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Sauce.

What is life without its sauce?
Sauce for gander, sauce for goose?
Little gain and much of loss—
Chicken pie without its price.

ii.
Marriage is a royal dish,
Than which there is none above;
Yet to taste of it who'd wish
If 't has not the sauce of love?

iii.
Hope is good to feed upon;
On life's men it ranks high;
Yet its flavor soon is gone
If its sauce grows hard and dry.

iv.
Tid-bits in the world's cuisine
Woman's words are pleasant things—
If the sauce in the tarceen
Is not made of bitter stings.

v.
Life a struggle is all through,
Yet will we more gain than loss,
If, no matter what we do,
We secure our share of sauce.

—Caleb Dinn.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

A STORY FROM THE FRENCH.

My father used to live at Rethel, in the high street, in a house I can still see before my eyes with its slate roof and projecting beams, a hospitable house if ever there was one. Poor folks knew the way to it. They entered with their wallets empty and went away with it full. We were all seated one night at the fireside; my father was smoking his pipe and watching the fire burn, my mother was ironing, and I was reading, when we heard a noise at the door, and saw enter a boy with frightened looks.

"What is the matter?"
"It is a soldier very tired who has just fallen exhausted before the door."
My father looked at the soldier. He rose brusquely, ran out, and there he was, before I had taken a step, coming in again with a young soldier leaning upon him, or rather my father had taken him up and was carrying him like a sack of corn.

My mother hastened to draw the big armchair up to the fire. The soldier was in a state of collapse, and my father said, looking at the poor fellow:

"Is it possible! Walking in that state?"

The fact is that the soldier was very thin and pale, his hair flattened on his forehead, the veins of his temples big as your little finger, his face black with dust. We were then in the month of October and the weather was beginning to grow fresh, but the poor fellow was nevertheless sweating big drops, as if it had been dog days. He must have had a long tramp. His shoes were in shreds; you could see where the stones had torn the leather, his face black with dust.

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My mother had already put some soup on the fire.

"Bibi" said my father, "the first thing to be looked after is the feet."
And kneeling down he began to tear and cut away the shreds of leather. The soldier's feet, all swollen and full of blisters, looked like the feet of the martyrs, swollen with pain and wealed by hard cords, which we see in the pictures of the Spanish painters.

My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar and washed the wounds.

"You," he said to me, "make some lint."

And I began to tear up some old linen that my mother had taken out of the big cupboard.

Meanwhile the soldier had come to himself. He looked at us—at my father, my mother and myself and the two or three neighbors who had come in one after the other. His wandering eyes seemed to interrogate everything. It was no longer the road, the stones, the great deserted woods that he saw before him, but a gay room with a ceiling of shining oak, a cloth on the table, a knife and fork laid and a brown steaming soup-bowl emitting a savory smell of cabbage soup.

Then he raised himself up, leaning on the arms of the chair, and said to my father, with confused emotion:

"Ah! monsieur. But you do not know me."

"Ah! well that does not matter; we will become acquainted at table." We had already dined, but my father wished to bear the soldier company. He sat down to table opposite him, as it were brooding over him, and looking at the regimental buttons that shone on his cloak. The soldier ate, and ate heartily; my mother served him.

"Well," said my father suddenly, pointing to the tin box that the soldier carried slung on a cord, "you have finished your time, for there is your cone. Then why do you kill yourself by toiling along the highway? I see how the matter stands. You have no money to pay for the diligence."

"I?" replied the soldier. "I have received my pay and bounty, and my mother has sent me enough to pay for a place in the coupe, if I liked. But I could not."

"I understand," said my father, who did not understand at all.

When the meal was over the soldier tried to walk. He tottered, uttered a smothered cry, and fell back into the chair. I then saw a tear into his eye. He was a young man, rather thin, but nervous, dark, and with an energetic look. He was not a man to shed a tear for a little, and that tear puzzled me.

