when at all aslant, bear such a weight as 1,000 pounds.

Whether such exercise is good for the body as a whole depends a good deal on the opportunities which a man has for correcting an abnormal development of the lifting muscles by means of other exercises, increasing the development of other muscles and giving activity as well as strength to the frame.-Richard A. Proctor.

Georgian and Circussian. The Georgian has a beauty quite differ-

ent from that of the Circassian. The Circassian is dazzling, queen like and stately, She has a fair skin. She is elegant in form. She is kirdly and gentle in voice, out lazy in movement and without spirit, ne of her own sex has said: "There is soul in a Circassian beauty; and as pillows her pure, pale cheek upon her I dimpled hand, you feel no inclinaarouse her into exertion; you are ated to look upon her and to contempe her loveliness." The Georgian is ture with eyes like meteors and ost as dazzling as her eyes. Her es not wear the sweet and unile of her less vivacious rival. But the aid expression that sits upon finely and lips accords so well with her statelers and lofty brow that you do not a to change its character.—

That he oris of color blindness lies in the train, and of in the eye, has been suggested by Prosor Ramay. While suggeted by Prosor Ramsay. While engged in teach, in Brooklyn some year ago, the princal of a school instead in treating ever case of the sort a dependent on the ill of the pupil. dis remedy was the re. This certainly seemed a tyrannical a unwarranted treatment, but the resul was favorable to his theory. Is it possib that a thorough examination will ultitately demonstrate that the fault lies vey largely in the shiftless methods of observation which have grown up unde the old classical system of education, and which have to a large extent become headitary?

The Confectionery of India. All kinds of India sweetungts are made of brown sugar, many of them molded into various shapes of birds and beasts. Tubes also are made, filled with honey, and twisted into various forms. Then there are balls of sugar and clarified butter. These confectioneries are soft and malt in the mouth. These reads birth. melt in the mouth. These made by the higher caste differ from those made by the lower, so absolute are the laws casts.—Wide Awaks.

The test of the twelve-inch branch loading steel mortar at Sandy work proved that a shell from the marker could penetrate the deck armor of the war vessel afloat at a distance of the miles. The velocity of the projectile wifired was 375 feet a second.

## OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE,") Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joan na," Etc.

(Copyrighted. All rights reserved. Published by special arrangement with the Beiford Company. 'And my house at a standstill, heaven

knows how long!" fretted Mrs. Thorne. 'And it is going to be so unpleasant here after this. "We might go up to Tallahassee and board," Flora suggested. "Board! Nobody who is anybody ever boards, Flora. I am surprised at you. We may as well pack our trunks and go

north for the rest of the summer. The colonel won't consult me, of course. Ha will dismiss Furnival at daybreak tomorrow, and it will be a mercy if he doesn't blow the man's brains out." But there was not so much danger of this as Mrs. Thorne fancied. The colonel held that Furnival was to blame, more

or less, but he had no intention of soiling his hands with the blood of one so much beneath him. He did not consult Mrs. Thorne; to what purpose should he do so, having fully made up his mind? If there should be a suit for breach of contract, of course he himself would defray expenses; but he did not wish any discussion of the subject; he was accustomed to give orders and to be obeyed, and Furnival must go.

The colonel rode away in the early dawn as impetuously as Nicholas had ridden away in the rainy night. The sun was just rising, and work had barely begun, when he entered the gate at Mrs. Thorne's place.

Furnival was smoking his pipe under he magnolia tree in front of the house. The news concerning Nicholas had not yet traveled beyond Thorne Hill, but Furnival knew, as soon as he caught sight of the colonel's black frown, that the secret was out. He extinguished his pipe forthwith, and prepared for being a wordy man.

"Mornin', colonel," he said ingratiatingly; he didn't intend to have a "row," if it could be helped.

"Collect your tools," said the colonel with a vigorous sweep of his right arm. and vacate these premises, instanter." "We-II," said Furnival, with deliber-

ate utterance, and looking the colone. straight in the eyes, "them is pretty short orders to come from anybody but the owner of this place. My cawntrac is with yo' brother Leonard's widow 'cordin' toe my understandin'." "I want no words with you, sir," said

the colonel. "Your place is to obey orders.

