

NIL DESPERANDUM.

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Borrroboola Gha. A stranger preached last Sunday, And crowds of people came

To hear a two hours' sermon With a barbarous sounding name Twas all about some heathen Thousands of miles afar. Who lived in a land of darkness Called Borrroboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured That when the plate was passed Each listoner felt his pocket, And goodly sums were cast; For all must lend a shoulder To push the rolling car That carried light and comfort To Borrrobools Ghs.

That night their wants and sorrows Lay heavy on my soul, And in deep meditation I took my morning stroll; Till something caught my mantle With eager grasp and wild, And looking down with wonder I saw a little.child.

A pale and puny creature In dirt and rags forlorn; What could she want, I questioned. Impatient to be gone. With trembling voice she answered. "We live just down the street, And mamma she's a-dyin', And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement, With mold upon the walls, Through whose half-buried windows God's sunshine never falls; Where cold, and want, and hunger Crouched near her as she lay, I feund a fellow-creature Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table, A bed of dirty straw, A hearth all dark and fireless-But these I scarcely saw, For the mournful sight before me. The sad and sickening show-Oh, never had I pictured A scene so full of woe-

The famished and the naked, The babes that pine for bread, The squalid group that huddled Around the dying bed; All this distress and sorrow Should be in lands afar; Was I suddenly transplanted To Borrroboola Gha?

Ah, no ! the poor and wretched Were close beside my door, And I had passed them heedles A thousand times before. Alas for the cold and hungry That met me every day. While all my tears were given To the suffering far away.

There's work shough for Christia In distant lands, we know; Our Lord commands his servants Through all the world to go. Not only to the heathen;

know you ought not to be out. Why did you do it? Where are you going? Into Spafield?"

"To be sure." "But what for?" "To see a friend." "Who is it?" came the quick re-sponse. "Not-not Nelly Cameron?" -with a shade of jealousy in the tone now. "Are the Camerons receiving this avening?"

now. "Are the Camerons receiving this evening?" "Not that I know of," returned Rob-ert Edbury, promptly. "I swear to you I was not going to see Nelly Cameron. I have not spoken with a single young lady to-day, except yourself." "Poor Robert !" and a little laugh

"Poor Robert!" and a little laugh rippled lightly on the air. "But do go. You know what your health is, and that you have no business to be riding at this time of night. You ought to take better care of yourself. You will be laid up to-morrow; your voice already sounds strange and altered. Good-nickt " night."

"One moment," cried Robert Edbury, earnestly, as he leaped from his horse, fastened the bridle to the gate, and stepped inside beneath the window, where gleamed that mysterious, enchanting face. "Won't you give me a flow-er-you can easily reach that clustering vine by your casement. Perhaps—per-haps I shall wish to ask you some time to forgive me some great offense. Won't you give me a flower for a token ?" "How strangely you talk. Of course I would give you a flower; but these are

only honeysuckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing b. roses. But stay !"—the pretty voice caught itself. "I have a bunch of vio-lets on my table. Would you like them?"

"Anything — anything that comes from your hand !" whispered Robert, more sincerely than he always spoke. The bright face disappeared a moment from the window and then returned-a

white hand gleamed in the moonlight. "There, take them, and now you must go! Quick! I hear some one stirring. Suppose it should be mamma ! Goodnight, dear Robert."

The window was softly closed, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violets in the wet grass. He found them where they fell. But, as they were falling, the quick eyes of Robert Edbury had discerned something, bright as a cta follow the the south string to a soas a star, falling too. The small strip of grass where he had stood was entirely n the shade, hidden from the light by the large horse-chestnut trees, and he had to grope in the dark for this glitterit to be what he suspected—a lady's bracelet. It was a slender circlet of gold, studded with crystal. The quick movement had unclasped it from her arm; and Robert, with a smile, put it it is be side with the y ithered hunch of cheeks. side by side with the withered bunch of violets in his pocket as he rode away. "Scepter and crown I'd fling them down." ang Mr. Edbury as he rode swiftly on in the purple dusk of the trees. "Scep-ter and crown, if I had them, I'd fling

"But who could it have been, Robert,

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie.

