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	1 w.	2 w.	4 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
One inch.....	1 00	2 00	3 75	6 00	7 00	12 00
Two inches....	1 75	3 25	6 00	7 50	11 00	18 00
Three inches..	2 50	4 50	7 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Four inches...	3 25	6 00	8 00	12 00	17 00	30 00
¼ column.....	4 00	7 50	10 00	14 00	20 00	35 00
½ column.....	5 25	9 00	11 50	16 00	24 00	37 00
¾ column.....	6 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
One column...	10 00	18 00	24 00	32 00	50 00	80 00

—Notices on third page, under the heading "Business Matters," inserted at the rate of ten cents per line.
Advertisers are requested to hand in their advertisements as early in the week as Tuesday evening.

CHURCHES & OTHER SOCIETIES.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL.—Genesee street. Sunday services morning and evening. Rev. E. W. Brown, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—Main street. Sunday services at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Rev. A. Coit, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Harrison street. Sunday services at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.: Rev. D. Nutten, Pastor.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.—Corner of Main and Genesee streets. Sunday services, morning and evening. Rev. J. Wainright Ray, Pastor.

GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Sunday services at the usual hours. Rev. J. Wainright Ray, Pastor.

GERMAN LUTHERIAN.—Sunday services at the usual hours. Rev. J. Kinnber, Pastor.

WELLSVILLE LODGE, No. 230. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday of each month.
P. A. McDONALD, W. M.
C. L. FARNUM, Sec.

WELLSVILLE CHAPTER, No. 142. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month. R. McQUEEN, E. K.
B. HANES, Sec.

WELLSVILLE COUNCIL, No. —. Meets 1st Thursday of each month.
H. A. COATS, T. I. M.
B. HANES, Sec.

ST. ELMO CONCLAVE, No. 76, Knights of R. and R.C. of C. Meets 4th Thursday of each month.
W. A. BALDWIN, M. P. Sov.
R. P. BEECHER, Recorder.

ORIENT ENCAMPMENT, No. 33, meet on every second and fourth Monday evenings, at 8 o'clock, at Odd Fellow's Hall, in Brown's Block, corner of Main and Pearl streets.
BYRON BUDD, C. P.
D. CLARK, Scribe.

TALMUD LODGE, No. 294, I. O. of O. F., meet every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at their Hall in Brown's Block.
D. CLARK, N. G.
D. A. HOWE, Sec.

WELLSVILLE LODGE, No. 205, I. O. of O. F., meet every Friday evening at their Hall in Key Stone Block, Main st.
C. E. NILES, N. G.
WM. SMITH, Sec.

WELLSVILLE LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS, No. 568, meet every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at their Hall in Key Stone Block, Main street.
C. HOWE, W.C.
Mary Coats, Secretary.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MISS E. A. DUTCHER, Dealer in Millinery and Fancy Goods, Simmons' Block, corner of Main and State streets, store formerly occupied by Palmer & Elliott, Wellsville, N. Y. New combination for cutting Ladies' and Children's patterns. Warranted to fit the form perfectly.

WELLSVILLE SILVER CORNET BAND—Music furnished for Balls, Picnics and Social Gatherings, on reasonable terms. Address
E. E. CURTIS, Leader, Genesee, N. Y.

WILLIAM DIKE—Scio, Allegany Co., N. Y.—Manufacturer and wholesale dealer in sawed White Oak Staves for Oil Companies. Also, Hoops and Hackwood Lumber, Shingles, Feed and Meal.

BALDWIN & BROTHER, Wellsville Bank, Dealers in all kinds of Government Securities. Collections made on all points, and interests allowed on special deposites. Fraser's Block Main st. (unit).

H. D. TREADWELL, Dealer in all kinds of Boots, Shoes and Slippers, Leather and Shoe Findings, Salesroom, opposite the Howell House, Wellsville, N. Y.

KENDALL BROTHERS, Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Silver and Plated ware, Fancy Goods &c., Wellsville, N. Y.

C. EWELL, Dealer in Watches, Clocks and Fine Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware. Repairing neatly done and warranted. Opposite Brick Church Main st.

