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MINING JOURNAL.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB 12 188?

MRS. GRANT, says the Chicago *Tribune*, has contributed from her private purse the sum of $98?.50 to help along the fund which the New York millionaires proposed to raise for the erection of a monument over the remains of the great soldier. It is safe, however, to assume that even this mortifying contribution will have no effect in stimulating New York City to do anything more. The millionaires of that city, having succeeded in their plan to bury the General in one of their public parks and to enhance the speculative value of adjacent property, have done all that can be expected of them. Fleeced of his money in Wall street while living, his bones are of no value except as money can be made out of them. Selfishness and meanness could hardly go further. Never before has the country been compelled to witness the humiliating spectacle of the widow of an eminent man having to contribute from her own pocket to help build him a monument, and that after the millionaires of the metropolis had agreed to raise the money as one of the conditions of having his remains buried among them.

DR. WM. H. GRAY, of West Falls, Md., the other day visited Baltimore and swore to an affidavit before Magistrate James H. Besant to the effect that he had invented a machine that ran perpetually. It derives its motion from the attraction of gravitation, by placing a mechanical movement on the wheel in such a way that the descending side is the heaviest. By the force of its action it keeps the wheel steadily in motion. The wheel is twenty-six inches in diameter by eight inches in thickness, and is mounted on a wooden frame resembling a grindstone frame. The wheel is keyed to a steel axle, which rests on brass bearings. The motion is obtained by movable weights inclosed within the wheel. The inventor has had one of the machines at his house working steadily for the past three months. He believes that he has at last discovered perpetual motion. He labored twenty years over his invention, part of the time assisted by his son, James D. Gray. He has invented several clever mechanical devices, upon which he has frequently been granted patents. It is his intention to exhibit the machine at an early day in Baltimore and other cities.

THE record of the total number of employes striking and employes locked out, in leading lines and at industrial centers only, during 1886, by months, is as follows:

January	47,200	July	10,700
February	10,700	August	13,500
March	5,200	September	3,400
April	2,600	October	28,300
May	21,200	November	2?,000
June	16,000	December	10,000

This gives a total of about 448,000 employes affected. Of this total about 80,000 were locked out by nine manufacturers' associations. Classifying the total number of employes striking or locked out at various industrial centers or districts the following is obtained:

Chicago	98,000	Troy	13,000
New York	78,800	Philadelphia	13,600
Eastern bituminous coal region	37,600	Pittsburg	6,700
		Baltimore	6,000
Cohoes and vicinity	33,900	Brooklyn	4,000
		Boston	4,000
Cincinnati	32,700	St. Louis	4,000
New England, exclusive of Boston	27,000	Augusta, Ga.	4,000
		Newark, N. J.	3,800
		Detroit, Mich	3,000
Milwaukee	17,000	Paterson, N. J.	3,500

The totals, classified by trades or industries, are found to be as follows:

Meats and packing	57,300
Textiles	51,200
Patterns and machinery	48,300
Coal miners, etc	37,600
Building trades	31,700
Transportation	24,800
Furniture and cabinet	18,000
Leather and shoes	17,000
Steel and iron	13,500
Cigars and tobacco	11,000
Seamstresses	10,000
Lumber	10,000
Gloves	6,000
Pianos	3,300
Sugar	2,100
Brewers	2,000
Miscellaneous and laborers	3,000
Laundry employes	15,000

A ROCHESTER business man who is a practical mechanic was in Boston a few days ago and was attracted by a novelty on exhibition which may have direct interest for people elsewhere, says the Rochester *Express*. It was a tube made of laminated wooden strips wound spirally and rendered water and steam tight by a process which the inventor declines to make public. It is claimed that the process renders the wood practically indestructible by time or moisture, the common cause of decay. Our informant sends samples of the pipe, which, he was told, had been subjected to the action of steam, oil, and acid without apparent injury. He was present when a pressure of 1,500 pounds to the square inch was applied to a piece of the pipe twelve inches in diameter, and it stood the test perfectly. The thickness of the shell was about an inch, and the wood was ash. For purposes requiring less strength it is proposed to use spruce. The owner of the invention intends to apply it to the manufacture of tight barrels, etc. He claims that barrels can be made cheaper and lighter by his process than as at present. The Rochester man suggested another use for the pipe, viz., to protect spiles in the sea against the attacks of the teredo or ship-worm. On his suggestion a section of the pipe has been sent to California in order to test its efficacy in resisting the incisors of the "terror of navies," which abound in the waters of Pacific. It is not improbable that those who may be interested here will have a chance before long to see some of the pipe which can be used for conveying water, electric wires, etc.