" He was a gentleman, I am sure

"It is Miss Chassdane," was the an

"A farm-house," remarked Robert. "No, it is not. It looks not unlike

Half an hour later Robert Edbury was

The first notes of a Strauss waltz were

beckoning the dancers, and gay couples

went laughing, hurrying by. "You are not engaged for this value?"

said Robert eagerly. Some remembered cadence of his voice

struck the young girl's memory, and,

"Will you let me look at your card ?"

" You

them down for the one bare chance of ring that lovely voi mean rivel. His ill-health was evident. He was alone; there was no one to see him ; and taking the violets out of One Land was pressed to his side as if to still some pain there, and on his handsome blonde face, which was marked his pocket he kissed them tenderly. It was most absurdly silly of him do it : by unmistakable traces of confirmed but who of us does not do silly things in the heyday of our youth's morning ? Silly things that we blush for afterward, sickness, a cloud of jealous anger rested heavily. perhaps ; just as Robert Edbury blushe The eyes of the two men met, and when putting the violets again quickly each knew the other for a rival. A half smile of scorn, as he looked, " Scepter and crown I'd fling them down, If I might"curled Robert Edbury's lips. In a case like this a man has no pity for the ail-ments of another. With a grave face, he But his song got no further than that it died away in thought. took from his pocket the rosebud and laid it in Miss Chassdane's lap. "Here is your rose," he said, quietly. Passing arm-in-arm down the crowded dancing-room of the Spa the next evening, with his friend Norton, Robert 'I restore it to you at your wish. But Edbury's quick ear was caught by a note remember what I said ; and believe me, which at once arrested his attention. time will prove me to be no false He had said that he should know that prophet.' Without waiting for an answer, he divine voice again, hear it wherever or

"Then I shall claim it," answered the other Robert, with an audacious smile. He stooped and picked up a rosebud that had fallen, and then held it triumphant-ly before the flushed and startled face by his side. "See !" he said, gayly; "I saved it from being crushed under foot. Will you not give it to me?" But she reached out her hand impul-

yon not give it to me?" But she reached out her hand impul-sively. "I—I never give roses to strangers," she replied, with a cold, frightened, angry air. "They are Mr. Robert Stonor's roses. Give it back to me, if you please." "My name is Robert, too," he said, in the same graph tender mise though

"My name is Robert, too," he said, in the same gayly-tender voice, though his dark face changed a little at her frank confession. "My name is Robert, too, Miss Chassdane. Therefore, may I not claim the rose?" The soft blue eyes, filled with tears, flew up and met his. She knew him then. Frightened and ashamed, and trembling from head to foot, she rose impulsively to her feet. He took a step backward, and they stood so, facing

backward, and they stood so, facing each other a moment in the gay unheed-

ing crowd. "I know you now," gasped Jessie. "How dare you speak to me again—you are very presuming, sir. I will not bear it. Give me back my flower and leave

""Nay," he said gently, but in the tone of a master, "is there cause for anger?" And in a low, reasoning, per-suasive voice he spoke to her for some moments, and the rising spirit was calm-ed. In spite of herself and against her

will she was becoming irresistibly attracted to this man. "Give me this one waltz, Miss Chassdane, and then I will give you back your rose. It will be a fair exchange. But rose. It will be a fair exchange. But mind what I tell you, as sure as there is a heaven above us the day is coming when you will offer me a rose unasked.