C. E. NILES' Specialties, Drugs and Books. The Trade supplied at New York prices. Main st.

PALMER & ELLIOTT, Druggists and Apothecaries, and dealers in drugs, patent medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Fancy Chemicals, Fancy Goods, Wall Paper, Toilet Articles, Perfumeries, and all goods usually found in Drug Stores. No. 1 Simmons' Block, Main Street, Wellsville, N. Y.

J. H. BROWN, at M. Reckard's, opposite Hart & Lewis, will pay the highest market price in Cash for any quantity of Butter.

D. C. TUDD, Genesee Station, Erie Railway, Manufacturer and Dealer in Lumber and Shingles. Building Timber furnished to order. Post-Office Address, Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y.

BROWN BROTHERS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Fish, Pork, Salt, Oil &c., Brown's Block, Corner of Main and Pearl Streets, Wellsville, N. Y.

J. NEWTON STODDARD Represents Seventeen American Insurance Companies—Life, Fire, Marine and Accident. Underwriting Room, Brown's Block, Genesee, N. Y.

W. ARMSTRONG, Life Insurance a specialty. He represents the Old Ætna, the best company doing business in America. Give him a call if you want your life insured.

JAMES THORNTON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Harness, Collars, Saddles all kinds of Saddlery Hardware, Robes, Blankets and Nets, Whips, Horse Brushes, Curry-Combs, &c. A great variety of Valises and Trunks. Main St. Wellsville, N.Y.

H. JONES & CO., Dealers in General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, &c. Empire Block, Wellsville, N. Y.

W. H. NORTON, LAND SURVEYOR, Scio, N. Y. (n4tf.)

DENTISTRY,

H. M. SHEERAR, — DENTIST.

Wellsville, New York.

TEETH inserted on Rubber with Twitchell's patent appliances which are great improvements on the old style. Red, Soft, or Black rubber used when desirable.
Filling, Extracting and Regulating, properly done. *All operations carefully performed.* n2 1y

Produce,

J. H. BROWN, opposite the store of Hart & Lewis, Wellsville N. Y., will pay the highest market price in Cash, for any quantity of Butter.

Jones & Sparger,
Attorneys at Law,
— *Office in Simmons Block,* —
Wellsville, New York.

Hamilton Ward, Rufus Scott, Dist. Atty
Ward & Scott,
Attorneys at Law,
Belmont, Allegany Co., New York.
All Business Promptly Attended To.

John A. Rider,
Photographer,
AND DEALER IN PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.
PICTURES of all kinds taken in the best style of the art, and *warranted to please.* Picture Frames, Cords, Tassels &c., always hand. Gallery opposite the Post Office.
WELLSVILLE, NEW YORK.

S. McCrary & Co.
Photographic Artists,
No. 83 Main-st, Rochester, N. Y.
LIFE SIZE PICTURES A SPECIALTY.
Colored in India Ink, Water Colors or Oil, in the highest style of the art, and cannot be surpassed by any other Gallery in the City in Richness of Tone and Lifelike Expression. 10tf

Restaurant.
D. BALTHASAR'S First Class Restaurant, Pearl Street Wellsville, N. Y. Wild Game and Birds, and Oysters served in every style. Charges reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed. Choice Wines Liquors and Cigars. Billiards. n2 1y

DOWDNEY HOUSE,
Opposite the Depot,
Wellsville, New York.
H. W. DOWDNEY, Proprietor.
Open Night and Day. First class accommodations and moderate charges. A good Livery attached. n5 3m

FIRST NATIONAL HOTEL.
C. G. CORNWELL, PROPRIETOR.
This House has been thoroughly repaired and refitted, and is now more attractive than ever. The Table is always supplied with the best the country affords, while the best wines and liquors, and Moffett's Buffalo Cream Ale can always be found at the Bar. Terms reasonable. 10tf

Clark & Easton,
House Builders,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
SASH, BLINDS, & DOORS,
Matched Lumber, House Moulding, &c.
WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

McEwen Brothers,
Special Manufacturers Of
Engines, Circular Saw Mills
Horse Powers, Mill-Gearing,
Iron & Brass Castings, Store Fronts &c
Wellsville, N. Y.

