

ALL SORTS.

The Bible class—Clergymen.
A tough joint—an opium joint.
A long race—the human race.
A silent partner—not a wife.
On a high scale—The opera singer.
A storm scenter—The Signal Service observer.

Held in suspense—The murderer on the gallows.
A vote in the ballot box is worth two "on the fence."

The butterfly is the May of insects; the hornet is the July.
A hen on laid eggs is making a dead set that will never pay.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the less soap there is used the cleaner the campaign is likely to be.
China ought to have no difficulty in raising the wind. Besides fans, its principal produce appears to be lungs.

Callow youth before looking glass, stroking chin—"Sis, I think I must get me a razor." Sister—"Do, Bob; a beard raiser."
"Come home and share pot luck with me," as Deal said to Shuffle when he invited the latter to his house to have a quiet little game of poker.

"Oh, I do so do on the sea," she gurgled.
"If you only had a yacht, Augustus dear?"
"I have no yacht, Wilhelmina," he sighed.
"But I can give you a little smack." And then it sounded as if a cork had flown out of a bottle.
There is one thing that can be said to the honor of the spoiled child. He realizes that too much kindness has spoiled him, and he heroically determines that he will spoil nobody else in the same way.

"Pa, what was that place where the procession stopped and you all went in and stood at the counter, and you hit Mr Brown on the helmet with a glass mug?" Then the family lost all interest in the conversation and Mr. Holiday's appetite ceased, and after breakfast he invited his son to a woodshed seance for young gentlemen only, gave him a topdressing of shingle, inasmuch that he could be heard at the distance of half a mile.

His Ride With a Lunatic.

William Bunn, an employee of the Pompey House, near the eastern extremity of Syracuse, hitched a horse to a carriage about 6 P. M. recently and started for a farm near the East Avenue Driving Park. At a street corner near the edge of the city a man sprang from behind a tree, jumped into the wagon, and, placing a revolver at Bunn's head, demanded the reins, which were handed to him. He lashed the horse into a run, still covering Bunn with the weapon, and threatening to shoot him if he stirred. The man guided the horse toward Thompson's Landing, on the Erie Canal, and thence drove to Messina Springs, which is four miles east of the city, making the distance in less than half an hour, the horse running all the way and the wagon thumping about fearfully.

From the man's actions and words, Bunn saw that he was insane. He asserted that he was pursued by a band from Buffalo Bill's gang of showmen, who were there recently, and who had demanded \$10,000 of him and would kill him unless it was paid.

At Messina Springs he turned the horse toward the city, and again urged the terrified animal to a breakneck pace. At the corner of James and Lodi streets the lunatic sprang from the wagon, which passed over him. Still flourishing his revolver, he jumped up and disappeared down a side street.

Bunn drove into the city, and officers were sent out to search for the companion of his thrilling ride. They found him dragging himself about with a broken leg. He was recognized as William T. Denison of Syracuse, and was taken to a hospital. Denison is a hard drinker, and his insanity is due to alcohol.

BREAD FRITTERS.—Soak stale pieces of bread in good rich buttermilk, mash all up smooth, then add a little salt, and flour enough to make a good batter, quite stiff; lastly add two teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in hot water. Fry as for common fritters.

Life in St. Petersburg.

People here all arm themselves for the winter. There can be no question as to its severity. Indeed, one would be inclined to imagine it were almost welcomed as a friend, for keen disappointment is expressed when the snow is tardy in falling. After the heavy rains which fall in the late autumn, snow roads are almost a necessity of existence. If frost suddenly sets in before they are made it is under great difficulties that the country people bring supplies to the metropolis; the price of provisions rises in proportion, and distress ensues. Double windows are universal; they are an absolute necessity. For the admission of fresh air one pane in each window is left so that it may be opened at pleasure. The rest of the window is so thoroughly secured that not a breath of the keen air can enter. The process accomplished, the difference of the temperature within doors is sensibly perceptible, and heating by means of stoves may then be delayed for some time. The interior of a Russian house is not familiar to all, so, under favor of the Lyres and Penates, we will enter the sacred domicile, first premising that a well kept house in St. Petersburg or Moscow is exceedingly comfortable. A tall portly *suiss* (house porter) admits you, when a footman ushers you up a mostly spacious, handsome staircase, often of marble, and after passing through the usual double doors you are introduced into an anteroom where you leave your inevitable garment—your fur cloak. The reception rooms are then entered, and these often seem interminable; eight or nine in number in the houses on the Palace or English Quays are not uncommon, generally opening into one another. The inlaid parquets of the rooms are often very beautiful—the floor polisher is an important institution in Russia; of course, some rooms are richly carpeted and do justice to the looms of Turkey and Persia. The silk or damask curtains, wall hangings, and coverings for the ottomans are superb. All is luxurious; vases of apis-lazuli, porphyry, and malachite, pictures, and objects of art in general are in profusion. The Russians are very fond of promenading through their suites of apartments, and ample space is left for this purpose. The winter being so long, every conceivable means is used to shed around the charms of warmer climates; *trellises*, along which various creepers are trained, are introduced; pretty baskets of plants (tulips, hyacinths, and camellias in full bloom, while winter is still raging outside,) the constant warm temperature indoors being favorable to their cultivation. The Continental fashion of living in flats much prevails here. Sleeping rooms are not invariably numerous in proportion to the reception rooms; but this state of things naturally improves with the increase of civilization. — [Temple Bar.

