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Stereoscopes and Yers.

LENOIR, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1876.

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diotogramme Materials. BY WALTER HAYAGE LANDOR. I level him not and yet, now he is gone. I feel I am alone.

Alas! I would not check. For reasons not to love him once I sought, And wearled all my thought.

To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could be but live
Who lately lives for me, and when he found He hid his face smid the shades of death!

dia , oshi waste for him my breath Was walted his for me! but mine returns, With stilling near, heaving it up in alcep, Tears that had melted his soft heart; for ye Work he as bitter tours !

"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer.

"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold Than daisies in the mould, Where children spell, athwart the church-yard

Prey for mm, gentle souls, whose ryou be, And Oh, pray too, for me !

Wile Pretty Plotters: Or, a sensol Boom Filriation.

Charlette Arden. Mischief, mischief, mischief there you have Lizzie Dane. Look out for them both, Hart! And now good-by. I'll pray for your success.

With this my friend, by whose influence was installed in the academy of Maniepro as principal, turned to leave

"Walt is moment, Mr. Jeffries," I said; "Maw; can I keep— "Scient of them," he added with a sly

laugh. "Draw your own inferences. Handsome young men with light purses must make light hearts. When you catch a glimpse of your pupils you will understand me. I haven't been a teacher here for five years for nothing." "Thank you! thank you!"

With this I gave my friend my hand, and thus we parted. An hour later I was seated at my desk, in the pleasantest school room, looking about me with no small degree of interest for the two pupils of whom my friend had spoken, and wondering in the mean time if his kindly, well-meant caution would not bring me at once Tace to Tace with the very danger which he had wished me to avold.

Smiling at my own conceit, and failing to find, in the three score faces before me, one that was particularly stanged with pride, or one that was marked with mischief, I turned to my books.

Something like a quick whisper broke through the stillness of the room as I die a. Il glasced up. Every countemureness. Smiling again at my thoughts, I turned a second time to my books, and this time a big apple started from one of the back seats, and came rolling down the side. The incident was slight, but, taken in connection with my reflection, and my friend's parting words, it an-

I picked up the apple, laid it on the deak, and gimeed in the direction from whence it dame.

Goodness! what a pair of blue eyes were raised to mine at that moment! Lyes, saucy, daring, and almost wicked, which wavered and brightened like two tessions stars. This was Lizzle Dane, I was quite sure of that; the red mouth was dimpled about by smiles, and the hite chin quivered with suppressed "A good beginning," I thought; "it

angura well for the future."

Just sher the school room door was darkened, and, looking up, I saw Char-lotte Arden. My friend's caution was well. How like a beautiful picture she was, at she stood there, her fine head, covered with pretty braids, perfectly poles, her figure straight, round and poles, hought out by the strong class. t, brought out by the strong, clear ight. The very fall of the soft, white robe as well as of her slender mitered foot just visible beneath the rolds of her ng skirt, was artistic. She stood, as if hesitating whether or not it was best for her to enter the school-room. and ther manner was calm, quiet and

Miss dazzie Dane telegraphed to her with her sparkling eyes to enter. This falling to have the desired silect, size doubled up her white, chilby hands, and held them to her mouth, trumpet rashien. I suppressed the suile that was raing to my lips, and turned to Miss Arden, saying:

"Have you selected a seat?"

"No, Ur, I have not," she answered,

without moving forward a single step.

Tou may do so now, if you please,

She glanced up and down the long rows of seats several times, and then turned to a side deak but a short distance from my table.

This one, sir," she said, raising her eyes for a stagle moment to my sace, and hen surning them, indifferently, away.

I bowed, in approval of her choice, though, at the same time, it did not please me. I did not care to have her so near orticiaing everying I did, and I felt augusta would.

At the quarter bour of intermission her win. Now, do tell me!"

It will make a passed the time in passing, arm to army back and forth on the blank space of floor before my back. I could have wished, and directly in front of me. Lizzie looked wish, that they had chosen my other promounts, but did not know how to help myself, unless I sent them out of doors to play, like two little children in it a very violent ringing. The two passes small to everybody.

pinafores. I raised the lid of my desk between their faces and mine, and appeared to be engaged in setting my books and papers to rights.