Come ! The old rose-red flush drifted over the young girl's face; his words, and more than all, his manner, impressed her as he meant they should. He stood,

with proffered arm, courteously still be-side her, and, though protesting inward-ly with all her might that she would not dance, she gave him her hand, and in another moment they were floating de-liciously together to the strains of the seductive music. When it was over, Robert led her to

her seat near some friends; her mother had not gone to the rooms that night. She looked very pale. The pretty rose color had all died out of the sweet round

A faint lovely tinge of red flickered

A faint lovely tage of red hickered into her cheeks once more. "No I" she answered, looking into his dark face with tender, gentle wist-fulness; "I—I don't want to recall that night, or anything connected with it. You may keep it if you like." So he kissed her hand and said fare-well. But he left a whisper behind him. "When the roses bloom again, re-member me."

will make a hard fight for it." Jessie looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very silent," she said; and then, catching the earnest look in his eyes, she blushed violently and drew away her hand. "I love you," he passionately broke forth in a low tremulous tone, break-ing his emotional silence. "I have come to you this evening to risk my fate by saying this, to win or to lose all. Jessie, you must know how I love you; how I have loved you all along, from that very first night that I spoke to you, neither of us knowing the other. Will you not give me some hope of love in

that very first night that I spoke to yon, neither of us knowing the other. Will you not give me some hope of love in return? Do not send me from you an utterly broken and discouraged man!" Jessie was silent for a moment—one long, cruel moment to Robert Edbury —then the small, sweet face was turned to him with gentle dimits. He know to him with gentle dignity. He knew his doom beforehand, ere she spoke the words.

"You must know how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "You knew-surely, you must have known-that I was engaged to my cousin, Rob ert Stonor.

"Engaged to him?" "Yes. We are engaged." Neither spoke for a time The scent of the flowers, blooming in the lonely grounds on this side of the house, away from the dusty and busy highway, seemed to mock them with its sweetness; the clustering shrubs and trees waved gently in the summer evening breeze. He could not speak at once; the sense of his bitter loss was too great. The setting sun streamed in upon him, lighting up his distressed face. It seemed to him that the great old-fash-ioned clock in the hall ticked out the jeering words: "Lost! Lost!! Lost!!!"

"Engaged I" he said, at length, with long-drawn breath. "I did not know it. But engagements, where no love is, have been broken many times before now !

"Hush !" cried Jessie. "Do not speak like that again. It would kill him ! You do not know what you are saying." "Kill him !"

"If he heard it, I meant. He says he trusts me.'

cheeks. "Are you faint?" he asked anxionsly, bending over her. "Are you tired? Shall I get you some water?" "No, no!" she cried, shrinking away from him. "I am not faint -but look at Mr. Robert Stonor. I have offended him. He is angry because I danced with you. Oh, what shall I do? He is my cousin, and has ill-health, and he must not be excited." Robert Edbury turned, and saw and-ling near him that other Bobert, who

t was that ?" shrinked Ton A low, smothered sound, half groan half cry, came in from the open window. It was so full of pain that a man would not care to hear it twice in a lifetime. Before either could rush out Robert Stonor stood in the opening. It was a figure never to be forgotten His handsome face was distorted with either pain or anger ; his lips trembled his left hand was pressed, with the old

CARPETS. Where They Come From, Who Use Them. and How Made.

Advocate,

Carpets come from the East, says an American paper, and their manufacture dates far back into antiquity. The Babylonians made them; they form-ed a noted branch of manufacture in Turkey and Persia before they were known in England. They belong to that Oriental luxuriousness of taste which was the exact opposite of the Saxon. The Mohammedan who prostrates himself many times a day upon the

member me." A year went by, and no message came. The second year he said to him-self, "Surely she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by, and July came; but not one word came from Jessie Chassdane. He was grow-ing sick with a wild and helpless de-spair, for he felt how worse than useless it would be to go, uncalled, when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart: "The roses are in bloom, and there is member me," Saton. The Mohammedan who prostrates himself many times a day upon the ground found it convenient to have something on which to kneel and which he could easily carry with him, while a like habit of sitting cross-legged upon the floor made the same material first a comfort, then an ornament to his house.

To these uses we may probably trace the custom in all Oriental countries, copied largely by France, of having car-pets in one piece and then to only par-tially cover the floor, or of the use of user of the principal micros "The roses are in bloom, and there is one for you !"