"It happens to most of us," said the carpenter, coolly, "to git what we don't want; an' so fur as words air concerned, I've as good a right to speech as any other son of Adam. I mought ask what ails the job? But I know very well, colonel, it's all because yo' son Nick has made a durn fool of himself, an' this ain't the fust time I've said it." "Nobody asked your opinion, sir,

aid the colonel, who had not been able, for gathering rage, to interrupt. "Will you leave-peaceably?"

"Not till I've had my say, by thunder!" his pockets and planting himself dog- tucks, no manner of superfluities for her. gedly, just within reach of the colonel's Her only vanity was her hair, which still riding whip. "I've got some of the retained its color and its gloss. She had 'pears they do in you. My girl Dosia is hardly reach her head, so high it was a good girl, and as pretty as aire Thorne above her broom. ever I sot eyes on; an' so fur forth as Now, Miss Roxanna White had never this proceedin' is a insult to her, I'll re- approved of the admiration Nicholas sent it unto blood."

"You've been drinking, sir?" said the colonel, in a great rage.

"No, sir," returned Furnival, parenthetically; "I'm a son of temperanceto please Dosia. She'll make Nick Thorne a better wife than he deserves."

The colonel urged his horse a step nearer; but Furnival did not flinch, neither did he hesitate in his deliberate drawl.

"Hows'ever, as I war a-sayin'," he continued, "so fur forth as this proceedin' is a holding of me to account, I'm free to justify myself; an' I tell you, right now an' right here, I ain't no better pleased with the match than you be."

"Will you go?" cried the colonel, furi-

"I'll go when I've had my say, an' not a minute sooner. I told you, a while ago, that Nick had made a blamed fool of himself, but for that matter, I'm free to declare, Dosia is a blameder fool than him; hows'ever, she's my daughter, an' therefor he's my son!"

"You insolent, prating jackanapes!" shouted the colonel, blind with rage, as he raised his riding whip in act to strike. "Ef you hit me, Col. Thorne," said Furnival, catching the whip in his muscular hands, "I'll bounce you plum outen yo' saddle. You got no cause to complain of I take what you fling away; an' so, good mornin' to you."

As Furnival let go the whip the colonel's horse reared and plunged, throwing his rider into the dust; but the carpenter walked away, too angry to offer

assistance. "Peter," he said, to an old negro who was mixing mortar on the other side of the house, "go pick up Col. Thorne, whar his hawse throwed him, out yonder."
Thus Col, Thorne bad had his way; yet, in spite of it, he felt beaten, and he rode homeward, moody and bitter, with a dejected head.

CHAPTER XL

MISS ROXANNA MAKES UP HER MIND.



broad of the Thorne ase, reckiess of the driving rain; and en she rain ceases at dawn, he had Curse to that sorry little unpainted house,

in the corner of the field, on the edge of Eden, his horse flecked with foam, himself drenched with the storm.

A bird was singing in the blooming elder bush that grew near one of the windows; it was Dosia's window, that looked toward Leon county. There were no blinds, and presently the white curtains were drawn aside and Dosia appeared; the small, square, high set window framed her like an old fashioned portrait. Well might the carpenter boast his daughter's beauty! It was of a type that needed no adorning; and Dosin, as she stood in the window, was none the less an exquisite picture that her black dress was so severely simple. Her luxuriant dark hair clustered in little rings over her low, fair forehead and around her shoulders, a graceful riot of curls. There was a smile, wistful and tender, on her perfect mouth, and a far away look in her splendid eyes, that ignored the near surroundings and pierced the distance with the soul's vision.

Out of sight, behind the screen dripping elder bushes, Nicholas beheld this benediction in his young wife's eyes, and tears blinded him. "Ah, dear and beautiful and good!" he sighed. "Little do they dream what an angel they scorn in you! If they only knew you! But they will not! And so farewell to them: henceforth I have only Dosia, dearest and best! And to what a fate have I compelled you, unworthy that I am! Like the unjust steward, 'I cannot dig: to beg I am ashamed.' But happiness yet is mine, and I can neither repine nor repent.

Dosia shut the window, and Nicholas dashing away his tears, rode around the corner of the field to the front of the

"Now, how shall I ask for her, at this hour of the morning?" he pondered, not without a certain sense of amusement, "Her excellent cousin, Roxanna the Rigid, knows nothing of our marriage. The old Methodist minister who performed the ceremony is somewhere in Georgia: her mother is dead; her father is away-and he'll be invited, within another hour, to knock off work at my aunt's, I'll bet my life!"

