### What I Live For.

[Dr. Guthrie used to say that there was nore religion, good sense and poetry in the b'lowing toan in all similar efforts he had

I live for those who love me, For those I know are true; For the heaven that smiles above me And awaits my spirit too; For all human ties that bind me, For the task my God assigned me, For the bright hopes left behind me, And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story, Who've suffered for my sake To emulate their glory, And follow in their wake; Bards, martyrs, patroits, sages, The nobles of all ages. Whose deeds crown history's pages And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season By gifted minds untold, When men shall live by reason And not alone for gold, When man to man united, And every wrong thing righted The whole world shall be lighted

I love to hold communion With all that is divine, To feel that there is union T'wixt nature's beart and mine: To profit by affliction, Reap truth from fields of fiction, Grow wiser from conviction-Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me, For those that know me true, For the heaven that smiles above me And waits my spirit to; For the wrongs that need resistance, For the cause that needs assistance, For the future in the distance And the good that I can do

## THE QUAKER DETECTIVE.

We were five passengers in all-two ladies on the back seat, and a middle aged gentleman and a Quaker on the middle, and myself on the front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and riece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which make it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, toward whom in his zeal to do, he rather overdid, the agreeable-bowing and chattering over his shoulder in a very painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a "crick" in the tick. He was evidently a gay Lothario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his sect, and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing, to simply "yeas and "nays." As for myself I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker-

on and listen.

Toward evening I was aroused from one of those reveries into which s young man, without being a poet or a lover, will sometimes fall, by an abrupt query from the talkative gentleman:

"Are you armed, sir."
"I am not," I answered, astonished no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied " for before reaching our next stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed.

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them. "Not that I think there is the slight est danger at present," he resumed; only when one is responsible for the safety of the ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol in reach would ma terially add to one's confidence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "I presume are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons?

" was the

their victims?" the elderly lady nervously inquired.

Or have they contented themselves with-with-plundering them?" added the younger, in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable entleman hastened to give assurance; and we are none of us prepared to offer esistance in case of at'ack, so nothing worse than robbery can possibly befall

Then, after blaming his thoughtless. ss in having unconsciously introduced disagreeable subject, the gentleman uite excelled himself in efforts to raise he spirits of the company, and had sucded so well by the time night had et in that all had quite forgotten or renbered their fears to laugh at them. Our genial companion fairly talked imself hoarse; perceiving which he ook from his pocket a box of newly-

nvented "cough candy," and, after sing it to the ladies, he helped himelf to the balance and tossed the paper at of the window. He was in the midst of a high en-

mium on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, pended on its being taken by suction en a shrill whistle was heard, and lmost immediately the coach stopped, while two faces, hideously blackened, esented themselves one at each win

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man in the right, acknowledging with a bow wo ladylike screams from the back sat; "but 'business is business,' and

"Ot course, gentlemen, you will spare as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feeling of these ladies," appealed the polite passenger, in his blandest manner.

"Oh! certainly; they shall be first attended to, and shall not be required to ave th eir places, unless their conduct renders it necessary."

'And now, ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol glittering in the light of the coach lamp, "be so good as to pass your purses, watches and such other trinkets as may be accessible without too much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely, and were not further molested.

One by one the rest got out. The middle-aged gentleman's turn came first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a very Chesterfield.

My own affairs, like the sum I lost are scarely worth mentioning.

The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocketbook an watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables said "Nay."

A Quaker's word is good, even among thieves; so, after a hasty "good-night," the robber thrust his pistol into his pocket, and with his two companions, one of whom had held the reins of the leaders, was about departing.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone more of command than of request. "Stop! What for?" returned the other, in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of derringers, cocked and presented.

"Help!" shouted the robber. "Stop!" the Quaker exclaimed; " and if any of thy sinful companions advance a step to thy relief, the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

The robber at the opposite window and the one at the leaders heads thought it a good time to leave.

"Now, get in friend," said the Quaker, still covering his man, "take the middle seat; but first deliver up the pistol." The other hesitated.

"Thee had better not delay. I feel the spirit begin to move my right forefinger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place at his side, giving the new-comer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was frightened half out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was espe-cially facetious on the Quaker's prowess. "You're a rum Quaker, you are. Why, you don't quake worth a cent."

"I am not a 'Shaking Quaker,' if that's what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory,' or rather the 'Old Hickory,' stripe, I should say," retorted the lively man. But the Quaker re-lapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation flagged.

