My God, on seas of storm and calm, I pass the ocean o'er, And sing to Thee my thankful psalm, Each evening nearer shore.

I have an everlasting home, Or be it near or far, My Lord is mine what'er may come; He is my polar star.

A voyager o'er the restless sea. I pass to ports divine; I know bright shores are waiting me, Beyond the horizon line.

I know, for in the calm of prayer I've seen the fair skies glow, And felt through life's reluctant ais Immortal breezes blow.

And often as my spirit sings, As calms succeed the gales, Fair birds, with sunshine on their wings, Drift past the restful sails.

Where'er the sail may fall or rise, Whate'er the sky above, I'm nearer to the paradise And fountains of Thy love.

Thine is the storm, Thine is the calm. Wherever I may be; And nothing shall my soul alarm Upon the silent sea.

DIAMONDS IN THE GUTTER.

A little girl sat on a doorstep, watching the rain-drops as they splashed in the puddles, stopping to count them in her misery, for she had nothing to do, nothing to think of, and nothing to hope

Her clothes were shabby, her arms were scarcely more than skin and bone and her large wistful eyes seemed big enough to swallow up the rest of her face. Poverty was stamped on every childish feature, and their beauty had been driven away by that harsh flend,

starvation. The door behind her opened, and a watery pavement, stepping into every puddle he came across, as if he were in

too great a rage to see them. Lottie Smith watched them and said to herself:

"My! how be'll spoil his shoe leather!" Then he passed out of sight, and she and very ill. drew her tattered shawl round her with grown darker and colder than it was

before. Presently a window behind her opened, and something flashed down like a falling star on to the pavement.

In an instant Lottie jumped up and secured the prize, holding it up to the light of the lamp-post in her dirty fin-

It was a diamond ring. She had never seen such a thing in her life, and she thought the beautiful jewel flashing radiantly in the gas-light was a star fallen from its place in the

"Poor 'ickle 'tar," she said, wiping it with the corner of her shawl, "me can't take 'ou back just yet, but me goin' afore long, doctor says, and then me take 'ou with me."

Holding it tight in her little bony finone dirty street after another; but there lady, dear." because of the star in her hand.

Another gentleman came to the doorstep on which she had been sitting, and being admitted after a resounding ping the spoon in her agitation. knock, made his way unannounced to

the drawing-room. "Sir Felix has been here again, Marion," he said angrily. "Don't deny it, for he told me so himself."

"I shan't deny it, because it is true," and Marion Dearsley rose slowly from the sofa. "If you wish me to say 'Not at home' to every man but yourself, I must tell you that I can't do it." "Do you ever do anything to please

me?" in bitter resentment. "Yes but I sha'nt for the future, now that I know-" "You know what?" looking at her in

'That the flowers I give you are passed on to some one else. Whoever told you that tells a gross

"He is quite as truthful, I fancy, as Mr. Harold Battiscombe." "Where's my ring?" his eyes sudden-

ly falling on her left hand. 'Ah, where?" her cheeks flushing. "I suppose the next will be given to

Laura Dickson?" "Time to talk about the next when I've found out about the first," his brows drawing together. "Marion tell

me the truth. Have you, or have you not, given the ring to Whittaker?" "I am not in the habit of making presents to gentlemen."

"No evasions, if you please. You had the ring on your finger when Sir Felix was here? "Certainly, and he had the good taste to say I liked you the best because you | did?

could give me such jolly diamonds.' "And you can encourage such a snob as that!" "I don't encourage him," drawing

up her long neck. 'Then where is the ring?"

