

## 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."

Deem that mind great that's copious in its range,  
That heart of worth that rank would fail to change.

A wise man poor  
Is like a sacred book that's never read—  
To himself he lives and to all else seems dead.

—Decker.

Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore.—*Russian Proverb.*

The cheapest advice is that which costs nothing and is worth nothing.

Every one of our actions is rewarded or punished, only we do not admit it.

He who can take advice, is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—*Von Knebel.*

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—*Fielding.*

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavaier.*

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—*Pope.*

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—*Sheridan.*

To make a happy fire-side clime,  
To weans and wife—  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.

—Robert Burns.

Nothing makes so much noise as a rickety wagon with nothing in it, unless it be the man who insists on talking when he has nothing to say.

You can have what you want in this world, if you will like what you have, says a shrewd writer, who seems to know the value of a contented mind.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

"If what shone afar so grand  
Turn to nothing in thy hand,  
On again! the virtue lies  
In the struggle, not the prize."

—R. M. Milnes.

A man who never fought in a battle may be brave; a man who never proved himself truthful may be honest, and a man who never wrote a line of philosophy may be wise.

The surest road to success in life is that of persistent and thorough work. Speculators who make money rapidly generally lose it with equal rapidity. It is the patient, steady plodders who gain and keep fortunes.

Can wealth give happiness? Look round and see  
What gay distress! what splendid misery!  
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour  
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

—Young.

Were man to attain the summit of perfection the scene beyond would be hidden by a wall of darkness. He could not go forward and he dare not go back and his eyes, failing to see a ray of hope, would soon lose the light of life.—*Thos. Watson.*

The point of aim for our vigilance to hold in view is to dwell upon the brightest parts in every prospect, to call off the thoughts when running upon disagreeable objects, and strive to be pleased with the present circumstances surrounding us.—*Tucker.*

Honesty and all qualities which combine to make a man thoroughly reliable may be instilled into the child's mind while yet it has unbounded confidence in its parents' knowledge of right and wrong, while carelessness on the part of a parent's judgment may do irreparable mischief.

## CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

## Excavators' Conclusions.

There is now being retold the story of the locomotive which ran through a broken bridge on the Kansas Pacific Railway across Kiowa Creek, several years ago, sinking into the mud at the bottom and has never since been heard from, though repeated efforts have been made, by digging and boring, to recover so valuable a property. The bottom is a quick sand, and even quick sands have limits, and it seems very singular that the longest boring-rod has failed to find any trace of the sunken engine. By and by, the silent, mysterious operations will drain the quicksand and harden it into rock, and then, long after the Kansas Pacific road has been forgotten and the Kiowa Creek has vanished from the map, some future scientist will discover a curious piece of mechanism, undoubtedly the work of human hands, lying under so many hundred feet of undisturbed sandstone, and will use the fact as a base for calculating how many million years old the human race must be. Thus history will repeat itself, as it has often done and will continue to do.

## Train Telegraphy

An army officer has recently invented a device by means of which it is possible to communicate by telegraph with a train in rapid motion. The apparatus is thus described by an Atlanta paper:—

"A line of telegraph wire, broken at suitable intervals, is laid within or beside the railway track, and the disconnected ends of the wire are connected with key blocks placed upon the cross ties, thus forming a continuous telegraph line or circuit over the entire length of the track operated upon. The key blocks have exposed upon their surface two metallic rollers which form part of the circuit, but which by depression disconnect and break the circuit. In other words, while the rollers of the key blocks are in their nominal position, there is a complete circuit over the whole line; but if any one of them be depressed, the circuit at that point is broken. The second part of the device consists of an electric key-board or shoe suspended beneath a car at such height that as the car passes over the track it will rest upon and depress the rollers of the key blocks. This shoe also has upon it metal strips of such length that as the car moves along they shall at all times touch upon the rollers of one or the other of the blocks, and is also connected by wires with a telegraph instrument in the cars."

## A Tree Cemetery.

The following is an account of the recent discovery of a Cemetery in the heart of an ancient tree in New Zealand, a country which affords so many curiosities that it has come to be considered quite unlike any other portion of the globe:—

"The recent fall of an enormous pukatea tree near Opotiki, New Zealand, disclosed the fact that the hollow interior from the roots to the first fork, about thirty-five feet from the ground, had been filled with human bodies. A confused heap of skeletons burst out of the butt of the tree when it fell. A local paper says: 'A more extraordinary sight than this monarch of the forest lying prone and discharging a perfect hecatomb of human skeletons can scarcely be conceived. Some are nearly perfect, while others are mixed in a chaotic mass of heads, hands, feet, and arms, indiscriminately. All the Maoris here seem to have been quite unaware of this natural charnel house, and declare that it must have happened long before their or their fathers' time. Indeed, the appearance of the tree fully justified the supposition that it must have been some hundreds of years since this novel family vault was filled with its ghastly occupants.'"

Among the curiosities of the late Austrian Exhibition was a house entirely constructed from paper, containing carpets, curtains, dishes, etc., all made of the same material. Paper has been compressed to the hardness of wood.

The leaves of both wild and cultivated pineapples yield fibres which, when spun, surpass in strength, fineness and lustre those obtained from flax.