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Called by the Angels.

The farmer's wife is sitting alone
In the dusk of a winter's day.
White over the hills the shadows fall,
And over the meadows gray,
And the cars of many a busy hour
Steal fast from her heart away.
Her eyes have wandered through mist of tears
To the churchyard under the hill,
Where the snow, like the wings of a brooding
dove,
Lies soft and pure and still,
And where her treasures, so long ago,
She laid at the Master's will.
And ah! how oft as the days go by,
She starts, as her listening ear
Has almost caught on the passing breeze
Voices so sweet and clear.
"Thy angels calling?" she thinks. "Ah, me
It is weary waiting here."
The farmer from his work, at last,
In the dusk of a winter's day,
And he sits him down by his faithful wife,
And she parts his locks so gray,
And looks in his face with a loving smile
That years never steal away.
And back again as her dim eyes turn
To the hills where the shadows fall,
She thinks: "My treasures are lying there."
But he has not taken all,
Since one is waiting beside me still
Till the angels' voices call.
But the weeks are slow, and the aged two,
In the dusk of many a day,
Will watch the shadows come and go
O'er the meadows cold and gray,
Ere they, at the Master's will, may lie
Where their treasures are laid away.

PURSUED BY WOLVES.

A Race for Life in a Russian Forest.

"And so, my host, you wish to frighten me?" he asked. "You don't suppose a few cowardly rascals like your wolves are going to frighten two such old hunters as myself and Paulo, here?" "What say you, Paulo?" and the speaker, a tall, fair-haired young Englishman, turned to his companion, who stood in the rear and exhibited the respectful familiarity of a confidential servant; a man who had passed the prime of life, but was yet hale and strong; a thorough picture of the true Muscovite.
"I will drive wherever the master orders," he said quietly.
"Good!" he said, "Paulo, and our host thinks to keep us here when a glorious welcome is waiting us at Grovnoff palace, only three leagues away, by the fanciful story that the wolves are about to attack us." "I am an anxious man to reach the palace to-night as you can see. Is not dear Alexis waiting for me? You forget I have not seen him these three months; and baby here wants to be presented to his father."
"Not a doubt," he said, laughing heartily. "Well, Paulo, get the sleds round."
"Will your excellency order the bells to be taken off?" they attract the wolves," interposed the host.
"Not I, indeed. The horses would not get along without them. It encourages them; besides, like the music of the bells on the frozen air; and if the wolves are to come, they come, bells or not."
The innkeeper bowed and withdrew. Now while the party are settling themselves comfortably in the sled, let us briefly explain who they are, and that they find themselves in a Russian forest late on a harsh winter's night. Harry Fordyce, who has been on a hunting tour with his trusty servant, Paulo, a thorough hunter and trapper, has appointed to meet his sister on her way from England, where she has been spending the summer, and escort her to her husband, a Russian noble, who, as governor of a district, is located on an outlying post far removed from civilization. The journey has been accomplished, up to the time of our meeting them, without accident; but, putting up to rest their horses at a wayside inn, the music of the bells from their destination, the landlord endeavors to persuade them from proceeding by informing them that the pine forest which lies midway between the little village and the palace is infested with a pack of wolves—but the answer to this has already been given.
"Now then, Paulo, shake the reins and we'll be off. You are all right, Isabelle, turning to the lady, "perfectly safe and warm, and the little one?" queries our hero.
"Quite, thank you."
And waving his hand to the innkeeper, Paulo shakes the reins, and the sledges with its three horses dash over the hard snow with a speed and ease hardly equaled by any other conveyance in the world, and at this pace the pine wood is neared. But Paulo is an old hand, and almost imperceptibly slackens the speed of his horses, allowing them to take breath, as he knows that they may require all their strength before the forest is passed. With one hand holding the reins, he looks calmly to the priming of a pair of revolvers and then, quietly leaning over to his master, whispers in his ear.
"All right," is the sole response, but the young Englishman quietly looks to the adjustment of a breech-loading rifle which has hitherto been concealed by a fur rug, and brings his cartridge belt nearer to his hand.
The forest is entered by this time, and the deep shadow thrown by the gigantic pines creates a darkness almost as intense as that of night to the party who have just come out of the glare of the snow; the one relief to the solemn shade is the long road stretching out in its whiteness, and in its winding and turning looking almost like a living serpent. No sooner are the party well within the shade of impenetrable and peer-looking trees, than Paulo begins to grimace like him, now forward, now to the right and now to the left, and on the snow covered