Dosia's cousin, or, to be more exact, her mother's cousin, Roxanna White, was one of those women providentially left, for the convenience of others, without settled habitation. Fortunately she had no objection to "living around;" she liked change. She had nursed Dosia's mother in her last illness, and she remained with Dosia now, in her loneliness, not unwillingly, for she was far seeing, and the day might come when Job Furnival would be seeking consolation; she ate no idle bread, and Job might yet learn her value.

Roxanna, according to her wont, was up betimes this morning, and having browbeaten the hired negress who did the cooking, she bounced out of the front door, broom in hand, to sweep the front porch, just as Nicholas Thorne came up the steps

A tall, strong, gount woman was Rox anna, in whom hard work and meager fare had left scarce a trace of the buxom beauty that had distinguished her youth. In her dress, narrow and short, there was no effort at adornment. "Them as likes may put in their eight or nine breadths," Miss Roxanna was accustomed to say; "but four is plenty fur any mortal woman, an' mo' convenient retorted Furnival, putting his hands in to pocket an backbone." No ruffles, no eelin's of a payrent myself, though they tied a towel over her head to protect it don't take the same track in me as it from the dust; but truly the dust might

evinced for Dosia. She was decidedly of the opinion that it would never do to have this young sprig of quality hanging around a girl whose mother was dead, and whose father was away. She would have liked to sweep Col. Thorne's son off the porch, with the two or three leaves she espied upon the floor; but as she could not do this, she towered in the doorway, and held her broom crosswise as she exclaimed, forbiddingly: "Land alive! Nick Thorne! What brung you here this time o' day, befo' even the cows is milked?" And to herself she thought, "I've writ that aunt o' his'n a warnin'

why ain't she fitten to keep him home? Nicholas laughed; the fun of the situation was irresistible; it made him, for the moment, oblivious of its tragic aspect. "I've come for my wife," he said. and turned suddenly sober and scarlet with the humiliating reflection that he was seeking shelter, not offering it.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Miss White, irately. "Why ain't ye mo' respect fur yo's periors in age and wisdom. boy? I'm s'prised at ye; an' I dunno why I should be, neither. I don' want no nonsense here. Git out!"

"I tell you Dosia is my wife," said Nicholas gravely. "We were married by old Mr. Drummond, in her mother's presence, two days before Mrs. Furnival

Miss White's sallow face underwent a variety of contortions; she nearly swallowed the little bit of athea stick with which she had been taking her morning "dip," and which she habitually carried in her mouth; the broom clattered from helplessly. She understood now why she had been sent to visit a relation six of which she could hardly stagger. miles distant, just two days before Mrs. Furnival died. "Wha - what?" gasped. Then, under strong conviction, are to return to-morrow and bring word, ly touched the lintel-and said, with picayune the colonel ain't consentin'."

"Never you mind the colonel," said Nicholas, shortly. "I must see Dosia." Dosia had heard his voice; she came

"Dosia! Dosia!" cried Nicholas, wildly, as he pushed past the demoralized spinster; and the next instant she was in his arms, "Dosia," said Miss White, hoarsely,

'you're a cawnsistent member of the Methodis' chu'ch, an' so fur fo'th ez I know, you ain't had naire a fall from grace; ef you say hit's true that ye air married, ez be tells-beside Cousin Mandy's bed o' death-I'll believe it." "It is true," said Dosia, with smiles

and tears and blushes.

Miss White picked up her broom and went to sweeping off the porch. She made two comments mentally, one inreference to Dosia's mother, the other to Dosia's father: "Sie must a-turned plum" fool befo' she died;" and, "he's got 'em a day's work in all occupations except

to tote, I see." Nicholas and Dosia sat down on long wooden bench that constituted the only furnishing of the little passage. Miss White, glancing over her shoulder. labor.

saw them there, and she immediately

slammed the front door. "You've been in the rain," said Dosia accustomed all her life to consider others. "How wet your clothes are! You must

have ridden all night." "I did," Nicholas answered, with dark frown; then, with a burst of bitter laughter: "Have you any clothes, Dosia? I don't know that I have any, unless I've left a few scattering about Sunrise plantation that I may lay claim to."