"Ah," he said, with a movement in which there was little anger and a good deal of grief; "I shall not be able to walk until to-morrow morning."

"Walk?" cried my mother, terrified. The soldier shook his head. "It was a vow."

In our Ardennes those primitive souls have respect and faith. I saw my father look at the young man in the face without astonishment and with mute interrogation.

you the whole story. You have, perhaps, saved my life; I ought, at least, to tell you who I am. My name is Jean Chevauchaux, and my father is a wood-splitter at Mezieres. He is an honest man, like you, monsieur. Seven years ago, when I drew for the conscription, I was madly in love with Marguerite Servan, a good healthy girl and a pretty one. I had already asked her in marriage, and her father had not said no; but, you see, Pierre Puvion had asked her in marriage at the same time that I did. Pierre Puvion is a man of my age, who carries his heart in his hand, as the saying is—gay and well-looking. I ought to have detested him, and he has remained my friend. Well, Father Servan said to me as he held out his hand:

"You are worthy to be my son-in-law, but first of all you must please my daughter. I will ask her."
"Marguerite, when asked, said that she would gladly consent to be my wife. But she said the same when they talked to her about Puvion. She loved both of us, one as much as the other; she hesitated—she did not dare to decide. But still she could not marry both of us."

"Time went on. When the time of the conscription came we drew lots, Puvion and I, on the same day. I had number three and he had number seven, and so we both of us became soldiers. For a moment I was in a state of great fright. I confess. People at Mezieres said that Puvion had a rich aunt, and that she would buy him off. If Puvion did not join the army, Puvion would marry Marguerite, and I, knowing that I should be obliged to go, for I was poor, I thought I already held the fiddler at the wedding, rendering my ears and my heart."

Luckily, Pierre Puvion was not bought off. His aunt died leaving debts instead of a fortune. He had not a son. We were obliged to shoulder our guns, and we were expected on our way bill every moment. One night Father Servan took us each by the arm and led us to an inn, and this is what he said to us:

"My boys, you are good and honest Ardennais, equal in merit. I love you with all my heart. One of you shall be my son-in-law; that is understood. Marguerite will wait seven years. She has no preference either for you, Puvion, or for you, Chevauchaux, but she loves both of you, and she will wait, to receive the one whom fortune shall choose. These are the conditions on which one of you shall marry my daughter; you start on the same day—it is probable that you will return the same day. Well, the one who first comes and shakes hands with Father Servan, and says: 'Here I am, my time is out; he, I swear, shall be the husband of Marguerite.'"

"I was astonished: I thought that I had misunderstood. I looked at Pierre Puvion and he looked at me, and although we were sad enough at heart, we were certainly ready to burst out laughing.

"But Father Servan was not joking. He had discovered this means of getting out of the difficulty, and he meant to stick to it. I held out my hand and swore to act neither by ruse nor violence, and to let Pierre Puvion marry Marguerite if he returned to Mezieres before I did. Pierre stood up, took the name, and then we shook hands, while Father Servan said:

"Now, then, is your affair. The only thing is to escape bullets and to return safe and sound."
"Before leaving I wished to see Marguerite. Just as I was arriving under her window—it was dusk—I saw some one in the shade coming in the same direction. I stopped short. It was Pierre Puvion. He seemed vexed to find me there. I was not particularly pleased to meet him. We stood there for a moment like two simpletons looking at the toes of our boots. Then, with a movement of courage, I said to Puvion:

"Shall we go in together?"
"We entered and took our farewell of Marguerite. She listened to us without saying anything, but there were tears at the tips of her blonde eyelashes. Suddenly Pierre, who was talking, stopped and began to sob and I to do the same. Then Marguerite joined in, and there we were all three shedding tears and pressing each other's hands."

"When the diligence that took us away from Mezieres began to rattle on the pavement the next day I felt inclined to throw myself down from the imperial and get crushed under the wheels. The more so as there was a Lorrain at my side who was singing in a melancholy voice a song of his country, and I said to myself: 'It is all over, Jean, you will never see her again.'"