The Indian Famine.

Mr. Monier Williams writes from Madras that at least 15,000,000 human beings will have to struggle for existence, if they are not actually stricken down by famine, or by the disease which famine brings in its train. Of course this estimate has reference only to the poorest classes. A sad feature in the famine is the condition of the cattle. As I traveled from one place to another, often diverging from the neighborhood of the railway to less frequented outlying districts, I saw hundreds of lean, half-finished kine endeavoring to earn a doleful existence on what could only in mockery be called herbage. When it is remembered that the cow is a principal source of sustenance to Hindus of nearly all castes, and that no such animal as a cart horse is to be found in India, all agricultural labor depending on the ox, some idea may be formed of the terrible calamity involved in a mortality among cattle. Even the cows and oxen that survive will be almost useless. Utterly enfeebled and emaciated, they will have little power left either to yield milk or to drag a plow through soil caked and indurated by months of unmitigated drought. But the saddest feature of all is the condition of the human inhabitants of this great peninsula. I will simply recount what I know; and testify of what I have seen with my own eyes in the capital of this presidency. Only a fortnight ago I saw many thousands of poor famine-stricken creatures from the villages round Madras collected on the shore and on the pier. They were crowding round the sacks of rice grain, with which the sands for at least a mile were thickly covered and almost concealed from view, the grain being often piled up in the mounds to the height of fifteen feet or twenty feet. Yet no onslaught was made on the grain. A few men scattered about, armed with canes, were guarding the sacks for the merchants who owned them, and were sufficient to prevent any attempt at depredation, though here and there I detected surreptitious efforts not so much to make incursions, as to enlarge any happy defects already apparent in the material which enclosed the coveted food. What generally happened was this: Very few of the grain bags were so well made as to make any leakage impossible, and sprinklings of rice were thus scattered about everywhere. The knowledge of this circumstance was the cause of the vast concourse of miserable, half-starved, emaciated creatures who had walked many miles to the spot. Men, women, old and young, even cripples, mothers and infants on their hips, and naked children—all more or less pained by their leanness and in their hard-set aspect of misery—were earnestly engaged in gleaning up every grain that escaped from the sacks on the pier and on the shore. Many were provided with cooking utensils, by means of which a few rice grains were, with infinite pains, separated from bushels of sand.

