



A CENTURY TO COME.
 Will there be moving millions be
 A century to come?
 Will one of this number see
 A century to come?
 Will there survive this breathing earth,
 The babe that yesterday had birth?
 Where, then, the poor, this loveliest crowd?
 And where these independent proud?

Who'll heed the wailing
 Oh! others will stand in all their stead,
 While they lie with 'unremembered dead,
 Before that time shall come.

Who'll mind the homes of fathers rear'd
 A century to come?
 Whose voices in their old halls be heard,
 A century to come?
 Who'll heed the scenes that charn us now—
 As time rolls on—as seasons go—
 O'er yonder grass-grown garden grave, who'll
 O'er yonder

"When Company Comes."
 "There, Jenny, this is all right now."
 They had been cleaning and rearranging
 Their luxuriant parlor, and now that
 The work was done, the last particle
 Of dust removed and everything set back
 In place, Mrs. Lane looked about her
 With the utmost complacency and saw
 That a world of satisfaction in her voice
 As she said:

"There, Jenny, this is all right now."
 Drop the curtains and then the room
 Will be ready for company any time."
 And she went out, closing the door
 Behind her carefully.

Left alone, Jenny dropped upon a
 Sofa opposite a large mirror, and looking
 Around the room with its graceful
 Appointments, she sighed heavily, saying
 To herself, "It is pleasant here with
 The beautiful sunshine streaming in. I
 do wish we could sit here part of the
 time instead of always staying in those
 dingy back rooms."

An hour later Mr. Lane strode rapidly
 up the gravelled walk, with all the
 haste which a hungry business man
 feels when approaching his home at
 dinner-time. Turning the knob hurriedly
 he wheeled impatiently about and
 walked around to the side-door,
 muttering to himself:

"I wish Maria would keep forever
 locking that door—If the front hall
 was too good for a man to walk through
 in his own house."
 The dining-room was empty and dark,
 and after waiting a few minutes he
 proceeded to the kitchen where, as he
 expected, his wife and girls were just
 setting the dinner upon the table.

The room was hot, uncomfortable and
 swarming with flies, the door was dry
 and the air filled with the odors of
 burned bread and fried meat.
 His brow contracted when he sat
 down to the ill-cooked meal that
 served up on a soiled table-cloth beside
 a hot stove, and he bit his lip in vexation
 that his wife did not think him
 worthy of any better treatment than that.
 But experience had taught him
 that remonstrance was foolishness.

"I told you that I was going to keep
 the dining-room nice after it was painted
 and fixed up," she explained.
 "If your cousin Eunice felt as if she
 must go home, I was willing to have
 her go, so we could shut up the front
 part of the house, and keep the furniture
 in your sitting-room. I believe we should
 have hung it away until we have company."
 "Then I let my company take me just
 as I am, sure if they come to see me
 they will be satisfied to live as I do."
 "Well, if you can afford to use every
 thing common and live in style all the
 time, you will get along, but we should
 come upon the town," said Mrs. Lane,
 a little sharply.

An expression of pain flitted across
 Mrs. Lane's face when she saw how
 her friend had misunderstood her, but
 she went on, quietly:
 "I did not begin housekeeping in this
 way. I used to think that I must shut
 up the front of the house and keep the
 best of everything sacred to company.
 So we occupied the smallest, least pleasant
 rooms ourselves, used the plainest
 and homeliest things, and even ate our
 corn-cakes and nutmeg as well as we
 could. The consequence was we were never
 ready to receive company unless in the
 most formal way, and then it always
 made a great deal of trouble. We never
 could appreciate any of those agreeable
 surprises when our friends drop in un-
 announced, and when trying to entertain
 them, guests were never so fully at ease
 in our strange, unimproved rooms as they
 are to-day."

"I thought the matter over and made
 up my mind that this was all wrong.
 My dear husband was doing everything
 he could to make our home pleasant
 and attractive, while I was just keeping
 him from enjoying it as he desired by
 my miserable ambition to appear well
 in the eyes of those who would never
 thank me for my pains. I was making
 him uncomfortable and worrying out
 my life for those who had comparatively
 no claims upon me; and besides I was
 forced to admit that my whole life was
 a farce, while I was all the time strain-
 ing every nerve to make our friends
 think we were living in a style which
 we were not, and I saw this could not
 be right."

