THE SPHYNX OF DIANA.

A. D. 67.

Ephesus—the red sun pouring its splendid light upon the marble city, and, above all, upon the magnificent temple of Diana, which had defied the fire of the madman Erostratus, and which, even in our days, remains in part to testify to the justice which declared it one of the seven wonders of the world.

Ephesus, the setting sun, and the Ephesians pouring from all points upon Via Sacra—the Sacred Road—to see the strange seven Christians pass.

To all intents and purposes the Ephesians were Romans in their religious ideas and habits. They were perfectly liberal, and, as in Rome, Serapis, the favorite divinity of the Egyptians, had more than once become the fashion.

But whether the wretched man Nero (still young, for he died, scarcely 30, in the following year) was or was not mad, it is certain that he was the first of the Roman Emperors consistently and systematically to persecute the Christians.

But the Romans, as a rule, did not persecute the Christians so much because of their faith as because they would not fight.

Now, the Roman was bound to fight for his country, if called upon, and he was frequently required to do so; but the Christian quite refused, conscientiously, to fight, and he preferred, before doing so, to be condemned to death as a coward.

But Romans, however, appear at a very early period to have seen that the men who could die for their faith were no cowards, while, by their very martyrdom, they demonstrated that they ought not to have been martyred.

Hence, the Roman judges found themselves in the dilemma of either letting the Christians live, and thereby encourage their faith among all those who had no desire to fight for the Roman power, or of condemning them to death—not as cowards, but as men who denied the recognized divinities.

Christians, however, were submitted to but a very simple ordeal if they desired to renounce Christianity. All they had to do was to burn a pinch of incense in the flame rising from the altar before the statue of a given diety, and they were thereby reconstituted Roman citizens.

The greater number were true to their new faith, and died—chiefly in the arena, where, as an example to their fellow citizens, they were thrown to the wild beasts, and without arms, that they might not have the honor, if they wished it, of defending themselves against the famishing, wild, hungry, ferocious beasts.

But, in Ephesus, Christians had scarcely been known. The deity of that city was Diana—the Diana of the Ephesians; Diana, the goddess of purity; Diana, whose vestals were ever clothed in silver and white, who sang to Diana's glory unceasingly, and to touch whom, as they passed through the streets, was a sentence of death.

Unquestionably, the Ephesians were a comparatively pure people, and it is little to be wondered at that, when they did embrace Christianity, they became ardent disciples of the new faith.

But that was long after. We are in the year A. D. 67 and great is Diana of the Ephesians.

The strange seven Christians are to be sacrificed for the safety of Ephesus.

To the east of the town, four days since, a sudden gap appeared in the hillside, and a sound as of Nature moaning appeared to issue from it.

The augurs had been consulted and they declared that the Ephesians had offended Diana—that a sacrifice must be offered as a propitiation.

Whether or not the diviners exerted themselves to find hidden Christians, it came about that on the eve of the day upon which they declared the will of the oracles, seven Ephesian Christians were found, seven hidden Christians living in the city dedicated to pure Diana.

The people recognize with acclaim that this is the offense—that the hillside has opened and the earth has groaned because of the offense of seven Christians in the silver city of Diana.

As the sun rises on the following morn, the great arena, the circular or open-air amphitheater, where the gladiators contested, is filled with the Ephesians, come to see the trial and death of the seven Christians.

Now and again, above the chattering and laughter of the people, a savage roar, followed immediately by other strange, savage sounds may be heard. These angry complaints come from the wild animals confined in cages in the arcades of the arena, and but half fed, that, when the victims are thrown to them, they shall not balk the Ephesians of their day's pleasure—that of seeing the wild beasts devour the perverts.

As usual, the Pro-Consul sits in tribune, some ten or twelve feet above the floor of the arena, his breast level with the coping of the marble wall which forms the round wall of architectur surrounding the arena.

Below, in the arena, stands an altar; before it a flaming tripod; and near at hand a supply of powdered incense.