A New York Merchant.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Bulletin writes:
The mention of Emma Abbott's name inevitably suggests some anecdote I heard recently concerning Mr. George G. Lake, whose elegant mansion on Fifth avenue she makes her home here, and to whom she is glad to be indebted for much of the material encouragement that enabled her to pursue her career.
Mr. and Mrs. Lake keep an apartment in their house which they call the "Abbott room," and which they have decorated with a number of objects of art, including a portrait of its occupant, painted by Frank B. Carpenter. Mr. Lake is one of the remarkable men of New York, as is well known as the senior member of the Broadway dry goods house of Lake & McCreary, but he retired from active business some years ago. He is to-day a millionaire.
Mr. Lake came to New York a poor boy from New England. He obtained a situation in the old house of Ubbald & Pierson, and, in the course of time, made a contract for three years at five hundred dollars per year, or an aggregate of fifteen hundred dollars for the three years. Just after making this contract he was called on by Mr. Ubbald & Pierson, Crist & Co., who said to him: "Mr. Lake, we have had our eyes on you for some time; your fidelity and application to business please us. We have been looking for just such a man to take charge of an important department of our business. We offer you three thousand dollars for the first year, five thousand the second, and seven thousand the third." Mr. Lake replied: "I am obliged to you, Mr. Crist, for your offer, but I cannot accept your offer." Mr. Crist was surprised. "Why not, Mr. Lake?" he asked. "I just have determined with Ubbald & Pierson." "But not on such terms as we offer you, Mr. Lake?" "No, certainly not," replied the young man. "Is your contract with Ubbald & Pierson in writing, Mr. Lake?" "No, sir." "Why not, Mr. Lake?" he asked. "I am not in a hurry," said Mr. Crist. "It may be better for you to sign Mr. Lake's reply: 'I have given Ubbald & Pierson my word.' The years went on, Mr. Lake supporting his wife and child on \$500 a year. They boarded in Canal street at \$8 a week. Near the end of the three years Mr. Pierson one day called on Mr. Lake, and said to you that we are much pleased with you. Among all our young men you have been the most faithful. We know where you go. When your daily duties are over you go home. We are so much pleased with you that we have decided to buy your contract for \$10,000 a year. Mr. Lake replied: "I cannot except it, Mr. Pierson." "Way not?" "I have no capital and I will not borrow." It was Mr. Pierson's turn now to be surprised. "But, Mr. Lake, you will stay with us." "I will stay, Mr. Pierson, but you must buy my contract," said Mr. Lake. "For the first time," he said, "I told of this offer to Spies, Crist & Co., three years before. This he had kept to himself, so faithful to his duty at \$500 a year as he would have been at \$5,000 or \$7,000, though he could not always keep it in his mind that tempting offer he had put aside. "Mr. Pierson determined to ask Mr. Lake on what terms will you remain with us?" "I cannot but buy and sell the same thing, Mr. Pierson. If my services are desired by you, make me an offer." They parted. The next day Mr. Pierson said: "Mr. Lake, my partner and myself have determined to buy you at \$10,000 a year for ten years." "All right, Mr. Pierson, I accept."

Prisoners of War.