"I resolved it should be so no longer.
 So I opened the parlor doors and threw
 back the shutters, used whatever we
 had of furniture or food or clothing as
 we needed it for our comfort, and when
 our friends came to visit us, I would
 not allow myself to spoil my joy at
 seeing them, by doing a lot of extra work
 on their account, or worrying all the
 time lest I should leave something un-
 done that might make them think a
 little better of me."
 "Of course it seemed odd enough,
 but I am doing as I told you I should,"

The preparations were speedily made,
 and Mrs. Lane departed having charged
 her daughters to do everything in her
 absence just as when she was at home,
 to let alone the sauces and sweetmeats,
 and all the dainties which she kept for
 visitors—she had looked to them, and
 knew they would be sure and not to use
 any of the "company things."

She and Mrs. Darling had been very
 dear friends in their girlhood, and par-
 ticularly so as when she was at home,
 to let alone the sauces and sweetmeats,
 and all the dainties which she kept for
 visitors—she had looked to them, and
 knew they would be sure and not to use
 any of the "company things."

"The front rooms are lighted," she
 exclaimed as she stopped at the door,
 "I should so much rather have found
 them alone. Oh, dear!"
 "Mrs. Darling opened the door her-
 self, ushering her friend into the li-
 brary, and the two exchanged greet-
 ings with all the warmth of their
 younger days.

They were so occupied that Mrs. Lane
 quite forgot her first impressions until
 she was told to the dining-room to par-
 take of the tea which Mrs. Darling as-
 sured her was in waiting.
 Then when the cheerful murmur of
 happy voices floated out through the
 open parlor doors, her first impression
 returned to her, and looking up she said:
 "You have company to-night, Nellie?"
 "You must not let me keep you from
 them any longer."

"Yes, the best of company," replied
 Mrs. Darling with a smile. "My hus-
 band and children. Fred has just gone
 out, though; but he will be back by the
 time you have finished your tea, and
 then you shall see them all. Let me fill
 your cup again."

"How odd," thought Mrs. Lane,
 "that she should open the parlor just
 for her own family."
 The evening passed pleasantly; and
 in the morning when Mrs. Lane arose,
 the air of comfort with which every
 bright room in the house seemed full,
 was very refreshing.
 The morning meal was a simple one,
 but its tasteful arrangement made it
 very inviting, and Mrs. Lane partook
 of it with a keener relish than she had
 known for many a week.

Dinner was all ready when Mr. Dar-
 ling came in from his office, and as they
 sat down to the neatly-laid table in the
 shaded dining-room, Mrs. Lane thought
 she had never seen a happier circle, or
 eaten a better meal, though there was
 nothing sumptuous placed before them.
 "Nellie," said she, when they were
 left alone, "I told you not to make
 company for me. I did not want you
 to get out your best dishes, nor put
 yourself to the least trouble on my ac-
 count."

"It is exactly what I have not done,
 Maria," she replied, "because I never
 do it for anybody."
 "I never saw any reason why I should
 take more pains for a guest than for my
 husband and children."
 "We occupy the pleasantest rooms
 ourselves, because we feel better when
 our surroundings are cheerful, and we
 always prepare our food and set our
 tables carefully and neatly. Our meals
 are so much more enjoyable."
 "Then I let my company take me just
 as I am, sure if they come to see me
 they will be satisfied to live as I do."
 "Well, if you can afford to use every
 thing common and live in style all the
 time, you will get along, but we should
 come upon the town," said Mrs. Lane,
 a little sharply.

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 time lest I should leave something un-
 done that might make them think a
 little better of me."
 "Of course it seemed odd enough,
 but I am doing as I told you I should,"

Mrs. Lane wrote to her friend, Mrs.
 Darling a month afterward, "and it
 works charmingly. Mr. Lane seems to
 love his home as well as your husband
 does his now, and we are all a thousand
 fold happier. I feel as if our friends
 enjoy coming to see us a great deal
 better than they used to, too. I assure
 you we shall never go back to the old
 way of living. We are much happier
 now than when we thought we must
 have everything to show off when com-
 pany comes."

"I know he has been a great deal
 happier since the first year, and I never
 half enjoyed anything then."
 "The effect upon our children is
 much better than if we taught them it
 is no matter how things are if there are
 no visitors, for they learn now how to
 behave with propriety at all times, and
 how to use those things that are worth
 preserving."
 "I always pity people when I see
 them trying to make a little display be-
 fore their company, pity them for the
 thoughtless labor they are giving them-
 selves, and for the glimpses of their private
 life which is just opened up to me, because
 I am quite sure such folks live
 about as it happens when alone."

