

### The Walk to Church.

We walked to church together,  
That sweet, bright, summer day,  
My heart was like a feather  
The robin sheds in May.  
"Dear heart!" I whisper to her,  
And then a silence fell.  
I knew not how to woo her,  
Or how my love to tell.

"Dear heart, this happy morning  
We start to climb the hill,  
We see or hear no warning,  
Of weariness or ill.  
We may not have all sunshine,  
About this path of ours;  
There will be thorns and pitfalls  
Hid under brightest flowers.

"It will be lonesome climbing  
For me, if I must miss  
The face whose June-time roses  
Are sweeter far than this."  
I gathered from the hedgerow  
A rose, and gave to her;  
The fragrant little blossom  
Was love's interpreter.

"You need not climb alone, John,"  
She said; and then a bird  
Soared upward, and in heaven  
He told what he had heard.  
The echo of his music  
Rings in our heartstrings still,  
As hand in hand, my darling,  
We climb the long, steep hill.

### PRUDENCE GRAY.

That's my name, for father said there  
Wasn't a better barge on the river than  
the Prudence, and if I was called the  
same he was sure there would never be  
a better girl.

I used to think our barge, which was  
a very small billy-boy, if you know  
what that is—if you don't, I must tell  
you that it's a barge built with rounded  
ends and low bulwarks, meant for carry-  
ing loads up rivers—I used to think  
our barge, I say, a very, very large  
ship, till I grew old enough to com-  
pare it with those that passed us going  
up and down the river, and then it used  
to seem to me that it would be wonder-  
fully fine to go on board one of those  
great ships and go sailing away, far  
across the ocean, instead of just  
coasting along the Sheerness and up  
the Nedway, as we used to go year after  
year.

I can't tell you how my child-life  
slipped away, living with mother and  
father on board the barge, in a little  
bit of a cabin with a tiny stove; all I  
know is that I was happy, and that I  
never hardly went ashore, and when I  
did, I was frightened and wanted to  
get back; and at last I seemed to have  
grown all at once into a great girl, and  
father and I were alone.

Yes, quite alone, for mother had left  
us very suddenly, and we had been  
ashore, father and I, and came back  
from the funeral and were sitting on  
the cabin hatch before I could believe  
it was anything but a terrible dream,  
and that I should not awake and find  
that she was alive once more, as blithe  
and cheery as ever, ready to take up the  
tiller or pull at a rope when father  
wanted any help.

Father was a changed man after that,  
and as a couple of years slipped by, the  
work on the barge fell more and more  
into my hands, and I used to smile to  
myself as I saw how big and strong  
they had grown; for father grew quiet  
and dull day by day, and used to have  
a stone bottle filled whenever he went  
ashore, and then sit with it in the cabin  
till I called him to come and help me  
with the sail.

Our barge was well known all about  
the mouth of the river and far up be-  
yond the bridge, and somehow—I don't  
know how it was—the men on the dif-  
ferent boats we passed had always a  
kind hail or a wave of the hand for us  
as we glided by.

Poor father seemed to grow more and  
more broken and helpless every day,  
and this frightened me, and made me  
work to keep the barge clean and ship-  
shape lest the owners should come on  
board and find fault with father and dis-  
miss him, and that I knew would break  
his heart. So I worked on, and in a  
dull heavy way father used to thank me;  
and the time glided on till one day as  
we were lying off Southland, with the  
sea glassy and not wind enough to fill  
the sails, I felt my cheeks begin to  
burn as I leaned back against the tiller,  
and would not turn my head because I  
would hear a boat being sculled along  
toward us, and I knew it was coming  
from the great lee-board barge lying  
astern.

"He's coming to see father," I said  
to myself at last; and as a hail came I  
was obliged to turn, and there stood in  
the little boat was sculling, John  
Grove, in his dark trousers, blue Jersey  
and scarlet cap, and as I saw his sun-  
burnt face, I felt my heart beating fast,  
and I knew he was not coming to see  
father, but to see me.

We had hardly ever spoken; but I  
had known John Grove for years now,  
and we had nodded and waved to one  
another often as we passed up and down  
the river.

"Heave up a rope, lass," he said, and  
I did it—warily. He hitched it  
around the "wart" of his boat, and was  
up over the side before I could stir

and he stood looking down upon me,  
while I felt sometimes hot and some-  
times cold, and as if I could not speak.  
"Do you want to see father?" I said  
at last.