That a recognized code for treatment of prisoners of war should exist we believe to be most desirable. We have frequently heard of the sufferings of M. Dunant—that the treatment of French prisoners by the Germans in the last war had, to French eyes, been so bad that should war again occur between them, and France take prisoners, they would suffer for the past sins of the Germans. We may claim some right to offer an opinion on this matter, as we have ourselves been instrumental in giving relief to French prisoners who were undoubtedly suffering extremes of hardship. We have seen some of the saddest sights that war has ever shown; the French army captured at Sedan, cooped up in those narrow trenches, suffering the pangs of hunger; the captive army of Metz, marching out under the disdainful eyes of its conquerors, the soldiers haggard, worn, weary, throwing themselves down in the deep black mud, in the sheer bitterness of despair, while the pitiless rain poured down upon them. We have seen the French prisoners in the camp at Mainz, cold, bitterly cold, with the snow deep on the ground, many in thin clothing, and stockings fed, fed by but one meal a day, and that often given in the early morning of one day, and not till the evening of the next. Nay, worse, we have seen the prisoners of the army of the Loire literally freezing to death in the open railway wagons in which they were for days retained in that severe winter, on their road to Germany; and we have heard, on unquestionable authority, of men being taken out of those narrow trenches, and their journey's end frozen to death. And yet we say these are but the inevitable hardships of war.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Need teacheth unlawful things.
Genius is only great patience.
All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain and abstain."
Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a guilt and truth discourtesy.
The best and sweetest flowers of paradise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven or key to let us into paradise.
Garments that have one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail, and glasses that are once broken are never broken; such is man's good name once tainted with just reproach.
Men's lives should be like day—more beautiful in the evening; or like summer—glow with promise; and like autumn—rich with golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened in the field.
Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning, in another the hands point silently, and strike not, meantime hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment.
It is an observation no less just than common, that there is no stronger test of a man's real character than power and authority, exciting as they do every passion, and discovering every latent vice.
A fair reputation is a plant delicate in its nature and by no means rapid in its growth. It will shoot up in a night like the gourd of the prophet; but, like that gourd, it may perish in a night.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Recipes.
BREAKFAST OAT MEAL.—It may be very palatably cooked in water, with a little salt added. The water must be boiling hard when the meal is put in, and as soon as it sets or thickens the water it must be set back where it will still boil, but not scorch. Much stirring spoils it. Boil one hour or more.
TO SAVE WASTE IN COOKING.—To cook oat meal or cracked wheat without any waste, butter a basin and fill it two-thirds full of water, and when it boils stir in the oat meal or wheat; be sure to have it thick enough, as you can easily thin with boiling water. Set your basin in a steamer. Rice, etc., should be steamed in same way.
TO COOK WHEATEN CRISPS.—In one quart of milk or water of tepid heat stir five heaping tablespoonfuls of grits and one tablespoonful salt; put in a farina kettle and place in the boiling water in the under kettle. Place on the fire where it will keep boiling, adding water as it boils away. Boil one hour, then turn out on an earthen baking dish, and cover with a plate that covers the dish tightly; put in a rather moderate oven and leave a half hour. If it should boil very stiff it must be thinned by adding a little milk or water.
Pudding Under Meat.—When roasting a piece of beef, three-quarters of an hour before it is done take it out of the oven and pour the drippings out of the pan for gravy; have ready six or seven nice apples, pared, cored and halved, and lay them in the bottom of the pan; then make a batter of two cupfuls of flour, with a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in dry, one pint of milk, three eggs, and one tablespoonful sugar; pour this over the apples; then lay the meat on sticks in the baking pan, so that the steam from it will drop into the pan below. Send to table in a side dish with the meat.
POTATO DUMPLINGS.—(According to a German Receipt.)—Boil five or six good sized potatoes; let them get cold, then peel and grate into a large dish; do not crush or mash them together, but keep them light and flaky; then peel about the same quantity of raw potatoes, grate, and put into a cloth, press out all the water, and put the potatoes in a dish; cut up an onion very fine, put in two or three eggs, and a small handful of salt; cut some stale bread into small squares and fry in hot lard or butter until they are brown and crisp; thoroughly mix the raw potatoes, onion, eggs and salt; put in the bread, and lastly the boiled potatoes, handling as little as possible; roll the mixture into balls, and put them in a pot of boiling water, into which you have thrown a handful of salt; after they have been in about twenty minutes take one out and try it.

Vitality and Cunning of the Locust.

In 1865 I made experiments to see how soon locusts would drown. After confining them in water twelve hours they soon showed signs of life when placed in the sunshine, and in a few minutes began to move. I tried freezing them from the sun by putting them in water it must be set back where it will still boil, but not scorch. Much stirring spoils it. Boil one hour or more.
TO SAVE WASTE IN COOKING.—To cook oat meal or cracked wheat without any waste, butter a basin and fill it two-thirds full of water, and when it boils stir in the oat meal or wheat; be sure to have it thick enough, as you can easily thin with boiling water. Set your basin in a steamer. Rice, etc., should be steamed in same way.
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In the Churchyard at Tarrytown.

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting place beside
The river that he loved and gloried.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
That the dry leaves of earth were all adme
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summer's full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.
Longfellow.

Items of Interest.