Mrs. Lane's face had changed ex-
 pression several times as she listened,
 and when her friend ceased speaking
 she gazed at a picture on the wall op-
 posite her for a full half minute in
 silence.
 "You would be surprised," Mrs.
 Darling went on, anticipating her first
 objection, "if I should tell you that this
 mode of living is a matter of economy,
 too, but such is the fact."
 "You see we set a plain table, and our
 food is simple all the time, instead of
 getting expensive luxuries for com-
 pany, and then pinching ourselves in
 the vain effort to make it up."

"This makes our table expenses actu-
 ally less, while we treat ourselves as
 well as we do our guests, which is per-
 fect justice, as you will see."
 "Good, substantial furniture will last
 a long time with a little care, even
 when in constant use, and if our ex-
 pense in this particular are a little more
 than our neighbors who keep every-
 thing for company, I am sure our
 greater happiness much more than com-
 pensates," stroking little George's head
 tenderly as he came up to her with
 some childish request.
 The subject was dropped here, but in
 the few days that Mrs. Lane remained
 with her friends, she thought the mat-
 ter over a great many times.
 It was hard for her to realize that she
 saw the family just as they always were
 in the common everyday life; that
 with them there was no such thing as
 "company manners," or "company
 things."

"I enjoyed my visit a great deal bet-
 ter, though, than if I had made them
 turn aside from their beaten track."
 she admitted; "and I believe they do, too."
 "Wonder if Mr. Lane loves me as Mr.
 Darling seems to love his wife?" she
 would query; "or if our children think
 as much of their father and mother as
 they do?"
 "How devoted to each other they all
 are; one would think they each re-
 garded the other members of the family
 as the very best of company;" and one
 day she even went so far as to ask her-
 self, "Why shouldn't I be as loving and
 kind to Mr. Lane and the girls as I
 have been to their mother?"

Mrs. Lane and the girls came at length
 to spend the last day of their visit with
 her; and when Mrs. Lane saw how
 thoroughly they seemed to enjoy it, she
 almost reproached herself that such days
 were so rare to them.
 "Perhaps I might make their home a
 little pleasanter for me," she mused.
 "I am afraid our measure life will seem
 emptier than ever now."
 The two friends were sitting in the
 library alone that last night, whither
 they had gone for a confidential chat
 after the others had retired.
 "Nellie," said Mrs. Lane, at length,
 "I believe I shall try an improvement
 when I get home."
 "As you say, it does seem wrong to
 treat company so much better than your
 own folks, and I am so charmed with
 your mode of conducting your life, that I
 try it myself," and tears came to her
 eyes as she thought of the better things
 that were in store for her good husband,
 the Lanes went home on the following
 day, and if they turned back re-
 luctantly, Mrs. Lane did not wonder,
 for she thought she had herself passed
 one of the happiest weeks in her whole
 life.

She laid her tea table with unusual
 care that night saying to the girls that
 she could not quite yet bear so strong
 a contrast to what she had been accus-
 tomed to lately, "I think we will sit
 in the parlor to-night," she remarked
 when the lamps were lighted; "we are
 so tired, perhaps it will rest us a little."
 When Mr. Lane came home to dinner
 next day, he was surprised to see the
 door standing invitingly open, and
 his astonishment was still greater
 as he passed on into the dining-room,
 and found a tempting dinner waiting
 there with plates for only four.

"I thought we would begin to eat
 these pickles while they are good this
 year," said Mrs. Lane, as she passed
 the dish to her husband, "instead of
 keeping them to spoil as we did last
 year."
 "This is such a pudding as Nellie
 makes sometimes," filling Jennie's saucer;
 "isn't it nice?" And it isn't at all
 expensive."
 "Think, girls," she said, when Mr.
 Lane had gone out, wondering in his
 heart what had come over his wife, "I
 think we won't use those cracked frag-
 ments of so many different sets of
 crockery any more, at least on the table.
 I believe the dinner tastes better
 when eaten from the white dishes, and
 there are enough for ourselves and com-
 pany, too; we can be a little careful of
 them, you know."