THE ups and downs of oil region towns are shown in the statement that ten years ago the Postoffice at Elk City was worth, it is said, $1,000. Now it is worth $100.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

We journey past the mile-stones on the way,
Resting and halting with each toilsome mile;
We sleep, we wake, we laugh, we weep, we pray
A little while.

Some falter early. There are other stones,
And there are pilgrims lingering by each stile.
Passing them by, we hear their sighs, their moans
A little while.

We bravely march; and we, too, reach the rest
Beyond the river, in the Happy Isle.
For us, too, glows the twilight in the west
A little while!

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

CHAPTER I.

During the spring of 1857, I had occasion to stop for several weeks in a small town on the Mississippi. It was at a date when the fever for land speculation was at its height. There were some dozen or fifteen boarders at the same hotel in which I was stopping, most of them engaged in the traffic of real estate in and around that immediate vicinity. It was confidently predicted that the place was soon to become a thriving city, and it was a curious study to the shrewd observer to watch the maneuvers of this class of genteel swindlers, as they spread their webs and meshes to catch the unwary victims. It was amusing to witness the attention paid to every new-comer who was suspected of having money and a predisposition for speculation. He was instantly beset by a swarm of anxious friends, ready to show him advantageous lots, and prove to him that nothing but their own pecuniary embarrassments could induce them to part with them. A fat old fellow, of aristocratic appearance, with a gold-headed cane and double row of chins, who occasionally changes ten-dollar bills for his accomplices when any new customer is around, being very careful at the same time to display a large number of cleverly executed one-thousand dollar counterfeits, is pointed out as a mammoth speculator, who is ready to buy up everything, but never willing, in fact, to sell anything, unless he can double or treble his money. Their asking price to the new-comer is always the standing offer they have received from him, but they have entered into a combination and are determined not to sell to him, unless he will pay them double what they would think of asking any one else. Certain lots belonging to Old Hunks and always adjoining their own are then pointed out to them, and they are advised before closing the bargain to apply to Old Hunks himself, and satisfy themselves of the truth of the assertion.

Of course the aristocratic old gentleman never thinks of selling for less than double the price affixed to some adjoining lot equally available; assures them that he is not at all anxious to sell; that the place is destined to become a city, and that before the expiration of twelve months those very lots will advance five hundred per cent., and then only keep pace with the prospective growth of the place. He always wears a white neck-tie, talks wisely about the future growth of the city, as though it were already an established fact—already incorporated, a board of officers appointed, and himself mayor—sees the star very distinctly, where only the most sanguine have discovered the nebula; and finally succeeds in effectually earthing the game for the accomplished rascal who has first started it.

Such was the exact state of speculative affairs in the little town of Greenboro at the date of my arrival. As to the town itself, it occupied a very pleasant sight, overlooking the river, and contained, independently of the hotel at which we were stopping, some eight or ten frame houses, and a few temporary shanties which were to serve till better dwellings could be erected for those who had been swindled into the purchase of lots for actual settlement.

I had been in Greenboro about a week, when a gentleman named Nixon booked himself for a few days at the Irving House. Judging from his appearance, he was a man well-to-do in the world, and not far from sixty years of age. It was soon noised about that he was in possession of a mint of money, so that he naturally became an object of great interest to those disinterested gentlemen who had previously combined against the old gentleman who talked so sanguinely about the city of Greenboro, and was now trying to buy up and monopolize every thing. But Mr. Nixon did not seem to care much about entering into land speculations.