"Your father has"-Dosia faltered. "My father has" - responded Nicholas, indicating with a wave of his hand that words would not express the sentence passed upon him.

Dosia sat silent and stunned, clinging to his arm; for herself it did not matter; but for Nicholas-it seemed at the mo ment more than she could bear. My whole fortune," said Nicholas with covert bitterness, "consists in my

horse and my watch; we'll sell these, Dosia, and defy the world." "I have done you a great wrong," sh whispered.

You've done yourself a great wrong it may be, dear heart," said Nicholas. \*But at least we have each other. Oh, Dosia! Dosial my wife! If they only knew you, Dosin, my saint! There is nobody like you. You had faith in me. and you saved me. Compared with you, what are they all? Henceforth I live only for you. Missy, Missy alone"- he faltered. "Poor little sister! she has not cast me off! How she cried to me, through the rainy darkness, to take her with me! I seemed to hear her every mile of the way! I'm 'an exile from home,' and all that, you know. Ah, no, no!" he amended, quickly, as Dosin sobbed alond. "How could I say that, my dearest and best? You are my home. Dosia, Dosia, look at me with your heavenly eyes; say you love me; say you believe in me!"

And Dosia looked at him. She did not speak, but she smiled through her tears; and then she drew away from him and

'You are going to pray over the 'situation,' Dosia, you know you are; my beautiful saint!" cried Nicholas, with a smile of reverent admiration. "I am going to find you some

father's clothes," said Dosia. "Good wife! You are better than any

fortune," Nicholas declared; and he laughed. He was very happy, in spite of the "situation." Miss White had finished sweeping and

manner, but she was by no means devoid of grace of heart. That this marriage was a wretched business, a miserable blunder, was an opinion fire would not melt out of her; nevertheless, she mixed with pure water to the required conhad no thought of refusing Job Furnival, when the time should come, and she was entirely willing to spend herself in helping to take care of the foolish young couple. She had slammed the door, not in wrath, but solely by way of giving them to understand that she meant to leave them untrammeled enjoyment of their Fool's Paradise; and she now considerately avoided returning to the house to put away her broom, but went round to the kitchen to get Nicholas a cup of coffee.

"He's next do' to a fool, I deem. grambled she: "but that ain't no reason why he should perish unto my hans; 'n if he don't git somethin' hot inside him. after that ride all night in the rain, he'll a cup containing salt water or vinegar; be laid up agin with that stole in his small plate of apple sauce and almonds; and lung. If 'taint his lung, leastwise 'twas glasses of wine, one for each person present my lights to neglect him."

So Miss White made Nicholas drink the coffee scalding hot, and then she departed to spread the news, that being the sole satisfaction she could derive from to their race; all are children of those who the event.

Two hours later she returned in better "I'm a-goin' to stir up a poun' cake. It don't seem proper, nur 'cordin' to nature, not to have somethin' to give a feature to matrimony."

> CHAPTER XIL COMPLIMENTS PASS.



And stole softly and swiftly down stairs. It was Miss Elvira's wish that Gilbert should depart on his mission without the Thorne Hill: therefore she herself took table. In response, the patriarchal head him his "pass" in the dark of the even- of the family tells the grand old story of Isher grasp, as her hands hung down, ing, stealing out of the house with a rael's slavery and redemption therefrom by heavy covered basket, under the weight

"I've brought you your pass, Gilbert," she she panted; "and some provisions. she lifted her right arm straight—it near- you know. Be sure you put some provender in the cart for the ox." That one strong emphasis, "I'll bet my ultimate of the Thorne Hill oxen should be fed floor. from the Furnival corn crib was ignominv not to be endured.

"I gwan do dat!" old Gilbert assured her. He held the same views that Miss out into the little entry that divided the Elvira held in regard to the feeding of rooms, and stood there, pale and trem- the Thorne Hill oxen; and furthermore, he thought, "Is I ewan resk old Brandy on mouldy nubbins?" "And, Gilbert," said Miss Elvira, com-

ing back after she had started away, as if what she had to say was an afterthought and not a deliberately premeditated design, "if Nicholas should take a fancy to-anything in the basket, you needn't bring back the jars." "Yes, ma'am," said old Gilbert, with

stolid gravity; but he doubled over with a smothered chuckle when Miss Elvira was gone. "Is she clean plum' furgot Mawse Nick is a bawn Thorne? He ain't dealers pound the breast bones of aged turkeys until the tip attains the flexibility congwan tetch dat basket; but I gwan haul it jes' de same."

