

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

From the Daily Chronicle, Tuesday.
This is the very best season to enjoy a trip to Cloud Cap Inn.

Cords of wheat were piled up on the Regulator wharf today for Portland.

Mr. Dexter will take a locomotive on this division during the busy wheat season.

Summer clothing and the shady sides of the streets were popular again today in The Dalles.

J. W. Koozts threatens to sue the city for potatoes lost by the sacks tearing out on protruding nails in the walks.

Mr. Jack Dexter of Vallejo is in The Dalles today on a visit to his father-in-law, County Clerk J. B. Crossen.

Mr. Hunt, the Court street photographer, has left us for Clatskanie, a stirring new town in Columbia county.

Messrs. Grant Mays, Fred Wallace and Lewis Porter, of Antelope, have been in the city for the past few days.

Farmer Wilkins, of Klickitat, called today to say that the free ferry at The Dalles this fall is very greatly appreciated.

The M. E. church was crowded this forenoon by sad sympathizing friends at the funeral of Mrs. Wenzler, daughter of Mr. Sylvester.

A party of ladies and gentlemen from the east are taking in The Dalles today under the pilotage of Capt. Haynes of Buffalo.

Yesterday ninety teams from Klickitat crossed the river to The Dalles, and up to 12 o'clock to-day forty had come in with wheat.

Mr. H. Herbring returned from New York yesterday, where he has been for some time past laying in a superb stock of fall and winter goods.

Gentlemen are never so vain as the ladies. Oh no! But keep an eye on the display of fall styles of Hats in John C. Hertz' show window, and you will see something.

A western editor met a well-educated farmer recently and said to him that he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$9.75 for it.

Rev. Mr. Wistler, late of the east, has been appointed by Bishop Walden to take charge of the First M. E. church of Dalles City. He will arrive in time for Sunday services.

Mr. Alloway announces that free transportation will be furnished by the Regulator on Tuesday next to the committee and the band going to meet the press convention at Cascade Locks.

Mount Hood has put on a new white mantle of snow the past few days, which reaches down the sides to a point below Cloud cap. Miss Annie Lang is there taking photographs of the grand scenery.

F. G. Lenz, around the world bicyclist, reached The Dalles last night, and proceeded on his way this morning. He has a very poor opinion of Oregon roads, having pushed his wheel 100 miles out of the 126 miles traversed through the sand belt.

The railway between Jerusalem and Saffa was passed over to the use of the general public last Wednesday. The terminus at Jerusalem is near the road to Bethlehem, half a mile from the city wall. The road crosses the valley of Hinnom and passes the pool of Bethesda.

The Athens Press reports fully one-half of the wheat crop of that section sold "at fair prices," considering the average run of grain, from 50 to 58 cents. Some very poor wheat, of which there is not a great deal, has been sold for as low as 48 cents per bushel.

The Herald says the long-wished for and much-appreciated rain came to Antelope last week, beginning on Sunday evening and lasting until Tuesday evening. Grass, stock and sheep have been much benefited by it and a smile rests on the countenance of the shepherds and stockmen in that section.

The recent decision of Justice Field affirming the right of the Northern Pacific company to decline to haul cars of the Union Pacific over its lines in Oregon and Washington, if sustained on a final hearing, will, the board declares, make the completion of the Puget sound a necessity.

The Oregon Lumbering company, which has recently come into possession of the Weidner and Ordway property at Chenoweth, have already put in one more large mill, and in the spring they will still further increase the capacity for lumber production by moving the fish and blind shops at Chenoweth landing.

Quite a lot of wheat is being hauled in but little is selling, as all who can are waiting for prices to rise. The market is dull. Buyers are not anxious to buy at prices the farmers demand, and as a consequence but very little is being sold. We understand that several large pools are being arranged among the farmers, which will no doubt cause more anxiety to buy. Buyers are holding back, but it will not be very long it is thought, before there will be a break.

Talking with Mr. C. P. Heald in the city today about Dr. Goucher's discovery, he says that observation teaches him that the moth lays its eggs almost anywhere, on the apple. He would like to have Dr. Goucher experiment with the worm pointed out by the sap sucker, and keep him to see what he will develop.