Northern Central Railway.

Trains on this Road run as follows:

	NORTHWARD.					
	Morn. Accom.	Buff. Exp.	Niag. Exp.	Eve. Accom.	Mail.	Elmira Accom.
Leave	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.
ELMIRA.....	6.20	5.30	9.25	7.15		
Arrive						
ELMIRA.....	..	..	..	..	10.45	11.20
Canandaigua	9.45	8.15	8.25	..	..	..
Rochester.....	..	9.20	9.30	..	..	..
	..	p. m.	p. m.	..	..	..
Buffalo.....	..	12.10	12.50	..	..	..
Suspen. Bridge	..	12.50	1.30	..	..	..
Niagara Falls.	..	12.10	1.30	..	..	..

	SOUTHWARD.					
	Buff. Ex.	Niag. Ex.	Mail.	Wash'pt Acc.	Morn. Acc.	Ev'g Acc.
Leave	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
ELMIRA.....	9.10	2.15	5.40	5.55	..	..
Arrive	p. m.	p. m.				
ELMIRA.....	..	..	..	..	11.00	7.55
Williamsport.	12.35	5.40	9.35	6.55	..	..
			a. m.			
Harrisburg....	5.45	7.00	1.45	..	..	..
Philadelphia..	7.55	11.10	6.20	..	..	..
Baltimore.....	7.30	10.45	1.30	..	..	..
		a. m.				
Washington...	10.00	7.30	10.00			

ED. S. YOUNG, Gen'l Pass'ge Agent.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.
DUPONCO'S
GOLDEN PERIODICAL PILLS.
THERE IS NOT A LADY LIVING but what, at some period of her life will find DUPONCO'S GOLDEN PILLS just the medicine she needs.
FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, HEADACHE, FAINTNESS, &c.,
They never fail, and may be depended upon in every case where the monthly flow has been obstructed through cold or disease. They always give immediate relief. A lady writes: Duponco's Golden Pills relieved me in one day, without inconvenience, like magic.
THE GENUINE are in (WHITE) BOXES, and upon each box my private REVENUE STAMP, and the words DUPONCO'S GOLDEN PERIODICAL PILLS, in WHITE LETTERS—without which none are genuine, and the box is signed "S. D. HOWE." Full and explicit directions accompany each box. Price $1 per box, six boxes $5. Sold by one druggist in every town, village, city and hamlet throughout the world.
Sold by PALMER & ELLIOTT, Druggists, Sole Agents for Wellsville, N. Y.
LADIES! by sending them $1 to the Wellsville Postoffice, can have the pills sent (confidentially) by mail to any part of the country, free of postage.
JOHN F. HENRI, General Agent, New-York.

"One Glass More."

BY DANIEL HUGHES.

Stay, mortal stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drinks shall feel.

Distance and death, forever nigh,
Stands ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of—"Give me one glass more."

Go, view the prisoners' gloomy cells,
Their sins and misery scan,
Grace, gaze upon these earthly hells—
In drink their woes began.

Of yonder children bathed in tears,
Ask why is mother poor?—
They whisper in the startled ears,
"'Twas father's—'One Glass More.'"

Stay, mortal stay! repent, return!
Reflect upon thy fate!
The poisonous draught forever spurn;
Spurn! spurn it—ere too late.

Oh! fly the horrid alehouse then,
Nor linger at the door:
Lest thou perchance should'st slip again
The treacherous "One Glass More."

Trust not to thy deceitful heart,
The Satan's grace implore;
Through him from every sin depart,
And touch that glass no more.

JANE MARCHMONT'S REVENGE.

BY MARAH CROSBY.

How gleefully the birds sang that morning, as they fluttered in their gilded cages, hanging in the sunny room little Jack called her "private parlor." How bright the skies were; and the fragrant geraniums blossoming in the windows, seemed more beautiful than ever before. On the rug, in the sunshine, the two pet kittens, Spitfire and Spanker, purred contentedly; and curled up in one corner of the sofa, her soft eyes shining, and her cheeks glowing redly, little Jack herself thought that the beauty of the scene without, and the gay carol of the birds within, could only be the reflection of her own happiness.

