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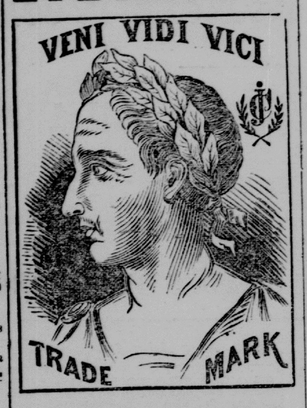

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THE END OF THE WORLD.

WHAT WILL BE THE FINAL PHASE OF THIS POOR UNIVERSE OF OURS—HOW MANKIND WILL GROW LEAN AND DRY UP.

[*Adopted from the French, of course.*]

Humanity knows no more of the probable duration of its existence than does any one of us of the number of years he has yet to live. Are we at the soap or at the nuts? Who can assure us that the coffee is not soon to be served?

The world has had a beginning, therefore it will come to an end. When? That is the question. And, above all, will the world finish by an accident, by a perturbation of existing laws? No, it will come to an end through the action of laws already ascertained, and will die, as one says, of her own health.

But what sort of death? Age? Illness? Yes, of illness; of illness induced by excess. When we compare the world with what it used to be, we at once see that the most extraordinary development is that of organic life upon the life. From the highest summits of the mountains to the profoundest depths of the valleys, millions upon billions of animalcules, of animals, of superior plants have been toiling for centuries, even as toiled the *foraminiferæ* which have built half of the continents.

The work was pushed with sufficient rapidity before man appeared on the earth. While the human race remained grouped two or three points little attention was paid to the subject. The world gradually entered upon its industrial phase. The tendency of men and beasts has been towards an alarming increase; after a century the world will begin to put on flesh. Then will begin that formidable period when excessive production will lead to excessive consumption; the excessive consumption to an excess of heat, and the latter to the spontaneous combustion of the earth and of its inhabitants.

For about 1,000 years all will go well. Industry will advance with giant strides. The coal beds will first be used; then the oil-wells; then the forests; then people will take to burning the oxygen of the atmosphere and the hydrogen of the sea. There will then be upon the surface of the earth about a thousand millions of steam engines, each on an average of 1,000 horse power. And while the machines are incessantly vomiting forth torrents of manufactured goods, from the agricultural shops press forth a throng of sheep, oxen, turkeys, swine, ducks, calves, and geese, all choking with their own fat. With e more abundant and nutritious aliment the fecundity of the human races and of the inferior races may naturally be expected to increase. Houses rise story upon story; now the gardens are suppressed, and now the towns begin to run to each other. At the same time the population springs forward. All useless animals have disappeared, and nothing is left but oxen, sheep, cattle, horses and fowls, without horns, hides, tails or hoofs, reduced by the art of their feeders to a stage where each becomes a gigantic beefsteak fed by four internal stomachs. Barely 150,000 years have gone by and it is done. America, Europe and Africa, thanks to the coral workers' assiduous toil, have disappeared, nothing remaining but a few islands formed by the last surviving summits of Alps, Pyrenees and Carpathians, &c. The human race, retreating slowly before the sea, spreads itself over the vast plains just abandoned by the ocean.

There the human race is destined to perish: It lives upon a calcareous soil; it turns constantly into lime an enormous mass of animal matters. The productions of animals continues to grow till at last productions exceeds and baffles consumption. Then begins the formation upon the bark of the earth (as one might say) of a pellicule—of an appreciable body of *detrita* that can not removed. In fine, the world is saturated with life, and fermenttation begins.

The thermometer goes up; the barometer goes down. Flowers fade; leaves turn yellow, parchments crackle, and all turns old and brittle.