"Expecting anybody to-night?" queried
 Mrs. Lane at length, glancing at the
 wife's fresh dress and nicely combed
 hair.
 "Yes," she replied pleasantly, "I
 hoped my husband would spend the
 evening with me."
 He did not need any urging; and
 after that he spent more of his evenings
 at home, and seemed to enjoy the so-
 ciety of his wife and daughters better
 than ever before.
 "I am doing as I told you I should,"

Familial Likeness and Vitality.
 In spite of certain alterations, the ty-
 pical features peculiar to the houses of
 Guise and Lorraine were transmitted to
 all their descendants through a long
 series of generations. The Bourbon
 countenance, the Conde's aquiline nose,
 the thick and protruding lower lip be-
 queathed to the house of Austria by a
 Polish princess, are well known in-
 stances. We have only to look at a coin
 of our George III. to be reminded of our
 present royal family. During Addison's
 short ministry Mrs. Clarke, who solli-
 cited his favor, had been requested to
 bring with her the papers proving that
 she was Milton's daughter. But as soon
 as she entered his cabinet Addison said:
 "Madam, I require no further evi-
 dence. Your resemblance to your illu-
 strious father is the best of all."
 The Count de Font, who died in 1807,
 at nearly a hundred, told Dr. Froissart
 during the Restoration he often met in
 the salons of M. Desmousseaux de Givre,
 prefect of Arras, a man at whose ap-
 proach he shuddered as he would at the
 sight of an apparition, so wonderfully
 like like Robespierre. M. de Font
 confided his impression to the prefect,
 who told him, smiling at his prejudice,
 that the person in question passed for
 a respectable merchant; that in fact, it
 was a matter of notoriety.

Next to family likeness, vitality or
 the duration of life is the most impor-
 tant character transmitted by inheri-
 tance. The two daughters of Victor
 Amadeus II., the Duchess of Burgundy
 and her sister, Marie Louise, married to
 Philip V., both remarkable for their
 beauty, died at twenty-six. In the Tur-
 gott family fifty years was the usual limit
 of life. The great uncle, on the ap-
 proach of this term, although in good
 health, remarked to his friends that it
 was time to put his affairs in order; and
 he died, in fact, at fifty-three. In the
 house of Romainoff the duration of life
 is short, independent of the fact that
 several of its members met with violent
 deaths. The head of this illustrious
 race, Peter Federovitch, died at forty-
 nine; Michael the Great was seventy-
 five; the Emperor Alexander was fifty-
 five; and Orlan's four sons, Alexander
 died at forty-eight, Constantine at
 forty-two, Nicholas at fifty-nine, and
 the Grand Duke Michael at fifty-one.

In the houses of Saxony and Prussia, on
 the contrary, examples of longevity are
 far from rare. Frederick the Great, in
 spite of his continual wars and his fre-
 quent excesses at table, was seventy-
 four; Frederick William III was seventy-
 five; the Emperor Nicholas, in 1856,
 was fifty-nine years old, and his son,
 Alexander, is still hale and hearty.
 In all the countries of Europe fami-
 lies of octogenarians, nonagenarians,
 and centenarians may be cited. On the
 1st of April, 1716, there died in Paris a
 saddler of Doulevant, in Champagne,
 more than a hundred years old. To in-
 spire Louis XIV with the flattering
 hope of living as long, he was made
 posthumously the godfather to the in-
 fant, who was christened after the king
 monarch with a bouquet on St. Louis's
 day. His father had lived one hundred
 and thirteen years, his grandfather one
 hundred and twelve. Jean Surrington,
 a farmer in the environs of Berghem,
 lived to be one hundred and sixty. The
 day before his death, in complete pos-
 session of his mental faculties, he divi-
 ded his property among his children;
 the eldest was one hundred and three,
 and, what is still more extraordinary,
 the youngest was only nine. Jean Gol-
 embiewski (the oldest man in the French
 Army, if still alive), who accompanied
 King Stanislas Leczinski into France,
 belonged to a family centenarians. His
 father lived to be one hundred and
 twenty-one, his grandmother one hun-
 dred and thirty.—All the Year Round.