She could hardly believe it, but the glittering ring on the forefinger of her left hand was evidence enough to convince her that it must be so, and that, of all women, she was preferred by Donald Holland, and selected by him to be his wife—the queen of his heart, and sovereign of his household.

"And I always thought he fancied Cousin Jane," mused Jack, turning the ring round the dainty finger, "with her stately ways and long words when it was I after all. Ah, how glad I am."

The door swung softly open, and a lady entered, a tall, elegant woman robed in trailing folds of silk. Jack looked up smilingly.

"Down so soon, Jennie? I was not expecting you for an hour yet."

Miss Marchmont bowed quietly.

"I have been walking for an hour and a half in the acacia garden," she said, in a clear, metalic voice, that somehow sent a shiver over her listener. Jack's brows contracted for an instant, then she laughed softly, and held up the shimmering ring.

"See, cousin, mine. Do you not wish me joy?"

Miss Marchmont's eyes blazed, and a dull, red spot glowed for a brief second in each sallow cheek, but, conquering herself, she asked in a voice husky from suppressed emotion:

"It is Mr. Holland's ring, is it not?"

A rosy tide flooded Jack's neck and face.

"Yes," she replied, "we are engaged."

"He was here this morning?"

"He was. It has not been half an hour since he went away."

The red spots in Miss Marchmont's cheeks faded away, and the face grew ashen; but she kissed Jack's lips, and wished her joy, and then, with slow steps, left the room.

Out in the acacia walk she swept her silken skirts, up and down, back and forth, until it seemed that the restless feet must stop from sheer exhaustion.

At the extreme end of the walk, stood beneath two great palmetto trees, a tiny bower, where she often spent hours and hours over her books and embroidery, or where, with her cushions, she took many an afternoon siesta; for Miss Marchmont was an East Indian by birth, and inherited all the love for ease, and luxury common to the race of Oriental devotees.

"So he will marry her," she muttered, between her set teeth. "She, the little petted darling of every one. My God! my heart will break"

She sank down on her knees, her body shaking with convulsive sobs.

"It cannot—it must not be," she cried, wildly, "I who love him so, who have endured so much, should be the one."

The smouldering grey eyes grew intensely black; the long, almond-shaped lids expanded, and a white deadly line, encircled her mouth.

"Were it not for her, he would take me. I must—I will put her out of the way."

A faint, sickening perfume, crept upon the air, and a low hiss reached her ears.

She started suddenly to her feet. Too well she knew the import of the sound to linger, and she sprang quickly from the arbor.

But she was to late to escape. Half suspended from a far-reaching branch directly before her, with forked tongue, and glistening eyes a young cobra looked down upon his victim.

But Jane Marchmont was made of brave material, and drawing the long poniard she always carried, she waited courageously for the great greenish head to descend.

It came slowly down.

The white fangs looked keen and sharp, and the hideous mouth yawned, like the mouth of some terrible cavern.

Jane felt the edge of the poniard; it would have split a hair, and grasping the handle tightly, she waited for the last quick dart which the serpent would make at his victim, and when it came, she raised the dagger high in the air, and gave the cobra one deadly blow.

It was dealt with her whole strength and the blood spurted in great red drops on her clothes, while the body slowly unwound itself from the limb, and fell upon the green sward by the severed head.

Miss Marchmont eyed the dead serpent, fixedly, and a fiendish thought entered her brain.

Unwinding the crimson scarf from her neck and shoulders, she wiped her dagger. Then, with the aid of the scarf, she drew the body into the arbor, and covered it carefully with leaves.

Half an hour later, she entered the dining-room as composedly as though she had but just come from a quiet slumber, and embracing her cousin, teased her playfully.

Late in the afternoon, Jack complained of a headache, and with the gentlest touch in the world, Miss Marchmont bathed it in cologne, and advised her to walk down to the arbor, and have a quiet nap.

"If I sleep too long you must call me, for Donald is to come at five o'clock," she said, as she stood on the threshold of the door.

Nannette, the maid, was brushing the hall and heard the low tones, as Jack stepped off the verandah.