The scarcity of cars on the N. P. R. is caused by the heavy shipment of shingles from the sound country to the eastern states, all of the surplus cars on the Washington division having been taken for that purpose, at the very time they are needed the most for wheat. Thus far the Union Pacific has been able to supply its patrons with cars, but now that the new crop has begun to come in business is increasing so rapidly that it is also difficult to get empty cars on this line.

Commenting upon the advantages of the Inland Empire and referring to a recent article in THE CHRONICLE, the East Oregonian speaks of Mr. Chas. Cunningham, of Umatilla county, who has 21,000 head of sheep, 4,000 of which are thoroughbred bucks worth at least an average price of \$10 a head, while his other sheep cannot be bought for less than \$3 a head. Here is one man having \$91,000 invested in sheep alone, nor saying anything about land, of which he owns at least 11,000 acres. Mr. Cunningham came to Umatilla county twenty years ago without money or friends, and at first herded sheep.

What a merry old time of it they are having down in Venezuela. The entire list of generals is taking turns at being dictator. It is a risky job, but there is money in it if you know when to quit the game. Venezuela will furnish a target for the guns of our new cruisers if she isn't a little more careful. Uncle Sam is "fixed" to defend Americans wherever they may be and manifests a commendable disposition to do so. Life is too short to keep track of the dictators and revolutions in South American countries. But they all seem to deserve a thorough, international spanking at all events. John Bull will not be permitted to play his grab game when American soil is at stake. Uncle Sam and the Monroe doctrine must see to it that Venezuela is not despoiled of her Orinoco territory.

From the Daily Chronicle, Wednesday.

G. C. Nolin of Dufur, is in the city. Halo cases to report in the recorder's court these days.

B. S. Pague returned from the east Saturday crowned with new laurels.

Mrs. F. P. Mays and her two children are in the city from Portland.

Mr. T. H. Johnson of Dufur, is in the city on a flying business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Ahola and daughter Gussie of Goldendale, are in the city.

Isaac Davis of Wamic, is in the city today arranging to leave for Southern Oregon.

Jim Blakeley was out this forenoon with a search warrant, hunting for a Justice in the West End.

One wagon load of furniture from Printz & Nitschke's new store, stood up ten feet above the wagon bed today.

The rush of teams in the East End continues today, heavily laden with the golden grain of Wasco and Klickitat.

Mine Host Geo. Herbert of Hood River is in the city today. He says this is the season for enjoyment at Cloud Cap.

Messrs. Wm. Michell and C. J. Crandall left yesterday for Seattle to attend the Undertakers convention in that city.

Mrs. S. French and Mr. Frank French were passengers on the Regulator this morning for Portland, where Frank will enter the Portland University.

The Canadian Pacific railway officials at Vancouver, emphatically deny the statement from Yokohama concerning cholera on the Empress of India.

The crop of cereals is finding its way to the ship side rapidly en route to Europe. The U. P. R. send several big train loads through daily and nightly.

Weather forecasts for the next thirty-six hours at The Dalles are: Fair, followed by warm showers, and cooler weather. Winds shifting southerly and easterly.

A handsome window is presented by Pease & Mays today. The design is a lady draped in elegant dress goods, and shows some beautiful portier curtains, the work of Mr. Briggs.

The new palatial store room of Mr. A. Keller on Second street, is receiving the finishing strokes of the artist. It will be as fine a store as can be found in Portland according to the size of it.

A piece of money was picked up this afternoon about 1 o'clock in front of Leslie Butler's store. The owner can have it by describing the denomination of the piece, and paying for this advertisement.

When in these busy times, a man in The Dalles has to make sundry trips a day between the East End, the banks, the Regulator wharf, the telegraph offices, etc., a sigh goes up for an electric car system belting the city; for a telephone and a messenger service. Three things greatly needed now in this city, all of which might be combined at less expense than our horse feed and sole leather annually.

The committee on entertainment of the editorial visitors will perhaps issue a programme Saturday. Refreshments are to be served to the guests on board the Regulator at Cascade Locks, Tuesday, the 4th.

Hon. A. J. Dufur, the Oregon World's Fair Commissioner in 1876, passed through today from Dufur en route to Portland. The old gentleman is in pretty good health, and still has a fondness for work.