Children in pinafores. I smiled grimly to myself, as the audacious they saw in my face, I can't say, but they both colored. Just then they separated for their seats, but not before I small thought entered my head. Children they were, I said to myself, unceremoniously thrusting my head above the temporary screen to confirm my opinion by m good look at them—a proceeding which made Miss Lizzle togs they curly head in a disconcerted attempt at carelessness, and broughts dash of exquisite. lessness, and brought a dash of exquisite, color to the one velvet cheek of her companion's face which was revealed to

"And as for pinafores," I said, sulkily continuing my sollioquy, and drawing in my head again like a turtle, "I'm sure they'd be visitly more appropriate and becoming than that little pinked and scalloped and puckered affair of plaid silk which Miss Lizzle wore under the dignified name of apron."

Such saucy little pockets, fixed off with gimp and things—the corner of a with gimp and things—the corner of a tiny note and the profile of a big, yellow orange revealed from the distended meuch of one, and the lace edge of a handkerchief, with a captivating rent in it, hanging jauntingly from the other; such wicked, knowing tassels, such lengths of variegated silk cord round, round and round her pretty waist, as though once started it had lost its way. though once started it had lost its way, and had been traveling in a direct ever since, instead of going straight ahead as any sensible cord would have done that been stout enough not to get becoiled on the road. It looked contented though, as if it didn't care a whit for the pre-dicament it was in, or whether it ever went straight again, as it could have that charming route to travel round and round, and I began to wonder. "He's splendid, Lot; isn't he?"

Miss Dane's voice broke my wonderings. I was modest in those days, and blushed easily. My wife told me so yesterday, referring to that morning that the tip of my ear, just visible at the edge of my desk lid, grew red as a coal, and that her friend threw a lozenge at it and missed it by the sixteenth of an inch. I wasn't aware of the circumstance before.

"Say, Lot, don't you think he's splenid?'' came the loud whisper again.
"If I do, I don't intend to tell him of it," she retorted.

Evidently, however much averse she would have been to informing me on such a point, she was nothing loath for me to judge of her musical powers, for she burst forth into a merry song, and warbled like a bird—in fact, like twenty birds. Whether my ear looked like a coal or not, it drank in that gay melody

"Rather too deep set for beauty."
"Deep set, indeed! They are as pro-

truding as a cow's, and as big. "Mere difference of opinion, my love; don't let us quarrel."

"No. Then, how much character there is in his nose!" "Decidedly."

I had a large nose, reader. 'Room for more-

I startled her there by dropping a book. I was actually getting angry But she recovered from her fright almost immediately, and went on in a still louder tone:

"How do you think he will answer?" "Answer?" Miss Arden spoke inquiringly, in a

puzzled voice: "You speak as if you shought I in-tended to propose to him."

"And so, I dare say, you will, it be ng leap year, and you so smitten.

A merry laugh followed this sally. In that case I think he would answer in the affirmative." "O! you conceited creature, Lot Ar-

"Hush! What if Mr. Eldridge should overhear us?"

As if I hadn't overheard them.

"Who cares if he does? It's nothing the term." "Nothing to me! to sit there and hear

myself discussed in that way. O, nothng at all!

"But, seriously, what do you mean?"
"Why, have you forgotten that I prophesied a flirtation? I mean how do you think he would do for that?" "Ah! a flirtation! Maybe I didn't

hold my breath for fear of losing the answer, and then maybe-"O, passably, if he understands his place and stays in it. I hate presuming

men." "Men! Boys!" "Well, boys, then. Men in assurance,

boys in intelligence, are what we have now-a-days." She spoke as if she had lived in the age of her grandmother. I clenched my

hands, and declined Jupiter under my breath in Latin. "Do you think you'll bring him around?"

