

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Fixed resolves, need short professions.

He who speaks, sows; he who listens, reaps.

Had there never been a cloud, there never had been a rainbow.

One thing attained with difficulty is better than a hundred with ease.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

Unkind language, on the principle of like begets like, brings the same return.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.

The generality of men have, like plants, latent qualities, which chance brings to light.

Select that course of life which is the best, and custom will render it the most pleasant.

Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but omniscience can fathom.

A noble life should be the aim and pursuit of every one, whether identified with the church or standing alone.

The great weakness of most people lies in the fact that their neighbors know them better than they know themselves.

He who makes a great fuss about doing good will do very little; he who wishes to be noticed when doing good, will not do it long.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.—*Longfellow*.

If you have any faith, give me for heaven's sake a share of it. Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have plenty of my own.—*Goethe*.

Ambition mistakes concerning wealth; she begins by accumulating power as a means of happiness, and she finishes by continuing to accomplish it as an end.

I think all lines of the human face have something either touching or grand unless they seem to come from low passions. How fine old men are!—*George Eliot*.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty that some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write.

To be beautiful we must feed the spark of intellectual fire, by reading and meditation, until it burns in a steady flame, irradiating the face by its brilliancy, suffusing the countenance with light.

The best receipt for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in this world.

One perfect diamond is more valuable than many defective ones. One truth well fixed in the mind and comprehended is better than many half understood. A small opportunity fully realized is better than a great one misimproved. The wealth of affectionate sympathy and aid is better than gold, and fills the soul with most perfect peace.

Parting with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory;
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those within.

—*Longfellow in Michael Angelo*.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

A hollow tree in Southern California has been made into a dwelling. Doors and windows have been put in, and floors built for eight stories, the entrance being by means of a ladder. Outside the topmost room is a small balcony, shaded by the foliage of the tree.

At a recent microscopic exhibition the sting of a honey-bee shown upon a screen was so sharp that the point could barely be detected. At the side of it was a common fine sewing needle, magnified in the same portion as the sting. The point of the needle seemed to be five inches across.

A piece of rose point lace at the London Aquarium, six and three-quarters yards long, is valued at five thousand dollars. There are ninety-six sprays to each inch of fabric, and each spray cost two days' labor, showing that it required seven years' work of a skilled workman to complete this trifle.

A Mulatto recently died in Cincinnati whose brain was found to weigh sixty-one ounces. The only recorded brain weights exceeding this were the brain of the famous naturalist, Cuvier, and that of a London brick-layer. The deceased had been a slave, and was in no way distinguished intellectually.

A German has patented an invention which stamps him as a Yankee by nature if not by birth. It consists of a little book whose leaves are made of perfumed toilet-soap, and is meant especially for travellers. When he wants to wash his hands he simply tears out a leaf (one is sufficient for the purpose); and the book can be put back dry into the pocket.

W. H. Vanderbilt has a wall covered with a myriad of butterflies of the most gorgeous colors, and gemmed all over with imitation diamonds. There are sixteen pannels of rose-colored velvet, each bearing one hundred and sixty-eight butterflies. The wings and eyes are thickly studded with artificial stones, and by gaslight the effect is dazzling. It seems to be a wall of diamonds.

The collector at Sitka has some beautiful boxes made of yellow cedar. This is a clear, grainless wood of a straw color, which has an odor somewhat like that of sandal wood, and nearly as pungent. The Russians in former times built many ships of this cedar, which is said to make the finest of timber for that purpose. Very little is known of the interior of Alaska, but on the coast this yellow cedar is the only tree which possesses much value for lumber. It grows somewhat scatteringly, and is pretty well cleared out about Sitka, where it readily brings ten cents per foot sawed.

After a long series of experiments, Mr. Maybridge, of California, has invented a method by which human beings, birds, and animals can be photographed with accuracy while in motion. He has been honored by a magnificent entertainment at the private residence of M. Meissonier in Paris. Here he exhibited specimens of his work in the presence of the most eminent representatives of art, science, and literature. He is said to have been the only dissatisfied person in the assembly; his ideal being so far in advance of his present achievements that they seem to him merely suggestive of future possibilities.

Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridors at different places, and can be thrown into vibration or made to tremble as the head of a drum or the surface of a tamborine does when struck with a stick or the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains, a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all, rows of fine thread, called nerves, stretch like the strings of a piano to the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach, and pass in to the brain. If these nerves are destroyed, the power of hearing certainly departs, as the power to give out sounds is lost by the piano or violin when its strings are broken.