She laughed uneasily and looked toward the window. "I was desperately angry, because I had just heard of the roses." "There was nothing to hear," he in-

terrupted hastily. "But I'll tell you all about it, only it would not interest you "Why not now?" in vague alarm. "Because if you give away my ring,

it is a sign that you want to get rid of the giver," his face set and stern. "Good-bye, Marion; I'll never bother you again," taking up his hat. "Wait a moment. I-I threw it out

of the window. " A contemptuous smile curled his

generally thrown in a gutter!" 'If you won't believe me go," and

come back. As soon as she had grown a little calm-er, she sent out some servants to look were stopped by the raising of the cur-your purse-

for the ring, but no traces of it was to tain. The opera was nearly over, and be seen, although in consequence of the the coveted opportunity was slipping badness of the weather, the policeman away. If she let him go, perhaps they averred that no one had passed by for | might never meet again.

the last half hour. Not long after this, Miss Dearsley was engaged to act in some tableau vivants at the house of a Mrs. Mackenzie. In one scene Harold Battiscombe had to kneel at her feet as an ardent lover, with her left hand pressed to his lips, whilst she turned away in apparent agitation. The agitation was not felgned, for when she felt her hand once more in his, and saw by the expression in his face that he had neither forgiven nor forgotten, she trembled so violently

that she nearly spoiled her part. If the ring had only been in its place she fancied that he would have come back to her. A sickening feeling of from him. His eyes traveled from the despair crept over her, the lights seem radiant diamond to her agitated face. ed to be going out, as she fell forward

into his arms. When she opened her eyes again, she found herself on the sofa in a little boudoir, and he was kneeling by her side with a scent bottle in his hand.

"Better?" he said anxiously. "Yes," with a sigh of pleasure, for it was joy to have him waiting on her

Then he looked at her beautiful face with longing eyes, and whispered:

"Darling where is my ring?" She shook her near sadly, and he at once rose to his feet. When she looked up, his place was filled by Sir Felix. Winter passed into summer, and still

Harold Battiscombe avoided Marion's home as if its inmates had got the Tired of going to balls, when her fa-

vorite partner was never there, Marion Dearsley turned her thoughts to more serious things, and being exceedingly unhappy herself, for the first time in her life, began to think of those who had never known what happiness was. man came out, nearly stumbled over her, and gave her a curse instead of an Park was crowded with fashionable apology; then he went his way down the throngs, and flowers in balcony and square were striving to fill the misty air with their fragrance, Marion Dearsley knocked at the door of a miserablelooking house in a squalid street, and asked if it was true that a little girl, named Lottie Smith, was living there,

"Walk in, mum," said a haggarda shiver, for the street seemed to have looking woman with tired eyes; "she's getting past everything but groaning and coughing, and that she do pretty nigh all the day."

A few minutes later, Marion was bending over a miserable pallet-bed, on which a shrunken form was lying, and feeding the thirsty lips with spoonfuls of orange-jelly.

The child's wistful eyes looked up into the pretty face, which had grown so pale and sad during the last few months, and whispered boarsely:

"Me goin' to take 'ittle 'tar with me. "What does she say?" looking round at the mother.

"Bless her heart!" wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron; "she's a dyin', and she's glad to go; and she's got summat under her pillow which she always says she must take with her. A penny thing, I fancy, she must 'ha got gers, she dragged her tired feet down from one of the chil'en. Show it to the

Lottle put her hand under the old small, hope had risen up in the darkness sack of straw which did duty for a pi - properly go by the name of the buildlow, and brought forth her treasure with glistening eyes.

"My ring!" exclaimed Marion, drop-"Your ring, ma'am? My goodness, Lottie, think of your stealing the lady's

"She did not steal it, she found it on the road," said Marion kindly, as she saw large tears rolling one after the other down the wasted cheeks.

"My 'ickle 'tarl" with a plaintive moan. "She thought it was one of the stars, and she was goin' to take it back."