"Well, you see. Time passes. The seven years are over, and who knows? Perhaps I am not only going to see her again, but to marry her."

"There are, indeed, strange chances in life," continued Jean Chevauchaux. "Pierre and I started on the same day and the same hour, and we were placed in the same regiment. At first I was vexed. I should have liked to have known that he was far away. As you may imagine, I could not love him much. But I reflected afterward that if Puvion was with me I could at least talk about her. That consoled me. Well, I said to myself, I am in for seven years of it. After all, one gets over it."

"In the regiment I became a fast friend of Pierre Puvion. He proved to be an excellent good fellow, and at night, in order to kill time, we used often to talk of Mezieres, of Father Servan and of Marguerite. We used to write to Mezieres often, but each told the other the contents of his letters. It was a struggle, it is true, but it was loyal. When Marguerite or old Servan replied, the letter was for both of us. An equal dose of hope was given to each of us, and so we went on hoping."

"One day the colonel took it into his head to appoint me corporal. I was vexed and proud at the same time. You see, I was no longer the equal of Puvion. My stripes gave me the right to command him, and in the eyes of our Ardennais that was no small advantage. But I did not glory in my rank; on the contrary, it made me ill at ease. I did not dare to talk to Puvion any more. Then I reflected that there were more

ways than one of getting rid of my new rank. I neglected my duty and was forthwith degraded. But who should be made corporal in my stead but Puvion. But Puvion was not to be outdone; at the end of a week he resigned. After that there was no danger of any propositions being made to us to make any change in our uniform. We were condemned to remain common soldiers."

"So much the better," said Puvion. "What luck?" said I.

"When we had served seven years—for I do not mean to tell you our history day by day—I said to Puvion:

"Well, now is the time to start, eh?"
"Yes," he replied, "we are expected." "You know," I said, "the game will not be finally won until both of us arrive at Mezieres, and until the loser has declared that the combat has been loyal."

"Agreed," said Puvion. "And so one morning, with good shoes on our feet, and stick in hand, we set out for Mezieres from Angers, where we were in garrison. At first we walked along in company, not saying much, thinking a good deal and walking slowly everything. The weather was terribly hot and dusty. Half way on one of our marches I sat down on the roadside overwhelmed with fatigue."

"Are you going to stay there?" said Puvion to me.

"Yes," he said, continuing his march.

"An revoir!"
"I watched him as he went on with a firm step, as if he had only just started. When I saw him disappear at the bend of the road, and when I was once alone, as it were abandoned, I felt a great despair. I made an effort. I rose and began to walk again. That little halt had done me good. I walked, walked and walked until I had caught up to Puvion and passed him."

"At night, too, I was well ahead, but I was worn out. I entered an inn to sleep a little. I slept all night. In the morning I woke up. I saw that the day was getting on; I was furious and called some one."

"You have not seen a soldier pass on foot?"
"Yes, monsieur la militaire, very late last night. He asked for a glass of water."

"Ah! I was outstripped in my turn! I started hurriedly. At 9 o'clock in the afternoon I had not caught up to Puvion, nor at 6 o'clock either. At night I took my rest while I ate, and started to walk again. I walked a good part of the night, but my strength had limits. Once more I stopped. I knocked at an inn. The door opened, and there sitting in a chaise I saw Puvion, pale as death. He made a movement of displeasure when he saw me that was natural. We did not talk much. What could we say? We were both tired. The great thing was to know who should get up first for the next morning. It was I."

"The next morning was this morning. Since this morning I have been walking, taking a rest now and then, but only a short one. We are getting close. Rethel is the last stage between Angers and Mezieres. I know my map of France now. The last stage! Good heavens, if I arrived too late!"

"And Pierre Puvion?" asked my father, "has he caught you yet?"
"No," replied Chevauchaux, "I am ahead. If I could start now I should be saved."