He declared himself a private gentleman, more ambitious to see than to possess the world from which it was naturally inferred that he had more money than he well knew what to do with)—saying that for the last few years he had been much addicted to travel, and sometimes sketched for his own individual amusement.

Stopping at the hotel, at the same time, was a young man named Warner, who had previously been duped into the purchase of one of the city lots, in the vain hope of selling it in a few days at an advanced price. The venture had taken nearly every dollar he was worth, and being subsequently prostrated with the spring fever, he had found himself on recovery in such straitened circumstances that the sale of his lot had become absolutely necessary in order to pay his hotel expenses and get back to his friends in New York; but the genteel sharpers, who were in league with the landlord, could not think of paying back more than twenty-five cents on a dollar, which was barely sufficient to cancel the charges which Mr. Griffith had scored against him; and the sanguine old gentleman who was always looking at the future city, had suddenly become crippled by the failure of some imaginary banking house, of colossal magnitude, by which he had lost half a million; and poor Warner could not but admire the manly fortitude with which he bore up under this overwhelming misfortune.

"It only required a little resolution and nerve to get over these things," said the sanguine old gentleman, blandly; "life is but a span, and the man, when he steps out of this mundane sphere, can take his carpet bag along with him."

"Alas!" cried the young man, "I don't know what I shall do!" And though he struggled hard to keep them down, I could see the tears crowding into his eyes.

His emotions seemed, very strangely, to have awakened some latent pity in the placid bosom of the sanguine old gentleman, for, after gazing at the victim for a moment, he said lastily, and not without feeling:

"Try Nixon; they have all tried him. He don't want the land more than a cat wants water, but he might be induced to take yours out of pity. I am deeply sorry for this untoward event, which prevents me, just now, from doing it myself. Nothing would suit me better than to do it, I assure you."

"I will try him," said the young man, suddenly brightening up. "Where is he?"

"I saw him going toward the bluffs with his sketch-book," said Griffith, rising up from his seat behind the bar and bending his cold, glassy eyes in that direction. "Since dinner I saw him."

A few minutes after we saw Warner walking hastily off in the direction indicated. He was absent as near as I could judge, about an hour.

When he returned there chanced to be no one in the barroom but Griffith and myself. The gloomy, discouraged look which he had worn on starting had now given place to a healthy, hopeful expression that must have been noticed even by a stranger, much more by those who were in the habit of seeing him every hour in the day.

"I have sold him my lot," were his first words on entering; "and I tell you what, he carries 'rags' enough in his pocket to buy out every land swindler in Greenboro, and pay for him in clear cash. You should have seen the roll of bills he drew from a side pocket in his coat when he came to pay me."

"Did he pay you before you gave him a deed?" queried Griffith, with that practical sagacity which is always associated with minds of his caliber.

"Yes. He didn't want the land; he told me so. He said I had been swindled—that's the upshot of it, but he bought the lot because he pitied me, and paid for it because he didn't regard it of much account, anyhow."

"A very accommodating gentleman, truly," sneered Griffith, "calling other people swindlers. Why didn't he give you the money, and let you hang on to the land, if, as you say, he didn't regard it of any account?"

"That's none of your business, nor mine," said Warner, briefly terminating the argument. "It is enough for you that I have money to square accounts; and after to-morrow morning, if you ever catch me in the city of Greenboro again, you are at liberty to skin me."

"It was evident that Griffith did not relish the satire, though he laughed and pretended it was a good joke.

He shortly after went out, and we saw no more of him till late in the afternoon. When the supper hour arrived, it was remarked that Nixon had not yet returned.

"Possible something may have happened to him," suggested some one of the boarders.

"Where was he when he gave you the money, Warner?" demanded Griffith, pointedly. "Perhaps you can explain, being last with him."

"He was sketching at the upper point where the bluffs make down to the river," answered Warner, innocently.

"It is very strange," said Griffith. "I think we had better take lanterns and go down to the bluffs. For aught we know, some accident may have befallen him."