"Oh Lottie dear, the stars never come down to us; we may go to them, but they will never come to us," said Marion sadly. This is nothing but a bit of gold and a jewel, nothing to do with heaven. I dropped it out of the window one day, and I wanted so much to get it back. Will you let me have it, falsehood!" and his dark eyes flashed and I'll send you something so nice

"Yes; me thought it was a 'tar-no care now," the dark eyes glistening through their tears—the tears of a lost

Day after day Marion brought sunshine and happiness to that miserable home. Mrs. Smith was supplied with constant needlework, and dainties of every description found their way to the sick child. The falling star brought a blessing with it, and neglected health revived under tender care. Softly tinted roses came back to Lottie's cheeks. but Marion grew whiter as the summer advanced. It was against her pride to write to Harold Battiscombe, and tell him that the ring was found, but how he would ever found it out unless she

Laura Dickson came to call, and said that Mr. Bittiscombe was one of the nicest fellows she had ever seen. "Now fancy what he did last winter. I met him with some lovely roses in his hand, and without thinking, I said how I wished I had some like them to wear that night, as I was in slight mourning and could not wear a color. I guessed where they came from, for he said he could not give them away-not that I should have taken them, my dear. But just after dinner I received a lovely bunch from Covent Garden. Now

wasn't that nice of him?" "Very nice," murmured Marion, feeling that her heart would break, for it was on account of the story Sir Felix had told her about those roses that she flung her ring out of the window in a sudden passion. Oh, what a fool she had been!

"Sir Felix came the next day and made her an offer, which she declined with "A likely story; diamonds are not thanks, and the baronet went away in the worst of tempers.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Mackenshe pointed to the door, but directly it | zie took Marion to the opera. By her had closed behind him, she threw her- side there was a stall which remained self down on the sofa, and burst into a empty till the end of the first act, when passion of tears. "Oh, Harold, Harold, a gentleman made his way to it, and sat down without looking around. Her But the days passed on and Harold heart stood still, for one glance out of never back, and the pride which separa- the corner of her eye told her that it ted each from the other, seemed to raise was Harold. They exchanged bows as an impassible barrier between them. if they had been distant acquaintances

Suddenly she began to unbutton her long glove, and she felt that Harold's Great, where the following incident oceyes were immediately fixed upon her. "Why are you taking off your glove?" asked Mrs. Mackensie in surprise; we

are just going.' "I know-I know," said Marion hurriedly, as she tugged away at a refrac-

tory thumb. "Come along, or we shall lose the Marion rose fastening her cloak round

her neck, and let the glove fall as if by accident. Harold stooped to pick it up, and she stretched out her left hand to take it

"May I come to-morrow" he whisper-She gave him a nod and a smile, and

quickly followed her friends, whilst he came after and put her in the carriage, eeling as if he were in a dream. "But why did you ever do it?" looking down with puzzled eyes at her blush-

ing face. "Because Sir Felix told me that you had given my roses to Laura Dickson! "It was false! But the idea of being ealous of poor plain; Laura!"

"You were jealous of Sir Felix, in spite of his ugly red beard." "But I thought you liked him." "And I thought you liked her."
"But you didn't?"

"But you di 'n't?" she echoed wiih a

And the next moment his arm was around her waist, and their lips met. Lettie Smith has learned by this time that falling stars don't come to the earth; but all the pleasures of her life she dates from the day when a diamond flashed in the gutter.

the Curiosities of Burning.

There are many curiosities of burning, of extraordinary rapidity of combustion, which would be worth detailing we had the space. Bad building is the cause of most, for bad building means rapid destruction by fire. The party wall in the majority of old houses built in a row, and in many new, does not reach to the roof, as it should, and the space between creates a channelalmost a blow pipe-for the spread of t he fire to the next, which is verd dfli-cult to deal with. It is a danger provided against by legislation, (for it is known that a nine-inch brick wall will resist fire as long as it stands), but often through carelessness it is overlooked. In France, under the Code Napoleon, the building of a proper party wall has been very strictly enforced, and even in the terrible days of the Commune there was no instance of fire spreading from one house to the other. A building with a large frontage of windows-a large shop, for instance, with showrooms on each floor-is one of the most dangerous with which the brigade have to cope. The glass soon cracks and fails out, the air rushes in, and the whole soon becomes one blast furnace. Perhaps the most dangerous of all are those lofty establishments of flats which very er's or proprietor's folly. There is no one spot in them free from or unlikely to catch fire, for they are collections of private houses as it were, and every part of a private house is equally vulnerable, and from their great height there are neither ladders long .enough nor water-jets powerful enough to reach the top stories.