"No, my lass," he said, quietly; "I  
want to see you."

"Me!" I faltered, with my voice  
burning.

"Yes, you, my lass," he said, and his  
handsome brown face lit up, and he  
looked so manly as he laid his hand on  
my arm. "Prudence, we're both young  
yet, but I thought it was time I spoke  
to you."

"Spoke to me!" I said, with my face  
still burning.

"Yes, my lass, spoke to you; for we've  
been courting now a matter of four  
years."  
"Oh, John!" I cried, bursting out  
laughing, and feeling more at my ease;  
"why, we've hardly spoken to one an-  
other."

"That's true, Prudence; but how  
could we; always taking our turns at the  
tiller as we were? But all the same,  
my lass, I've been always a courting of  
you, night and day, these four years,  
and looking for the time when the Pru-  
dence would come in sight and I could  
give you a hail, and get a wave of the  
hand back."

I could feel the color coming into my  
cheeks again as I heard him speak and  
knew how anxiously I had looked out  
for his barge coming up or down the  
river.

"Prudence, my lass," he said, "I've  
saved ten pounds, all my own, and my  
owner has just given me the command  
of a new barge with as pretty a cabin in  
it as you'd wish to see; and so, my lass,  
I thought I'd ask you if so be as now  
we've been courting for four years, you  
wouldn't come to me and be my wife?"

"No," I said, "no," and shook my  
head. "I belong to father, and I could  
never leave him, never."

"But you'll have to some day, Pru-  
dence," he said, looking downhearted.

"No," I said, "I shall never leave  
him; he needs me more and more every  
day."

"Prudence," he said, sharply, "you  
ain't playing with me, are you?"

"Playing with you?"

"Yes; I mean you ain't going to take  
up with any one else? No, no," he  
cried, "I won't be so mean as to ask  
you that. But, Prudence, dear, some  
day you may have to leave him, and  
when you do will you please recollect  
as John Grove loves you better than  
any other man in the wild world, and is  
waiting for you to come."

"Yes, John," I said, simply.

"You mean it, Prudence?" he cried  
in delight.

"Yes, John; I don't know anybody  
else, and there's no one as cares for  
me."

"Hundreds on the river," he said  
sharply.

"Then I don't care for 'em, John,"  
I said, simply; "and if I had a choice  
—oh, dear! what am I saying?"

I sat down on a fender and covered  
my face with my hands, and began to  
cry; but he took my hands down, and  
looked long and lovingly into my face  
with honest brown eyes. At last he  
gasped out:

"Thanky, Prudence, thanky. I'm  
going away now to wait, for you'll come  
to me some day, I know."

"For the time may come, my lass,  
when you'll be alone in the world; and  
when it comes there's the cabin of the  
Betsy Anna waiting for you, just as her  
master's a-waiting."

He went quietly over the side of the  
boat, cast off the rope and was gone,  
and I sat there in the calm afternoon  
with a feeling of joy at my heart such  
as I had never felt before.

It must have been about 10 o'clock  
at night when I was seeing to the light  
hoisted up, when I heard father come  
stumbling up to the cabin.

"Prue, Prue!" he cried.

"Yes, father," I replied; and then I  
uttered a wild shriek, and rushed  
toward where the small boat hung  
astern, hauled her up and climbed in,  
for no sooner had I answered him than  
I heard a cry and a splash, and I knew  
that my father had gone overboard. I  
was in the boat in a moment, paddling  
away in the direction that the cry had  
come from; but though I fancied in  
those horrible minutes that I saw a  
hand stretched out of the water, I  
paddled and sculled about till I was far  
from our barge and then sank down,  
worn out, to utter a moan of horror,  
and sobbing: "Oh, father, what shall I do?"

"Is that you, Prudence?" said a  
voice.

"Yes, John, yes," I cried, looking  
out through the darkness, out of which  
a boat seemed to steal till it was along-  
side, when John stretched out his hand  
and took mine.

"Quick," I gasped, "save him, John  
—father—gone overboard!"

"When you shrieked out, Prue?"

"But father," I wailed, "father—save  
him!"

"My poor little lass," he said, ten-  
derly, "I'd jump into the water now if  
you bid me; but what can I do, you  
know, Prudence, what can I do?"