"Start? In this state? Impossible!"
"I know—my feet are swollen and cut—provided that to-morrow—"
"To-morrow you will be rested—you will be able to walk."
"Do you think so?" said the soldier, with a look ardent as lightning.

"I pronounce you."
My father then advised the soldier to go to bed. Chevauchaux did not refuse. The bed was ready. He shook hands with us and went up to his room. It was 10 o'clock.

"I will wake you at 5 o'clock," said my father.

It was not yet daylight on the following morning when my father, already up, looked out of the window to see how the weather was. While he was at the window he heard some heavy foot-steps on the road below, and in the obscure twilight that precedes daybreak he perceived a soldier who was walking in the direction of Mezieres.

"Up already?" said my father. The soldier stopped.

"Well?" continued my father, "are you off?"
The soldier looked up and tried to make out who was speaking to him.

"You are Jean Chevauchaux, are you not?" asked my father.

"No," said the soldier, "I am Pierre Puvion."

And as if that name of Chevauchaux had been the prick of a spur he resumed his walk more rapidly, and was soon lost in the obscurity. When my father could no longer see him he could hear the noise of his shoes on the road leading to Mezieres.

"Ah!" said my father to himself, "Chevauchaux must be sharp if he means to catch up that man." And he went straight to the room where Jean had slept. He was already up and looking at his feet by the light of a candle.

"Victory!" he cried when he saw my father. "I feel free and strong and I suffer no more. En route!"
"And quickly," replied my father. "Puvion has just passed through Rethel."

"I have just spoken to him. He passed under our window, going along as if he were after after him."
"Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Chevauchaux as if he had been struck down. He repeated once more: "Ah, mon Dieu!" Then he buckled on his knapsack and cried: "After all, what you have told me gives me courage. Let me be off."

In the room below my mother, already up, was filling a wallet with provisions for Chevauchaux. But he refused. He was not hungry. Putting on a pair of my father's shoes he started, blessing my mother and leaning on my father's arm to take the first step.

The soldier had come into our house bleeding and weary. What had become of him? What had been the end of that one day's affair had he gone to Mezieres on business. He took me with him. At Mezieres he wished to enter the first barber's shop that he saw to get shaved. On the doorstep a little child was sitting with its legs apart and smiling at the sun.

"Will you allow me to pass?" asked my father, laughing.

"No, I won't," replied the child with a little lip.

At that moment the door opened and a man in his shirt sleeves appeared—the father—and took the child up in his arms, saying:

"Pierre! Pierre! Is you want to drive away the customers?"
I recognized the voice and so did my father. We looked at the barber. The barber looked at us. It was Jean Chevauchaux.

He laid the child down at once and held out his hand. His face was all red and beaming with pleasure.

"What is it you wish to do to me?" I asked, "I had to think that I had never written to you. Ah, you don't know. It is I who married her; I arrived first."

And rushing into the back shop: "Marguerite! Marguerite!" he cried. "Come, come!"

He was wild with joy. A young woman appeared, blonde, pretty, blue-eyed, with a pensive and gentle air, a little sad.

"You do not know?" said Chevauchaux to her. "It was this gentleman who took care of me so well at Rethel the night before I arrived at your father's house. I have often and often talked to you about him. This is the gentleman."

Marguerite fixed her large, calm eyes upon us, saluted us and thanked us so warmly; then, as her husband continued to evoke the past, she looked at him tenderly, with a look that supplicated and was not without reproach. But Jean said nothing.

"Ah! it is to you that I owe all my happiness, monsieur! My child, my little boy, look at him, my little Pierre! It was my wife who wished that he should have that name! Isn't he a fine boy, and strongly built? And my shop is going on first-rate. My wife, I adore her! And all this I owe to you!"

"And the other?" asked I, imprudently.

"The other?" said Chevauchaux. He curled his lower lip, did not see that Marguerite turned her head away, and answered:

"Pierre Puvion? Poor fellow. He arrived second, and that very evening he made me cry. I can tell you that the very evening he threw himself into the river."