The American Reindeer.

The artist, Mr. C. C. Ward, has a paper in Soribner on "Caribon-Hunt-ing," from which we quote as follows: The animal is very compact in form, possessed of great speed and endurance, and is a very Ishmaelite in its wanderrugs merely before the principal pieces of furniture. It is only in America, England and Germany at the present England and Germany at the present day that carpets are universally used covering the entire floor, and where the plan of waxing floors, as in France, is almost entirely nuknown. Those who have painfully walked through some of the palaces of Europe, shuffling along in felt slippers, or endeavoring to stand upright without them, realize the com-forts of a well covered floor, as well as the great addition to the beauty of a welling habits ; changing, as the pest of flies draws near, from the low-lying swamps and woods where its principal article of and woods where its principal article of diet, the *Cladonia rangeferina*, or rein-deer lichen, abounds, to the highest mountain fastnesses; then again as the cold nights give warning of the chang-ing season, descending to the plains. Horns are common to both sexes, but the horns of the bucks are seldom car-ing the the mouth of December of the second the great addition to the beauty of a wellfurnished house.

It is somewhat singular that the Eng-lish should have been so late as they were in discovering the utility of car-pets, for while they did not need them for the act of worship, the climate would networkly suggest such an addition to ried later than the month of December, while the does carry theirs all winter, and use them to defend the fawns against the attacks of the bucks. Both naturally suggest such an addition to warmth. Yet we learn from history sexes use their hoofs to clear away the snow in searching for mosses on the barrens. In their biennial migrations that as late as the reigns of Queens Mary and Elizabeth rushes were used, even in the palaces, though carpets had been imported to some extent from the they form well defined tracks or paths, along which the herds travel in Indian file. I have often studied their habits East. Shakspeare occasionally refers to them, and Bacon, who was contempoon the extensive caribou barrens between rary with him, describes a reception thus : "Against the wall, in the middle New river and the head of Lake Utopia, in Charlotte county, New Brunswick. These barrens are about sixteen miles in extent, and marked with well-defined of the half-pace, is a chair placed before him with a table and a carpet before it;" from which it will be seen that the trails, over which the animals were con first carpets in use then were the same as we find in the East new, mere squares

stantly passing and re-passing, here and there spending a day where the lichens afforded good living, then away again on their never-ending wanderings. A friend of mine, who visited New-foundland on an exploring expedition,

to their straw and rushes as they do now to their roast beef and ale. Not much is known of the earliest informs me that there the caribou holds almost exclusive domain over an un-broken wilderness of nearly thirty thou-Eastern fabrics, but as these nations change but slowly it is safe to assume

broken wilderness of nearly thirty thou-sand square miles, in a country wonder-fully adapted to his habits, and bountifully supplied with his favorite food—the reindeer lichen. The caribon is possessed of much curiosity, and does not readily take alarm at what he sees. Where his haunts have been unmolested, he will uncon-cernedly trot up within range of the rifle. I am inclined to believe that a great deal of this apparent fearlesness great deal of this apparent fearlessness tapestries of immense value, so that they is due to defective vision. If this is so, he rarely, if ever, come into the market,

Expectation.

We rode into the wooded way: Below us wide the shadows lay; We rode, and met the kneeling day; We said, "It is too late.

NO. 42.

" The sun has dropped into the west; The mountain holds him to her breast-She holds and hushes him to rest. For us it is too late

"To see the leaf take fire now, To see, and then to wonder how The glory panses on the bough, While panting grass-tops wait.

When, lo! the miracle came on: A roadside turn-a moment gone-And far the sun low-lying shone: The forest stood in state.

Transfigured spread the silent space; The glamour leaped about the place, And touched us, swept from face to face: We cried. "Not yet too late !

But one, who nearer drew than all, Leaned low and whispered: "Suns may fal Or flash; dear heart ! I speak and call Your soul unto its fate.

" Tread bravely down life's evening slope, Before the night comes: do not grope ! Forever shines some small, sweet hope. And God is not too late.'

-Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Harper's.

Items of Interest.

Suitable apartments for a castle in the ir-A brown study.

Tea was used in China long before it vas cultivated, several varieties of the bush growing wild.

Patience is a commodity which always brings a large price, but the market is seldom overstocked.

We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and ndulging false hopes of the future.

Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to him-

Every one is the poorer in proportion as he has more wants, and counts not what he has, but wishes for what he has not.

The Hackensack Republican says "a good physician snatches many bodies from untimely graves, and gets paid for or rugs. At that day they were consid-ered as luxuries, and for common daily use the English adhered as tenaciously it, too.'

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, sup-pose I haven't anything to pay with?" Then don't go.'

There are 777 potteries in the United States, paying annually \$2,247,173 wages, and turning out products to the value of \$6,045,536.

By the side of the Valle theater, in Rome, Italy, a church, built by the American Baptists at a cost of \$20,000, has just been opened.

In less than thirty years, 72,000 miles of railroad have been constructed in the United States. The value of property in this country has in the same period

This was his charge to them-" Go preach the word, beginning First at Jerusalem."

Oh, Christian, God has promised Whoe'er to thee has given A cup of pure cold water Shall find reward in heaven Would you secure the blessing, You need not seek it far: Go, find in yonder hovel-A Borrrobools Ghs.

-Religious Herald.

away.

THE TWO ROBERTS.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Edbury rode "over dale and over down in the sweet stillness of the July night. Hardly a breath of air was stirring in whenever he might, and he was not misthe brauches of the trees. Now and taken. A certain remonstrance lay in its tone ; not to say mischief. then an invisible night bird piped a solitary note to keep him company, and soft waves of light streamed over the if it was not you? It frightens me to hills as the queenly moon, well attended think of it. It-it was somebody of by her guards, rode indolently down the your height and figure. It must have broad highway of heaven. The blue dome, looking soft as velvet, was, like been yourself, Robert." the fabled path of love, strewn thickly with the golden kisses of the stars. should like to know who it was."

As he gained the last hill, whose with a stress upon the word. summit gazed on the little wateringneed not be put out, Robert." Robert Edbury turned and saw close beplace which was for a few weeks to be his destination, he involuntarily drew side him, leaning on that other Robert's arm, a young girl surpassingly beautiful. Roses mingled with the bright gold of rein and sat silent a moment, enjoying the moonlight scene. On his left an old-fashioned brick house reared its her hair, shone in the bosom of her twisted chimneys aloft, So close was dress, and a bunch of them was somehe to it that its sharp gables seemed to how intertwined with the slender gold cut the air over his head, and only a wrist-chain attached to her fan. strip of green lawn, bordered by horse-Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as chestnut trees, separated him from the turning her face, the girl's soft violetwindows, gleaming in the moonlight, blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognizingly on his. "Who is she?" he whispered eagerly

"Scepter and crown I'd fling them down, If I might"-

to his friend. "How lovely she is ! Robert Edbury hushed his song when he perceived, for the first time, his very What is her name ? By heaven ! I never believed in divine loveliness before ; but se proximity to the house and the windows. here it is, pure and undefiled. What is

"The substantial home of some subher name? stantial farmer," he said to himself. "I had better move on, or his daughters swer. She and her mother live at the may think I am serenading them." Too late 1 Just then a window was Grove, half a mile out of town."

opened softly overhead, and a lady's face appeared at it. In the rush of bright one. They are people of property. Yes, she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if onlight Robert caught sight of the long ripple of gold-gleaming hair, and was sure that the face was lovely. At you like. bending over the young lady's hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vineany rate, the voice was,

'Robert, dear, is it you ?"

For half a minute Robert Edbury was wreathed window. They were as much mute with surprise, and made no answer. "It is you, Robert. Why don't you alone as it is possible for one to be in the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd.

speak ?" He spoke, then, low, and with hesitation.

"How do you know it was I ?"