The silver trumpets have sounded, come nearer, and the Pro-Consul has taken his seat. The eyes of all Ephesus are now fixed upon the arena, about which move several heavy, lumbering slaves—fierce, remorseless brutes.

Suddenly a loud murmer as the seven criminals are led into the arena.

They are weakly-looking men (for the strong did not at first willingly accept Christianity), but there is a general saintly beauty in their aspect, which is common to all men who resign life through the strength of any conviction.

Very short and prompt is the trial of the seven men, for they confess that they are Christians and that they are ready to die.

But the Roman rulers were never precipitate in these matters; and again and again the arraigned are urged each to take a pinch of the incense, and burn it in the flame flickering before the altar and statue of Diana. This would save their lives, for the act would be looked upon as that of renouncing Christianity, when lo! the foremost of the seven, running forward, overthrew the blazing tripod, and spat upon the white marble statue of Diana.

Then there arose a terrible, angry cry, and the thumbs of all the outstretched hands were turned downward, thereby meaning death.

The white-faced soothsayer is seen to approach the Pro-Consul, who is marked to start, and then to make a gesture of assent.

Soon the news scatters amongst the Ephesians; the rent in the hillside, caused by the infamy of the presence of the seven Christians, is to receive them: they are to be cast into the darkness as a sacrifice to Diana; and so the wild beasts have been deprived of their human feast.

Sunset—and the Ephesians once again pour from their shops and their work to see the seven Christians led to death. They are singing most low, sad, yet hopeful chants, and moving hand in hand.

From the valley of the city, those who stay there can see the glittering arms of the soldiery—can almost mark the Christians cast one by one into the abyss.

All is ended. The Ephesians go home to peaceful rest, night has come and the seven Christians are asleep.

A. D. 567.

The rising sun, cresting the hilltops to the east of Ephesus, lets shine some rays into a cavern and upon the face of a sleeping man, who, slowly awakening as the warmth brings him back to life, looks about him and then smiles as he sees the yellow sunlight pouring in upon him and his companions.

"Joshua, Zebedee," he cries cheerfully, "and fair Matthew awake! Here is the friendly sunlight smiling upon us! In the night some kind hand has rolled away the stones which the Ephesians cast into the mouth of the cavern, and mayhap we shall yet live."

The sleepers awake and the seven voices begin singing their morning hymn.

A shepherd watching sheep near the place saw a rent in the hillside, where yesterday at sunset the wild plants grew, and it is from this point the soft voices come.

He flees into the city, telling them there that a miracle is happening; that the hills are singing to heaven. The seven Christians having sung their morning praises and kissed, after the manner of the early Christians, one said: "Thou, Paul, art the bravest, for yesterday thou didst overthrow the light before the altar of Diana; go thus cautiously into the town and buy bread. Mayhap the Ephesians have had pity on us, and will let us live."

So this one, Paul, set out for the city below them; for they had come forth and sat in the morning sunlight—he meaning to bring back bread in the loose sleeve of his dress.

He thought the land and city looked changed; but he persuaded himself that he was mistaken; until he knew things must be strange, for, suddenly meeting a man at a turn in the hill path, he saw that the stranger was dressed as never he had seen man robed.

The next moment his amazement was very great; for the man started, raised his hand affrightedly, turned, and fled toward the city, never once looking back.

Still this Paul went on, much amazed, but with no fear. Yet, when he came to that point where, on the yesterday, there stood a wayside votive altar to Diana, he was sore puzzled, for the figure of Diana was gone, the altar itself was chipped and weather-worn, and where had stood the statue, he marked a fair cross of white marble.

But from him the symbol demanded prayer, and his face was still toward the cross and from the city, when the sound of many whispering voices called for his attention.

He turned and found a multitude upon their knees. The whispering he had heard was their praying voices.