It was growing quite dark, and as Nixon had always been punctual at his meals, the suggestion of the landlord was instantly acted upon. It was not further than five minutes' walk from the hotel down to the bluffs; and some five or six of the men, including Warner, started on the search.

CHAPTER II.

It was a warm evening.

The sanguine old gentleman and myself were seated on the front veranda, watching the lanterns as they went dancing in and out among the rocks—now seen flashing for an instant, and then next obscured—when we were startled by distant shouts, and the rapid movements of one of the lanterns in the direction of the hotel. The rest were advancing in a body, and at a more sober pace.

The several inmates of the hotel who had not gone with the party on the search, being apprised by the shouting that some discovery had been made, had now gathered on the veranda in eager expectation.

They were not, however, kept long in suspense, for the man with the foremost lantern soon made his appearance, pale, out of breath, and with horror as unmistakably depicted on his face as if the word had been printed all over it in staring capitals.

"We have found him!" cried the man, pressing his hand on his stomach to recover breath; "but he is dead—somebody has gone and murdered him!"

The declaration fell on us like an electric shock, and the little group stood gazing at one another in horrified astonishment.

"Murdered!" "Murdered!" was the only exclamation that escaped us.

"Yes—and robbed!" returned our informant, with a shudder.

In a few moments the rest of the party appeared bearing the remains of the unfortunate Nixon. A brief examination satisfied us that the skull had been fractured in three places; but there being no coroner as yet in the city of Greenboro one of the men had to be dispatched to the next town to procure one.

I saw Griffith take the man aside and instruct him to procure a warrant for the arrest of Warner, and place it in the hands of the Deputy Sheriff, who resided in the same town. "He was the last man known to be with him," said he, "and, from his own admission, he brought back money. Let him disentangle himself from the chain of circumstances if he can. I am sure I hope he can!"

As for myself, I did not think Warner was any more guilty of the murder than I was, and the moment I could do so I acquainted him with what was on foot.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "what shall I do?"

He was as pale as a ghost. I never saw a man so completely unnerved on the instant in my life.

I advised him to stay and run the risk of a trial. There was no other alternative; for, should he attempt to fly from his persecutors, that fact would be arrayed against him in evidence of his guilt.

He was still feeble from the effects of his recent illness, and fear wrought up his imagination to the highest pitch.

"I know they will hang me, these merciless bloodhounds, if they can but find the shadow of a pretext for doing it; yet God knows I have not the strength to kill a man if I had the disposition."

I told him I believed him innocent, and would stand by him to the last; and the sanguine old gentleman, who was standing near, promised to do the same.

With the Coroner came the Sheriff, and after the verdict, which was that Nixon came to his death from blows dealt upon the head by some person or persons to them unknown, Warner was taken into custody and carried to a town about twenty miles farther down, where he was lodged in jail to await his trial at the next term of the county court, which would sit in about a week.

At the proper time the case came up, but in spite of all we could do, the jury found a verdict of guilty—chiefly on the ground that the prisoner was the last person known to be in company with the murdered man. He was accordingly sentenced to be executed outside the jail-yard in just three weeks from the day of the trial. I will not attempt to depict the agony and excitement of the prisoner on becoming fully conscious of the awful doom that so speedily awaited him. When he was about being removed from the court-house, he grasped me by the hand, and said, "I told you it would be so. I knew they would hang me if they could get up any pretext for doing it."

I tried to console him the best way I could, for the trial had tended to strengthen, rather than weaken, my belief in his innocence, and I earnestly hoped that something might yet come to pass that would save him. I did not see him from that time until the day appointed for his execution.

CHAPTER III.

I had a permit to enter the doomed man's cell on that morning, and thinking he might wish to send some farewell word or token to his friends, I, of course, did not hesitate to avail myself of the privilege. Poor fellow! he had wasted away, during those three weeks, almost to a shadow. He was wild, haggard and restless; starting at every sound, and, at times, incoherent.