"For shame. I'm sure I have no such design on his peace." "Now, really, I am aching to know what you intend to do. Shall you firt

with him?" My intentions were not consulted, but I made them, nevertheless, biting

my finger nails viciously all the time. "Oh, no matter." "You're too bad. I got you apart from the other girls on purpose to have a confidential chat, and here the time is

almost up, and you haven't told me a thing." Your two things. Your well Lwill now two things. Your hair is twisted out of your net, and your

collar is shockingly tumbled. "Bother my collar! Shall you firt with him? I wouldn't mind, only that hateful Sue Liscomb vows she'll get ahead of you, and I don't want to see her win. Now, do tell me!"

taken.
Should she? We'll see.
That afternoon, while I was engaged with the French grammar class. I was startled by a charp little scream, and by Lizzie Dane springing up and crying

"O! a horse has bitten Charlotte Ar-den, Mr. Eldridge."

The whole school tittered. I seewled very pedagoguely (to coin a word), and commanded her to resume her seat. Lizzle flounced into her seat, very red n the face, and I saw Miss Arden put a book to her face to conceal a smile.

After school I went to her and ihquired politely for her arm. She showed me her round, dainty wrist, with a large discolored swelling marring its

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, forgetting myself, "how it must have pained you. Why didn't you go home? I would have excused you."
She smiled and looked amused. That

smile recalled me to myself.

Oh, it's nothing. It was slightly painful at first, but I was not child enough to run home for so slight a hurt."

In spite of my anger at her, I envied the very words that alipped through her red, haughty lips.

"Had she already began her arts, I asked myself. If that simplicity of look and frankness of voice were art, why, confound nature. Well, I walked home with her, carrying her satchel of books. My excuse was her arm. As if she hadn't but one, and couldn't, by any possibility, have carried her books on the other. U, the days that followed-and the eventful weeks and months. Miss Arden wanted to flirt, and we flirted! Miss Arden wanted me to make love to her, and I did it. Of course I had no further exposition of her wishes on the point than the overheard conversation of the first day; but that was enough. I took the part assigned to me to play, and played it with all my heart and soul.

I had the satisfaction of knowing, as I stood by one of the long windows at the close of the last day, watching the scholars file out, that the whole village was alive with the rumor that my beautiful pupil and myself were engaged. Chariotte Arden lingered behind the

others as if wishing to apeak to me. The coquette had her last snare set, I

this." She held out a white rose-a withered from her hair, the night before at a party, and she had refused it.

"Thank you. It will be a cherished souvenir.'

I spoke derisively, for all the bad blood in my heart was aroused by her to snatch the flower from my hand.

"We have had a very pleasant flirtation bave we not, Miss Arden?" Her face grew deadly white, then

flery red. "Flirtation!" she faltered.

Yes. This will remind me of it when am far away."

I saw the mighty pride that struggled in her face. "I don't understand you, sir," she

said, with dignity. "I refer you for an explanation of my words to the conversation you held

She looked puzzled. "I did not have any," she replied

after a moment's hesitation. "About flirting," I suggested to prompt her memory, "You were to win me away from Sue Liscomb, I

think." She leaned her head on her hand a moment, wondering and confused; then she lifted it and broke into a merry

What an absurd mistake! And you

overheard us, and have been laboring under that impression all these months? O! Mr. Eldridge, how could you?" And as though some sudden recollection well-nigh maddened her, she hid

her face in her hands and broke into a choking tempest of tears. "What is it, Charlotte?" I inquired.

softening in an instant, and feeling that I had been acting like a miserable fool. "We were not talking about you at it, sir," and the hot, blinding tears flowed afresh. "Not talking of me! It was all my

own insufferable conceit, then! What "Idiot," I said aloud and "monkey. under my breath. She drew up her head a moment

later, and would have left me, but-Pshaw! The scene won't bear re hearsing. Charlotte Arden is my wife

# True Windom.

To comprehend a man's life it is necessary to know not merely what he does, but what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human being and he is a wise man, who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted, and

#### Chauffrottes

I draw together, says a Paris correspondent, my odds and ends of politics; my bits of town gossip, rumors from Versailles; wind-bags from the National Assembly. As I pause, quill in hand, my maid, Celestine, enters with the newspapers. She has something else, I

"Behold your chauffrette, madam," says Celestine.