The Tree of Images.

Far away in the dreary land of Ambo, a part of Thibet, is a green valley, in which, in a Tartar tent, was born a wonderful boy named Tsong-Kaba, From his birth he had a long, white beard, and flowing hair, and could speak perfectly his native tongue. His a few kindly inquiries regarding his manners were majestic, and his words mother's circumstances, assured him of were few but full of wisdom. When his entire sympathy, and promised that he was three years old, he resolved to from that day it would be his endeavor to cut off his hair and live a solitary life. promote the interests and pave the way So his mother shaved his head, and to a vancement of such a faithful, lovthrew his long, flowing locks upon the ing son ground outside their tent door. From his hair sprang the wonderful tree.

Tsong-Kaba lived many years, did ountless good deeds, and at last died. But the tree which had grown from his skillful general he served his beloved hair lived on, and they called it the king faithfully and well even to old age. "tree of the ten thousand images," and at last accounts it was still alive and much care was taken of it. The people built high walls of brick around it, and an emperor of China sheltered it

beneath a silver dyme. Two French missionaries saw this tree some years ago, and they say that it seemed then to be very old. It was not more than eight feet high; but three men with out-stretched arms could scarcely reach around its trunk. The branches were very bushy, and spread out just like plumes of feathers. The leaves are always green, and the wood, which was of a reddish tint, had an odor like that of cinnamon. The bark of the tree was marked with many well guage; alphabetic characters also appeared in a green color, on every leaf, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf

He Broke 'em Up.

In a corner of Windham county there lived some years ago a man of considerable wealth. He knew he was near his death, and sent for a lawyer to make his will. His wife and daughter were present, and greedily watched the proceedings. After most generously providing for them the sick man directed the lawyer to designate \$500 to his aged sister, who was needy. The wife remonstrated angrily. Quietly the sick man said: "Make it \$1,000 for my sister." Another protest from the vultures. 'Make it \$1,500, 'Squire,' coolly said the legator. "You shall not," shouted the sweet-souled females. "Make it the legator. the sweet-souled females. \$2,000 serenely, and here the selfish fools concluded it was policy to hold their tongues. The lawyer has kept the secret for years, but somehow it has leaked out.

Ere your fancy you consult, consult

Frederick the Great.

It is related of an illustrious Russian general, that when a boy he lived for some time at the court of Frederick the

curred : mother had many a hard struggle to two others to keep him from falling, as called the divine tree and a temple has support herself. This fact was well he reeled and staggered at every step. known to her son, whose greatest ambi- I asked the foreman what they were ple believe that a spirit lives in or near tion at this time was to be able to pro- going to do with him. Oh! he will the tree and should be worshiped from

for that purpose out of his small allow- quaintance said he bought a saddle a present divinity. but assiduously set himself to watch his became unmanageable, would buck, from Peking, there are some iron bars opportunity. ance. He did not despair, however,

one of the pages should sit up all night. in a room adjoining the king's sleeping apartment, to be ready at any moment to obey a summons, should the king re-

quire his service. Fritz discovered that to some of the and disagreeable, and that to provide a except that one foot and pastern had substitute they would gladly give a cer- rendered him useless-only a plug now tain sum of money. Fritz offered to but his eyes were as clear and bright take upon himself, the night-watch for as at 2 years old, and he still carried his any one who might be willing to pay head as high as the proudest of thorhim rather than accept the duty when

their turn came round. The offer was acceded to by several, and the money thus earned was regularly sent by Fritz to his mother.