Had I not known who I was going to see, I certainly should have failed to recognize him. He had shrunk into the farthest corner of his cell when the turnkey threw open the door to admit me, and, with an expression of horror in every lineament of his face, he glared at me for an instant like some poor dumb creature hunted down, and completely at the mercy of his enemies.

He sprang forward the moment that he saw who it was, and clung to me as though he fancied I had power to stay the hand of the executioner.

"I thought they had come for me!" he said, shuddering.

"Not yet!" I answered, hopefully, "We may at least hope for a commutation of the sentence."

"What is the time?" he demanded.

I drew out my watch and pointed to the hand. It wanted just one hour yet of the time of execution.

"What is the use in hoping?" he said. "They mean to hang me from the first, and they will do it. But I'll not go like an ox to the shambles. They shall drag me there; they shall force me upon the scaffold, and there I'll resist them to the death."

I desired to know if he had no message for his friends.

"No," he answered. "I pray to God the news may never reach them. It is better that they should not know my fate, than that the knowledge should carry the slightest suspicion of my guilt."

The scaffold had been erected the day before in the little square in front of the court house, and since light in the morning the crowd had been steadily pouring in from every quarter, for miles around, all eager to witness the violent death of a human creature, much more intelligent and finely organized than themselves, and, probably, much less liable than they to commit the hideous crime of which he had been convicted.

Already the crowd had become impatient, and shouts of "Bring out the prisoner!" were beginning to swell the air and penetrate the walls of the prison. The brutal element was now fairly aroused. There was no mistaking the purport of that warning cry.

The prisoner understood it, shivered, turned paler—a shade paler, if such were possible—and sunk helplessly on the rude contrivance which served the purpose of a bed.

"The bloodhounds have scented me," he whispered through his white lips. "They are but a few moments left to me. I feel sick and faint already. I wish I might die quietly here where I am. You have been a good friend to me; promise that you will stand by me to the last."

He grasped my arm hard as he spoke, and I gave him the desired promise. This seemed to give him a momentary comfort.

"I dread the heartless ruffians outside, who have come to see me murdered. I know they would pelt me with stones and other missiles unless some friend stood by me. For the love of God, don't leave me for a moment till after it is all over! You are my friend—take what money I have left, claim my poor body the moment the Sheriff will allow you, and see it decently interred."

I was choking with emotion, and could only reply with an earnest hand-pressure. In the meantime the crowd outside were growing more and more impatient. The moments flew. Louder and louder grew the clamorous shouts of the multitude. The hands of my watch already pointed to the fatal minute. There was the hurried tramp of feet in the passage, and the next moment we heard the key turn in the lock. The poor young man drew back with a ghastly groan. I saw by the sudden wild glare of his eyes that his mind was fast unsettling. His poor, attenuated body seemed to shrink up within itself.

"They have come for me! Ha! ha! they have come for me!" were his words.

In another moment the turnkey had entered followed by the Sheriff, and one or two of his deputies.

"Come, Warner," said the turnkey, in a half gruff, half soothing tone, "it's time. Now, show your courage, man, and don't break down. Too the music! Where there's no chance there is no use in whimpering. Take my advice and play it out with a high hand. Ten thousand people are outside ready to cheer you if you don't break down."

"Stand off," shouted Warner, fiercely, coiling himself up, and glaring at the turnkey as he approached. "It's no go, ye dastardly bloodhounds, it's no go."

"Yes, it is a go!" said the turnkey. "You must go; there's no help for it!"

"If you are his friend!" said the Sheriff, turning to me with a frown, "I desire you to persuade him to go peaceably, and not compel us to use force."

"I have nothing to do, sir, with the order of his execution!" I replied, sharply. "If your laws compel you to murder an innocent man, you must do it on your own responsibility, not mine."

At a sign from the Sheriff, the turnkey and one of his assistants grappled with the prisoner, who fought and struggled with the desperation of a madman. He was soon overpowered, however, and was borne out of the cell in a fainting condition.