The Nebraska law making eight hours farming and domestic service is not like ly to be very rigidly enforced, because it d-clares that for each hour after eight the worker shall receive twice the amount paid him for the previous hour's

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 be ginning of Passover week, in all orthodox Jewish families, certain preparatory measures are taken. The father, as head of the family, makes his tour of thorough inspection of his domicile, seeking for remnants of leavened bread, first invoking a blessing upon his task, and then preserving a solemn silen until the conclusion of his search. Care is taken that there shall be some scraps left for him to flud, and that he shall know where to look for them, but the form of search is carefully preserved, and his wife makes very that no other fragments are left but those intended to be found, which are always mere crumbs. These we gathered in a spoon. To them is added the half mizve left over from the Passover of the preceding year, and all are carefully wrapped in a clean bit of linen and laid aside until the forenoon of the succeeding day -Aref-Pesach-when, about 10 o'clock, the little package is put in the fire From the time when those remnants

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 truly orthodox with reference to the preparation of the matzos are very rigid. A committee is appointed from each congregation, whose duty it is to buy in the field before it is harvested. if possible, the grain that is destined for conversion 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 cleansed from every contaminating speck of other flour, and when this work is completed the product is carefully barreled and sealed to be kept until required. In the preparation of the mizvos about which there is a peculiar sacrednes -the grinding of the grain into flour is frequently done in a hand mill that is kept for that purpose and no other. For every step in its progress from the field to the baking even the flour is sanctified to its uses by prescribed prayers uttered over it. The baking should properly be done by each congrega-tion in its own bakery, the quantities required for each family having been ascertained in advance. In practice in this counleft the porch. She had no grace of try, however, the matzos are made generally in large bakeries owned and controlled by Jews, who scrupulously observe in their preparation every requirement of their law, and this is looked upon as sufficient. In the making of the dough, the flour is simply sistency, without salt, leaven of any kind, or any other foreign substance, is rolled very thin and baked dry.

On the next evening, after religious ser vices in the synagogues, which all Hebrews should attend, each family retires to its home, and there solemnly celebrates the commemorative feast with which the festival 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 peculiarly sanctified cakes of matzo bread set apart for this especial use, ar 1 to this end particularly consecrated by the rabbi's prayers. Upon another plate apps are 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 watercresses mighty close. Hit would be a mercy o throughout the ceremonial, as a symbol of the Lawd, an' a jedgement, if he was to the welcome ever ready for the long hoped drap off suddent, an spite the colonel to for Messiah. Each person present is reconversion; but 'tain't none o' my busi- quired to drink four glasses or cups of wine ness to hurry his end by goin' beginst during the progress of the rites. All members of a Jewish household, from its patriarchal head down to the humblest servant, ait together at this Passover feast, for all are equal before the God to whom they offer their thanksgivings for his infinite mercies were by him brought out of bondage.

And the things thus displayed on the table heart. "Dosia," she said, cheerfully, have their emblematic significance. The "I'm a-goin' to stir up a poun' cake. It borse radish and other sharp or bitter herbs recall the oitter servicude in Egypt; the un leavened 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 taskmasters 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 dependents, all attired as if ready to set forth upon a journey. He and they do not assume the easy attitudes common at the social board, but sit erect as if alert and expectant. He offers up a prayer. Breaking cross the middle one of the three mizvos, he lays aside half of it to be kept until the next Aref-Pesach, when it will be burned. To each person seated at the board he gives a fragment of that mizvo 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 mizvos 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 of the younger members of the family asks the father certain prescribed questions as to why they are so assembled with the objects before them knowledge of the rest of the world at that so meagerly furnish forth the family 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 or her, and scatters a few drops upon the