"Of course I knew it was you." There was a flash of petulance in the sweet voice now. "Who else but you could be riding and singing in that abforgetting to answer him, she looked at surd wey at this hour of the night, and him doubtfully, while a rosy blush halting before the house ? Have you a swept over her forehead. She half knew cold, Robert ? Your voice sounds dif- him and half did not. ferent from what it usually does."

"Perhaps it is the night air," answered Robert, wickedly, and getting his wits partially together. "Or I may have cracked it with singing." But still he spoke in the most subdued of tones. wrist, "I did not expect the pleasure of speaking with you.

"The very idea of your coming up on quick glance ov horseback at this night hour! You swaying crowd.

bowed and disappeared amid the throng of dancers, seeking her no more that night.

"Is Miss Chassdane engaged to that man ? " he questioned of his friend Norton.

"I believe there is no positive engage-ment," was the reply. Mrs. Chassdane, it is said, objects to it." "On what score does she object

Money ?' "Oh, no; Stonor has a small, com pact estate close by, and is well off. Oa the score of his uncertain health. Also,

they are cousins. "What is it that is the matter with him ?"

"Some complication, connected with both the lungs and the heart, which, I conclude, renders treatment difficult." "Do you think Miss Chessdane cares for him ?"

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury -if that's what you mean. It seems to me that she likes him more as a brother. When eligible attentions are paid to girls, they feel flattered, you know, and respond accordingly. Nine out of ten of them understood nothing of their own

feelings, and mistake friendship for love. Robert Stonor and Miss Chassdane have grown up together --- have been like brother and sister,"

Frequently they met after that. It was an unusually gay season at Spa-field, and entertainments abounded ac-

cordingly. In the morning drinking the water, or making believe to drink it in the afternoon sauntering in the gardens, or on the parade ; in the evening at the rooms, or at private parties ; two or three times did Mr. Edbury and Miss Chassdane meet, and linger together, and converse with each other. Robert Edbury's time was his own, and he staid on. He could have staid forever. The two or three weeks' sojourn he had in-tended had more than doubled itself;

for he had learned to love her passion ately ; and all the world might see it for aught he cared. She too, might see it, if she chose; but whether she did or not, he could not tell, judging from the grave and sweet dignity with which she met and bore back his eager attentions. At length there came an evening when

he was determined to put his fate to the he pursued, as, with perfect courtesy in his voice and manner, he took the bit of gilt and enameled pasteboard which she had tucked away amid the roses at he wrist. "I-I half promised this dance to Robert," she stammered, flinging a quick glance over her shoulder into the swaying crowd.

familiar gesture, upon his heart. "False, false that you are!" broke at length from his bloodless lips, as he seized Jessie with his right hand. 'You told me that you did not care for Rob ert Edbury ! You told me "-

A pause, a stagger ; and with a fright-ful shiver he fell on the carpet. Robert Eibury broke the fall partially, but he was not quick enough to quite save him from it. Jessie flew from the room for ssistance.

"Robert Stonor here !" cried the be wildered Mrs. Chassdane. "I thought he was confined to his chamber at home.

He had been confined to his chamber but, alas, he had crept out of it that evening, and come up to the house to see Jessie. With the fond hope of surprising her in the usual evening-room, he had gone round the shrubbery, in tending to enter by the window, and had heard all

On the floor, there as he lay, his head raised on a cushion by the hauds of Robert Edbury, he died. The medical men said he could not, in any case, have lived many months, if weeks, but that the agitation had killed him.

It was many long days after that when she had risen from the sick bed to which this shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edbury came to say farewell to Miss Chassdane. The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for, with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to both.

"Good-bye," she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand. "I hope you may find happiness and peace !' "But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely-surely-some time in the future I may come to you.

"Hush !" she cried, the tears rolling piteously down her cheeks, "You must not speak of that. Robert's shadow would always come between us, as he fell there on the floor. We killed him ! We killed him !" and she wrung her pale hands together in strong excitement.