The cool air in the passage revived him, and then he begged piteously for a little more time, an hour, a half, a quarter; but this was denied him; and, in the wild frenzy of the moment, calling down the curses of heaven upon their heads, he was dragged to the steps of the scaffold, and then, amid the jeers and hisses of the pitiless crowd, shouldered up on the elevated platform.

A Presbyterian clergyman was in attendance, and, after a brief prayer, during which the prisoner, pale as death, was supported on either side by an official, the fatal cord was adjusted around his neck, and the hood-like cap drawn over his face. There was no longer any opposition more than if he had been dead.

When asked if he had anything to say, he made no reply—at least, no audible reply; and the question was asked again.

"Tell him to give us a speech," cried a drunken ruffian at the foot of the gallows. This was at the close of the clergyman's prayer, and before the noose was adjusted. Finding that he could not, or would not, answer, the rope was then placed around his neck and the cap drawn down.

Scarcely were the preliminaries arranged, when a faint shout was heard in the distance, proceeding from the river road, as it was called, which led through an immediate village called Flushing, to Greenboro.

This road, for more than a mile, was as straight as an arrow, and at its farthermost extremity a single horseman was seen flying toward them with the speed of the wind. The day was remarkably still, and every eye, even to the executioner's, was bent in that direction.

On came the horseman, shouting and waving his hand at every leap of the flying steed. His words were not yet audible, but that he was the bearer of some important message affecting the prisoner, could not be doubted, and the inference of itself was sufficient to retard the fatal proceedings.

At length the words were distinguishable:

"Stop the execution! Stop the execution!"

It was taken up by the multitude, and the air rang and echoed in thunder-tones that thrilling, electrical cry.

The crowd made way for the approaching horseman, and a second glance, as he dashed through the open space to the foot of the scaffold, showed me, in the flushed and mud-bespattered figure, the sanguine old gentleman, the mammoth speculator, the prophetic seer and patron of the city of Greenboro, Nehemiah Hinks.

"Set the prisoner at liberty!" he shouted. "Another man has confessed it not two hours since, on his death-bed—William Griffith, of the Irving House!"

Warner moved not. He was deaf to the old gentleman's inspiring words; he was deaf to the welcome shout that for one single instant seemed to rend the heavens in twain. He was still hanging like a dead weight on the arms of the two deputies who supported him. The noose was lifted from his neck, the cap raised from his brow, and—it was too late! they saw only the face of a corpse. The terror and excitement of the moment had destroyed him, innocent though he was.

A Difference.

A marked illustration of the value of old records and the fallacy of memory is shown in General Cilley's preparation for trial of the schooner Dolphin case before the United States Court of Claims under the French spoliation act. The tradition and united testimony of the heirs of the owners was that the vessel was loaded with "coffee," while the attested copy of the original protest procured by General Cilley, made Feb. 5, 1798, shows the cargo to have been "rum."—*Rockland (Me.) Free Press.*

The spinx's claws have been brought to light by some curious delvers in the Egyptian desert. It was regarded as a foregone conclusion that they would be found to be of stone, but, strange to tell, the claws are of brick.

HE is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

"EXTREMES meet," as the intelligent setter dog remarked when he seized his tail with his teeth.

"The Morning Land."

When but a mere child on the plantation he heard the old folks telling of the Morning Land—a far-away place where sorrow and trouble were unknown—where night never came—where humanity rolled off its burdens never to take them up again. He determined then that when he grew older he would set out in search of the Paradise which had been so graphically pictured. When he had older grown he started on his journey, but he grew hungry, and weary, and footsore, and men ridiculed him and said:

"There is no Morning Land. You are searching for a myth."

While he abandoned the search for a while his convictions as a child could not be shaken, and he whispered to himself:

"Perhaps I am not old enough, or I have taken the wrong direction. I will renew the search by and by."

Sickness, and trouble, and danger came to him as he waited. Men argued with and ridiculed him. They scoffed at the idea of the land of rest and peace; but deep down in his own heart he felt the conviction that there must be, and as his burdens of life increased he somewhat felt that the Morning Land had come nearer to him. Poor, ignorant, and lowly, he cherished the thought as a prisoner for life loves the sunbeam which enters his barred window to whisper to him of the doings of the great world beyond.