A Venetian Wedding Day.

A Venetian festival is a synonym of all that is magnificent and romantic. From the earliest history the fetes have been events of the greatest popular interest and importance. They have been celebrated most frequently to perpetuate the memory of some triumph of the Venetian army, and the patriotism of the people has been kept alive by these fetes quite as much as by the consciousness of commercial importance and power.

For centuries the Marian festivals were the most important holidays of the year. It was a custom introduced early in the tenth century to select from the different parishes of the city twelve poor maidens, distinguished for virtue and beauty, who were provided with dowry at the cost of the State, and fitted out with wedding trosses from the Treasury of St. Mark. The girls were dressed in long robes of white, with loosened hair interwoven with threads of gold, and in a rich barge were carried to the Church of St. Peter, followed by a cortege of gayly decorated gondolas, with music and singers, the Doge and Signory accompanying the procession. Each maiden bore in her hand a small box containing her dowry, and met her appointed husband in the church. Mass was celebrated, and the bishop officiated in the marriage ceremony. This was the beginning of the fete, which lasted a whole week. With the growth of luxury and laxity of morals the festival lost its original character, and it became necessary to limit its observance, and during the Genovese war, in the fourteenth century, the celebration was neglected and fell into disuse. An incident which happened in the tenth century during the observance of this festival has long been a favorite theme of artists and poets, and illustrates too well the spirit of the day and the isolation of the new republic to be omitted here. The Trieste pirates long watched an opportunity to rob the festal barge of its treasures, both human and monetary, and one fine morning of St. Mary's eve they burst open the doors of the church, surprised the congregation and escaped with the brides and treasures. The Doge, who was present, urged immediate pursuit. Every boat capable of carrying rowers was manned and put to sea in the greatest haste. Venice rose as one man to join the pursuit of the pirates and to assist in the recovery of the brides. The enthusiasm of the Venetians was so irresistible that the pirates were overtaken and beaten in one of the entrances to the lagoon. Not a pirate escaped, such was the fury of the pursuers. The brides were recovered entirely unharmed, and the ceremony of marriage took place with increased pomp the same evening.

Cremation of an Indian Rajah.

A case of cremation has occurred at Etretat under very remarkable circumstances. A rich Indian, the Rajah Abusabid Koanderao, with a suite of 12, came lately to the Hotel des Bains, scared from Nice by the cholera. He died of an anthrax, or carbuncle, rather suddenly. His friends asked that his body might be burned with Asiatic rites. The Mayor of Etretat, greatly embarrassed, telegraphed to Paris for instructions, and an authorization was given, but great pains were taken to prevent the public from seeing the unusual spectacle. At 2 in the morning the corpse was placed on a bier on the sands at the foot of one of the great white cliffs of Etretat, where it was set fire to, and continued burning to 6 in the morning. There were scarcely any spectators except the native friends of the deceased and some fishermen, who appeared greatly astonished at the unusual spectacle of which they were witnesses. The ashes, when the incineration was complete, were divided into three portions. One was thrown to the winds, another into the sea, and a third placed in a vase to be sent to relatives in India.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

MOCK MINCE PIES.—One cup of vinegar, one cup of water, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one of cloves, two rather large slices of bread broken up fine and simmered with the other ingredients. Raisins chopped may be added, more or less according to the taste. This quantity will make three or four pies, according to the size and quality, and if well made, they will sometimes surpass the regular article. As much as pies are condemned as an article of diet, even by those who never refuse to eat them, there is no greater convenience to a cook than a well made pie.

JELLY CAKE.—One large cup of flour, three eggs, one-half cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream-of-tartar, pinch of salt. Bake in a long tin, spread the top of one-half the cake with jelly, and put the other half on top. This is quickly made and very good.

FERNS.—A nice way to press ferns is to place them in a newspaper, and put them under a drawing-room rug.

A SIMPLE AND WHOLESOME DESSERT.—Bake tart apples, having removed the cores and filled the cavities with sugar. Make a thin custard as follows; put a quart of new milk on to heat; when at the boiling point, stir in a tablespoonful of corn-starch dissolved in a little cold milk, add a small cup of granulated sugar, then three well beaten eggs. Add a pinch of salt, and stir constantly for a moment, then take from the fire, and when cold flavor as you please. Serve the apples in berry saucers with custard poured over each.

TO COOK ANY FRESH FISH.—Split, season with salt and a little Cayenne, heat the gridirons, butter the bars, and lay the fish on it flesh down, and broil

over a bright fire. When cooked, place on a hot platter; mix together a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the juice of half a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Spread this over the fish, put in the oven long enough to allow the butter to penetrate the fish.

PICKLED GRAPES.—Fill a jar with alternate layers of small bunches of grapes and sugar (the sugar should be simply sprinkled over the grapes), and fill up with cider vinegar, not too strong. Cautabas are best for this pickle.