I did not answer, for I did know that  
he must have been swept far away be-  
fore then, and I was beginning to feel  
that I was alone—quite alone in the  
world.

It was quite six months after that  
dreadful night that one evening John  
came ashore from his barge to the cot-  
tage where I was staying with his  
mother, ever since he had brought me  
there, without seeing him, only to wave  
my hand to him as he sailed by. That  
evening he came and looked wistfully  
at me, and said but little; and at last  
his time was up, and he rose to go.

I walked down to the boat with him,  
and on the way he told me he had got  
leave to alter the name of his barge,  
and it was called the Prudence, too;  
and then, without a word, he was say-  
ing good-bye, when I put my hand in his  
and said, quietly:

"John, dear, I haven't forgot my  
promise."

"And you are alone, now, Prudence,  
my lass," he cried.

"No, John, no," I said, softly. "I  
never shall be while you live."

"Never, my lass, never," he cried.  
"And you will be my little wife?"

"Yes, John," I said, and with one  
long hand-pressure we parted, and I  
went back to wait another month, and  
then I was his happy little wife.

And there seemed no change, for I  
was once more on the river or out at  
sea, leaning upon the tiller and gazing  
before me, with the gulls wailing as  
they wheeled and dipped and skimmed  
and settled upon the water; while the  
soft wind gently stirred the hood that  
was tied over my wind ruffled hair.  
Only a bargeman's young wife, living  
on the tide, but very happy, for John  
often points to the great ships that pass  
us, with their captains in gold-lace  
caps, and whispers: "Not with the  
best among them, Prue, not with the  
best; I wouldn't change places with a  
king."

### Pearls in Oysters and Clams.

"Do you ever find anything in oys-  
ters?" was asked of a proprietor of a  
New York oyster saloon who for many  
years has stood in one place opening  
bivalves. Pointing to a milk-white  
pearl, about the size of a canary bird's  
egg, held by a golden claw and fastened  
in his shirt bosom, he said: "That is  
the best thing I ever found. It's worth  
\$100, I have been told. At least, I  
would give that for its duplicate. In  
every oyster I expect to find something.  
That is the reason I open all I get my-  
self. There is a mild fascination about  
the work to me. I will show you a few  
specimens of the foreign substances I  
have taken out of oysters." He pro-  
duced a half pint bottle with wide open  
mouth. It was half filled with rough  
bits of stone. "These are all pearls,"  
said the oysterman. "They are, of  
course, undressed, and appear rough.  
Some of them are irregular in shape,  
and nearly all of them would make good  
settings if treated by a lapidary. I  
don't know that they have any value  
except as curiosities. Sometimes a  
customer, in eating oysters on the half  
shell, finds a tiny pearl, which he has  
made into a shirt stud or ring. Did you  
ever see a clam pearl? No. Then I'll  
show you a beauty."

It was indeed a thing of beauty that  
the oyster opener unfolded from a cov-  
ering of chamois skin when he opened  
the door of his safe. It was egg-shaped  
and greatly resembled a catbird's egg.  
It had a slate color, which, at the apex  
of the cone, was worn into white. There  
was a rich appearance to the curiosity  
in its setting in a heavy gold ring.  
"Now, isn't that pretty?" said the  
owner, smiling with satisfaction. "Isn't  
it a jewel? I found that in a clam  
a few years ago, and I am afraid that I  
will never find another. I am patiently  
looking for it, though. I never saw  
anything like it before, and no one I  
ever showed it to ever saw its like.  
You see I take good care of it. Well,  
I think it's worth taking care of."

### Impaired Eyesight.

Myopia, or shortsightedness, has been  
attributed to excessive reading and  
study in a standing position and in an  
ill-lighted room. Dr. Samuel Sexton,  
a leading otiologist, has been examining  
the matter and has made a rather curious  
discovery. He finds that defective  
vision is due, in many instances, to the  
decay of the teeth. The nerves which  
supply what may be called the vital  
power to the eyes, the ears, and the  
teeth, are joined together, and any grave  
defect in the teeth is apt to impair both  
vision and hearing. Now, it is well-  
known to physiologists that defective  
teeth are almost universal among civil-  
ized habits of eating. The alternate use  
of cold and hot fluids impairs the in-  
tegrity of the teeth and finally decays  
them. This reacts on the nerves, and  
affects the eyesight and hearing.  
Parents, if they wish their children to  
be sound in their various senses, should  
look to the teeth and see that they are  
kept in good order.

### CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Fumigation of brimstone is of Roman  
origin.

A locomotive drinks forty-five gal-  
lons of water every mile it travels.

Out of every 100 inhabitants of the  
United States sixteen live in cities.

Bracelets were given as a reward of  
bravery to soldiers in the Middle Ages.

The Gauls love to decorate their  
helmets, swords and buckles with coral.

A crown of red-hot iron was an  
ancient punishment for rebels and regi-  
cides.

The Emperor Augustus in his letter  
writing dated even the divisions of the  
hours.

Coleridge and Goldsmith wrote "The  
Horse that Jack Built" and "Goody-  
two-shoes."

By the Saxon laws twelve years of  
age was fixed as the earliest possible de-  
velopment of the legal understanding.

The smallest engine in the world has  
been finished in Baltimore. It can be  
covered by a thimble. Three drops of  
water fill the boiler.

The Greek word for horse-shoe first  
occurs in the ninth century. Horses  
were then only shod in time of frost or  
for special occasions.

Coats of arms and heraldry were in-  
troduced into England in 1100. The  
arms of England and France were first  
quartered by Edward III. in 1358.

The Roman soldiers carried, in their  
military baggage, chains for prisoners  
of war—iron for common, and of gold  
and silver for rich prisoners and princes.

The first silver money coined in Rome  
was A. U. C. 484. The mint was in the  
temple of Juno Moneta, which circum-  
stance occasioned the origin of our word  
money.

A circulating library in the Middle  
Ages may seem surprising. In 1342 a  
law was framed in Paris compelling all  
public booksellers to keep books to lend  
out on hire.

On the Patent Roll of Henry IV. is a  
record which allows Matthew Flint,  
tooth-drawer of London, sixpence a day  
for life upon condition of his drawing  
the teeth of the poor gratuitously.

Professor Huxley declares the supply  
of herring in the sea to be practically  
inexhaustible, and that nothing which  
man can do in the ordinary way of de-  
struction will ever appreciably diminish  
the stock.

Among the early Romans a kind of  
*Pasti*, or annals, was kept by driving  
nails into the wall of the temple of  
Minerva; and in public calamities, in  
time of pestilence, etc., a nail was  
fastened in the temple of Jupiter.

### The End of the World.

The age of the earth is placed by  
some at five hundred millions of years;  
and still others, of later time, among  
them the Duke of Argyll, places it at  
ten million years, knowing what pro-  
cesses have been gone through. Other  
planets go through the same process.  
The reason that other planets differ so  
much from the earth, is that they are in  
a so much earlier or later stage of ex-  
istence. The earth must become old,  
Newton surmised, although he could  
give no reason for it, that the earth  
would at one time lose all its water and  
become dry. Since then it has been  
found that Newton was correct. As the  
earth keeps cooling, it will become  
porous, and great cavities will be formed  
in the interior, which will take in the  
water. It is estimated that this process  
is now in progress, so far that the water  
diminishes at about the rate of the  
thickness of a sheet of writing paper  
each year. At this rate, in 6,000,000  
years the water will have sunk a mile,  
and in 15,000,000 years every trace of  
water will have disappeared from the  
face of the globe. The nitrogen and  
oxygen in the atmosphere are also di-  
minishing all the time. It is in an im-  
preciable degree, but the time will come  
when the air will be so thin that no  
creatures we know could breathe it and  
live; the time will come when the world  
cannot support life. That will be the  
period of old age, and then will come  
death.—Richard A. Proctor.

### A Shrewd Reply.

Sir Walter Scott says that the alleged  
origin of the invention of cards pro-  
duced one of the shrewdest replies he  
had ever heard given in evidence. It  
was made by the late Dr. Gregory, at  
Edinburgh, to a counsel at the Scottish  
bar. The doctor's testimony went to  
prove the insanity of the party whose  
mental capacity was the point at issue.  
On a cross-interrogation he admitted  
that the person in question played ad-  
mirably at whist. "And do you seri-  
ously say, doctor," said the learned  
counsel, "that a person having a  
superior capacity for a game so diffi-  
cult, and which requires in a pre-  
eminent degree memory, judgment and  
combination, can be at the same time  
deranged in his understanding?" "I  
am no card player," said the doctor,  
with great address, "but I have read a  
history that cards were invented for the  
amusement of an insane king." (Charles  
VI. of France). The consequence of  
this reply were decisive.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

There are remedies for all things but  
death.