A prayer follows the solemn recital, Hands are washed and the whole of the emblematic repost that is at all eatable-excepting the half mizvo reserved-is consumed. During part of this ceremonial feast the door of the use must stand open, that if, in the fullness of God's providence, the hour shall have come for the advent of the Messiah-which, secording to their traditions, will be in Pass over time-his entrance may be unimpeded, and his welcome, symbolized by the full glass of wine left untouched on the table, shall be ever ready. A fervent prayer of thanksgiv-ing concludes the rite, and the rest of the ng is devoted to innocent enjoyment and domestic felicity.-New York Sun. Hint to Housekeepers

Housekeepers who have been accustomed to judge of the age of a turkey by the flexiility of the rear end of the breast bone will be grieved to learn that unprincipled poultry

sistent with youth, and thus render them marketable,—Chicago Herald. The Empress' "Own" Palace At the distance of a short drive from St. the girl for their contents. Thus the girl Petersburg is a charming miniature palace, owned by the empress, and known by the name of "My Own." It is in the midst of name of "My Own." It is in the midst of world. How she bore the great load of lovely grounds, and is a happy retiring place responsibility is not stated.—Philadelphia for the royal family whenever they choose to come to it.—Louise Chardler 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 man-

"Why, it is not such an expensive amu

necessary."

\$150; boots, \$20 or \$25."

without the skirt looks precisely like a man's

dress trousers. A dressmaker at home usu-

The Country Lout of Cuba.

The guajiro, properly speaking, is the Cu-ban country lout; the same fellow you have

seen lounging about remote country cross

roads stores in our own land; the fellow who

is humped and callow, scraggy of bair, with

spreading legs, swinging jaws, silent tongue

and sodden eyes—the being here not so bright

as the negro of the topics, nor so sunny, nor even so little aspiring. He is a sort of spirit-

less animal, never exactly harmful, never

wholly helpful, always contented with a rag-

ged sombrero of any sort of stuff, a pair of

leather breeches, a filthy shirt worn outside

these, any vile cigarette, like our own noble

American youth, a cockade, and a machete,

or any other villainous knife, though a tap

He is not vicious, though he looks it des

perately. He does some labor. He does that

not wholly under protest. But he is, all in

all, only another one in summing up popula-

tion. If he be married he lives in a palm

grade of intelligence is even beneath his own,

is prolific of children and expedients. That

is, she will give her husband from a dozen to

a score of healthy young guajiros, and knows

how to boil roots and mend the thatches of

their cabin. These duties are about all their

condition imposes. Over there against the

The First Phonograph.

who fitted a bit of tinfoil into it, turned the

crank, and spoke into the funnel the words

Boot and Shoe Etiquette.

The boot and shoe etiquette sorely per-

plexes native officials on ceremonial occa-

sions. In the rifussil it is customary for all

native government officials to take off their

native shoes before entering the presence of

their superior, but if they wear English boots

no such change is required. When the gov-

ernor of Bombay held a levee at Ahmedabad,

a number of Hindoo officials clubbed together

to buy a pair of English boots, so as to avoid

the indignity of appearing before his excel-

lency with bare feet. Each took it in turn

so wear the boots as he was presented to the

governor, and no small amusement was

created outside the levee room by the officials

rushing backward and forward to exchange

the solitary pair of boots with the next

A Modest Man.

T. J. Potter as general manager of the "Bee,"

says The Chicago Times, John Newell, presi-

When the Vanderbilt lines wanted the late

ent of the Lake Shore road, conducted the

negotiations, and it is said the following in-

terview took place:
Mr. Newell-Mr. Potter, the Vanderbilts

want you as a general manager. What will

Mr. Potter (unhesitatingly)-Forty tho

sand a year and full power to do as I please.

Mr. Newell-What! Forty thousand a

dent of the Lake Shore!

Mr. Potter (again unhesitatingly)—Well,
that may be, but, then, you know, I am a

An old woman in New York, whose will is

Like a good many others of her

now being contested by her heirs, had an odd

ex she loved to soold, but as she possessed

to were necessarily limited. To remedy

this defect, however, she hired a maid to

read her extracts from those newspapers that

she particularly disliked and then scoided

was considered personally responsible for everything that went wrong throughout the

about everything she could wish for such opportunities to indulge in her favorite prac-

Why, that is more than I get as presi-

comer.-London Globe.

you go for!

better man.-Exchange.

thatched but anywhere. His wi

Edgar L. Wakenzan's Cuba Letter.

from a riding whip would drive him into

paralysis of fear.