MINT VINEGAR.—Those persons who like mint sauce or vinegar in winter with lamb or mutton, will do well to secure the seasoning now. Put into a wide mouth bottle enough fresh, clean mint to fill it loosely; fill up with good vinegar, cork tightly, and let stand two or three weeks. Then pour off, and keep well corked for use. Use the vinegar as a condiment, or put a small quantity into the drawn-butter sauce made for the mutton.

SLICED TOMATOES AND ONION PICKLES.—Slice one peck of green tomatoes and eight large onions; strew over them a coffee-cup of salt, mix and let stand over night. Next morning drain and put over the fire in a preserving kettle, with a quart of vinegar and two of water. When at boiling heat, simmer half an hour; drain, and cover with the following hot preparation; Take four quarts of vinegar, add to it two pounds of white sugar, half a pound of white mustard seed, two tablespoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice and mustard. This mixture should boil 15 minutes before pouring over the pickle.

SWEET POTATOES.—Boil until almost tender, and remove skins. Make a batter with a little milk, and a beaten egg thickened with flour and seasoned with pepper and salt. Cut the potatoes into rather thick slices, dip in this batter, and brown on both sides in hot beef drippings. Nice with roast meat.

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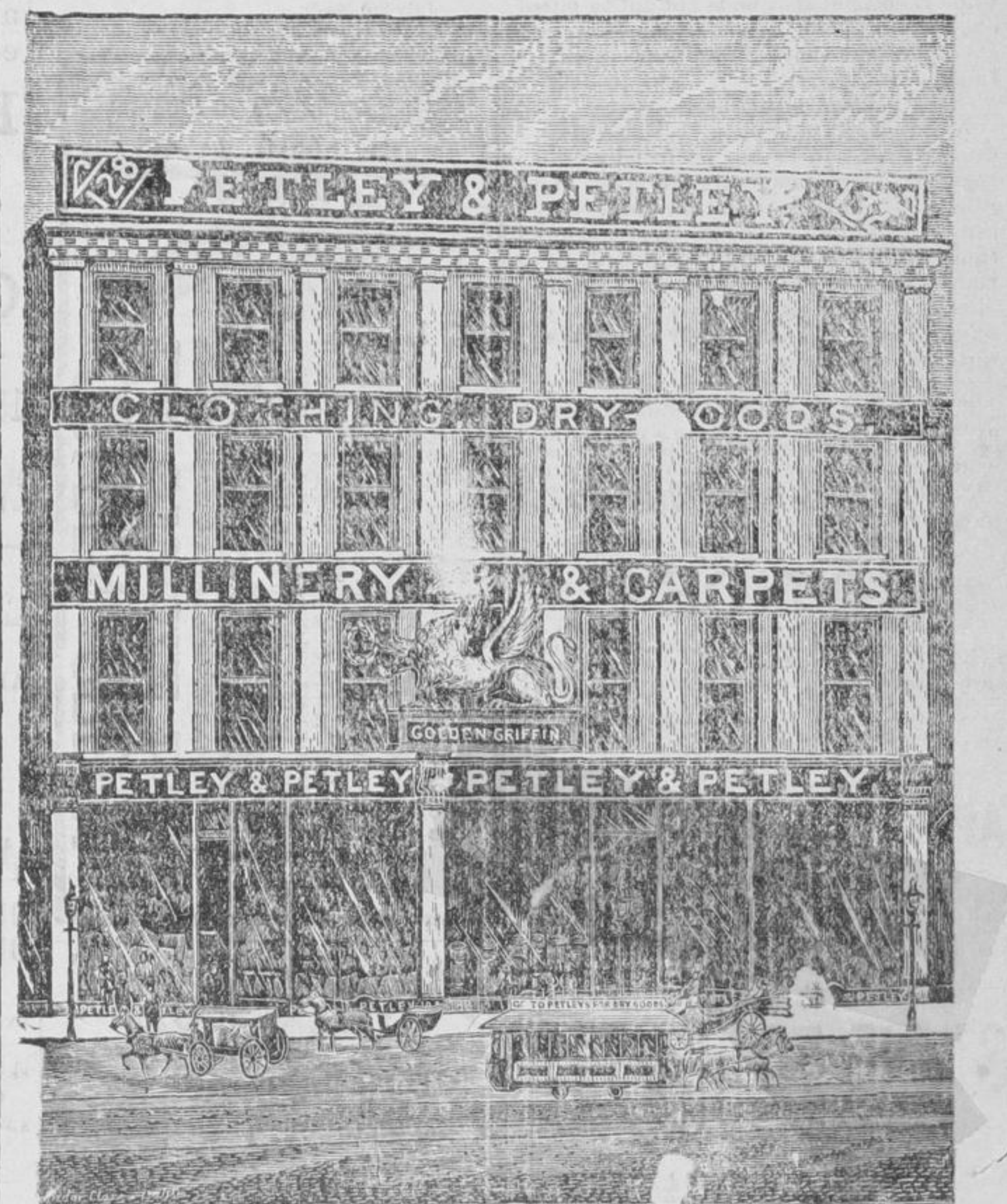


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