"Tiens! the pretty little gem; but it is elegantly warmed, eh!" And the chauftrette disappears under my petti-

Awhat? a chauffrette? Pray, madam, what is that? say you.

Down comes my attention upon my

paper. Up go my feet upon my chauffrette. Don't you see? We have begun our chit-chat; and my pen is already trotting off toward you across the page. At this season of the year there are a dezen or more chauffrettes, I suppose, in every house. They are neither alive por dead; neither very little nor yet very big; these chauffrettes. They are square tin chafing-dishes, cut out on he cover and sides in little holes, through which comes the warmth of the live coals placed within. Only in the largest houses, public or private, are furnaces used. Nay, I believe there are not many Parisians who have ever seen a hard-coal stove. So with large apartments to heat, and with only open fires of charcoal, or coke or wood to do it with, you will see how agreeable, how necessary these chauffrettes are. When a visitor arrives, quick! another warming-box is prepared and brought and put before the guest, who often borrows it to take away home with him in a cab, returning it next morning. Indeed, these chauffrettes are easily taken about. The women in white caps and pink, ribbon streamers who usher you into the theater boxes often bring you these in place of the usual wooden stools; and of course you will be too well-bred, as the woman takes care to tell you, to offer a poor usher less than two francs for this attention, and a franc or more besides for her smart pink bows or the smile with which she ogles

### The Country the Place for Mechanics.

In these hard times for workingmen in all branches of business, the following sensible advice from an exchange is timely and appropriate: The demand for mechanics in country places is always growing. It is a mistake to suppose that carpenters, bricklayers, and masons need to crowd into a city to find employment. In the country, where a mechanic can have a few acres of land upon which he may spend part of his shought bitterive one you good or to the short of work. He can keep she said, falteringly, as I approached horse and ride to his work, losing less them for genuine turtle soups and exploring the interior of the literal of the pass them for genuine turtle soups and exploring the interior of the island of by its blushing. "And to-to give you city. He can keep a cow, some pigs and stews fowls, and raise, with the help of his children, a large share of his supplies. white rose. It was one I had begged His family will have better health and immediate use, but this thoughtful genenjoy themselves much more than in a erowded city, having flowers and a garden to amuse them. They may dress less expensively, will wear out fewer rooted out him and his gophers.—Co-tlemen, as I was saying?—. clothes, and the rent will not have to be provided for every month, or, if it has, crowning artifice. The words were it will be but a trifle compared with scornful, but they were true, in spite of city rents. Farmers everywhere are me. She looked up with a shocked ex- improving their buildings, putting up pression, and made a half angry motion better barns and fences, and competent country mechanics could procure profitable jobs and could do the work at much cheaper rates than in cities. One wellfinished job brings others, for nothing is so catching as improvement, and our experience has been that many farmers do without new barns or houses because of the difficulty of procuring competent mechanics at a reasonable price. There are very few good farmers now in the East or the West that are not able to have good farm buildings, and at the present time village mechanics have more steady employment and can save with Miss Dane about the first day of more money-if they earn less-than those who work in the cities.

# Stick to Your Business.

The frequent changing from one emcommon thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it for some other, which, it seems to him, will prove a more lucraof ten it is a mistake. Look around you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of our assertion.

Here is a young man who commenced ife as a mechanic, but from some cause Imagined that he ought to have been a doctor; and after a hasty and shallow preparation, he has taken up the saddle bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

Here are two young men, clerks; one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk till he shall have saved enough to commence business on his own account; the capital, and with a limited experience, and brings up, after a few years, in a court of Insolvency, while his former comrade, by patient perseverence, comes

out at last with a fortune. That young lawyer, who became disheartened because briefs and cases did not crowd upon him while he was yet redolent of calf bound volumes, and had small use for red tape, who conclinded he had mistaken his calling, and so plunged into politics, finally settled down into the character of a middling pettifogger, scrambling for his daily bread.