They had heard the shepherd's story, had met the affrighted man, who told how he had seen one who had a faint white light about his head, and they had gathered their waving green branches, and had moved up the hill, the bravest in advance, the more timorous in the rear.

"Good people," he said, "do no farther harm, either to me or my brothers. We wish you well."

"Who art thou, master?" asked a quaking voice.

For awhile the Assyrian could not understand.

"I am a Christian called Paul, and my six brethren are waiting for me a little higher up on the hillside. They are Zebedee, Joshua, Matthew, John, Peter, and Zacharias."

The listening people could not comprehend what the stranger said; but when he mentioned the names of the seven Ephesian Christian martyrs, of whom their bishop had told them how they had been cast into a hole in the hillside, the people began to quake, and, in a loud voice, whisper the word, "miracle! miracle!"

"Cast us not back into the pit!" he pleaded; "for we love you, and some of you love us, for have ye not rolled away the stone from the mouth of the cavern?"

Slowly, yet with certainty, the listeners comprehended, and the foremost ran forward, meaning to fall at his feet.

But he, thinking they meant to kill him, and yearning to die with his brethren, turned, and fled rapidly up the mountains.

Reaching the others, he told them the people were coming to slay them, and that they had but a few moments to live.

And then it was that the approaching awe-stricken people heard the seven sweet voices, as the shepherd had heard them, and they came slowly forward, covering their faces with their hands, not daring to look upon the seven radient men.

They, taking the upraised arms to mean that they were to be stoned to death, prepared to die, though yet one of them said: "What harm have we done you?" You are not of the Ephesians who yesterday cast us into the pit. You have gentler faces, and your dress is different. Let us go our way, if you will; if not, we are ready to die! See you, the rent in the hill is once again open. Shall we go back to our tomb?"

And now one whom they knew by his dress to be a Christian bishop—though much they marveled that he should be there among the Diana-loving Ephesians—came toward them and said softly: "Why, brethren, we welcome you with our love. Whence came you?"

"From the cavern whose opening you see, into which but yesterday the Ephesians cast us, because that we are Christians."

And now, to their amazement, the bishop, an aged man, with long, flowing, white hair, knelt before them, and prayed their blessing.

"Nay," said he who was called Paul, "it is for us to kneel to you; for we are plain, Christian brethren, citizens of Ephesus, following poor trades. Plead with the Ephesians for us that we may have our lives, and that we may live after our own way!"

"We are Ephesians," said the Bishop, softly.

"Yet you seem Christians?"

"The Ephesians are Christians!"

"Yet 'tis only yesterday we seven were all the Christians in the city. How came ye so changed in faith, in dress, in look, in manner?"

"It is 500 years this blessed day," says the Bishop, "and your awakening is a miracle."

The seven sleepers looked one upon the other, now comprehending why all these things were so changed.

"And is Ephesus indeed a Christian city?" asked they.

"We know no other faith," said the Bishop, "than Christianity."

And then it was that the seven raised their voices in song.

But slowly, slowly, it grew softer; and, as they lapsed into silence, the seven brethren slept as they knelt.

And, when the people touched them, they found that the seven were dead.

They carried the seven martyrs down into the city, and the descendants of the very people who had driven them out to death welcomed them with loud hosannas, and all the Ephesians came to touch the dead bodies of the seven brethren.

Such is the myth and mystery of the Seven Sleepers.

True?

No—not true; but nevertheless, unspeakably beautiful and tender. Christianity is not any the worse for thinking pleasantly of the untrue, but charming legend of the Seven Sleepers.

Don't Stay Too Late.

One of the few advantages of being "past thirty" is that one can now and then put a word of motherly advice to the other sex. So I'll begin and say to any single gentleman who chooses to listen—Don't stay too late.