Do not forget that while you fold your hands time folds not up his wings.
Lamp wicks should be changed frequently if a clear, bright flame is desired.
If persons would take more trouble about living they would be less troubled when dying.
To scold people when they make confessions is the way to keep them from confessing again.
The blue glass treatment is ridiculed by the Medical and Surgical Journal as a "silly nuisance."
The condition of the British coal trade grows worse. The oldest man in the trade cannot remember a time so bad.
They say it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal. But who expects to find a hearty meal in the water?
Nearly 8,000 persons were out of a living in silk manufacture in the State of New Jersey. There are \$20,000,000 in it.
Some hygienic writer says: "Let your children eat all the salt they want." Bless you, it isn't salt they want—it's sugar.
The hop crop of Maine for 1876 is estimated at 400,000 pounds, valued at \$100,000. Three-fourths of the crop was raised in Oxford county.
Somebody in St. Paul, on the way home from the doctor's office, dropped the following prescription: "Blue glass, one part; faith, ten parts."
A young man having complained that a young lady had sat upon his hat, he was told that he ought to know better than to hold his hat in his lap.
It is thought that the time will yet come when members of the choir will be expected to behave during divine service just as well as other folks.
A trouble to pay bond in Mississippi. The Handsboro Democrat says: "Saw logs are legal tender here." Split wood, of course, is fractional currency.
Bayard Taylor says: "It is a withering commentary upon our modern costume that no sculptor has dared, or ever will dare, to model a statue wearing a stove-pipe hat."
Revenge is like a boomerang. Although for a time it flies in the direction in which it is hurled, it takes a sudden curve, and returning, hits your own head the heaviest blow of all.
Elder Evans, the leader of the Lebanon Shakers, has started a graveyard on a new plan. The graves are to be twenty feet apart, with a tree planted over each, so that in time there will be a handsome grove.
A bill introduced into the Legislature of Delaware enacts that where a bride and groom, or the bride only, are residents of the State, and leave the State for the purpose of being married beyond its limits, they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.
Your hand, Mr. Hayes, and please remember, sir, that we carried a torch for you three separate times last fall, at great personal sacrifice. Without being presumptuous, sir, a custom house would be deemed a sufficient reward for this trifling service.—Exchange.
The best solace for the desponding patriot now may be expressed in the words of the mighty Daniel Webster: "Follow-citizens, you have a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. No people with a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high ever lost their liberties."
A lady, whose cook went to a wake, was given notice by her fortnight afterward that she was going to be married.
"Who to?" asked the mistress. "Please, marm, to the husband of the corpse."
"Why, does he love you?" "Oh, yes, marm; he said I was the light of the funeral."

Does Its Own Feeding.

An English mechanic has contrived to make a steam engine do its own stoking. A large sheet iron hopper is set above the mouth of the furnace and in front of the boiler. This is the receptacle for coals. Below the hopper a steel crusher is made to run somewhat rapidly, and as the coals fall by reason of their own gravity upon this grinding apparatus, they are reduced to the uniform size of coals by the action of the crusher. Thence the equalized fuel drops upon a pair of iron disks or fans inclosed in a box and running in opposite directions, one high velocity. The fans are in fact the furnace feeders, for as the box has not one opening, and that leads to the fire, they literally blow the coals into the latter and distribute them equally over the whole surface of the fire bars. The feed is regulated in quantity according to the heavy or light work the engine may be doing, by means of a single adjusting set screw. This is the automaton stoker. The furnace fires are fed and steam is kept up in the boiler without the turning of a shovel, and all that the fireman has to do is to smoke his pipe and whistle "Down in a coal mine."

Infantile Mortality.

The following figures are instructive as showing for ten years the ratio of mortality of children under five years of age to the total mortality in the city of New York:

Year	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	
1867	62.99	1872	48.58
1868	62.59	1873	48.81
1869	61.69	1874	48.81
1870	49.66	1875	48.28
1871	48.08	1876	48.74

This shows a steady decrease, much of which is traceable, it is claimed, to improvements in sewerage and ventilation.

A Wealthy Thief.