Miss Marchmont promised, and a queer, inexplicable smile played round her mouth, as Jack disappeared down the walk.

"She has gone to her death," she hissed, "for the living cobra will as surely follow the trail of its dead mate as the sun shines. It is there by this time, and woe to you, Jaqueline Kame. Your lover's eyes will see you a loathsome bloated thing, when next they rest upon you; and, as you die, so may perish all who stand between my love and me."

The moments crept on, and the hand on the dial pointed to the hour of five.

Miss Marchmont walked back and forth, her rustling silk trailing in heavy folds on the soft carpet, and her hands locked tightly together.

Unable longer to endure the suspense, she threw open the low, French window, and went slowly down the walk.

A horrible sight met her eyes.

Jack lay sleeping on the settee, her hands crossed lightly on her breast, and her long, loose hair falling in a glittering mass over the crimson cushion. Above her, with slow, undulating motion, a living snake was swaying to and fro, while the air was heavy with a dull, sickening smell.

For a moment her heart failed her but only for a moment. Setting her teeth firmly together, she prepared to see the cobra give the death blow to the unconscious sleeper.

Lower it swung, and lower, more subtle still grew that dangerous scent. The great, green head bent farther down, and the terrible mouth opened to its widest capacity.

Miss Marchmont crouched low in the path.

"Die!" she gasped. Die Jacqueline Kame. I would not turn my hand to save you from a thousand deaths."

Her hands were tightly clenched, and her face was covered with perspiration; but her heart was brave with its murderous purpose.

The snake now ceased its undulous motion, and with its horrible eyes fastened on its victim, raised its head for the final blow. Up it came, the jaws distended, the cruel fangs shining; the forked tongue darting towards the sleeping girl—then—a crunching of heels on the graveled walk, the sharp report of a pistol, and Jack lay senseless, but saved, in Donald's arms, while the cobra, mutilated, bleeding and dead, fell on the arbor floor.

Miss Marchmont stood for a single instance, as if transfixed.

"You are a murderess," said Holland, pointing to the body of the serpent, that was covered with her scarf.

"Thank heaven! I came in time to save my poor Jacqueline."

Miss Marchmont turned slowly, stepped backward, and fell prone upon the earth, the point of the poniard piercing her very heart.

"I die," she said, turning her glazing eyes upon him: "for death is pleasanter than life without you. But I would have killed her if I could. You have saved her from the fate I prepared for her, and be happy if you can, knowing that my dying curse shall follow you both."

The death rattle sounded in her throat, and her head fell back on the ground.

Her soul had gone to the judgment bar of God.

Months after, Donald led his bride to the alter and to-day there is no happier pair in the palmetto State, than Mr. and Mrs. Holland. Out in the arbor is a solitary grave, and often Jack takes her children there, and tells them the story of her marvelous deliverance, and points to them the lowly resting place of the unhappy fated Jane Marchmont.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WEALTH.

Some of the Big Stories that History Tells.

Some one having been telling of Mr. Loder in London, who died lately, leaving the enormous fortune of $75,000,000, and of the gorgeous monument of the Spragues, which is to cost $100,000, and of the wondrous wealth and profusion of Tweed and Stewart and other shoddy magnates and millionaires, the Richmond Inquirer tells us of people who had big fortunes and built fine houses, and drank fine wines, and spent in other ways the old times, ere Loder was, or Stewart named. Thus it is that the Inquirer takes the shine out of the nineteenth century:

Why, what is Tweed, or Stewart, or Mr. Loder, or Belmont, or the Rothschilds, or the Marquis of Westminister, to Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt, who amassed a little property of $350,000,000? And which of our extravagant young ladies in these boasting times ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl dissolved in vinegar (or undesolved) worth $400,000? That's half the expense of Miss Tweed's wedding at a dash, and would dress one of our Baltimore or Washington belles for forty years. Then there was Paulina, one of the ton of Rome, who used to wear jewels, when she returned her visits, worth $800,000. Well, they boast of Mr. Stewart's marble palace, in Thirty-fourth street and Fifth Avenue. We do not suppose this house, which is about the best they have in New York, cost more than half a million dollars. Well, Cicero, who was a poor man, gave $150,000 for his house, and Clodius paid $650,000 for his establishment on the Palatine; while Mamala gave $2,000,000 for the house of Anthony. Seneca, who was just as plain philosopher like Mr. Greeley, was worth $12,000,000. Why, talk about a man's failing in New York for a million as if it was a big thing.—Cæsar, before he entered on any office—when he was a young gentleman in private life—owed $4,000,000, and he purhased the friendship of Quæsar for $2,500,000. Mark Anthony owed $1,500,000 on the Ides of March, and he paid it before the Kalends of March. This was nothing—he squandered $720,000,000 of the public money—Major Hodge's defalcation being for the contemptuous sum of $450,000.