At the store or office? No. You know very well I don't mean that I'm not fighting imaginary dangers, but real ones. I mean simply, don't stay too late when you go to spend a quiet evening with a young lady. It's not fair; it's short sighted; and it's pretty sure to wear out your welcome. Even if the poor thing is eventually to allow you to stay until death doth you part, that's no reason why you should bestow so much of your tediousness upon her at the outset. When she really wishes your visit to be longer, you'll know it; and even then be chary of the moments after eleven. At any rate, don't suffer yourself to be misled by the usual commonplace forms of detention that, in nine cases out of ten, arise from a sudden consciousness on the lady's part that she may have been betraying her weariness rather to painly. It won't hurt you to be longed for after you are gone; but beware of ever causing a girl to give a sigh of relief when the hall-door closes after you. There's a sandman for the parlor as well as for the nursery, and after a certain hour, except in special cases, whenever he finds the eyes too well drilled to succumb to his attacks, he sprinkles his sand around the heart. After that your best efforts to please are wasted. Every word will grate, every winning attempt of yours be met only with the silicate of emotion at best. I know all about it. I've received young gentlemen callers in my day; yes, and enjoyed receiving them if ever a girl did. I'd think all day that perhaps John, for instance, might come in the evening, and on those occasions I've gone down to tea with a rose put in my hair and a happy flutter in my heart. Yes, and I've started at the ring of the door-bell, and when at last he came in, smiling and bowing, I've looked just as if I didn't care a single bit. There were others, too—not Johns by any means, but friends who were always welcome, and whom it was right good and pleasaht to see. But that fact didn't make nul and void all somnific law; it didn't make father and mother willing that the house should be open till midnight; it didn't make it desirable that I should feel a rebuke in everybody's "Good morning!" when, with throbing head and weary eyes, I came down to breakfast. No, you may be sure it didn't.

Therefore, I learned soon to honor those who know enough to go when half past ten came; while those who didn't know were the bane of my existence. How they would linger and skirmish, and stand up and sit down, and move about and look at the clock, and in a thousand torturing ways say "Good-by" without going—forgetting that I couldn't turn them out of the room, yet judging by that token that their presence was nectar and balm for all weariness!

Now, never think that these friends stayed from kindness to their weary hostess—not at all. They stayed because they didn't know enough to go. They liked the warm room perhaps, ahd dreaded the cold street, but beyond that they lacked the simple grace of taking themselves off promptly and handsomely. And what a gift that is in man or woman, to know when to go, and, knowking it, to stand not upon the order of going, but to go at once! I know a few such persons. They radiate peace and restfulness, or they sparkle and scintillate, or they arouse and inspire you, as the case may be. An hour glides away, then another, and in the midst of another you are conscious only of a gentle "Good-by" flash, and they are gone. Then a hundred things rush upon you—you wish you had asked them this, or told them that, you think how pleasant it was to meet them, and you long to see them again.

So, dear single gentleman, whoever or wherever you are, the next time you go out to spend a quiet evening with a lady, remember my words. Young girls are human; they require rest and sleep; they are amenable to the benefits of domestic system and order; they have a precious heritage of strength, health and, good looks to guard. Above all, if they are true, sensible girls, they secretly respect a man who does not yield to the temptation to linger past a reasonable hour. In a word, though they may be glad to see you, an evening visit is not a species of eternity.

Don't go too late, and don't go by inches. Good-by is the flower of a welcome. If you wish it to retain its aroma, the fewer leaves it sheds the better.—*Aunt Betsy.*"

The most Ancient Trades.

The advertising business is the oldest, and the word "advertise" is a Bible one, and it was used before there were any newspapers to publish the modern advertisement, or any dictionary to define the term. An interesting realestate transaction which took place in the land of Bethlahem some thousands of years ago, is described in the fourth chapter of the Book of Ruth, where it is written: "And he said unto the kinsman, Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth a parcel of land which was our brother Elimelech's, and I thought to *advertise* thee, saying, Buy it before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people."

"Pat, have you seen a stray pig this morning?" "Shure, an' how could I tell a shtray pig from any other' sur!"

Among the Cranberries.