"Stop !" said Robert Edbury, quite sternly, "You are taking an integration mistaken view of the truth. Ask your But you are weak "You are taking an altogether mother; ask any one. But you are weak and ill yet, Jessie, and the time has not come for me to insist on this. Let us think of him, poor fellow, as one who must, if he had lived, have suffered much, and who has mercifully found peace in the rest of death.'

He stood for a moment looking with a fond longing into the small, sweet face, from which the summer roses had fled with grudging haste. Then taking from his pocket a fragile gold and crystal circlet he held it out to her. It was the bracelet she lost that first night of their

meeting. "I found it under the window that night with the violets," he said. "It fell from your arm. Will you take it

is compensated by having a marvelous but are reserved for royalty. Many gift of scent, quite equal, if not supegift of scent, quite equal, if not supe-rior, to that of the moose. And well for the caribou that he is thus gifted. Portraits and pictures of birds. The wolf follows the herds throughout and flowers are accurately and beautifully reproduced, and what is more won-derful is, that the artist does his work all their wanderings. On the plains or on the hills, where the poor caribou retire to rear their young, he is constantly with the back of the tapestry toward him. He can only see what he has aclurking near, ready to pounce on any straggler, or-if in sufficient numbers complished by going round to inspect -to boldly attack the herd. it when he stops for dinner or leaves at

night. The woodland caribou is very swift, From this tapestry has sprung unand cunning in devices to escape his pursuers; his gait is a long swinging trot, which he performs with his head doubtedly all our modern carpets. When the manufacture was taken up in England, devices were employed to mulerect and scut up, and there is no anitiply the fabrics and to cheapen them. mal of the deer tribe that affords better sport or more delicious food when cap-This led to hand-loom and subsequently to machinery and the use of power. mred. The wandering habits of the caribou make it very uncertain where one will fall in with him, even in his ac-Good imitations of Turkish carpets were made at Axminster, and were called after the name of the town. Few people sustomed and well-known haunts. When have any idea of the process of manu-facture. It is one of the few remaining once started, the chase is sure to be a long one, and its results doubtful-in branches of Turkish industry. act so much so that an old hunter seldom follows up a retreating herd, but The methods of work in the ancient

towns of Oushak, Honla and Ghoirdofs resorts to strategy and tries to head are of the simplest and rudest descripthem off, or at once proceeds by the shortest way to some other barren in hopes of finding them there, The caribou is very fond of the water, tion. A vertical frame supports two horizontal rollers about five feet apart. The warp, of any required length, con-

sisting of an upper and lower thread, is wound around the upper roller and the is a capital swimmer, and in jumping he is more than the equal of any other deer. His adventurous disposition, no doubt, in some degree influences the geographical distribution of the species. ends fastened to the lower one by the girls, who sit cross-legged in a row before the frame. Each workwoman has a certain width allotted to her, and pro-ceeds to knot the tufts which form the In the month of December, 1877, a caribou was discovered floating out to sea on a cake of ice near Dalhousie, on the pile in rows, using different colors to Restigouche river in New Brunswick. form the pattern. The tying of the tuits and was captured alive by some men and the picking out of the various colored wools, which hang in balls over the who put off to him in a boat.

It is said that in very severe seasons large numbers of caribou cross from Labrador to Newfoundland on the ice. His admirably-constructed hoof, with its sharp, shell-like, cutting edges, enables the rude frame, a pair of shears and comb, the workers contrive to produce him to cross the icy floes; when travel-ing in deep snow, its lateral expansion prevents him from sinking. the most harmoniously colored and cer-tainly the most durable carpets in the trade. European taste has done much

Cost of the United States Capital,

Last June Congress called upon the ecretary of the treasury for a tabulated by transatlantic purchasers. statement of all money spent by the government, since its origin, in the Dis trict of Columbia. This statement has been prepared, and is full of interesting figures. The total expenditures for growth of this manufacture, and to describe the machinery by which it is produced, but that is impossible here. what may be called permanent improveis only fair to say, however, that no country has made more rapid strides than this branch of manufacture. ments, including original expenditures, the cost of repairs, furnishing and keeping in order the public institutions Washington are as follows :