And these fellows lived well.—Esopus was a play actor, paid $40,000 for a single dish. Caligula spent $400,000 on a supper. Their wines were often kept for two ages, and some of them sold for $20 per ounce. They toasted hogs whole at their banquets. They were 'fond of ram's head pie and pastry stuffed with raisins and nuts. Dishes were made of gold and silver set with precious stones. The beds of Heligabulus were of solid silver, his tables and plates were of pure gold, and his matresses, covered with carpets of gold, stuffed with down from the wing of a partridge.

It took $80,000 a year to keep up the dignity of a Roman Senator, and some of them spent $5,000,000 a year.

Cicero and Pompey "dropped in" one day on Lucullus,—nobody at home but the family,—and that family dinner cost $4,000.

But we talk of population. We boast of London and New York.—Rome had a population of between three and four millions. The wooden theatre of Scaurus contained 80,000 seats. The Coliseum, built of stone, would seat 87,000 and afford standing space for 22,000 more. The Circus Maximus (think of it, old John Robinson!) would hold 385,000 spectators. There were in the city 9,000 public baths, those of Diocletian alone accommodating three thousand two hundred bathers. Even in the sixteenth century, after Rome had been sacked and plundered by the Goths and Vandals, Zachariah, a traveler, asserts that there were three hundred and eighty-four spacious streets, eighty golden statues of gods, 46,097 palaces, 13,052 fountains, 3,785 statues of Emperors and Generals, twenty-two great horses in bronze, two clessi, two spiral columns, thirty-one theatres, eleven amphatheatres, 9,027 baths, 1,300 shops of perfume, 2,091 prisons.

As a set off to Mr. Sprague's monumental tombstone, we may merely mention the mausoleum of Augustus in the northern part of the Campus Martius, consisting of a large tumulus of earth raised on a lofty basement of spotless white marble, and covered on the summit with evergreens, as in the manner of a hanging garden, the whole surmounted by a bronze figure of Augustus. At the entrance were two Egyptian obelisks, fifty feet high, and all around was an extensive grove divided into walks and terraces.

We have not space to speak of the Forum Rominum, the Forum Julinum, the Theatre of Pompey of Apollo, the Theatre of Marcellus, the Pantheon, the Palace of Nero (entirely overlaid with jewels and mother-of-pearl), the Claudine Aqueduct, the Flavin Amphitheatre, the Coliseum, the Arch of Titus, the Villa of Hadrian, the baths of Caracala, nor the great Roman roads, straight as an arrow, paved like the streets of a city, divided by milstones, and having houses for travelers every five or six miles, affording them no uninterrupted communication from the Wall of Antonius through York, London, Sandwich, Boulogne, Rheims. Lyons, Milan, Rome, Brunsdusium; Dyrrachium, Byzantium, Ancyra, Tarsus, Antioch, Tyre, Jerusalem,—a distance of 3,480 miles.

Nor have we space to refer to Thebes in Egypt (which had a population of 2,000,000), and that noble palace with its ground columns, whose cornishes were inlaid with ivory mountings or sheathed with beaten gold—or Alexandria, whose port dues were $6,000,000, and library, in an age when books were rare, contained 700,000 volumes—nor to Capua, the second city of Italy—nor to Rhodes with its 300 statutes, and 106 collossi (one of them the seven wonders of the world, costing $3,000,000)—nor to Antioch, with a street four miles long, perfectly level, and a double row of colonnades through its whole length—nor to Athens, and the Parthenon, and the Theatre of Bacchus, the most beautiful in the world, which seated 30,000 people—nor to Syracuse, with its fortress one mile long by half a mile in breadth—nor Tyre, and Carthage, and Babylon and Bagdad, and Memphis, and Ephesus, and a hundred more.