Making Bicycles.
Describing the manufacture of bicycles at Hartford, Conn., the *Bicycle World* says: Here manufacturing may be seen in its most diversified and interesting aspects. In their various stages, and different parts may be seen, some of them in the hands of workmen, others in the hands of machinery, if we may so speak, for the machinery by which some parts of the bicycle is made, working automatically, and with such precision and ingenuity, seems almost incredible. Looking through all the details, one can understand the reason so great a delay in bringing out the new styles. Here, for instance, in one room, in one chest, \$5,000 worth of rubber tires, kept near the river so that they may be flung through the window into the water in case of fire. In an adjoining room are furnaces where the wheels are baked up to a certain degree when the tires are stretched upon the rims.

Passing into another room one sees dies executed in heavy blocks of steel, some still in the process of construction. On the way to the forging-room are to be seen \$3,000 worth of broken dies thrown aside, and in the forging-shop are the heavy trip-hammers at work; here are the dies for forging the bolts of machines, the cranks, springs, forks and other parts. The rims are rolled out through accurate-grooved steel rollers, and brazed together. The back-bone is made of strong tubular steel, to be afterward shaped by the use of forms and other machinery; and so on through the 300 parts making up a bicycle. Perhaps the most interesting room is where the smaller parts are made, the nipples, lock nuts, etc.; these being made by automatic machinery of steel rods of octagonal circumference. These rods are placed upon carriers drawn automatically through a machine which cuts the threads, bores the inner holes, shapes the head, and cuts them off with surpassing ingenuity and precision. In one room are forty similar screw-cutting and forming machines, all in operation, tended and operated by three men, requiring only to be supplied with bars of metal, and so they continue their tireless work until time of shutting down.

The factories here are equal to the turning out of fifty bicycles per day; but all is not done without skillful labor; tracing the wheels, back wheels, back-bone and fork wheel together, making adjustable ball-bearings, fitting up of all parts together, and the finishing up of the whole machine, are instances where the greatest skill is required. For instance, the rim of the "Special Columbia" must be finished and burnished before the spokes are put in; and the mere burnishing of the rim and the preparation for the nickel-plating requires the labor of one man and his machinery for the whole of one day. Space forbids our going further into details, but enough has been said to show that the manufacture of bicycles in the United States, on a large scale, is well established.

Walter Paine, the Fall River mill treasurer, who embezzled several hundred thousand dollars, and is safe from extradition in Canada, has offered himself for membership in a Montreal Baptist church. The pastor is inclined to think that Paine, if truly repentant, would voluntarily return to Fall River for punishment, and therefore his application has not yet been granted.

FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

The Husbandman.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a fowling
Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most his blast:
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave at his bequest
An added blessing in the earth.

And soon or late, to all that sow
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth at least in heaven.

Cheep Fodder.

Last August, says a writer in the *Husbandman*, my men sowed a few pounds of strap-leaf turnip seed between the rows of tobacco on a piece of about two acres. No care was taken to avoid tramping the young plants in harvesting the tobacco, and no attention was paid to them afterward, except to keep off stock. The result was 300 bushels of well-grown turnips. These I had piled in heaps of about 50 bushels each, and well covered with earth. The tops make excellent fodder for young cattle, and the roots are good food for mink cows. In this season of high-priced fodder my turnips will prove a good investment. However I shall not be without a crop of turnips for feeding.

Enriching Poor Lands.

There are three principal methods of rapidly increasing the supply of plant food in any soil. By feeding concentrated foods upon the land, as oil-cake, cottonseed-cake, etc., by the application of barnyard manure, and the use of artificial fertilizers. Which of these three methods is to be adopted in any given case must be determined by the various conditions and circumstances that surround it. It may be that the feeding of sheep with decorated cotton-seed cake upon a poor pasture may be the quickest and best method of enriching the land. In other cases the purchase and application of barnyard manure may be the most profitable. When it comes to the artificial fertilizers, it should be borne in mind that their true office is to supply quickly one or two ingredients that may be deficient in the soil—when these are known their use is to be recommended.