There is an honest farmer who has

tolled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with his industry as anything, though he is not aware of it. He hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up: mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and, after many months of hard toil, comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again.

Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to

be profitable. Young man, stick to your business It may be you have mistaken your calling; if so, find it out as quick as possible, and change it; but don't let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling lead you to abandon it. Have some honest occupation, and then stick to it; if you are sticking types, stick away at them; if you are at the law, hold fast to that profession; pursue the business you have chosen, persistently, industrious-ly, and hopefully, and if there is any-thing of you it will appear and turn to account in that as well as or better than in any other calling; only, if you are a loafer, forsake that line as speedily as possible, for the longer you stick to it, the worse it will "stick" you.

### The Florida Copher.

We saw several years ago in the upper portion of New Orleans a colony of gophers (highland turtles), established by a gentleman in his garden. He had a very large square of ground en-closed by a high picket fence, the pickets put in the ground very deep. In this square he had one of the finest gardens we have ever seen, and to our astonishment he had it swarming with

He had bought a schooner load of these turtles, brought from the sand hills of Florida. He had originally bought about three hundred, but had eaten about half of them. The others he kept to lay eggs and to eat occasion-

He had had them several years, and stated they ate two or three kinds of grass and did not disturb his vegetables. He had a few young ones but would not to raise any, as they were of slow growth, but the eggs were very fine, as we had occasion to test, and they laid twice, or oftener, each year, and a great number of eggs at a laying.

Cargoes occasionally come into New Orleans, and are readily disposed of for tleman always had a ready supply at

# Painting Portraits by the Head.

Narcisse Piochard is a hairdresser in Paris, but he is also an amateur portrait painter. As he charges only twentyfive francs a portrait, he has a great many orders among the humbler classes. Recently he was called upon to paint a little you may often look over it altothe portrait of Mme. Beaulogis, a buxom gether. So it is with our moral imjanitress. She was painted in professional posture, seated with one hand on the cord and the other resting upon the back of her pet cat, a handsome Angora, which reposed in her lap. The portrait was excellent, the Augora being particularly good, as in this particular the artist's knowledge of hair was of advantage. But after the first compliments the scene changed. Mme. Beaulogis drew a Louis d'or from her purse and handeed it to the artist. He pocketed it and asked, "Where is the other?" "What other?" said the surprised jani-There is nothing which should be more tress. "The other Louis; your portrait frequently impressed upon the minds of is forty francs." "But you told me it young men than the importance of would be twenty france." "By the steadily pursuing some one business. head. There were two heads-yours and that of your cat." "But the cat is ployment to another is one of the most an ornament, a mere accessory like the common errors committed, and to it cord. Do you want me to pay for the may be traced more than half the fail- cord, too?" "The cord doesn't count, ures of men in business, and much of but the cat counts; that is a head. the discontent and disappointment that | Count by heads. Will you give me the render life uncomfortable. It is a very other louis?" "No." "Well, then, I'll take away the picture," and he did so. Mme. Beaulogis seeks to replevin it. Narcisse in return demands his two louis d'or, and the Paris District Court tive employment, but in nine cases out | will soon have to decide this weighty vior.

# Ferecity or White Mice.

There is a cage containing three white mice at the Delta saloon, Virginia, which are quite a study. After seeing their manusures for an hour or two, one is not at all surprised at the racket made by mice generally, for during the early part of the evening they take constant and violent exercise. They consume a great deal of water, taking a drink every ten minutes or oftener. It would be supposed that such a small animal as a mouse would not be at all feroclous and aggressive; but such appears to be the case with the white species at least. A other can't wait, but starts off without chipmunk that was put into the cage with those at the Delta was attacked by them all and very quickly despatched, without one of the mice being injured in the least by the unfortunate victim. put into the same cage, was very roughly handled, being attacked by two of the white mice, who took hold of him like a couple of bull dogs, and repeated the attack again and again, shaking him by the throat and biting his legs and tall, the latter being nearly severed from his body. Perhaps white mice, like sed ants, are a peculiarly ferocious species of the genus to which they belong.—

Lirginia (Cal.) Chronicle.