Animals are thinned out in the process of evaporation. Man, in his turn, grows lean and dried up, and all temperaments finally abut in one—the bilious—the last lymphatic having offered his daughter and $20,000,000 to the latest heir of a series of unblemished scrofulous subjects, who felt himself bound, through family pride, to reject the offer. The heat increases and the water supply decreases. The water carriers by degrees raise themselves to the rank of chief iced cup-bearers. The office of holding a glass of water to the sovereign's lips becomes one of the great charges of the state, and all the littleness, all the infamies that to-day we see committed for a golden jewel are done then for a tumbler of water. Ice becomes worthy twenty times its weight in diamonds. The Emperor of Australia, in an access of mental malady, orders an ice which devours his civil list for a year. A scientist amasses a gigantic fortune by attaining, through chemical processes, a gallon of fresh water. The streams dry up, and the crabs come stumbling after the threads of the vanishing water-courses. Strange passions, unheard-of wraths, murderous loves, mad sensations, turn all life into an irregular series of furious detonations, or rather a continued explosion, beginning at birth and only ending at death. The rivers and streams begin to disappear, seas turn lukewarm and at last simmer. The fishes, asphyxiated, first turn up their bellies; then come the algæ, detached from the bottom by the heat; then come half-cooked, wholly cooked and over done whales, sea-serpents, devil-fish, till the smoking ocean is turned into one enormous chowder. For barely a century a fearful smell of cooking permeates the earth; then the ocean has passed away and only left a deposit of fish scales in the midst of a torrid desert.

Then cometh the end. Under the triple influence of heat, asphyxia and desiccation, little by little the human race disappears; man dries up and scales away, and upon the slightest shock resolves into fragments. The only vegetables which survive are metalliferous plants, only coaxed to blossom by daily sprinklin with vitrol. To quench his devouring thirst, to reanimate his calcined nervous system, to liquify his coagulating albumen, man can only resort to sulphuric acid or acquafortis. In vain! At each breath of a breeze that agitates this anhydrous atmosphere thousands of human creatures are instantaneously desiccated, and the knight of his steed, the lawyer at the bar, the acrobat on his rope, the workman at his window are converted into mummies.

Then dawns the Last Day. There are only thirty-seven of them spectres, wandering among a world of mummies. Joining hands, they begin a furious reel, at each turn a dancer falls dead with a dry rattle. The last man is left, facing this wretched heap where lies all that is left of the human race. He casts a single glance upon the earth, bidf farewell in the name of all, and from his poor scorched eyes falls a tear—the latest tear of the world.

Pouff! A trembling blue flame arises; two, three, a thousand. The whole world flares up for a moment and goes out. All is over the world is dead.

Sad, icy, cold, it rolls through the silent deserts of Infinity; and of all the beauty, glory, joys, tears, loves, there remains but a wretched little calcined stone, wandering athwart the luminous spheres of new worlds.

Farewell, earth! Farewell, touching memories of our history, of our genius, of our sorrow, of our love! Farewell, nature, whose sweet and serene majesty consoled us for so many sufferings. Farewell, fresh and sombre woods, where o' lovely summer nights, beneath the silver moon, we heard the nightingale sing. Farewell terrible and charming creatures, who led the universe with a tear or a smile, and whom we addressed by names so dear! Ah, since nothing of you remains, all is indeed over.

The world is dead.

THE HAPPY MAN OF THE HOUR.—Keep cool. Blessed is the man who worries not. Happy the man who has nothing to worry him. Sensible the man who is not too proud to put a cabbage leaf in his hat to stave off the sun's fierce rays. Fortunate is he who hath cabbage leaves in his garden. Glad sh[illegible]d be he who hath no inclination [illegible]k upon the wine when it is red, this hot weather. Proud should he be who is satisfied with ice-cold milk, cold tea, or the sweetened wind [illegible]oda fountain. To be praised [illegible]o turns his gin-mill into a [illegible] the hot spell, and invites [illegible] to drink of that which [illegible] furnace of throat and [illegible] Happ[illegible], thrice happy he wi[illegible]ny attention to the ther[illegible]ng this melting season.—*Re*[illegible]*on.*

[illegible] till at it. This time he [illegible]et up a diminutive but powerful electric light, which he will inclose in a glass globe of such size as to be easily swallowed, by the aid of which he expects to be able to witness the process of digestion and to see with more or less distinctness the operations of the digestive organs.

An Odd Affair.

A correspondent of the *Golden Rule* tells a humorous story of what happened to a lady at a dinner party in a Western city. Seeing that the gentleman who handed her in to dinner was not of a literary turn, the lady, a good conversationalist, entertained him by talking of hunting, dogs, horses and fishing. The man was entertained and the lady exhausted.