A brother of Mr. A. Keller, from Petaluma, who has been visiting in The Dalles with his family, left on the noon passenger today for New York. Mr. Keller says he will give him six months to make up his mind to come back to Oregon again.

Some rich gold bearing quartz has been recently found in the Blue Mountains, about forty miles from Pendleton. Within that distance of The Dalles there are numerous prospectors in the mountains with hopeful indication of some rich strikes.

F. J. Martin of McMinnville was in the city today and proceeded eastwards on the noon passenger. He is looking after his agricultural machine business in the Inland Empire, which has been quite extensive this year.

Judge Bradshaw returned last night from holding a term of the circuit court at Condon, but must be away again Monday to hold a term for Sherman county. He regrets this very much as he would like to be in the city next week at the annual session of the press association.

Agent T. A. Hudson of this city has been furnished with a copy of the quarantine tag attached to immigrants by the health officers when they are permitted to proceed after being washed and fumigated in New York. Mr. Hudson's vessels have never yet been called in question; but under present regulations the tags are required for all lines, in cases of emergency.

Mr. Lee Fairchild of Seattle, who is taking a lively part in the campaign work of Eastern Washington, is in The Dalles today. He hopes to find time to be with us at the press association meeting on Wednesday. Mr. Fairchild once rated as the funny man on the West Shore, but Ambrose Bierce denied him the right to the rating. This was because he "took a joke" from Col. Mitchell which Bierce could not possibly be made to understand without some explanation.

A good many people think the city council should have authority to assist the people financially in the matter of finances when contributions are asked for the public good. The whole city of The Dalles for instance is benefited pro rata by a meeting such as the Press Association next week. The man in Timbuctoo who may be owner of real property here gets benefits without any assessment, when collections are made to meet the bills, because he is not here to contribute. The council is the only place to apply for a just proportion of the costs, and it has no power to act.

Rev. A. J. Wigle and wife of Rowland passed through The Dalles today returning to their home from Dufur. They wish THE CHRONICLE to thank the residents of Dufur for the many acts of kindness and sympathy extended to them during their sojourn in the pleasant little town, and to say that they will ever feel grateful to those with whom they have become acquainted for making their stay as pleasant as circumstances would permit. Mr. and Mrs. Wigle were both under treatment by Dr. Vanderpool for cancer, notice of which was made sometime ago in THE CHRONICLE.

From the Daily Chronicle, Thursday.

Seed rye for sale at Mays' farm in Tygh valley. d&w

E. G. Bigbee of Wapinitia, is in the city today.

A. J. Brigham, of Dufur, was in the city yesterday.

Address "Duncan" this office. See advertisement.

Merchant Crofton and A. L. Bunnell, of Centerville, are in the city.

Mrs. A. B. Moore and family have moved in town for the winter.

Rev. R. W. McBride of Salem, passed through today for Warm Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Crowe left on the afternoon train yesterday for Portland.

There is a lot of work daily now on the Regulator wharf. Yesterday there was enough for 20 men to do.

The funeral of Frank Roach was largely attended this morning. The fire department was fully represented.

Mrs. E. J. Brown, Mrs. Nichols, of the Columbia, B. Wolfe and several others were passengers today by the Regulator.

On and after October 1st forecasts of the weather will be made by Mr. Pague for the Pacific northwest, from the Portland office.

A. W. Branner of Nansene, manager of the bona fide staging of the Inland-Empire, including some in California, is at The Umatilla.

Miss Anna Peter & Co. will open a fine display of trimmed goods Friday of this week and invites the ladies of the city and vicinity to call.

A. H. Boomer passed through the city yesterday noon from San Francisco, on the sad errand of attending the funeral of his son John at Boise City. He was accompanied by his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phelps of Collins Landing, arrived by steamer Regulator last evening on a visit to Mrs. Phelps' parents. After this week they will visit the Exposition at Portland.

Mr. Sharp has finished threshing at his home place, and is now at the same kind of work on the 5-Mile place. Grain turns out better than was expected.

Nancy Hanks, at Terra Haute yesterday, on a circle track, threw off 3 seconds from her record, making a mile in 2:04 flat. The event was witnessed by 6,000 people.