The battering of the ends of street rails is annoying to passengers, damaging to rolling stock, and expensive to the companies. A new rail has the head and the flange made in separate parts, so laid as to "break john" and in a stiff, continuous rail line, and provide the parts, and expensive to the companies. A new rail has the head and the flange made in separate parts, so laid as to "break john" and in a stiff, continuous rail line, and provide the parts, and expensive to the companies. A new rail has the head and the flange made in separate parts, so laid as to "break john" and in the companies. A new rail has the head and the flange made in separate parts, so laid as to "break john" and in the companies. A new rail has the head and the flange made in separate parts, so laid as to "break john" and in the companies. A new rail has the companies. The head and the flange made in separate parts, so laid as to "break john" and in the companies. A new rail has the companies. A new rail has the companies. A new rail has the companies and the flange made in separate parts, so laid as to "break john" and in the companies. A new rail has the companies. A new rail has the companies and the flange made in separate parts, so laid as to "break john" and in the companies. A new rail has the companies. A new rail has the companies. A gray mouse, which was subsequently

# FOOD FOR THOUGHY. 78

leave of at ser Men have their winnowing days, and God has his

The rich should remember what they owe to the poor.

The great masses of the race are dependent on society.

The miserable have no other mustione, but only hope.

The religion that costs nothing is

worth exactly what it coste | 2 1591 We let our blessings grow moldy, and then call them curses.

It is a great art to be able at all times tell less than you know.
Human life is a constant want, and ought to be a constant prayer.

In the journey of this world the man who goes right is apt to get left. Weigh others as you would be weighed yourselves, and the scales

If you become famed beware of the fools, for they always gather around the people who are stared at 30 189 w

"Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another."

Glasgow has a church in which this notice is conspicuously posted. "Ser-mons for People in Working Clothes."

The best capital for youngs and to start with in life is industry; seed sense, courage and the rear of cour. It is better than all the credit or cash that "My son," said an old man, "beware of prejudices; they are disciplated men's minds are like traps; prejudices ereep in easily, but it is doubtful in

they ever get out." MICHIA. Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby that we must take time (as we say) by

the forelock, for when it is once passed there is no recalling it. - Swift. The smallest dewdrop that rests on a lily at night holds in itself the trace of a shining star, and in the most humble insignificant person something good

and true can always be found. Although British India has an area of but 1,450,744 square miles, or show one-third the area of the United States, it has a population of (208600,2560) nearly six times that of the United States.

In a peat manufacturing district of Sweden peat is being made by a new process, which consists in making it into small tubes. This quickens the drying process and adds to the combustive element.

Sumatra, some parts of which are uaknown to Europeans. The Marechal de Faber at a siege was pointing out a place with his finger. As he spoke a musket ball carried off

tlemen, as I was saying?\_\_\_\_\_ Carlyle says there may be, a courage which is the absence of fear. There is also the courage which is the result of excitement and manifests itself in the presence of cowards. Such bravery

falls immediately below tras courage. Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending provement; we wrestle flercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a

higher moral atmosphere, Sharks are said to have done considerable damage to the fisheries on the Lower St. Lawrence. So numerous have they been that 37 were taken in a single system of nets at the mouth of the Saguenay last week. They had followed a school of porpoises into the nets and became entangled.

There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove. There is no outward sign of polite-

ness which has not a deep, moral rea-son. The education teaches both the sign and the reason, Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his own image. There is a politeness of the heart akin to love, from which springs the easiest politeness of outward beha-"There is little reason in my opinion

to envy a pursuit in which the most its devotees can expect is that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social comfort—by passing nights without eleep and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature—they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely-watched slavery, which is mocked with the name of power."— Macaulay.

An extensive branch of industry at present in France is the manufacture of a new kind of wall decoration which has come into favor. These consist et double sheets of glass, the inner surface of the under sheet being painted in oil color in imitation of laplaisuil, jaspar, onyx, or some other costly stone. They are used like tiles, for walls, wainscots, ornamental pave-ments, cabinet-furniture and the like.

The battering of the ends, of street