Sooner than we expected, the coach, stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects until we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat diffi-

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an aproach of abruptness, and laying his and on the other's arm. "Business before pleasure, and, for business there is no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand in a friendly way on the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found.

"He must have got rid of them in the "Have the villians murdered any of coach," the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go and

> "Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale and struggled to elease his arm. In an instant one of the derringers was leveled at his heat. "Stir a hand or a foot, and you are a

The Quaker must have been awfully excited, so completely to forget both the language and principles of his persua-

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on the Lothario. from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the amazement of the two ladies, who had begun in no measured terms to remonstrate against the shame ul treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middleaged friend-who didn't look near so middle-aged when his wig was off-was the chief. The robbery had been most adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our eless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out

make off with it at the next stoppingplace. The result was that both, for s season, did the State some service

## Sapphire Hunting in Siam.

Five years ago a native hunter in Siam found sapphires in a remote and secluded district. Some men who were let into the secret followed him to the mines and brought back to Rangoon and Calcutta a number of very valuable tones. A rush ensued from British Burmah, thousands of adventurers flocking to the mines, some to find sudden fortune, but more to lose their lives om privation and jungle fever. The mines occur in the provinces of Battam. bong and Chantaboon. In his commer-

cial report for 1879, the British consu at Bangkok says that the miners are very careful to conceal their gems while in Siam. Being anxious to show some of the gems to Admiral Coole, the consul called for specimens from some miners who had just returned from the diggings. One miner, a poorly-clad and miserable-looking fellow, produced a few small stones, and after a great deal of coaxing was induced, with many precautions, to give a private view of his great prize, which was a very large sapphire in the rough, valued at \$10,-000. He would probably not have shown this stone at all had he not been on the point of leaving in a steamer. Owing to the secrecy thus observed by the possessors of valuable gems, it is impossible to give any estimate of the total value of stones found, but that individuals have made very large profits is certain. One man dug out a stone which he offered for sale in Chantaboon for \$500, but did not find a purchaser. He went with it to Rangoon where he was offered \$7,500; but, having awakened to the value of the stone; he declined to sell, and took it to Calcutta, where he eventually obtained \$15,000 for it. Now, however, there are many experienced gem merchants established in the neighborhood of the mines, and something like the real value of stones can be obtained by the miners on the spot. The largest sapphire hitherto found, so far as the consul knows, weighed 379 carats in the rough, and when cut turned out 111 carats of the finest water. The ruby, onyx and jade are found in the district, but the quality of none of them is such as to make

A Japanese Sailer's Itn ():

them very valuable. - Springfield Repub.

The following account is given of the ceremonies performed at the burial of a seaman on board the Japanese training ship Tsukuba, at San Francisco: In the arrangement for his funeral the officers and crew showed great kindness and delicacy of feeling, and the funeral itself was an interesting occasion. As many of the officers and crew as co be spared were present, and eight of the sailors acted as pall-bearers. Some of the ceremonies were curious. the coffin had been lowered into the grave, the officer in charge placed a small table at its head and put thereon several kinds of vegetables, fruits, sweetmeats, and a glass of wine. The feast being prepared, the officers, according to rank, singly proceeded to the table, and with uncovered neads made a very reverential obeisance. After them came the cadets and then followed the marines. Lieutenant Senju then read a short eulogy. It was in effect that Y. Mataba had been a brave and true sailor in his Japanese majesty's service; that he bore an unsullied character, and that the entire company on board the Tsukuba mourned his loss. They felt sure that one so upright and diligent, and one who possessed so many manly virtues could have no difficulty in crossing the dark ocean-the unknown-and would speedily find a safe harbor of refuge in which to anchor. The marine corps then tormed at the head of the grave and fired three salutes over their dead comrade, and at the conclusion of each the trumpeter blew a very melancholy blast. In the same order as before each Japanese then threw a handful of earth upon the coffin, after which the grave-diggers rapidly filled up the grave. One of the peculiarities of the funeral rite was a long piece of muslin placed near the table, upon which were written some kind words, reciting the good qualities of the dead man, and signed by each of his messmates—a sort of certificate of good character, in case he should require such a document. One of the thoughtful and graceful acts of the crew and officers of the Tsukuba while at San Francisco was the repairing the graves of the four Japanese sailors buried there six or eight years ago. These graves were in a very dilapidated condition, but six of the officers and nen spent two days in restoring them. Though strangers to those to whom they paid this respect, they remembered that

Can This Be True?

the sailors were Japanese and

ouried in a foreign country.