The History of a Skull.
 Until within a few years past, says
 the Elmira Advertiser, there has been
 no more of the skulls of the Indians
 than the Chemung river, from Elmira
 to the Chesapeake, where they are
 a few miles, an object that possesses a
 history of its own—the skull of a human
 being. It was put into a rather strange
 usage, as it had been rigged up for
 a chipmunk's cage, and set on a bench
 near the kitchen-door. Out and in
 through the eye-holes ran the little ani-
 mal, grinning at the by-standers. The
 cage was set in the kitchen, and
 the chipmunk, and the man and the
 woman, while watching from the nose.
 Right in the center of the forehead of
 the skull was a small bullet-hole. When
 Sullivan's army passed through this
 valley, an adopted son of the Indian
 corn-planter, named Matt Baldwin, pre-
 ceeded it as a scout, as he was thoroughly
 posted in Indian warfare and knew the
 country as well as he knew his own
 mind. He was marching with the in-
 dian, a small battle at Baldwin's creek. Watt
 was scouting about the hills between
 the army's camp at the foot of Newtown
 creek and the way now Wellsburg.
 Carefully making his way through the
 hills, his quick eye saw the head of
 an Indian pop up behind a log at a
 short distance from him. He placed
 himself behind a tree and watched.
 When the head came up again he fired,
 and there was one less Indian in the
 Chemung valley. Ten or twelve years
 after the close of the war, the scout with
 his grandson was walking on the hills
 in the vicinity of the occurrence.
 "Lotey," he said, "Cornplanter killed
 an Indian somewhere about here and
 left him." Let us see if we can't find
 him. He found the skull of the Indian
 as he had first, and presently the
 log behind which the Indian had
 lain. After some further search and
 digging, the bones of the fallen brave
 were discovered with the bullet hole in
 the center of his forehead. And out of
 the skull was the chipmunk's cage made.

Learning To Talk.
 At first the infant cries, and employs
 its vocal organs in the same way as
 its limbs, spontaneously and after the
 manner of reflex action. Spontaneous
 as being active, the infant later
 exercises its limbs, gaining the perfect
 use of them by repeated essays, and by
 a process of natural gestures; later
 it tries to utter sounds, and finally
 it passes to articulate sounds.
 The variety of intonations which it
 acquires evinces in the child great deli-
 cacy of impression and of expression,
 and the faculty of forming general
 ideas. All we do to aid it in grasp-
 ing these ideas is by suggesting
 words. To these the infant attaches
 ideas of its own, generalizing after its
 own fashion rather than ours. Some-
 times, indeed, it utters natural ges-
 tures, which are not the same as the
 words, but the word itself. Several
 vocabularies may succeed to one an-
 other in its mind, new words being
 substituted for old ones; several sig-
 nifications may successively be at-
 tached to one word; several words il-
 lustrating old ones; several different sig-
 nifications may successively be at-
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 lustrating old ones.—Popular Science Monthly.

The income of the Texas State govern-
 ment is nearly half a million less
 than its expenditures.

The Wealth of Siberia.
 It is needless, says the Paris Temps,
 to estimate all the sources of wealth
 pertaining to this immense region,
 which is at least three times as large
 as Europe; unfortunately very little of
 it is available, owing to the scarcity of
 means of transport. Russia has
 not the means of a civilized nation
 aware of the necessity of
 creating routes in order to derive all
 the benefit she might expect from her
 Asiatic provinces. In gold, silver, plat-
 inum, copper, coal, marble, and, in
 the South, wheat and rye. Great im-
 provements have already been made
 in the navigable rivers, where the boats
 are now enabled to go against the
 stream by means of steam-tugs, where-
 as formerly they were obliged to be
 towed. It is proposed to build a rail-
 one trip down the river, and then bro-
 ken up for firewood. Still the number
 of steam-tugs is very small, and there
 is a great want of coal. The risk of
 being blocked up by ice for seven or
 eight months. The problem
 of navigating the rivers of a very
 different one in that country; the gov-
 ernment is willing to provide the funds,
 but a feasible plan has not yet been
 formed. A canal thirty-five miles in length
 from the Hel to the Yenesea, so as to
 open a direct route from Tinian to
 the Obi, the Tem, the Techni,
 and the Tell on one side, and the
 Angara on the other, as far as Lake
 Baikal and Selenga to the other
 point not twenty miles from Kiachta.
 This plan would require the widening
 of seventy-eight miles, which as
 yet one of the most important
 ventures to pass. Hence, railways
 will have to be executed, where pe-
 riodical inundations and enormous ac-
 cumulations of snow will present ob-
 stacles of a different nature. For the
 present there is but one line in con-
 struction, that of Oural or Ekateri-
 riueberg, which will start at Perm and
 end at Jumen, with branches into the
 mountainous districts of Kamoi, and
 Nijhi-Taghil, North of Niaksi, and
 South of it, Zlatoust. Ekaterine-
 burg is an important centre where the
 main lines of divarities are being pro-
 jected. These divarities are being pro-
 jected in the form of a network, and
 they are to be used for the trans-
 port of minerals, and for the trans-
 port of minerals, and for the trans-
 port of minerals.—Fortnightly Review.