At one of the Paris police courts a rich and elegant Russian lady has lately been condemned to three months' imprisonment for theft. She is the pretty young wife of Capt. Garinoff Korowitchski, serving in the Russian cavalry. Her age is twenty-six, and she has a daughter of eleven who was implicated with her in stealing a number of articles from a dealer in fancy goods. On searching their apartments a large quantity of articles were discovered which had doubtless been taken from many establishments during a considerable period of time. Many Russians of distinction attended the court on account of the social position of Mme. Korowitchski, who was solemnly but elegantly costumed. At the first interrogation she burst into tears, and vehemently denied the charge. Her child, however, acknowledged the robbery, both of her mother and herself. Capt. Korowitchski had hastened from Russia to be present at the trial, and urged his wife's innocence, stating that she had no need to appropriate the possessions of a kleptomaniac, the punishment was rendered light. The child was acquitted.

How a Woman Drives a Tack.

Did you ever see a woman drive a tack? She holds it between her first and second fingers and pushes her thumb into the carpet. Then with the other hand she takes up the hammer, always with the wrong side down. She hits three or four delicate blows, not raising the hammer half an inch from the head; she then pinches her fingers, lets go, and she has a tack in that it enters the floor on a bias. Then she pulls it out, selects another tack from the box, and sticks a dozen into her hands while doing it. Finally, with an effort, she makes the point clinch the floor, and with one blow she settles the matter by knocking the head off.

The Roman Sentinel.

When Pompeii was destroyed there were very many buried in the ruins of it who were afterward found in very different situations. There were some found who were in the streets, as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate, with his hands still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain. And there, while the heavens threatened him; there, while the lava stream rolled; he had stood at his post; and there, after a thousand years he was found.

What Shall He Do?

An editor writes: Editing a paper is a nice business. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle headed. If we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they blame us for not writing selections. If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing something they have not read in some other paper. If we give a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial. If we do not give complimentary notices, folks say we are jealous. If we do not enter our notice of the ladies, the paper is not fit to tie up a parcel or make into a bustle. If we remain in our office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out, they say we never attend to our business. If we wear poor clothes, folks say business is bad. If we wear good clothes, they say we never paid for them. Now, what are we to do?

Ravages of the Rinderpest.

Earl Fortescue in the House of Lords called attention to the ravages of the rinderpest in Essex and Yorkshire and asked the lord president of the council what steps have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The privy council has issued a notice stating that the cattle plague has been detected at Bawtry, Steyning, both within the metropolitan area, and also at Hull. A fresh outbreak is reported at Hull. It is among stock in the vicinity of the first outbreak, though the entire herd were the latter occurred were immediately slaughtered.

Germany Sends Skins to the Fur Market.

Germany sends annually into the fur market about 120,000 fur skins, of which 30,000 come from Bavaria and 22,000 from Prussia. Of other skins, her average annual produce is 20,000 pine marten, 60,000 stone martens, 280,000 polecats, 8,000 otters, 8,000 badgers, and 600,000 hare skins, which last are used by the felt hat makers. Of rabbit skins the annual yield of Germany is only 300,000, to 6,000,000 in France. The skins of 400,000 domestic cats complete the list.

The Priest and Physician.

A French journal says that a famous French surgeon, lately deceased, who was a brilliant and unpolished fellow, on entering his house one day, an old priest who had been long waiting his return, "What do you want of me?" "I want you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woolen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. "You'll have to die if you don't cure it, my dear fellow," said the priest, coolly rejecting the surgeon's "I thank you, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat, "and am much obliged to you for warning me, but I can prepare myself, as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much." The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, calmly rejected the surgeon who received his death sentence unmoved, with amazement, and said: "Come tomorrow, at eight o'clock, to the Hotel Dieu, and ask for me." The priest was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room, and in a month the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of his sack thirty francs of change. "It is all I have to offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot from Rouen in order to save this." The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the thirty francs, saying: "I have some pocket money, and the priest went away. Some years later the surgeon feeling death to be near, brought him of the priest, and tried to kiss. He came at once, and the surgeon received at his hands the last consolation of religion.