

Granite Imposing Stones.

Mr. J. Newton Breed, of the St. George Granite Polishing Works, writes us as follows:

"Your article in regard to the use of polished granite for imposing stones, in Vol. III. No. 6 of the *Miscellany*, has been brought to my notice, and perhaps I can give you some information, as I made the ones you refer to. The slabs were sawn from one solid stone, by the use of chilled iron shot, and then rubbed to a perfect surface and polished. The small cavities are natural defects in all granite, but there is less of them in the granite of New Brunswick, both red and grey, than in any other granite I have ever seen, after dealing in all kinds for over twenty years. But this defect could be remedied in a very short time: a hot iron, a little gum shellac, and a little patience, would soon fill all those holes with a substance which would last for years, and be as easily cleaned as the granite.

"If a slab three inches thick is firmly supported at each end, the weight of a dozen forms would not deflect it one-thousandth part of an inch, although it would "give" nearly one-eighth of an inch before breaking."

What is "Tucking?"

A bothered-looking citizen came into the office the other day and respectfully asked to be let look at the dictionary. He sat down and rather anxiously thumbed Webster awhile.

"What word are you looking for?" asked a reporter, seeing that the stranger had failed to strike the trail.

"Well," said the man, in a burst of confidence, "you see I've only been married a short time, and my wife's gone up to — on a visit, and she's written to me to look in the bottom of her trunk for a lot of 'tucking' and send it to her. Now, what I want to know, what is 'tucking?' It ain't in the dictionary."

"Tucking?" said the reporter briskly. "why, tucking is the stuff the girls make by poking a sort of short-turned fish-hook through a hole and catching the thread and drawing it back again."

Then the editor spoke up contemptuously, and said that a man who was so ignorant as that ought to hold his tongue. What the reporter had described was crocheting. Everybody ought to know what tucking was. The ladies in making it used a little contrivance shaped

like a mussel, with thread wound up inside of it. Tucking could be purchased, he believed, for ten or fifteen cents a yard, and why intelligent girls should waste a whole day in making what they could get for fifteen cents was more than he could understand.

The married stranger said the editor was mistaken; that the article he mentioned was not tucking—it was tatting. This he knew for a fact.

The editor observed that when a man came to that office for information, the editor, when he gave it, didn't like to be told he lied. If the stranger wanted to avoid trouble he had better get out and go to the deuce. As the editor had grown red in the face and his eyes were blazing, the married stranger coughed feebly and slunk down stairs.

We would ask our wife, but, to tell the truth, we are a little shady on such subjects with her, lest we should arouse the green-eyed monster. In the meantime, we reiterate, What is "tucking?"

Cruel and Frequent Disappointment.

The P. D. returns from the post office, and as he lays down his armful of mail matter, exclaims in a voice of big assurance: "Registered letter in the office for you, sir!" The editor with a great bound seizes his cap, rushes off as if chased by a dozen wolves, and during the next few seconds his thoughts are in wild commotion, trying to guess which of the parties lately dunned had sent him the money—and how opportunely it had come, too, when he was just reduced to his last fifty cents. Could it be that R— & Co. had sent those sixty-three dollars which he had given up expecting? it might only be the thirty-four dollars from W. In this state of agitation he enters the post office. Trembling with excitement, he dashes down his name in the place pointed out by the P. M.'s index finger—seizes the letter and rushes back to his sanctum. With perspiration oozing from every pore, and hope gleaming from every tooth—he tears the letter open and makes a dive for the money. It would be asking the reader to accomplish an impossibility were he requested to fancy the perfect abhorrence depicted on his (the Ed.'s) countenance, as, instead of a check, he pulls out a printed document and begins to read—"Insolvent Act of 1875 and amending acts. In the matter of A. B., an Insolvent. A meeting of the creditors of the above insolvent will be held, etc., etc."—*Ex.*