Virtue has many preachers, but few  
martyrs.

There is no charity in helping a man  
who will not help himself.

Would you respect yourself, keep  
your heart and body clean.

Would you retain the love of a  
friend, do not be too selfishly exact-  
ing.

There are those for whom money  
does everything except to make honor-  
able men of them.

The truly great man undertakes a  
thing because it is great; the fool, be-  
cause he thinks it is easy.

Even poverty is better than avarice,  
for while poverty wants many things,  
avarice wants everything.

It is not necessary to threaten a bad  
man, for his own deeds threaten him  
with a worse punishment than you can  
inflict.

Above every other feature which  
adorns the female character, delicacy  
stands foremost within the province of  
good taste.

We can never have much confidence  
in the uprightness of others until we  
have discovered some degree of up-  
rightness in ourselves.

There cannot be a surer proof of low  
origin, or of an innate meanness of dis-  
position, than to be always talking and  
thinking of being genteel.

The mere lapse of years is not life.  
Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, good-  
ness, faith, alone can give vitality to  
the mechanism of existence.

Every man has in his own life follies  
enough, in his own mind trouble  
enough, in his own fortunes evil  
enough, without being curious after  
the affairs of others.

This wish falls often warm upon my  
heart, that I may learn nothing that I  
cannot continue in the other world;  
that I may do nothing here but deeds  
that will bear fruit in heaven.

The beginning of hardship is like the  
first taste of bitter food—it seems for a  
moment unbearable; yet, if there is  
nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we  
take another bite and find it possible  
to go on.

If you want knowledge you must toil  
for it; if food, you must toil for it, and  
if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil  
is the law. Pleasure comes through  
toil, and not by self-indulgence and  
indolence. When one gets to love  
work his life is a happy one.

### Water in Dry Places.

It is known that between the Rocky  
mountains and the Mississippi there  
are vast regions which are arid and un-  
profitable because of the absence of  
water. A stream or a well is all that is  
necessary to make these sterile regions  
blossom as the rose. It is known that  
at some distance underground there is  
an abundance of water, which, if reached  
and utilized, would make fruitful hun-  
dreds of millions of acres of land. The  
government has selected Messrs. C. A.  
White, of Greeley, Colorado, and Pro-  
fessor S. Aughey, of Nebraska, to act as  
a commission to select sites for sinking  
experimental artesian wells in the arid  
regions of the Rocky mountains. To  
guide the commission, Professor Powell  
has marked spots on the map for exam-  
ination. Most of them are between the  
101st and 113th degrees of longitude.  
The area to be inspected includes one-  
third of the State of Texas, the eastern  
portions of Montana, Colorado and New  
Mexico, and the western portions of  
Nebraska, Dakota and Kansas. The  
practical result from this inquiry must  
be of the utmost moment to the coun-  
try. Irrigated land is wonderfully  
fruitful, and it is of the utmost im-  
portance that, as our population in-  
creases, new outlets should be found  
for those who wish homes and farms of  
their own. These now arid plains are  
near the richest mineral regions in the  
United States. Could they be made  
productive, the crops would find a  
ready market among the mining popu-  
lation.

### Trained.

In many Southern cities, boys and  
girls walk the streets balancing on their  
heads heavily-laden buckets or baskets  
or pans, containing polishing sand, or  
fish, or fruit for sale. A little fellow of  
seven years, whom you would think fit-  
ted only for romping and play, will  
walk along steadily, and yet with seem-  
ing ease and unconcern, bearing up  
such a weight as that, when the least  
carelessness or inattention would tumble  
it to the ground. While still a  
mere child, he has in his special work  
the sense of responsibility and the  
steadiness of a man. It was not natural  
for him to walk in this way; but he  
quickly acquired the needful power  
through training. We ought to have a  
care not to put too heavy a load on our  
little ones; but we may fail to realize  
as we should their possibilities of train-  
ing. A great deal of their restlessness  
can be early controlled and directed,  
not only without harm to them, but to  
their positive advantage.

### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

#### The Poor Sheep.

Some time ago a very earnest and  
successful Baptist minister in Virginia  
was telling us some of his early experi-  
ences—among others, this, which is  
quite too good, we think, to be lost.