Destruction of Coumbs Thistles.

A contemporary notices two modes of destroying this weed, says the *Country Farmer*, one of which is to be a table-spoonful of salt on each stalk or stub, causing the plant to wilt, become dry and disappear by October. This is recommended as better than the other mode, which is to cut off each plant with a knife just below the surface of the ground, as one does asparagus. These modes may answer for very small patches in gardens, but any one may easily contrast its economy in labor on a large scale on a farm, with the rapid work of turning the plants under with a plow.

We have discovered many acres in this way, so that not a plant ever reappeared. A strong partner will turn over a soil eight inches deep, and much lower than the knife in the hand will go; and if the work is thoroughly done and no stalks left, the plants will stay under for weeks, unless in very porous or light soil, which must be covered with a layer of manure. The only failure which we have known with this treatment was where the plowing was so imperfectly done, or so long interrupted, that stragglers found their way to the light and furnished a feeding to the roots below.

New Potatoes.

Among the new potatoes offered by seedsmen are five varieties named and described as follows:
Queen of the Valley.—A very large, long, flattened variety, deep pink at the seed end, shading to nearly white at the base. The immense yield of this variety, of nearly all large sized tubers, must secure a large demand for it.

Extra Early Peachblow.—Very early, round, with white pink eyes, similar in appearance, but smoother and not as deep-eyed as the peachblow, which it resembles in all its good qualities, with the additional advantage of extreme earliness.

White Elephant.—Late, long, cylindrical, with depressed eyes, skin white and smooth. Flesh fine-grained, white and of good quality. A productive and valuable winter variety.

Adirondack.—Late, round, dark copper red. In general character similar to the old Peachblow, but harder and more prolific. Said to suffer less from drought than other varieties.

White Star.—A cross between Excelsior and Peachblow. Medium late, cylindrical, good uniform size, white, of excellent quality, keeps well and yields profusely.

Recipes.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup each of lard and butter, two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of soda, one pinch of salt. Mix very soft, and roll thin.

BENTON TEA CAKES.—Take one pound of flour, four ounces of butter and milk, and enough to make a paste; roll out very thin and cut into shapes, and bake on a hot hearth or slow oven plate.

The Japanese Language.

The Japanese language is a complete hieroglyphic system and the calligraphy a system of drawing or painting. Every schoolboy has to learn at least 1,000 different characters; in the elementary schools of the government 3,000 have to be taught. A man with pretensions to scholarship must be acquainted with about 10,000; and a very learned man with that number multiplied many times. A Japanese must devote at least ten years' persistent and earnest study to the acquisition of his own language if he desires to possess a knowledge of it sufficient for the purposes of an educated man. The mechanical art of handling the brush so as to paint the characters with skill and rapidity occupies no small part of a learner's time.

A great deal of type-setting in Belgium is done by machinery.

CURIOS FACTS.

It is estimated that the ravages of wolves in France cause an annual damage of 50,000,000 francs, or about \$10,000,000.

The French make a wine from peapods, and it is mingled often with grape wine, especially in champagne, which rarely reaches this country pure.

In the L-ma temples at Cashmere, India, the prayer-wheels are still in use, and by operating which the poor devotees fancy that they sufficiently propitiate their god.

Every shell fired by an army during siege operations costs, with the powder with which the mortar is charged, the sum of \$8—enough to support a poor family for a fortnight!

Chambers' Journal describes a factory where the humming of fifty copper-smiths was scarcely audible in the room below, their benches having under each leg a rubber cushion.

Professor Bonchardat attributes to the vine powerful sanitary properties. He asserts that wherever it is cultivated to any considerable extent there is a very sensible diminution of intermittents. The virtue is attributed to the action of the vine on the effluvia which cause fevers.