THE PICKING SEASON AT ITS HEIGHT—THE SCALD—STATISTICS.

BRICKSBURG, N. J., October 25.—Some thirty years ago Captain John I Webb, of Jackson township, Ocean county, in this State, began experimenting with the cultivation of cranberries which were growing wild upon his land. Gathering the few bushels in the swamps and carried them to Trenton, 30 miles distant, where they were readily exchanged for his winter stores. The captain was the proprietor of a wooden leg, with which he deftly punched the vines into their places and made them stay there. The result was that the pioneer of cranberry culture in this State, all in due time, became a man of means, and he has refused $1,500 an acre for his bogs. I met the captain a few days ago swinging along on his wooden leg, as rosy cheeked and vigorous looking as a school boy just let out for a holiday. He is popularly known as the "cranbury king." The first attempt to cultivate this fruit was made by Captain Henry Hall, of Dennis, Mass., on Cape Cod, in the year 1812, and the vines from which the first crop was gathered have born a good crop ever since, and will afford a fair yield this autumn. The cranberry growing district of New Jersey includes parts of the Ocean, Burlington and Atlantic, although some small portions of Monmoth, Middlesex, Camden, Cape May and perhaps one or two other counties are adapted to the cultivation of the fruit. The greater portion is located in what is known as the "Pines," wherein also lie the charcoal regions, a tract containing about 1,200,000 acres. Just now the cranberry pickers are as busy at work as the musquitoes are working at them. In walking over the bogs the ripe, crimson berries are so numerous that they constantly mash and pop beneath their feet, while the still more numerous musquitoes pop away at your face, hands and neck. I passed over a bog of 100 acres in Burlington county where the pickers were as busy as bees. There have been 400 women and children at work at the same time on this single bog. Each pick from two to five bushels. The men average about four days a week and generally get drunk the rest, although of course they make a better showing in some sections. After the vines have been pretty thoroughly gone over, the water is let in, and bushels of berries rise to the surface and float down to the gates, where they are raked out.

The cranberry, like all cultivated fruit, is developing numerous varieties, the principal of which are the bell, of a deep mottled crimson and somewhat pearshaped; the white, which ripens the earliest and rots the soonest, and the common round berry, which is the least liable to rot, and will keep longer than the other two together. The fruit, like all other, has its enemies, the most destructive of which is that popularly known as the scald or rot, though some separate these two blights. The vines begin bearing the third or fourth year after being set out, the yield increasing each season for double that time. The cultivator finds his whole field or "bog" as it is always called down here, blushing, crimson, or about to do so, and he rubs his hands and blushes also as he mentally calculates his near profits. An acre yields from one to four hundred bushels, which sell from two to three and four dollars a bushel, and during the year the price obtained was three or four times that amount; but before picking time comes the blight sweeps over the field. A few berries turn a dirty yellow, and in one week the whole bog has it bad. The cultivator surveys the spread-out mass of rottenness, pulls his hat over his eyes, jams his hands into his pockets, and goes home to figure how he can economize enough to try some new experiments next year. This scald business has kept up so long that it is becoming monotonous, and not the least remarkable peculiarity is the fact that no living mortal has been able to find out a preventative for the plague. Every imaginable experiment was made; water has been let on sooner and later than usual; all sorts of fertilizers were tried, and many and many a time it was believed that a remedy had been found. Finally Professor Taylor, the United States Microscopist of the Agricultural Department at Washington, was called in and he visited the bogs here and at Cape Cod, and spent weeks in probing for the cause. His thorough investigations discovered that the evil lay in the root of the fruit, or rather in the ground, which in all cases of the rot, was found to be sour, causing fermentation and decay in the berry. This was established beyond a doubt, and the apparently simple problem remained of determining how the soil should be sweetened. The professor recommended lime, sand and various fertilizers, and never did the cranberry season open upon a more hopeful set of men than were the growers a few months ago. Professor Taylor came down in this county to hear the results of following his advice. There was something very amusing in occupying the position of a spectator and listener. Old Captain Webb, the cranburry king, stumped in and sat near the door, and was made an honorary member of the Cranberry Growers' Association before he could fairly comprehend what was going on. Lime had been used more than ever before, and the rot among the cranberries this autumn is greater than ever was known. One grower recommended sand, and his neighbor announced that it was not worth a continental; another gentleman had tried plaster of paris, and not a berry was tainted; a red faced cultivator tried the same thing and declared his crop wasn't worth gathering. The most famous grower in the association informed the audience that somebody recommended salt, and he had staked out a portion of his bog and and showed it with that savory fertilizer. Some time ago he went out to see how the vines liked it, and he might be hanged if there was a vine left. They had been completely cleaned out by the salt, and he regretted very much that he couldn't remember the name of the gentleman who advised him to make that experiment. Another enthusiast solemnly asserted that he had sat up with and nursed a small bog for seven or eight years, and he had not as yet gathered a sound berry from it. He is still at it, and, as he has children growing up, there is no telling how much longer the bog will stand it. New Jersey raises one-half the cranberries in the country. The area under cultivation is about 5,000 acres.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Why cannot a Temperance man kiss a Jewess? He has sworn not to taste jew-lips.