Man never saw finer trout than comes to The Dalles daily for Lauer, from Hood River. Large, fine, speckled beauties, fresh from mountain streams, that tempt the palate of an epicure.

The Dufur flouring mill has been awarded the contract for flour and feed for the Warm Springs Indian Agency for the coming year. It aggregates about \$2,500 net.

Tom Kelly's pacer will be home from Portland by the steamer Regulator tonight. Pacer has won a reputation in the consolidated city amongst horsemen, equal to any mile a minute horse that ever wore a circingle.

L. L. McCartney yesterday contributed a lot of the Rose of Peru grapes to the Portland exposition, which are certainly not surpassed by any grapes yet brought in. They grew in the city, on Thompson's addition, and for size and flavor cannot be beat.

Humidity today 60 per cent, with the dew point 60 per cent. Temperature 69° on a part cloudy sky, shows but little evaporation at midday. The forecast is fair, with threatening rain, stationary temperature, followed by cooler weather and changeable winds.

Jos. Southwell complains that the Celilo and Warm Springs Indians are a pest to him. They turn their ponies in to his meadows after dark and take them out before daylight, and destroy the feed for his own stock. There ought to be some recourse at law for redress of such trespassing.

The Sigol Mining company was organized in this city yesterday. They are putting prospectors in the Mount Adams district at once, with fine prospects for the future development of a rich mining region tributary to The Dalles. We are promised further particulars at no distant day.

BORN.

On 5-Mile, near this city, Sept. 27th, to the wife of Wm. W. Patterson, a son.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find guarantee printed on the bottle wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who would rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a guaranteed remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

FOR SALE.

Sixty well bred rams, one half of them thorough-bred Spanish Merino. Will sell cheap as we are going out of business. Inquire of Kerr & Buckley, Grass Valley, Sherman county, Oregon. 9-23-37w

Little Dot—Ma, may I take the baby out in my doll's carriage?

Mamma—Why, what for?
Little Dot—Susie Stuckup has a new doll 'at shuts its eyes an cries "Wah, wah!" I'm loth to bend the baby is a doll and let her hear him yell. Then I dess she'll stop puttin on airs.—Good News.

As regards color, gray horses live longest, roan horses nearly as long. Cream colored horses are deficient of staying power, especially in summer weather. Bays, on an average, are the best. Horses with black hoofs are stronger and tougher than others.—Rider and Driver.

A man customer in a Boston store would not purchase an electric belt because it did not have all those needles sticking out in every direction from it, such as pictured in the papers.—Pharmaceutical Era.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of John Mason, deceased, by order of the county court of Wasco county, Oregon, heretofore duly made and entered, will on Saturday, the 29th day of October, 1892, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, at the front door of the county court house in Dalles City, Wasco county, Oregon, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described real estate, belonging to the estate of said deceased, to-wit: The northwest quarter of Section Twelve (12) in township one (1) south of range fourteen (14) east of the Willamette meridian, in Wasco county, Oregon, containing one hundred and sixty acres of land, more or less.
Dated at The Dalles, Wasco county, Oregon, this 22d day of September, 1892.
Administrator of the estate of John Mason, deceased.
DUFUR & MENEFFEE,
Attorneys for said Estate. 9-29-92

HER FRIEND.

"Two in the Boston fast express a little maiden sat."
She occupied the seat alone; beside her lay her hat.
She clutched her dolly to her breast in childish mother play.
As if she feared some dreadful giant would snatch it right away.
"Are you alone, my little girl?" I asked as I stooped down.
"My mamma told me Dad was here!" she said with half a frown.
"She tossed me an' my dolly, and I dess I don't know you."
"But, dear," I answered, smiling, "tell me where you're going to."
She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled hair.
"I'm doin' on to Boston, an' my pop'll meet me there."
"But, dear," I questioned gently, "if the choo choo cars should stop,
"And you should walk, and walk, and walk,
"Then then not find your pop."
"What would you do?" The little maiden shook her head and frowned.
"My mamma says when pop is gone, that Dad is somewhere round."
The train rolled into Boston town. I waited there awhile
And watched my little blue eyes, with her half expectant smile.
"Dess waitin' for my pop," she said, "with dolly fast asleep."
And then a man came rushing in, I knew him by his top,
He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish gloze;
And then, with father's instinct, quick his eye was turned on me.
"Well, Boss," he asked, "who is your friend?"
With quaint, expressive nod
The maid replied: "I dess I know. I fink it mus' be Dad."
—Tom Masson in Brooklyn Life.