"Pantsi"

once, twice,

CELEBRATING THE CUTTING & THE LAST STALK OF CANE ager. "Oh, dear met 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 sought after on pavement or carpet; some to show off in the park later on. Most of them

Work at the Last Atre-Envied Man-Banners of All Long Procession of Happy Date. Negro Oratory-Supper. A time honored custom among the has A time non a sugar plantation is the celebrate. come for the express purpose of engaging in something that shall distinguish them from the day when the last load of one hauled from the fields to the sugar the common herd by the outlay of money There are few planters who object to be festival, and there are not many a ment as that! I see your terms"—
"Ha, terms! Had one but to pay tuition assist personally in its observance account of one of these celebr be an almost faithful picture of all be fees and jump on a horse, shop girls and newsboys might ride; but, mark you, \$600 there is little variety about them.

A LOUISIANA CUSTON

It is a clear, sunny, winter day, at for a horse, \$130 for a riding habit, \$125 for the han is work vigorously at the hans a saddle, \$20 for top boots and \$5 for a whip. of cane. Cane knives glitter in and on Then one who has one suit must have two, one to practice in, one to show off in. Besides, there are road lessons, \$4; music ride, of the rustling green tops, there is a my gleam of bright steel along the stalls. quick stroke near the ground and a \$2; leaping lesson, \$3; board for horse, \$30 quick stroke hear the ground and a pilers lift the clean stalks in piles read for the leaders to toss in great armids a the men waiting in the carts. Casa per month; extra practice hours, repairs to saddle— Oh, yes, one can do without some of those things, but she must discount that heavy, and it requires a marvelous the much from her pleasure and expect to meet danger of accident, mortification or discomof hand and some muscular power total a bandle of cane flying into the grap a fort at every turn. At the least estimate, another person. Mingled with craries of stalks and the rushing sound of talks sing school horses, etc., it requires a good \$500 to take a ride in the park in anything cane tops, comes the even meloir of a like decent shape. A lady's complete suit, negroes as they chant jubiles see There is only a little cane left. The as pants and all, costs in the neighborhood of hold back, making a desperate appearant of haste; but not cutting more than the "Oh, certainly. No riding suit is complete can help. Each man tries to decine is without pants. See that teacher assisting neighbor, but the overseer is looking a that young lady in the green habit to mount and the cane must be cut. Swish, can See him delicately raise the bottom of the the last stalk is almost reached as skirt, just about as a shoe store clerk does who will have the glory of cutting is in trying on a pair of shoes. See him tug, The men are eager and excited; the one Well, that is pulling down be seer hurries them up; one after assisted the stalks fail—and, hurrah! the end pants, which feat she could not very easily perform for herself. This garment is made man cuts the last, and waves it tries of cloth the same as the suit, and when seen antly above his head. As the last kell

piled on a cart, cheers loud and log to

nonnce the beginning of the celebrate

ally makes these garments. For the rest BANNERS OF ALL SORTS. special tailors keep the measurements, and The planter has supplied the next all a lady has to do is to send in her order to secure a perfect fit on short notice.
"One of the greatest nuisances with which with banners of all sizes. The case or are decorated with these, and the thing we have to contend is the corset. I say emfour mules in every cart have about phatically and absolutely, no woman can rosette, surmounted by a small tus States flag, placed above each long or, learn to ride properly with a corset on. She cannot obey instructions. Besides the dis-comfort of it, she is in constant danger Besides these there are from one three great flags supported in every up by a proud darkey, Malay or white as the case may be. When the line through lack of control over her horse. She must be absolutely free fron constriction on every portion of her body, and be able to breathe, bend and throw her arm over the

formed it has a very imposing look Fa comes the leader's cart, in which store the man with the last stalk hell men head with facility, if she would learn to ride and one or two big flags which the his with grace and safety,
"Same way with gloves. See the difference of the planter's household are some each year to manufacture; and man envied is the man to whom they any in the management of those two lines over there, one with a tight fitting buckskin, the other a large, soft chamois. And the differsented, for they are as attractive a jui ence is more manifest still to the wearer. of tri-colored flannel, ribbons and rits vices can make them. There are also be Many wear thick webbed jersey combination suits under the habit; some flannels; some both. Many here are riding without corsets," ners made by the colored women-ne vels in the way of streamers and good patchwork. -New York Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The long procession forms belief last load of cane, surmounted by lags decorations, and moves toward the mor mill amid loud songs and deafeningden for the planter, manager and over-All the mill whistles are blowing as in much respected plantation belisars kill the power of the people, to be ruse and the arms of the ringers are worn out To procession is greeted at the sugar has with great rejoicing, speeches are inhigh in, and the women and children stan from the quarters and clamber into is

