

'Episcopals' git religion, so I'll tell you. They have a bishop come round about once a year and the minister he sets 'em all up in a row and the bishop fastens his hands down on to their heads, and *that's* the way they do it but" (making a long pause) "they can't git no religion now, fur Old Abe's at their bishop."

A recent medical writer says: "Sleep wherever you can—anywhere when you get a chance; the want of the age is sleep." This is not always safe to follow, as one of our townsmen (says a contemporary) knows to his sorrow. He was recently afflicted with a bad cold, and to cure himself of it resorted to the remedy of putting his feet in hot water and drinking a tumblerful of strong whiskey today, prescribed by an aged and respected friend of the family. Having got everything in order for carrying out the prescription, he sat down by the fire, his face

smothered in warm water, and a tumbler of smoking toddy by his side. In this condition a sense of enjoyment stole over him as he sipped the exhilarating liquid, and he fell asleep. His wife had gone to bed, and, on awakening about three o'clock in the morning, wondered why she was alone. Going down stairs she was horrified to find her liege lord asleep in his chair, the fire out, his feet still immersed in the water, over which a cake of ice was forming, and an empty tumbler of the chair beside him. His cold isn't a bit better.

Winter Scenes in St. Petersburg.
The overboard.

News at the Russian capital has the following sketches of daily life in St. Petersburg:

"Sleighting with one horse is very well in its way, but if you would take the amusement in its pure form you must have, at the lowest computation, three steeds, and all the better if you can make the number four or six. I have seen our own sleighs, and ourselves with three horses, but I have never seen a sleigh with four. They were a capital match as a color and size, black as a raven, possessed of long flowing tails and manes, arched necks and fiercer nostrils, and each of that long, slender, wiry build to be seen nowhere in such perfection as here. The middle horse stood in the broad bulging shafts, carrying the arched bar over his head; the two outer animals ran almost abreast of him, and were harnessed to the shafts by a single rein, which was held by the driver, who sat in the middle of the box. The harness was of the same black color as the horses, and consisted of a collar, a breast-band, and a saddle, all of which were made of the same material, and were fastened by a single strap, which was held by the driver, who sat in the middle of the box. The harness was of the same black color as the horses, and consisted of a collar, a breast-band, and a saddle, all of which were made of the same material, and were fastened by a single strap, which was held by the driver, who sat in the middle of the box."

to the sledge. Muffled up considerably above the chin, and trussed and stuffed and tucked beneath the furs and rugs, away we went. The Nevski Prospekt was full of sleighs, and had been full of sleighs all the day. The excitement was exhilarating indeed, as the low-lying craft shot here and there with the light streaming upon them, and the lively choruses of "sleigh bells" doing their best to make common cause with their louder-tongued fraternity of the church belfries. I saw many of the services were being held in the many places of worship, and I thought how we could catch sight of illuminated interiors and masses of empty sleighs around the entrances. In the Nevski—three miles long though it is—the sleighs were countless. Every specimen of the delightful little vehicle

bred steeds snort in your ear, and pass close as a flash of thought, escaping collisions only by a hairbreadth, but never charming or coming to harm. Who the occupants are they tell you of the thesaurus of words, rapidly, and as much as the costly sables, but also the elegant painted equipage whisks abreast of us, never laughter sounds like sweet music. Never comes the humble sleigh with a family party packed in after the manner of the suburban Cockney on Sunday afternoons and holidays. The dapper turn-out of the swell, or the solid highest-fidelity family, is not to be seen 'off.' We have not proceeded a mile down this thoroughfare of thoroughfares before we discover that we have another lesson to unlearn. Is it not a proverb that the Russian, dragoon, or sledge-driver, is the most reckless of drivers?

safe in his hands? To be sure, as the livestock strides his queer paces, takes a rest in each outstretched hand, bends forward his body, and shouts and gesticulates, it looks commonly as if he were mad. He is also, when at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour you glide before, atwilt, behind, and between other sledges going at a rate equal to your own, it looks a most dangerous business. Notice, however, that all come right; that the beautiful horses which, as I have said, never blind, never blink, never shut their eyes, never turn their ears, never bicker, never run down, never wince, never fall; that the driver pulls up short and starts and sure at a yard's distance; and that above everything, the horses, notwithstanding the peculiarities of their pace and rage, are perfectly trained and do it all as a matter of course.

careful as any passenger with ordinary nerve would wish them to be.

The Royal Yacht Club had invited the duke to a grand skating festival in their gardens this evening, and the duke had accepted the invitation. It was whispered, too, that the czar himself would grace the scene with his presence. I can scarcely trust myself to describe the fairy spectacle those gardeners presented. Entering the outer gates, and passing through the anterooms where the furs were left and seats adjusted, you suddenly found yourself before thousands of dazzling lights.

The Value of Nourishing Food.

It was owing, in a great degree, to the wretched condition of their commissaries

litz. *C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat.* "L is as eat and drink, for to-morrow we may die is a motto" which has often been denounced and most justly, by Christian moralists. "L is eat and drink" well, lest to-morrow we die would be a good substitute. The pleasure of the table are not the highest, form of human enjoyment, but the lowest. "L is eat and drink" is a good thing when well made. "A man," says Dr. Johnson, "who has regard for his stomach, will have no regard for anything else." We fully agreed with the great moralist, and we subscribe no less heartily to the saying of the French gourmand, who declared that the discovery of new dishes is more important than the discovery of new stars. The world is full of dishes, dishes enough but there are stars several.

ready. It is a mistake to suppose that on brassiness men, with full paunches and empates, have a better chance of winning the luxuries of the table—that, as Shakespeare says, —

Dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wit.

The celebrated scholar, Dr. Carr, confessed his love for "hot lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope was a decided epicure and would lie in bed all day at Houghton, unless he were told that the tables were laid for lamprays for dinner, when he would start up and hurry to the table. Cleopatra is said to have owed her empire over Caesar as much to her suppers as to her charms. Leary; and who can tell how much the love of the *Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon was owing to it.

her name? Cardinal Wolsey was conciliatory by the good dishes on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and Agrippina won Claudius by receipt for dressing Spanish onions. Handled so enormously; and, when he died at the age of twenty, he left behind him three or four million dollars. I am sure that if he were to be told that all would be ready at noon, when the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den bring up de dinner, prestissimo. I eat de company."

HOW AN INSURANCE AGENT WAS BEATEN.—Between Kenosha and Milwaukee, says a Wisconsin paper, an agent of a "Traveler's Insurance Company" entered a bar, and having issued tickets to several of the passengers, approached an elderly lady, who it afterward appeared was deaf.

"Would you like to insure your life against accident?" asked the agent.

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my darling who is married up there, and has got a baby,"

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accident?"

"She's married two years and a half, It's a gal."

Agent still louder:

"I'm an insurance agent, madam; don't you want your life insured against accident?"

"Oh! I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No; her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha."

The agent vanished.

DOES ADVERTISING PAY?—There is no instance on record of a well sustained system of judicious advertising failing of success.

"My success is owing to my liberality in advertising."—*Bosner.*

"I have advertised my productions and made money."—*Nicholas Longworth.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising that business."—*A. T. Stewart.*

"Without the aid of advertisements I could have done nothing in my speculations. I have learned to invest great faith in printer's ink. Advertising is the royal road to business."—*Barnum.*

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—*Amos Lawrence.*