America's Paper Making Capacity.

The United States has a capacity for producing about 15,350,000 pounds of paper annually, not counting the idle mills, of which at present about seventy are reported, out of a total of 1,180. Of this enormous product some 3,735,000 pounds are used in printing newspapers and books, and 212,800 pounds more go to help bind the books printed. It is estimated that 498,000 pounds are consumed by the building trades; 3,176,000 pounds of wrapping paper are used and 590,000 pounds of writing papers. An important item is the production of nearly 1,600,000 pounds of press, straw and wood pulp "boards." The production of "artificial leather," fortunately for the purchasers of shoes, has been decreasing since 1884, when 129,000 pounds of this material were produced. The most rigid economy is practiced in paper making; hence the high degree of mechanical skill and executive ability connected with this industry as compared with the cost of the product.—New York Telegram.

Change of Fifty Years.

The tardy justice done to women in the passing of the women's property act in England and America was the direct outgrowth of the wages system. The fact that woman had no right in her earnings, inherited property, or even in her personal belongings, until recent years, took away all stimulus to active money making effort. Driven to it by the failure of husband or father to provide for her wants, she could not hold any possession from the grasp of the selfish, cruel, tyrannical or degraded male relative who possessed legal power over her. The change in these servile conditions has all occurred within the past fifty years, and it is marvelous.—Jenny June's—Thrown on Her Own Resources.

Catcher Flint's Wonderful Hands.

Charles Seymour, the newspaper man, used to tell a story about Catcher Flint. When the Chicago Ball club called on the president in Washington each member of course shook hands with the executive. When the president's hand was released by "Old Silver" the president was seen to quickly thrust it into the pocket of his coat. Then he felt about and looked at it with some surprise, remarking, "Oh, I beg pardon; I thought you had given me a handful of walnuts."—Chicago Post.

Three Small Trees.

Keampfer is quoted as describing a trio of trees he saw in a box 1 1/2 inches broad, 4 inches long and 3 inches deep, for which the owner asked the traveler the modest sum of \$500. The three denizens of the box were a bamboo, a monthly blooming plum tree and a blue leaved pine, all perfectly formed and seemingly enjoying their dwarfed existence.—St. Louis Republic.

Taking Her Down.

Little Dot—Ma, may I take the baby out in my doll's carriage?
Mamma—Why, what for?
Little Dot—Susie Stuckup has a new doll 'at shuts its eyes an cries "Wah, wah!" I'm loth to bend the baby is a doll and let her hear him yell. Then I dess she'll stop puttin on airs.—Good News.

Horse Sense.

As regards color, gray horses live longest, roan horses nearly as long. Cream colored horses are deficient of staying power, especially in summer weather. Bays, on an average, are the best. Horses with black hoofs are stronger and tougher than others.—Rider and Driver.

Wanted the Needles.

A man customer in a Boston store would not purchase an electric belt because it did not have all those needles sticking out in every direction from it, such as pictured in the papers.—Pharmaceutical Era.

The earliest coinage that can be called American was ordered by the Virginia company, and was minted in the Bermudas in 1613. But then, and for long afterward, the standard currency of Virginia was tobacco.

Conch shells, when ground, enter into the manufacture of porcelain. The rose colored pearls of the pink conch are very valuable, and have a beautiful wavy sheen like that of watered silk.

An English clergyman whose advertisement has more than once appeared in a London paper nets a nice sum annually by the sale of a special breed of puppies.

A HOME IN VENICE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IDEAL ABODE IN THE CITY OF CANALS.

A Venetian Palace, Its Treasures of Art and Personal Interest—A Few of the Many Ornaments, Pictures, Books and Bits of Rare Bric-a-Brac.

When some five and twenty years ago Sir Henry Layard resolved to make for himself, and for the treasures of art which he had gathered from the four winds of heaven, a home in Venice, he found, fortunately enough, that the Ca' (or Casa) Capello was just at the very abode for his disposal. It had been the abode for several years of an Englishman who had just died, and who had left Mr. Malcolm, then well known among the English residents and now their doyen, his executor. A friendship had long existed between Mr. Malcolm and Sir Henry Layard, born of similarity of taste, which has ripened with many years of neighborhood and intercourse.