It was not many days after that she encountered the same gentleman at another dinner party, and lo and behold! it again fell to her lot to go to dinner with him. Turning frankly to him when they were about to be seated, she said:

"Mr. So-and-so, you know quite well that we have talked up every subject which would mutually interest us. Come, I propose instead of talking (since for the sake of our hosts we must appear happy and pleased with each other), we begin and count like this: One, two, three four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and then laugh; and the other take it up and go on in the same way."

She had counted nearly up to fifty before he saw the joke, when suddenly he let forth a perfect roar of laughter, and catching up the idea, went on,—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, etc., until she had to laugh in spite of herself, and they began to be the envy of the whole table, and were pressed with queries as to what so amused them.

The lady told this in the presence of another bright woman, who lives in quite another part of the country. They both happened to be in New York on a visit. The story pleased her very much. She went home, and being at a dinner party herself, she narrated it, producing peals of laughter from everybody but a single gentleman. He did not even smile. Their hostess at last cried out—

"Why, John, by your looks I should think it had been you!"

With an indescribable expression he answered, softly—

"It was."

This is a true tale.

Too Much Truth.

Ten or a dozen men were enjoying the hot weather which baked the shingles on a ferry dock saloon yesterday, when a stranger stalked in and inquired of the bartender:

"Have you any mint?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you have sugar, lemons, gin, brandy, and so forth?"

"I have."

The stranger turned around to the crowd, noted the sudden increase of interest in each face, and kindly said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to treat every liar in the room—let the liars—the monstrous liars—come forward."

Not a foot moved.

"Gentlemen," continued the stranger in a plaintive tone; "don't be backward. Juleps wait for all. Every one of you who is known as a liar will please stand up."

Not a man stood.

The stranger's face betrayed keen disappointment, as he ordered a rousing big "mint" for himself, and not a word was spoken in the place while he slowly sipped the cooling liquid through a straw. When he had finished he wiped off his mouth and said:

"Well, every truth-teller in the crowd will now stand up."

Each man rose up with the promptness of a soldier.

"And sit down again," softly said the man as he made for the door.

They would have sat down on him, but great truth-tellers are poor runners.—*Free Press.*

THE USE OF THE LEMON.—A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will relieve it in a day or so. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast every day, for a week or two, will entirely prevent that feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring. Perhaps its most valuable property is its absolute power of detecting any of the injurious, and even dangerous ingredients, entering into the composition of so very many of the cosmetics, and face powders in the market. Every lady should subject their toilet-powder to this test. Place a teaspoonful of the suspected powder in a glass, and add the juice of a lemon. If effervescence takes place it is infallible proof that the powder is dangerous, and its use should be avoided, as it will ultimately injure the skin, and destroy the beauty of the complexion.

TAKE at least one good look at a cocoanut, young man, before you have your head mowed and sandpapered.

All Mixed Up.

A certain witness in an assault and battery suit we once heard, mixed up things considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded:

"So yer Honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog come along, and I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer Honor, hit Dennis. And then I up with a stun and throwed it at him, and rolled him over and over."

"Threw a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer Honor. And he got up and I hit him again."

"The dog?"

"No, Dennis. And with that he stuck his tail between his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

"No, the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer Honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Dennis, yer Honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer Honor."

JOSH BILLINGS PROVERBS.—This life is like a game of cards. We must play the hands dealt to us, and the credit is not as much in winning as in playing a poor hand well.

When I hear a man bragging about what he did last yeat, and what he is going to do next year, I can tell pretty near what he's doing now.

The reputation a man gets from his ancestors wants about as much altering to fit as their clothes would.

Falling in love is like falling down stairs—it's hard work to find out just how the thing was done.

Mice can live comfortably anywhere but in a church; they fat very slowly in a church. This proves that they can't live on religion any more than a minister can.

The worst tyrant in this world is a woman who is superior to her husband and lets everybody know it.