The Power of Water.

Every one who has visited the Delaware water gap or ascended the Susquehanna, from Harrisburg, or passed through the cut where the Potomac has pierced the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry, or has seen indeed any one of the numerous gaps made by seaward flowing rivers through the long mountain ridges which flank the Alleghenies, must have been struck by the question how a comparatively small stream could overcome so formidable an obstruction.

Evidently the river could not have taken advantage of a natural cleft or fissure through the mountain dam, for the stratta correspond in the opposing sides of the gap, and the river flows over an unbroken stratum under-running the broken strata of the banks. The gap as plainly denotes a section cut out of the mountain as a notch in a stick does the removal of the wood. The disconnected edges of the stratta tell precisely the same story as the several lines of annual growth on the sides of a wood chopper's cut; the connecting portions of wood and stone have been removed. The question is: How?

The first and most natural supposition would be that the valley, back of the dam, had originally been filled, forming a lake whose outlet was over the ridge above the present river channel; and that as the outlet was lowered by the wearing down of the obstruction, the lake was drained until the entire valley was laid bare. This supposition is negatived by the plain fact that it would be impossible to fill the valley to the height of the ridge at the point of the gap. Before the water could reach that level it would find an outlet elsewhere, where the natural elevation of the dam was less. An excellent illustration occurs a few miles above Harrisburg, where the Susquehanna crosses a flexure of the mountain ridge, cutting twice through the mountains within a few miles, when apparently it might easily have avoided the obstruction by going a few miles around.

Another supposition is that originally the river ran at a level corresponding with the top of the ridge, and that the present valley through which it runs is the result of erosion; while the river was slowly wearing through the hard mountain strata, the softer earth of the surrounding country was washed away through its sinking channel, leaving the more unyielding rocks in mountain ridges. From this point of view, the river is to be regarded not merely as the cleaver of the mountain barrier but as the creater of it, by reducing the level of the adjacent land.

Hitherto this supposition has been the most plausible and the most generally accepted. But another and, perhaps, truer explanation is suggested by Prof. Powell's "Exploration of the Canyons of the Colorado."

As our Atlantic rivers cut through the Allegheny ridges, so the Green river, the chief head stream of the Colorado, pierces the Uinta mountains, flowing through a series of canyons compared with which our eastern water gaps are insignificant. As in the case of the Susquehanna, above noted, the river bursts through the opposing mountains when apparently it might have found an easier passage by going round them. Why did it choose the harder course?

Prof. Powell's answer is that it had the right of way. It was running there before the mountains were formed and simply removed the obstruction as fast as it rose in the way.