and determined at last to call the page much intelligence and strength—while the numberless spirits that people earth in attendance to read aloud to him. He a third stood before him with a short- and air. The subordinate heavenly called; but there was no response. At dandled ten-pound hammer, who, with powers were the seasons, the sun, moon, length he rose and walked into the an- a swift overhand stroke, struck so dead- stars, cold and heat, floods and drought. te-chamber, to look if there really was ly sure that the high royal head struck | The earthly powers were the gods of the no page on duty.

at his post, but sound asleep. Slipping quietly forward to the table at which the boy was sitting; the king's eyes fell ting to his mother when overpowered by sleep. The king read the following struggle to live makes all beings strive kneeling, praying and offerings.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED MOTHER: This is the third night that I have taken watch-duty for a comrade. I can scarcely hold out any longer; but I re-joice greatly that I have again earned ten thalers for you, which I send in this

With a heart deeply touched by this proof of tender filial affection, the king went softly back to his room, took out two rolls of ducats from a drawer, and returned to the sleeping page, into whose side pockets he gently slid the rolis of money. Then betaking himself again to bed, the king considerately left

exhausted nature to restore itself. Fritz at last awoke with a start, to find that he must have slept for several hours; and, when finding his pockets heavy, he thrust his hands in and pulled out the precious rolls of money, he con-

jectured at once what had happened. Fear made him tremble, for it was a heinous offence to be caught asleep at shame he experienced, he could not but ception-one-half the head is left on ing of girls for men whom the brothers rejoice, for now he had ample means to each fore-quarter. assist his mother for a long time to come; and he hoped that the king, who, in the goodness of his heart, had put the neck of the grey first mentioned, ducats into his pockets, would pardon showed an abundance of fat; the fellow courtesy of these men—their "company his grievous fault.

In the morning he seized the very first knowledge the dereliction of duty of head, and, with a twist and a rub up hood! They so seldom see the best of which he had been guilty, and humbly and down, his hair was oiled to perfect the men they know the best. How

beg for pardon benevolent countenance was enough, for there he read not only forgiveness but approval; the kind eyes bent upon him melted him to tenderness, and it was with a faltering voice he now gave expression to his heartfelt gratitude and thanks for the munificent gift his ma-

jesty had bestowed on him. The king did not attempt to conceal the high admiration he felt for the filial lose which had prompted Fritz to such noble, self-denying exertions. He made and the like.

And Frederick the Great was as good as his word. Step by step, as years rolled on, Fritz rose from one position of honor to another, and as a brave and

Horse Flesh for Food.

About a mile outside the fortifications fourscore of horses on hand, one would among their many customs and peculiar institutions that they appear to be but three times-first in 1825, again in formed symbols in the Thibetan lan- a little ashamed of; as they never speak 1831, and the third time in 1847. of the "Abattoir des chevaux de l'alimentation," the sign that is printed in large letters on the side of the red-tileroofed slaughter house of Pantin. From the answers received to many inquiries as to where this establishment was located it appears that but few Parisians know anything about it, and, like all other disagreeable things, they robably think the less said about it the better. One thing is certain, that if many French people who occasionally eat the filet of horses and declare it to be delicious were to visit the abattoir they would never eat any more. With now and then an exception, the

orses killed are all about alike, all 'crips," blind, maimed, battered, bruised, and scarred with a lifetime of hard service, hoofs worn out, joints weakened, swellen and out of shape pulling heavy loads over slippery streets on smooth shoes—faithful brutes, workcreatures confided to their care-a horse hospital, asylum for the blind and

food for the Lord only knows who, and the less one thinks about it the better. The foreman told me they pay 30 francs apiece for such as the poorest in ligion in the Celestial empire states that the stable or that stood in the court- near Pekin, a few miles from the walls, yard on the outside-a poor brute of on the east, is an enormous tree which that kind I followed from the end of fell more than two centuries ago and the tramway as they led him between which has been there ever since. It is vide comforts for her by his own exertions.