Love is like the measles—you can't have it but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

THE TELEPHONE'S LATEST.—Said a Townsend street woman to her husband, as she let him in at the front door at 2 o'clock the other morning, "Where have you been until this unearthly hour and why do you come home with your breath smelling with beer?" "Ta's all right," remarked Thomas, as he leaned up against the wall and tried to look sober. "Tha's all right, 'Melia. Funniest thing ever saw in my life, by (hic) Jove." "What is?" snapped the Townsend street woman. "Tell—(hic)—telephone." said Thomas with an imbecile smile. "How do you make out," demanded the woman in icy tones, "that working with the telephone would make your breath smell of beer?" "Easiest thing in the (hic) world," returned Thomas, as he steadied himself in the corner; "tha's very simple; man at the other end of the line was full. Tha's whazzer masher," and Thomas worked his way up stairs, chuckling at the idea of fooling his wife.

A GIRL called to apply for a place. The lady of the house asked for her reference.

"I have lived five years at my last place," said the girl. "If you want to know any more about me, ask Father Hawley."

The lady was favorably impressed with a girl who had lived five years without changing her place, but she concluded to call on Father Hawley.

"Do you know a girl named So-and-so?"

"Yes."

"She lived five years at her last place?"

"Yes."

All correct so far; but as the lady turned to go Father Hawley inquired:

"Do you know where her last place was?"

"No, she did not mention that."

"It was in the State Prison!"

Two years ago she graduated, and her essay was upon "The Glorious Future." "Let us strive to emulate the examples of the nobility of past generations." she said, "and let our aspirations direct us toward the accomplishment of exalted deeds, and our reward shall be given us in the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.". A few days ago she was lying on the sofa reading the last insipid novel, she had on an old dress, her hair was uncombed, and a hole in the heel of her stocking added to her picturesque appearance, while her mother was out in the kitchen doing the week's washing, and calling in vain for assistance. The noble girl.

AN editor sat on a four-leg'd chair,
And he rubbed his brow and pulled his hair,
In vain did he try to write some matter,
But murderous thoughts his wits would scatter.

Some fiendish Preps, in a neighboring room
Were whooping and yelling like mad baboons.
That editor swore as editors can;
Now, Preps, beware, lest you mistake the man. —*Volante.*

WHO ever possessed integrity that did not derive untold advantage from it? It is better than riches, it is of more value than "diamonds and all precious stones," and yet every man may possess it. The poorest may have it, and no power on earth can wrest it from them. The young should prize integrity of character above all earthly gifts.

THERE is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's surface, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

"PAPA," asked a little six-year-old daughter an up-town physician, "was Job a doctor?" "I never heard that he was. Why?" "Because mamma said, the other day, that she didn't think you had any of the patience of Job."

A BASHFUL young man applied to his village paper for information on the important subject: "How to win a woman's love." The reply was, "Kiss the babies, caress the tom cat, and pay strict attention to the old lady."

"COME, pa," said a chap from school, "how many p's are in a pint?" "How can anybody tell that, foolish boy?" "I can, everytime, you bet; there is just one p in pint, the world over." He was sent to bed early.

IT is when a dry goods clerk of 67 pounds weight attempts to help from a farm wagon a farmer's wife of 202 pounds weight, that the reporter seats himself contentedly on the curbstone and waits for the catastrophe.

THE wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct. The right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

IT'S now about time to start Spitz-dog stories, so here goes: Yesterday a Spitz dog bit a crippled saw-horse, and in less than half an hour that horse was writhing in all the agonies of hydrophobia.

PROFESSOR—Is the density of gravity greater at the poles or at the equator?"

Frenchman—Yes, sir.

Professor—Which?

Frenchman—Greater, sir.

As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little but he is yet capable of giving and receiving benefits.

ONE great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked—that of bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants.

A RIGHTEOUS man hateth lying, hence a publisher waxeth wroth against subscriber who promises to call and settle on the morrow and calleth not.

"SUPPOSE I should work myself up to the interrogation point?" said a beau to his sweetheart. "I respond with an exclamation," was the prompt reply.

THE reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows after him.

WE should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We are taught nothing by experience unless we muse upon it.

OUR ancestors, the monkeys, could not have been so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the high branches.

A MAN is obliged to die before his will amounts to anything, but that of a woman is always in force.

THE phonograph is the parrot of mechanical kingdom.

Family ties—Apron strings.

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