18,197,908 7,062,942 5,975,294 The patent office...... The treasury department... Streets and avenues of Washington... The state department.... Loans, etc., to the District of Columbia Benevolent institutions. Penal institutions... 418.8 Water works. Navy department (including yard). Department of agriculture. Sulthsonian institution. Postofhee department. War department. Parks and public grounds. The executive manion and grounds. 124.5 tion and grounds The executive mansion and The library of Congress.... Bridges, etc., The botanic garden... Works of art, paintings, statuary—Corcoran gallery anals. 527,418 8 350,540 0 Miscellaneous. Fire department (buildings, engine 199,299 60 78,485 82

Total. 192,112,395 8

Boots are made on the Pacific coast with pockets for pistols in their tops. tapestry.

patterns that may be produced.

increased from \$8,000,000,000 to \$30, 000,000,000. lucing some of the more ornate pieces.

animal

A patent-medicine man posted handbills in every available spot in a neighboring village the other morning, and before night fifteen goats had enough medical information in them to run an eclectic college.

That King Humbert's assassination was attempted is not so surprising when one learns that a number of Italan students have founded a Nobiling club, "to transmit to future generations the memory of great men who have consecrated themselves to the emancipation of the human race by pen or deed." "If," says the inaugural, "the members have chosen the name of the intrepid German philosopher, it s to synthesize by his name the sim of the club, which proposes to co-operate with all its powers to bring about the complete emancipation of man, political, economic and religious."

Words of Wisdom.

A noble man compares and estimates nimself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration, the other ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who love it, and plays its part through them in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body is burnt to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea, -Dickens,

Nothing at first frames such false in frame, is carried on with surprising rapidity, the pattern being worked solely from memory. Yet with the aid of mates as an imaginative temperament. It finds the power of creation sc easy, the path it fashions so actual, that no marvel for a time hope is its own security, and the fancied world appears the true copy of the real.

The family is the miniature common wealth upon whose integrity the safety to foster this manufacture, but has of the larger commonwealth depends. never been able to improve it. A live-It is the seed-plot of all morality. We lier class of goods is produced to meet express the noblest longings of the huthe American demand than those used man heart when we speak of a time to come in which all mankind will be It would be interesting to follow the united as one family.

Men, as a rule, are easily attracted by a beautiful face, but still it is an in-ternal beauty of character by which a It woman can exert the greatest amount of influence. A true-minded man, though More has been accomplished in one hundred years than in all the centuries preceding. Public taste, united to a desire to economize, has led to an im-mense production of ingrains, three-plys and Brussels, and this demand has stimulated the income of the second stimulated the inventive genius of the weavers and artists, until, in colors, her.

You are walking through a forest. On designs and quality of frbric, there is the ground, across your path, lies nothing left to desire. It is a perfect stretched in desth a mighty tree, tall and strong, fit mast to carry a cloud of canvas and bear unbent the strain of mystery how goods uniting such qualities of beauty and of substantial wear can be produced at such prices. The ingrains can be had as low as the home-made tempests. You put your foot lightly on it, and how great your surprise when, breaking through the bark, it sinks deep into the body of the tree—a result much "rag" carpet, and the Brussels as low as the ingrains were formerly, while in less owing to the pressure of your foot than to the poisonous fungi and foul crawling insects that have attacked its core. They have left the outer rind un-injured, but hollowed out its heart. the latter there is hardly an end to the The largest concern in America runs 700 looms, and employs thousands of hands. There is a different form or manner of mechanism employed for every carpet, from the methodical East-lake to the elaborate Queen Anne. Wonderful effects are produced in Take care your heart is not hollowed out and nothing left you but a crust and shell of an empty profession. Shallow rivers are commonly noisy rivers, and the drum is loud because it is hollow.

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