A woman at Carson, Nevada, is said to have undertaken to refrain from speaking for forty days. The report runs as follows: She began at nine in the morning, and at sen and a quarter her pulse was so feeble from exhaustion that the physicians feared she would die by noon. At eleven her heart beat but twenty-six a minute, and her respirations were hardly noticeable. Her "Sorry to trouble you," said the man in the right, acknowledging with a bow wo ladylike screams from the back robber, it was attempted to save the act: "but 'business is business,' and ars will soon be over if things go moothly."

Hat to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper—already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first sip about a neighbor. On hearing a be immediately rushed from the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice—still believed to be upsuspected—who counted on being able to night, and is now fully restored. riends here urged her to discontinue her terrible task, and told her some gos sip about a neighbor. On hearing it she immediately rushed from the house. and going across the street met a lady triend and talked to six and a half last

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

#### Household Hints.

A clam shell is more convenient for scraping kettles and frying pans than a knife. It does the work in less time.

When washing fine laces do not use starch at all; in the last water in which they are rinsed put a little fine white sugar, dissolve it thoroughly, and the result will be pleasing.

When the hands are chapped, instead of washing them with soap, employ oat-meal, and, after each washing, take a little dry oatmeal, and rub over the

hand so as to absorb any moisture. A solution of one and one-quarters of pound of white soap and three-eighths of an ounce of spirits of ammonia, dissolved in twelve gallons of soft water, will impart a beautiful and lasting whiteness to any flannels dipped in it, no matter how yellow they have been previous to their immersion. After being well stirred round for a short time the articles should be taken out and well washed in clean, cold water.

Neat Door-Yards. The person who lives in the city has but a small yard; and generally can manage to keep it neat and clean. country folks have larger places, and having so much work constantly on hand they feel unable to spend the time which they think would be required to make their surroundings pleasant. Many farmers also have an idea that it costs a great deal to put out ornamental trees and lay out the grounds as village people often do. In order to lay them out in an artistic manner and have the grounds resemble a city park, considerable money would be needed. But a yard can be made quite pretty without much labor or expense. The surface of the ground should be made and kept quite mooth, and the grass should be cut often. A few ornamental trees or shrubs may be planted, but a good green stretch of lawn by itself looks pretty, and saves work. Such a lawn, too, is enticing for the children, and if kept neat, which after all is the main thing, the place will be much more attractive than such too often are.

#### Cows for the Dairy.

It would not pay to buy costly cows for dairy purposes; that is, as a busi-ness. If aperson for his own personal gratification will ignore the earning of interest on his investment, he may be paid in that way for the keeping of a herd of choice pure-bred Jerseys or Ayrshires. But he will not get one cent more for the milk or butter in the market. A grocer won't give a cent for the pedigree of the cows which produce the butter he buys. Quality is all he wants And common cows well selected will yield just as good butter as any purebred cows, and as much on the average Therefore, for profit, one should pick up a herd of the best native cows he ca and at the common market place; feed them well and manage his business in the best manner, and he will have the same income as he could get from the same number of cows that would cost him five times as much .- Christian at

Work. Saving Seeds While it may be very desirable to save the first seeds of some of our vegetables, such as sweet corn, peas and beans, it is not best to make such a selection from all kinds. The first tomatoes that ripen are generally small and ill-shapen, and it would be undesirable to select seeds from these, as they would soon deteriorate the variety; but the best plan is to wait till large, smooth specimens are produced, and from these select seed for future crops. By doing this for a few years, you will find that you have wonderfully improved the tomato; and to secure improvement of any kind of vegetable it is absolutely sary to select the best specimens of every kind. Deterioration ought to have no place in the farmer's vocabu lary .- Cultivator.

# Continue Thorough Cultivation.

ough cultivat crops, fruit trees and small fruits, which is continued through spring and early summer by good managers, is frequently relaxed later in the season, and weeds often get a start and some headway. Continue the work of their destruction and by keeping the surface of the soil clean and mellow, kill them before they come up. Use only the best and sharpest tools, grind hoes often, do by horse power all that you can, and finish by hand. Stir the ground after a shower and before a hard crust can form.

Even more pointedly than ast year the English papers are discussing the subject of some substitute for beer to be drunk in the harvest field. So farmers give their laborers cold tea with good results. In Scotland buttermilk is becoming a great drink. Oatmeal and water kept cool is considered one of the best harves dritnks.