Once, when sickness and poverty had almost weighed him down, and his troubles seemed greater than he could bear, he wavered for a moment in his belief. He had searched long but vainly for the path. He was afraid he would die without finding it. But it was only for a moment. Then he remembered the words of a gray-haired exhorter, spoken fifty years before:

"You may hev to wait an' wait, but yer reward shall be all de greater. In dat Mornin' Land de weary shall be at rest."

When he had become old and weak a blindness fell upon him, and many times his sightless eyes filled with tears and he whispered to himself:

"I have waited and waited, but now I am blind and I shall never find the Morning Land."

One summer's evening as he sat at his door-step this thought grew stronger upon him, and in his loneliness and amidst his troubles he sobbed and grieved like a young child. His eyes were tear-filled when he suddenly cried out to the wondering children at his feet:

"I kin see again! De Lawd has given me back my sight!"

They ran away and brought a woman, and she came to find him dead in his chair.

"See! there is a smile on his face!" whispered the children.

"Chill'en," she replied, as a great awe fell upon her, "de good Lawd gin him his sight to see into de Mornin' Land—jess dat, an' den He called him to come an' lib dar' forebber!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Was Married.

Customer—"Have you any canned corned beef?"

Fancy grocer—"Best kind, Mr. Blank. Anything else?"

"Any canned tongue, already boiled?"

"Yes."

"Canned chicken, already cooked?"

"Yes."

"Let's see. They don't put up broiled beefsteaks, do they."

"No, no."

"Nor roast beef?"

"No."

"By the way, what are these? look like fried potatoes"

"That's what they are—Saratoga chips."

"Well, I'll take a bushel of them. Hello! What's that?"

"Canned corned-beef hash."

"Just the thing. Gimme a lot of it. Got any baked beans?"

"Yes. Boston baked beans; three different brands."

"Let's see what else there is here. How are these used?"

"Those are soup essences, and need nothing but thinning with hot water?"

"Well, I'll try those, and throw in a lot of other things you think good, no matter what, only so they're cooked. I'm tired of starving."

"Is your mother sick, Mr. Blank?"

"No, she's well, but I don't live with her now. I'm married."—*Omaha World.*

Disposing of the Dead!

This is not a question for the church to settle. It is not one that the church can settle. The final words of spiritual admonition and comfort may be spoken as well above a body in the chapel of a crematory as over one lying at the leeward gangway of a ship at sea, or upon a bier beside a grave. It is not a question of moral right or wrong, and it will be a mistake if the church attempts to make it so, even in appearance. It is simply a matter of the human will. If mankind will have burial, they will have it; if cremation, then cremation it must be. Human will, about a thing of this kind, means public opinion. So long as the many demand burial the majority of mankind will not be cremated; but when the world at large desires cremation, burial may become a thing of the past. Probably never will either method be the universal one. In some places mankind will bury, and in others will burn the dead till the end of time. Yet this need not affect the growth of Christianity one way or the other. The future of the soul can never depend upon the future of the body, and it is the soul that Christianity would save.—*North American Review.*

When the Earth Will Stop Revolving.

A problem which is attracting to its study astronomers relates to the earth as a time keeper. We measure time by dividing either the period during which the earth revolves around the sun, or in which it turns on its axis. By the first method we measure a year; by the second a day. The earth, according to some astronomers, is losing time. Through two causes—the sun's attraction and the friction, so to speak, of the tides—the earth each year revolves more slowly on its axis. The speculative question which these astronomers are discussing is whether in the end the earth will stop its revolution upon its axis, and will present always the same face to the sun. When that event occurs there will be perpetual day in one part of the earth, and perpetual night in another. But there is no occasion for immediate alarm. The rate at which the earth is supposed to lose time only shortens the year by half a second in a century. There are more than 31,000,000 seconds in a year. Therefore, if the earth ever does cease to revolve on its axis, it will be more than 6,000,000,000 years before it will stop.—*Coopers' Journal.*

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