The contraction of the earth causes the strata near the surface to wrinkle or fold, and such a fold was started athwart the course of the stream now known as Green river. "Had the fold been suddenly formed, it would have been an obstruction sufficient to turn the water into a new course, to the east, beyond the extention of the wrinkle; but the emergency of the fold above the general surface of the country was little if any faster than the progress of the corrosion of the channel. We may say then, that the river did not cut its way down through the mountains, from a height of many thousand feet above its present site; but having an elevation, differing but little perhaps from what it now has, as the fold was lifted, it cleared away the obstruction by cutting a canyon, and the walls were thus elevated on either side. The river preserved its level, but the mountains were lifted up, as the saw revolves on a fixed point as the log through which it cuts is moved along. The river was the saw which cut the mountains in two."

The gigantic nature of the aqueous saw cut can be faintly estimated from the circumstance that the mountain log or fold had a diameter of fifty miles, while the depth of the cut, that is, the elevation of the fold above the present level of the river, was over twenty-four thousand feet. But a fraction of this enormous uplift of rock remains. As the rocks were lifted, rains fell upon them and gathered into streams, and the wash of the rains and the corrosion of the rivers cut the fold down almost as fast as it rose, so that the present altitude of the Uintas marks only the difference between the elevation and the denudation. The mountains were not thrust up as peaks, but a great block was slowly lifted, and from this the mountains were carved by the clouds—patient artists, who take what time may be necessary for their work.—*Scientific American.*

$6,000,000 in Eggs.

Three freight cars containing $6,000,000 worth of silk worm eggs arrived at St. John's Park depot on Tuesday. They had come from Hong Kong to San Francisco in twenty three days, and thence to New York in less than seven days, the speed being faster than the mails are carried by the same route. This uncommon cargo is going to Italy and the South of France, and could have reached its destination quicker and at less cost by way of the Suez Canal, but it has been found useless to slip them that way because the Southern climate hatches the eggs.

The silk worms are put upon long sheets of cardboard in China, and are left until each board is covered with eggs, which are about the size of mustard seed. The eggs stick to the cards, which, interlaid with sheets of paper, are packed in wooden boxes, tightly closed, and wrapped in canvass and matting. In this shipment there were 647 cases, containing over 160,000 cards. The cases were transferred yesterday to the Hamburg steamer Frisia, which will sail for Europe to-day. When the eggs reach their destination they will be stored in vaults, secure against warmth, and the mulberry trees on which they feed have grown their foliage.—*N. Y. Sun.*

They are getting so accustomed to hangings in Louisiana that people constantly accost each other with this question: "Any noose to-day?"

Worship of the Dead.

Facts already named show how sacrifices to the man recently dead pass into sacrifices to his preserved body. We have seen that to the corpse of a Tahitian chief daily offerings were made on an altar by a priest; and the ancient Central Americans performed kindred rites before bodies dried by artificial heat. That, along with a developed system of embalming, this grew into mummy-worship, Peruvians and Egyptians have furnished proof. Here the thing to be observed is that, while believing the ghost of the dead man to have gone away, these peoples had confused notions, either that it was present in the mummy, or that the mummy was itself conscious. Among the Egyptians, this was clearly implied by the practice of sometimes placing their embalmed dead at table. The Peruvians, who by a parallel custom betrayed a like belief, also betrayed it in other ways. By some of them the dried corpse of a parent was carried round the fields that he might see the state of the crops. How the ancestor, thus recognized as present, was also recognized as exercising authority, we see in this story given by Santa Cruz—When his second sister refused to marry him, "Huayna Capac went with presents and offerings to the body of his father, praying him to give her for his wife, but the dead body gave no answer, while fearful signs appeared in the heavens."