The price paid for what I judged to size of the tree is the result of the To his sorrow, he soon found that it be an average one was 60 francs and spirit's energy. It is believed that it was quite impossible to save any money for the best 100 francs. An ac- could not have grown so large without age about twenty-two per day, or 8,000

a year. The first we saw killed was the only decent one of the lot-a large Percheron some dapples on his broad hips; he was oughbreds as he unhesitatingly followed worship, were either individual spirits his butchers on to the floor where he or parts of nature. The ruling powers must die. One placed a leather blind before his eyes, another drew his long, thick, curly foretop back from his broad forehead-a forehead that showed the floor before his body. Life was mountains and rivers, and the last here he found a page, indeed, sitting long in him and he died hard, but two named are the spirits still remaining. or three more blowsended his struggles. Nothing is said of human spirits; though It seemed almost like murder. We confess a feeling of pity for these poor crea- the ancestral temples. But the wortures-man's best friend-but here, in a ship in this instance, consisted only of there is no time nor place for feelings

of sentiment. The next was one not crippled but snow; his ears bent forward as he besiand did not move fast enough, but willing hands with clubs from behind forced him forward, stumbling into and the reach of his tormentors.

quarters, the fore-legs are cut off at the lives. knee, but so as not to allow of any de-

his cap, and, holding it between his them agreeable to women? One hurried glance at his monarch's through his hair he spat on his steel and take that outside veneer of a courtesy

ed with his work. The wholesale price at the abattoir of which shall be a benediction to all varies with the condition of the meat their future lives? Brothers, if you from 4 cents per pound up, and it is dis- would have your sisters love worthily tributed about the city in wagons with let them at least be accustomed to gen-the French for "horse beef," "Viande the manners, that when they see them de chevaline," printed on the sides, and in strangers they may not be so dazzled is sold by the retail dealers for from 20 cents per pound for the fillet down to 6 ing a true man from a sham. cents for the poorest parts, soup bones

An Old Watch.

David Minthorn, of Pamelin, N. Y., is the owner of a watch which was made by Thomas Linford of London. in 1626, and which, according to the records of the Minthorn family, has the following history: It was presented by George III to Sir William Johnson when he left England to take charge of his Majesty's affairs in the colony of New York. Sir William presented it to Joseph Brant, the famous Indian chief, with the remark that it was "surely worth at least forty rebel scalps. When Brant had his headquarters in the in the little old suburban village of Schoharie valley the watch was taken Pantin is located the abattoir, where from him, with other booty, by Evart the horses that are eaten in Paris are Van Epps of Fultonville, who was a slaughtered, and, judging from the paymaster in the Continental army. Van Epps was afterward taken prisonthink that everything in and about the er by Brant, and the chief recovered the city in the horse line that did not die watch. The grandfather of the present suddenly while in harness was sent owner of the watch became a warm there to be killed for food. Eating friend of Brant's in Canada after the horse beef is about the only thing that war, and Brant made him a present of the better class of French do not care the timepiece. It has been in the Minto talk about, and about the only thing thorn family ever since. It has always kept good time, and has been repaired

Chicory Root.

This root used in adulerating coffee, resembles a parsnip. The stem grows to a height of two feet, and appears much like an overgrown dandelion. The older white roots are selected, and, after being dried, are roasted over a coke fire and ground into a very fine brown powder. The root is grown extensively in Belgium, Holland and France, and is shipped in large quanti-ties to all parts of the world.

An Expensive Luxury.

Intoxication seems to be a specially expensive luxury in Madagascar. An English newspaper states that the Madagascar Government imposes on ed until they could no longer earn their any person found drunk in the district daily rations, and then sent here-if of Imerina a fine of seven oxen and sick at the time—to remain in the care seven dollars; and the introduction of of men who are bigger brutes than the any quantity of rum into the district is punishable with a fine of five oxen and five dollars-sums of course, made much aged, and fattening establishment at larger relatively through the poverty of the same time, and then to furnish the people.

Fetichism in China.