The scientific papers have of late exhibited woful ignorance of the subject in speaking of the hottest place in the world. They make no allusion to the occasion in which a young man has invited two new lady acquaintances to supper at a church festival and makes the appalling discovery that he has nothing but a trade-dollar and two sus pender buttons with which to liquidate a bill of two dollars and a quarter, that the extraordinary exuberance of his new friends has generated.—Meriden

Man ought always to have something that he prefers to life, otherwise life it-self is void

### TRINITY CHURCHYARD.

Some Curious Obituaries That Are Carve Upon Venerable Tombstone

The New York Graphic says: Unlike many bolted and barred-up American churchyards, that of Trinity is open to the public With its shaded walks green turf and flowers, it is, indeed, an oasis in the stony heart of Broadway, and to any one of antiquarian tastes of the most attractive spots in New York. Every one of its tombstones is a fragment from the page of this city's history. Historic names lie thickly Here are the vaults of the city about. founders, the De Peysters, Van Hornes, Barclays, Desbrosses, and others perpetuated in the nomenclature of many of our streets. Here iie the founders of the republic, Gallatin and Hamilton. The monument over the remains of the thousands of men imprisoned by the British during the Revolution is seen by every passer-by. The memory of our old volunteer fire department is perpetuated by the modest stone erected to the members of old "forty-two," over which a vine has so beautifully clustered. Fresh flowers over the grave of Char lotte Temple attest that some still hold this unfortunate in remembrance. Here is the stone to William Bradford, "Printer to this government for fifty years," says the inscription. The lather of government printers died in 1752 and was born in 1660.

The oldest memorial stone readily found is, singularly enough, to the memory of a young girl. It is situated near the Broadway inclosure and reads thus:

"Here Lyeth the body of Annie Churcher died May the 14th 1691 aged 17 years and three quarters buryed May

The letters on the slate are as clearly cut as if made but a year since. One hundred and eighty-nine years ago died Annie Churcher. Only twenty-seven years previous New York had passed from the dominion of the Dutch. The language of Holland was then still the prevalent tongue. The Puritan dressed still in the garb of Cromwell's time, and such of the aristocracy and officers of the crown as lived in the then very new world flame! in ribbons and ruffles, curls and silken attire. Had Annie Churcher lived to threescore and ten she would still have only heard of the preliminary mutterings of the American Revolution. A hundred years ago men in perukes and knee-breeches read the inscription on Annie Churcher's stone, and wondered at the antiquity of a memorial placed there a hundred years before them. Ten years more will round the two centuries since the maid was laid in Trinity churchyard, then a rural burying ground, from which the eyes of the mourners saw all about the great bay and harbor but unbroken stretches of primeval forest.

Of Abraham Williams, who pass away in 1763, the following record and injunction are left:

Free From Invay And Strife Was All His Life, Little Of This World Did He Shear, Because His Thoughts. Was On Christ His Savious Dear. Stay Reader Stand And Shed A Tear And Think On Me Who Now Lies Here And As You Read This State of Me Think On The Glass Which Runs For Thee.

Here is another: Here Lyeth the body Daughter of Richard Thorns sed, who departed This life 29th Jan 1732 Anno Aetalis 12 Three days fever Snatched her Breath And Bowed her to Triumphant Death. had crowned her head, Behold in Dust her p Bed, Where every one must Shortly Lve For all that live, live but to die.

Join and William Eagan, who died in 1751, are commemorated by their parents as follows:

Lyffil dear Bads and l'ake your Rest God cald you Hom becas He thoug it Beft,

The stonecutter of 1791 must have wandered in mind while at work on the word "Bads," which is evidently intended for "Lads."

A curiously confounded brace of inscriptions on the same stoke is that of John and Charity Moore, which th reader may with some study properly separate for himself. The sentences are placed in the following order: Here Lyes ye Bodys of

John Moore Aged

St years Died

Dec' ye 14th—1728.

Charity Wile of
Benj Moore
Aged 26. John Moore laments his demise in a rreen old age atter the following singu

Bouth old and young, at well af me, Must in due time all buried be; Under this body of Cold Clay, Just in my prime I Am Fors't to lay

The largest monument in the yard is rected to a Dane, one Lars Nannestad, Weigh and Post Master in the island of St. Thomas, Assessor to the Burger Council, Churchwarden and Guardian of the poor at the same place. He was born on the 6th of June, 1787 at Lille Nestyed, on the island of Zealand, Der-mark," and coming to New York for his health, died here 1807.