—A country merchant who wanted two tailor's irons, several years ago, ordered them of a firm of hardware merchants in the city. He first wrote this order: "Please send me two tailor's gooses." Thinking this was not grammar, he destroyed it and wrote this one: "Please send me two tailor's geese." Upon reflection he destroyed this one also, for fear he should received two live geese. He thought over the matter till he was very much worried, and at last, in a moment of desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly posted: "Messrs. So-and-so: Please send me one tailor's goose; and, hang it, send me another.

Church Manners.

A lively letter pleasantly describes the woes and difficulties which attend strangers at one of the fashionable New York churches; and it must be confessed that the picture is one by no means confined to the limits of a single tabernacle, or the realm of a single autocratic sexton. Indeed, that hospitality to the wayfarer which Christianity would seem to enjoin its too often neglected, fashionable pharisees holding the way farer in but cold condescension, and Bumbledom being too much puffed with its own importance to provide seats gratefully for the unprovided. But in these days bishops no longer wear scandals and preach in the wilderness; the Christian flocks no longer meet in caverns, and trust to the kindly fruitfulness of the forests for their sustenance. The fashionable parson lives in a brown-stone front, the sexton is a power in the sanctuary, and the flocks, as they float down the aisles, rustle with silk and jingle with jewels. Bumble is apt to be as pompous and unobliging, as cooly oblivious to the presence of strangers, prone to select good seats for broadcloth and satin and bad seats for homespun and muslin, as sonorously uncivil in tone, and as supercilliously uncertain in temper, as his great prototype, the immortal parish beadle in "Oliver Twist."—Our own Boston churches may fairly claim, as a general thing, to be innocent of turning the inhospitable cold shoulder to the chance visitors; but even here the dominion of Bumble may sometimes be observed to be too absolute. The churches, above all, should be open to every comer. The truths preached from the pulpit ought to reach as far as they may; no suitor for the bread of religion should be offered a stone, or, what is almost as bad, the stony stare of a pompous sexton. Not so, surely, did the prophets and apostles of old. Neither is the sexton always the sole delinquent. The pillars of the church, the retired merchants and wealthy deacons, the queens of society and the great dames of fashion, are often too prone to consider their pews as precious preserves not to be encroached upon by foreign poachers. A more christian part would be to play the host, and to welcome the stranger in as an honored guest.

An English peer once used the arguments against disestablishment that, in America, where there was no State church, no free seats were provided in the churches for the poor. The statement was a gross and ignorant exaggeration, and the only approach to its justification is the want of hospitality in many of our churches. In this respect our Protestant societies might well take a leaf from the book of the English churchman. Bumble, to be sure, is there as well as here, in all the glory, too, of cocked hats and knee-breeches and imposing staves of office; but in England the stranger always finds a good seat set apart for him, where he may worship with his brethren in the faith. In the Catholic churches everywhere all comers have their equal privileges. The grand old cathedrials on the Continent present the spectacle of all classes and ranks mingling freely beneath their lofty domes and in their high-arched naves, in a democracy of worship; the noble and the peasant has each his cane-bottomed chair, and the peasant sits or kneels close by the noble's side. Much of the strength of the Roman Church has come from this sense of fraternity, democracy, and hospitality; this is a dogma of which even the most zealous Protestant need have no fears, and one which he might adopt to his own advantage and the good of his faith.—Boston Post.

—Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

—A women who tells fortunes from a teacup need not be a saucer-ess.

—The first exclamation of an American belle on entering the cathedral at Milan, was: "Oh, what a church to get married in."

—An ingenious mechanic has invented buttons which can be sewed on with a screw driver. Here's a benefactor to the race. Talk about the man who invented sleep. He's nowhere. No more in dreary solitude will the bachelor consume the midnight oil seeking in vain to accomplish needle work with bungling fingers. The screw driver will do it.