Modern warfare, in spite of all its terrible paraphernalia, does not destroy nearly so many lives as did the sword, bow and spear of the ancients whose loss in battle compared with that of armies that fight nowadays is computed to have been thirty-three per cent. against only eight to eleven per cent.

Early in February two German women, Frau Schmidt and Frau Feustel, living at Zeitz, in Prussian Saxony, and in addition living in the same house and on the same floor, were each, on the same day, delivered of three children, and they were all boys. Probably such a singular coincidence never before occurred.

Few persons are aware that the fore foot of the horse is the counterpart of the hand, and the hind foot that of the human foot, the foot counting with the hook of the hind leg of the horse. To get a proper idea of this try to walk on the tips of your toes; you will then see how closely allied are the extremities of the horse and of man.

One of the oldest churches on the American continent is the Tumacacochi church, near Tubac, Arizona. It was built by the Franciscans in 1574, and has consequently reached the age of 327 years. Fifty-six years ago Indians burned seven priests within its walls, and twenty-five years ago several priests came from Rome and dug from a sepulchre on the right side of the altar 800,000 in coin and jewels.

Bookbinding.

The bookbinder's craft was at its zenith just before the invention of printing; it has waned since, because nobody would care nowadays to give such prices as were cheerfully paid for books in the days when it took twenty-five months of a patient scribe's work to produce one copy of the Bible. The bindings of such costly books were works of art. Milan first, we are told, acquired a reputation for its bindings of Spanish leather, embossed and gilt, which superseded the old-fashioned bindings of wood, metal, or ivory; but until the close of the fifteenth century the bindings of presentation volumes and of the church books used on high altars of cathedrals were mostly of solid gold or silver. Bruges has produced some beautiful works of this description, likewise bindings in cloth of gold wrought with silk of many colors. At Ypres, the great cloth mart of North Europe, were first made plain bindings of cloth, embossed or not; but these were used only for small volumes of jests and ballads, and for the books of the children in noble families learned their letters. Venice had a name for its bindings in ivory and woods from the East; Florence, like Ghent in Flanders, abounded in brass artificers, and produced brazen bindings gilt or silvered, each one the work of a master craftsman, for more centuries to make book-covers who were not skilled with tools; but the most gorgeous bindings of all that were made before the invention of printing came from Rome. Here the guild of Italian goldsmiths had its chief hall; and there was always a sure sale for rich bindings of wrought gold, seeing that the kings and potentates who came to visit the Papal See invariably gave and received presents of splendid books.

A Variegated Dog.

An English paper says: There is a dog at Brighton—a remarkable dog—a large mastiff. Sometimes that dog has a purple body, with a yellow head and a green tail; sometimes he is scarlet and puce. He is a kind of rainbow dog. The fact is he belongs to a dyer in the town, and being naturally white he takes any other color easily, and now he gets a dip in one vat, and now in another, and he forms a sort of canine advertisement. It is fun to see this dog, who is quite unconscious of his distinguished condition, come up to other dogs wagging his yellow head and green tail, and the way that those dogs, after regarding him out of the corners of their eyes for a minute, tuck their tails between their legs and "seem" a caution. Sometime since a friend of ours, who had been occasionally a victim of the "old complaint," was going down to Brighton for the race in great health and spirits. When driving from the station he suddenly came to this dog. "Hallo, hey? What's that? Hey! hey! what a purple dog with a green tail! Oh, lo! lo! lo! again!" and he turned round and went back to London, finally persuaded that he was again a victim of D. T.

Rev. Samuel Inenatus Prime, D. D.

in recently referring to his editorial connection with the *New York Observer*, said: "I have written on an average more than five columns each week for forty years, or 10,000 in all—at least 100 volumes of 400 pages each."

Don't Stay Late To-Night.

The hearth of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light;
And lovely eyes are gleaming,
As falls the shades of night;
And while the steps are leaving
The doors pure and bright,
A tender voice half giving
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest
Is busy, leave and waste;
The world of her thou lovest
Is at the ingle side;
She