The primitive idea that any property characterizing an aggregate inheres in all parts of it, implies a corollery from this belief. The soul, present in the body of the dead man preserved entire, is also present in preserved parts of his body. Hence the faith in relics. Ellis tells us that, in the Sandwich Islands, bones of the legs, arms, and sometimes the skulls, of kings and principal chiefs, are carried about by their descendants, under the belief that the spirits exercise guardanship over them. The Crees carry bones and hair of dead persons about for three years. The Caribs, and several Guiana tribes, have their cleaned bones "distributed among the relatives after death."—The Tasmanians show "anxiety to possess themselves of a bone from the skull or the arms of their deceased relatives." The Andamanese "widows may be seen with the skulls of their deceased partners suspended from their necks."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Religion and Human Nature.

The Epicurean philosophers, as religion waned, threw themselves into the study of natural phenomena. They believed that as man became acquainted with the physical laws of the universe, superstition would disappear, and a code of practical rules could be created on theories of expediency. Science might plume itself on its splendid discoveries; but human nature was stronger than science, and in spite of it, and by the side of it, witheraft, magic, necromancy, with their attendant abominations, developed out of the putrescent corpse of Paganism. Lucretius would not have selected the sacrifice of Iphigenia as an illustration of the atrocities which could be provoked by religion, unless the spirit which had presided at Aulis had been still alive and active. Those who would draw the horoscope of the spiritual future of mankind from the progress of knowledge will find their forecasts defeated by forces which they disdain to recognize. Far as they may extend the confines of discovery, the shoreless infinite of the unknown will still extend beyond them, and the hopes and fears of what may lie in that impenetrable region must ever have an influence stronger than reason on the spiritual convictions of humanity. Lucretius boasted that he had trampled religion under his feet, and that natural philosophy would sit henceforth triumphant on the throne from which God had been deposed. The especial aspect of religion which had been chosen to illustrate its hatefulness was on the eve of becoming the soul of a creed which was to remodel human society and open a new era. The doctrine of human sacrifice, which had exerted so strange and growing a fascination, was to lose its horrors while retaining its ennobling influence.

Speedy Justice.

Says the Grand Rapids (Michigan) *Eagle* of the 13th:

At 12:30 last Saturday afternoon a young man named Michael Needham stole a valuable overcoat "in the dwelling" of Ned Walsh. Walsh missed his coat, suspected Needham of the theft, and Deputy U. S. Marshal Bailey, being informed of the theft and suspicions, soon confronted Needham and found him in the overcoat. He arrested him at once, and took him to jail. Then he informed Prosecuting Attorney Burlingame, who had Needham taken instanter before Justice Bement. There Needham waived examination, whereupon the Prosecuting Attorney proceeded to file an "information" against Needham in the Circuit Court. He then had the officer take him, immediately before Judge Giddings, then upon the bench, had the prisoner arraigned, and caused him to enter his plea. Needham knew that denial would be useless—he had the stolen property—and hence he entered a plea of guilty. Upon such plea being entered the Prosecuting Attorney moved at once that the sentence of the Court pass upon him forthwith. The Court being of that mind did then and there, without ado or delay, proceed to sentence him to hard labor in the State Prison at Jackson for the term of one year. Then Needham was remanded to jail to await transportation to Jackson; had there been any train out at that time, very likely he would have been hurried to his new home. From the time that Needham stole the coat "in the dwelling" of Ned Walsh, until he had been sentenced to the State Prison, was but three hours.

An Important Discovery.

A Mr. Gerding, who has been prospecting in Mexico for cabinet woods, has discovered three varieties of walnut, white, black, and red, in great abundance. Of these the black is most valuable, as it is curly in grain and as fine as the European or South Sea Island wood. The discovery is very important, as walnut is in universal demand for manufacturing purposes, and has never before been found on the Pacific coast, but has had to be brought from the East. This wood is expected to have a ready sale in San Francisco at from $120 to $150 per thousand feet.

The shortest way the best—Mamma (to Ethel, on their way to the latter's first party)—"Now, mind darling, if you see any nice things on the table that you'd like to eat, you musn't ask for them." Ethel—"O' no, mama!—I'll take them."—*Punch.*

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

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The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

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nov24

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