He was accustomed to labor not a little  
in protracted meetings, and his method  
always was to begin by belaboring the  
members of the church. In this, per-  
haps, he was not peculiar, as such is the  
habit of professional evangelists.

Our brother had just concluded a  
very searching and scorching discourse,  
addressed with great vehemence to pro-  
fessors of religion, when, coming down  
from the pulpit, he was accosted by a  
venerable, but mild-mannered disciple,  
who told him that he had a text from  
which if some time he would be good  
enough to preach the aforesaid discourse  
would be very thankful.

The pastor, while diffident of his  
ability to preach with freedom from the  
text selected for him by somebody else,  
declared his willingness to do the best  
he could, and curiously inquired what  
the text might be. The old brother  
could not quite remember just the chap-  
ter and verse, but said that it related to  
words spoken by our Lord to Peter,  
after his resurrection, when he asked  
the apostle if he loved him; and upon  
Peter's replying, "Lord, thou knowest  
all things, thou knowest that I love  
thee," he said unto Peter, "Beat my  
sheep." "No! no!" said the pastor;  
"you are mistaken, my brother. He  
said, 'Feed my sheep.'" "Ah, he  
did?" said the old man, with a scorch-  
ing look into the pastor's face; "I  
thought maybe you read it 'Beat my  
sheep.'"

The pastor thought he saw a light—a  
light that twinkled in the old man's  
eyes, and a new light on the Word of  
God.

He threw away his cudgel, and filled  
up his crib.—Baptist Teacher.

#### Religious News and Notes.

No opium smoker, it is said, is ad-  
mitted to church membership by any  
Christian mission working in China.

The Germany and Switzerland Metho-  
dist Episcopal conference has 9,717  
members, showing an increase during  
the year of 273, "notwithstanding 184  
deaths and many removals to America."

The Congregational church at Barn-  
stead, N. H., has had only two pastors  
in seventy-six years. The former pastor  
preached for fifty-six years and the  
present one has been settled for twenty  
years.

An edict has been published by the  
Chinese government extending to Protes-  
tant Christians the exemption from  
assessments for the benefit of heathen  
ceremonies which was accorded to  
Roman Catholics in 1862.

At the late session of the Episcopal  
convention in Danville, Va., it was  
voted that the clergy should recognize  
the fact that the negroes within their  
parochial bounds are an integral part of  
their parochial work, and that such work  
cannot be ignored or neglected.

The Lutheran Visitor calls for a Lu-  
theran Ecumenical council. It believes  
that such a body would be perhaps one  
of the greatest meetings ever held, and  
asserts that instead of "a few millions  
of Calvinists or Armenians or Dissenters,"  
it would represent fifty millions of  
Lutherans from all quarters of the globe.

The latest statistics of missions in  
Japan record the work of sixteen church-  
es and societies, which are represented  
by 384 missionaries, thirty-eight woman  
missionaries, twenty-eight native or-  
dained preachers, ninety organized  
churches, and 3,792 members. Two  
hundred and twenty-one rooms are used  
for worship. The largest number of  
members has been gathered by the  
American Presbyterian, the next largest  
by the Congregational, and the third  
largest by the Methodist Episcopal mis-  
sions.

The summary of the Presbyterian  
board of home missions for the past  
year shows that 1,217 men have been in  
commission in 39 States and Territories.  
Kansas takes the lead, having 124 mis-  
sionaries, and Iowa coming next with  
103. Of the whole number, 940 are in  
the Western States and Territories.  
The missionaries report 4,979 additions  
on confession and 4,715 on certificate,  
and a total membership of 65,666, with  
90,918 in the congregations. There are  
1,147 church edifices, and \$115,865 of  
church debts was paid the past year.  
The total receipts of the board were  
\$345,911, the largest since the reunion.

The largest stone slab ever quarried  
in the United States has recently been  
placed before the new residence of Mr.  
W. H. Vanderbilt, on Fifth avenue, New  
York. The stone measures twenty-five  
feet two inches by fifteen feet, and is  
eight inches thick. It weighs about  
44,000 pounds. It was quarried at  
Barreville, Sullivan county, N. Y., and  
the block from which it was cut is de-  
scribed as perfectly level, and about  
ninety feet long and nineteen feet in  
width. From this surface the block  
was cut out and then raised by wedges.