Among the mysterious mem rials of Trinity is a raised monument, the top a large sandstone slab, bearing only in one

1776. Another is a double gravestone. On ach division is the profile of a skull. But one side is marked as follows:

The grave of Alexander Hamilton lies out a few feet from the Rector street wall. The inscription, which a decade or two more will render almost illegible savors of a style much more current among our foretathers than at present. It reads:

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. The Patriot of Incomparable Integrity.

The Soldier of approved Valor. The Statesman of Consummate Wisdom whose talent and virtue will be admired by a Grateful Posterity

ong after this marble shall have mouldere into dust. He died July 12th, 1804, aged 47 years.

Seth Green believes that the fish com monly called small shad, are dging in such numbers in Lake Ontario on account of starvation. They go in great schools, and the advance guard gets all the food before the rear arrives, and they die in consequence.

### Customs in Iceland.

In a sparsely peopled country, without public houses of any sort, hospitality is a necessary virtue, and the Icelanders are hospitable to all comers, as far as their means will permit. But to those who happen to quented tracks the burden of hospitality would be ruinous were it not customary for them to accept a pecuniary present from such guests as are well able to afford it. From foreign visitors a present is always expected, although it is never demanded, and it is customary on taking leave for the guest to hand a few marks to his host with a polite Vær saa god!" (Be so good, or if you please.) "Mange tak!" (many thanks) is the usual reply, with a warm grasp of the hand, but not without a careful inspection of the coin. The fare at an lcelandic bær or farm is often frugal enough, but the traveler may count at least upon a drink of delicious milk, and need never scruple to ask for it. Unless he is invited to enter he will drink it as a stirtup cup outside the door; for Icelandic ctiquette forbids a stranger to walk into a house without an express request. During the months when there is no darkness in Iceland, midnight arrivals are of frequent occurrence; the numerous dogs, reposing on the grassy roofs of the parsonage or farmhouse, soon arouse the inmates by a noisy greeting to the travelers, and prepara tions are made for their reception in the guest-chamber or in the church if there is one close by. The church is utilized for a variety of secular purposes, frequently as a storehouse for the parson's wool, and as regards air and light is usually a preferable bedroom to the guest-chamber of the establishment; being built entirely of wood, without any turf on the roof, it is also much drier than ordinary Icelandic habita-

On one occasion we arrived, a party of three, at midnight, and found no one stirring about the farm except a woman, who was watching the cattle in the ome-field or "Tun." Being invited into the house, we entered the usual dark passage, sliding and stumbling over the slippery and uneven pavement and knocking our heads against the low beams of the roof. The guest-chamber contained only one bed, which the good woman at once proceeded to arrange for us all three to sleep in, heads and tails, like herrings in a barrel. Two of us being tall and one stout, while the bed was both short and narrow, it was clear that this arrangement would not be suitable; but politeness sealed our mouths, and we solemnly watched her operations, as she spread the couch with pillows at both ends, and removed erior a great variety of house hold articles, for which it was used as a general receptacle. As soon as she had retired our suppressed merriment burst forth, and we soon dragged bedding and elderdown quilts off the bed enough to make two lairs in other parts of the room. Although we were of various nationalities (a Dane, an American, and an Englishman), and had all three traveled much and roughed it in many countries, we had never elsewhere witnessed similar bedmaking nor seen a bedstead used instead of a wardrobe and cupboard .- Nineteenth Con.

Music at Home .- Jones (an eligibi bachelor, whispering tenderly)—There's too muc' music in the world, Miss Mary. I should have been married long ago if it hadn't been for too much music! Whenever I'd screwed up my nusic! Whenever I'd screwed up my pluck to the pitch of popping the ques-tion, somebody always began to sing, and of course I had to—Chorus of bystand ers—Shshshshsh! (Poor Jones is frustrated for the twelfth ime.)—Punch.

The average person speaks about on? aundred and twenty words a minute. This estimate is considerably short of that required when the speaker has a trunk lid fall on his head while he is unting for a sleeve-button. -Andre vs American Queen.

A Nebras'a Indian contrived to swala Neorasia indian contrived to swal-low a lot of dynamite, and now he can stand around the corner and call a white man anything he chooves without being kicked for his insolence. They're shy of jarring him, even.