Brain.
 A brain attains its highest vitality, as
 distinguished from its highest develop-
 ment, observes a medical contem-
 porary, when it cannot only abstractly
 from others and direct its own further
 evolutions, but can also organize and
 regulate the working of other brains
 under its own superintendence and
 authority. This power it is which enables
 the rising merchant or manufacturer to
 utilize other brains, either to use them
 for purposes of comparative mental
 drudgery, or to perform higher work
 under the immediate superintendence
 of the ruling brain. By such means the
 single brain can multiply its work in-
 definitely by a well selected series of
 pupils, or of praisers, who can be made
 of comparative high order regulating
 the working of numerous brains of a
 lower order, which perform the purely
 mechanical mental work. Such is the
 organization of a first-rate business in
 full working order.

**A City One Hundred and Eighty Thou-
 sand Years Old.**
 In a current number of the Overland
 California geologist reviews the geo-
 logical history of the present site of the
 human settlement near the present
 town of Cherokee, in that state, and de-
 scribes the geological evidence of the antiquity
 of discovered towns to be not less than
 180,000 years! The data for all such
 calculations are necessarily uncertain,
 as they are derived from the present
 motions of the continent and present
 rates of erosion; still, from the changes
 that have taken place since the pioneers
 of prehistoric California left their
 traces on its ancient seashores,
 there can be no doubt that thousands
 of centuries must have come and
 gone.
 The traces in question are numerous

stone mortars, found in undisturbed
 white and yellow gravel of a subaqueous
 formation, not fluvial, under-
 lying the vast sheets of volcanic rock,
 and the Table Mountain is a part of
 one instance an mortar was found stand-
 ing upright, with the pestle in it, ap-
 parently just as it had been left by its
 possessor. In some cases the mortars
 have been found at a depth of forty feet
 from the surface of the gravel under-
 lying Table Mountain. The distribu-
 tion of the mortars is such as to in-
 dicate with great positiveness the
 former existence of a human settle-
 ment on that ancient beach when the
 water stood near the level at which
 they occur; a time anterior to the vol-
 canic outpouring which Table Moun-
 tain records, and anterior to the glacial
 epoch.

The recent geological history of that
 region may be briefly summed as fol-
 lows: Previous to the placing of the
 mortars in the position in which they
 have been found, the early and middle
 tertiary sea level had receded to the
 position of the coal beds underlying
 Table Mountain, fully one thousand
 feet below the level of Cherokee. Sub-
 sequently, in the Pliocene period, there
 was a further subsidence of about five
 hundred feet, something like six
 hundred feet occurring after the mor-
 tars had been abandoned. All this, as
 has been noticed, took place before the
 volcanic outpouring which covered up all
 the ancient debris of the region, in-
 cluding that of the ancient rivers
 (whose gravels have furnished so much
 of the material of the recent tertiary
 survey of the ancient rivers; the spec-
 imens indicating a flora of the plio-
 cene age, retaining some characteristic
 features.

After the volcanic period the land
 rose again, the time of emergence en-
 ding the glacial period and the new
 eroding period in the Sierra, during
 which the slates and the hard meta-
 morphic gneisses and the granites
 were elevated with cannot be more than
 a few feet by the action of ice and
 running water. Taking the rates of
 sixteenth century, estimated by
 Lyley, our geologist calculates that the
 time required for the changes thus out-
 lined could not have been less than
 three or four hundred years. In the
 period so long preceding the glacial
 epoch as the time when ancient Cherokee
 was buried by the waters of the vol-
 canic eruption, his estimate is certainly
 not extravagant, though it does trans-
 cend more enormously the time men have
 been accustomed to allow for a man's
 residence on earth.

A Chinese Religious Procession.
 In its many turnings the path again
 led the visitor to the near neighbor-
 hood of the river. More music of the
 kind that we have heard on the
 test days of each year for the past
 century, in which it is noted that the
 heat of summer, and the heat of the
 sun, were very oppressive. In the
 parallel, in 1776 the warmest day for
 the British was July 4, but the 13th
 of August was the warmest day for Con-
 tinental troops, and that day was the
 10th of August, 1776, the warmest day
 of the shade. Other days of extreme heat
 were July 3, 1790, 119 degrees; August
 17, 1876, 116 degrees; August 13, 1793,
 108 degrees; August 5, 1802, 107 de-
 grees. In 1846, July 19, showed 110 de-
 grees, and the same day in 1857, 108.
 The warmest days in the past ten
 years were: 1896, August 4, 109 degrees;
 1897, July 29, 107 degrees; 1897,
 August 4, 104; 1879, July 17, 105;
 1871, May 20, 105; 1874, July 4, 106; 1874,
 August 9, 102; 1874, August 1