A recent writer on the subject of re-

horse for which he paid \$300, but he At Hanton, five or six days south At length an idea flashed through his mind. It was a recognized custom that francs. They slaughtered on an avered to for rain. They are placed in one temple after another and prayers are offered to them till the showers fall. The bars are reverently escorted back to Hanton and placed in the well tifl they stallion, not so old but there were still are again needed. In such a case the Chinese believe that there is a powerful pages this duty was both burdensome to all appearance, healthy and all right, spirit or genius in the well and in the bars and that this spirit accompanies the bars to Peking and back again.

This is Chinese contemporary fetichism, but in the ancient books there is no trace of fetichism. The objects of of the universe, from the highest to the lowest, were divided into four great classes-God, the subordinate heavenly powers, the higher earthly powers, and these were worshiped then, as now, in

Be courteous! Young men seldom blind, so old that he was as white as realize how happy they can make their sisters by small acts of courtesy. How tated in the, to him, eternal darkness, many brothers offer to their sisters the little attentions which they instinctively offer to other girls or women? Nay how many are there who do not feel across the drain against the slaughter- themselves justified in venting upon house door, where he stood trembling their sisters the irritated feelings which with fear and shivering with pain. One they have felt obliged to conceal in blow from the sledge put him beyond their intercourse with the world? A brother who would not wrong his sis-A hole is cut in the skin on the inside ter of the very least of her rights will of the thigh, the length of the steel that yet inflict upon her the grave and the butcher carried was run forward almost irreparable wrong of rudeness between the skin and body, the nozzle -a wrong as irreparable as it is dasof a bellows inserted, and after about tardly. For rudeness hurts-hurts as five minutes of pumping the skin was as grievously and lastingly; and what tight as a drum—the skinning is nec- man is worthy of the name that hurts essarily slow-like skinning a hog or a a woman? Brothers do not realize beaver, as the hide sticks close. The how far a want of courteous conduct whole legs and hoof are left on the hind at home may go to wreck their sisters'

They wonder at the unaccountable likknow to be unworthy-men whose put his knife in his scabbard; jerked off | manners," if you please-which makes Women knees, parted the neck, inserted his so seldom have a high standard of mantion, and then rubbing the oil well should they not be deceived and misknife before sharpening it, and proceed- which makes pleasant the present hour for that inward truth of character as to become incapable of distinguish-

A Growing Industry.

The slate industry of Northampton County, Pa. continues to increase, and is attracting the attention of capitalists in several States. New quarries are being opened every week, and the formation of new companies is frequently spoken Among the latest capitalist to enof. gage in the industry is J. Bradford Prince, Chief Justice of New Mexico under President Arthur, who has accepted the Presidency of a new company to be known as the Bangor Slate Mining Company on property adjoining the Old Bangor Slate Company at Ban-Operations on the new quarry

will be commenced next month. All the quarries in the county are now being worked to their fullest capacity, and give employment to several thousand men, many of whom earn good wages, The opening of the quarries has greatly increased the price of real estate in the slate region, and properties that were then sold for a trifle, because their value as slate lands was not known, are now being held at high figures. Three years ago fifteen acres of unseated land in Plainfield township were sold for taxes by the County Treasurer to three Eastonians for \$45. A few weeks ago the purchasers sold the same for \$3,000. A good vein of slate was found on the land, and a quarry will be opened before July 1. Slate manufacturers speak favorably of the future, and believe the time is fast approaching when their industry will lead all others in Northampton county.

A Big Horse.

One of the largest horses in New Jersey was recently shipped from NewYork City to a Trenton beer agent, by whom it will be used as a lead horse. The animal is 18# hands high and weighs over 1900 pounds. There was no car convenient it is said large enough to transport him and only one boat; a side wheeler that plies between New York and New Brunswick, could ascomodate him. The beast was brought to New Brunswick on that vessel. colored man was then hired to walk him to Trenton.

"As a rule we only practice virtues that pay.

This world belongs to the energetic. So said Emerson.

Those are the most honorable who are the most useful.