There is a great shricking of white roaring of machinery, crashing of us mingled with the sounds of sor at cheering, while toasts are drunk incor-variety of will also but the best. Amild this din minor noises are unheard. Also leaving the sugar house the troop a darkeys files around the mansion of the planter, cheering the family, whomepected to make their appearance and it looked at. Addresses are made to the planter, who, of course, has to num thanks: for if there is anything dear wi soul of the darkey it is speechmaking the father and brothers of the plants, he has any, come in for their full shared

negro oratory. TREATING THE CROWD. Money is given to the leaders to im-the crowd, and the planter has to se

every excuse in his power to preventing self being hoisted upon the shoulded the joyous negroes. This ceremony bar mountain, where I have been for a few days, are a number of these guajiros' homes. I counted ninety-three children in seven families. Of these over one-half were naked .over, oranges are thrown into the and the leaders return to their wagons in rattle around the grounds two ords times, with beating of drums, squaler A Boston man says that when Edison first of fifes, cheering and other demon thought of making a phonograph he perfected Then off they go to get their most of the details before even drawing a ond installment of whisky at "de sty plan. When he had the idea well developed where the plantation storekeepers reces he told an old German, who made models for their share of attention. The process him, to make a machine after a certain patgoes to as many plantations as positi tern. The inventor didn't hint what he and in the dusk, as the fog comes rolls wanted it for, but occasionally sent an order in from the river, sweeping across to for a change or alteration to be made, with-out even looking at the model. Finally the empty fields and winding in and odd the border of the woods, almost a mi German took the machine to Mr. Edison, away, one hears the sound of a hearst

negro melody, We are waiting on de Lord, of that famous poem beginning "Mary had a rising and falling sweet and clear at little lamb." The German looked on as night air. And then the carts come in though he thought that the inventor had bering home holding a half intoxical gone crazy. Then Mr. Edison reversed the wholly happy crowd. There is a gas supper waiting for them, and not thinks of the depredations committed crank, and in that queer, piping voice now so familiar, the machine repeated the lines. "Mein Gott!" said the German, throwing up forehand upon other men's goods his his hands, "Mein Gott! it talks!"-New York way of pigs and poultry. More liqui drunk, more speeches made, and a planter's entire fence is serenaled by its

untiring crowd until a late hour.

Before the rising bell rings he is
sweeps in eddying folds, white and p golden, into the blue oak woods, and closes the quarters silent, for he is dogs are sleeping. Here and there is smoke curls up above the cabins; the quavers its summons. There is a less wasking howl from the dogs, and calls of negro women. Soon a large p of the previous day's proceeding wa enacted with unabated entanger. Ruth Ramay in New Orleans In Democrat.

The Eskimo's Endurance We look upon 30 to 40 degs be zero, which our northern neighbor casionally see, as a temperature had about the limit of human endurace of any degree of comfort (and probably a with even our best methods of combining the company of the company of the company of the case of t its, and so we stand arbast when we so of the Eskimo out sledging and last at 50, 60, and even 70 degs, below at forgetting all the time that these penare a clothing, which is proportion much warmer than their lowest ture is colder than ours; and this with equal if not less weight than B clothing. They are, therefore, point pared to endure it than we can perbe. - Frederick Schwatka.

Bonbons Instead of Love Letter Engaged couples in France do not change love letters as we do; you not see a French girl with a box coul daintily tied package of letters, of the key never leaves her possession, things are unheard of, but boxes d be bons and exquisite flowers are set as day with the card of the future hash -The Argonaut.

Ribs Broken by Couching. A London coroner has raised the tion whether a man can cough to pieces. A broken rib was found deceased lunatic, when medical conwas brought forward to show that certain abnormal conditions boss be broken by muscular efforts or the by a violent fit of coughing.