It was thus that the Ca' Capello came into the hands of Sir Henry Layard, and from that day it has been his home. Hither in the intervals of his ministerial duties, his missions and his visits to his English kinsfolk, he has returned with ever growing zest and affection. Here he has surrounded himself with a fine library, a noble collection of pictures and bronzes, marbles and mosaics, tapestries, ancient furniture and bric-a-brac, relics of the past, the spoils of a long and varied career. Here, too, in the year 1869, he brought his wife, a daughter of the late Sir John Guest.

It is barely possible to reach the Ca' Capello on foot. You may cross the Rialto and bear toward the left through and across a series of tortuous and intricate canals, but the two handsome gondolas, reposing on the broad bosom of the canal at the door of Ca' Capello, which has every right to be called the front, suggest to the callers the only rational method of entrance. It has been said that the house is not one of the largest; its aspect, however, is undoubtedly one of the most attractive in the most beautiful highway in the world.

THE HOUSE.

The two sides of the house, one in the Rio di San Polo, the principal, with the porch on the Grand canal, give scope for a display of color which elsewhere might suggest garishness, but which in Venice, par excellence the city of many colors, is natural and pleasing. As your gondola reaches the broad flight of steps behind the tall green pail, you cannot fail to notice that every window sill bears its burden of flowers after our English fashion, and that the portico is a veritable floral bower, with a conservatory over it, in which, beside the greenery, an immense Venetian glass chandelier is a most striking object. It is a mass of vine with depending black grapes, great creeping convolvuluses, canariensis and white jessamine, all struggling for life apparently, with no inconsiderable degree of success, on the trellis work which supports them.

As is common in Italian private residences, what we ordinarily describe at home as the ground floor is given up to the servants and the domestic offices of the establishment. A broad staircase on the left of the entrance, on either side of which, fixed in the wall, is a fragment of sculpture from Nineveh, leads into a hall of noble proportions which divides the house itself into two unequal parts. Here some of the larger pieces of furniture, such as the cabinets, are to be found; and here, too, a pair of admirable three-quarter length portraits of Sir Henry and Lady Layard, painted in Madrid by Palmaroli, head of the Spanish academy at Rome, face each other. Another portrait of Sir Henry Layard challenges an even closer inspection—that, namely, by Ludwig Passini, which was shown in the exhibition of the Royal academy. Large reception rooms give out on either side of the hall, and, like it, all are floored with terrazzo, a material which to its great beauty adds the advantage of being absolutely unflammable.

TASTEFUL FURNISHINGS.

The dining room and the drawing rooms are filled, but not crowded, with beautiful works of art, including masterpieces of such painters as Gentile Bellini, Donatello, Sebastiano del Piombo and many other famous Italian masters. Nor are the exquisite and delightful productions of the furnaces and workrooms of Murano forgotten. Of the modern Venetian glass-blowing processes, Sir Henry is most indisputably the founder, and some of the most perfect specimens of this beautiful art are, as it is fitting, to be seen in his house, as well as some beautiful inlay work, and the admirable woodwork by Biraghi, who executed the famous double staircase at Canford, under Sir Henry's directions.

Sir Henry's own sanctum is on the upper floor of the Casa. Here are records and memorials of a more personal kind than were noticed in the lower reception room, and among them the Englishman does not fail to notice the framed certificate on illuminated vellum, headed "Challis, Mayor," which sets forth the bestowal of the honorary freedom of the city of London upon Anstey Henry Layard. Here, too, are some noble bronze figures, portfolios, huge volumes bound in vellum and gold, and a host of books—nearly all, it may be remarked, of quite modern literature—together with the latest periodicals. It is characteristic of Sir Henry Layard's wide and comprehensive intellect that, identified as he is in the popular imagination with the history of the remotest past of which we have any knowledge, there is no living man more completely within the slang of the day calls "up to date."

—London World.

The Carthaginians were the first to introduce a stamped leather currency. Leather coins with a silver nail driven through the center were issued in France by King John the Good in 1306.