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The railroads of this country have killed only 5823 persons during the past twelve months and injured 26,309.

The Chicago *Sun* avers that the erection of electric light plants is of such common occurrence in the South as to cease to be of general interest.

There are more social clubs in Denver, Col., asserts the New York *World*, than in any other city of the country, notwithstanding the fact that Philadelphia has been called the city of homes.

Steps have been taken to establish in St. Petersburg, Russia, a society for the insurance of crops against climatic mishaps. The Agricultural Society of the metropolis has initiated the movement.

An international beauty show was opened at Rome, Italy, lately, with imposing ceremonies, but, the beauty not being up to the standard, the ladies were savagely hissed, and the exhibition had to be abandoned.

The *National Horse Breeder* thinks people who are talking about the coming of the two-minute trotter will be interested in learning that to trot a mile in the time named a horse must get over the ground at the rate of forty-four feet in a second, which is a trifle fast for a trotting gait.

"The business tact of women has again been demonstrated," says the New York *Sun*, "in the matter of taking the census. Women who were appointed as enumerators are said to have done their work better and more carefully than the males. When another census comes to be taken the women will have a better chance."

The Hartford (Conn,) *Times* remarks: Horses don't last long in New York city. The pavements are very trying to their feet. Some give out in six months, while others last as many years. The average life of a street-car horse is about two years. Many partially disabled animals find their way into the country, and often recover and become of good service on farms.

It is noted by the New York *Sun* as something remarkable that a Maryland colored man dreamed he was to die the next day, and sure enough he died. "When a Pacific Islander wants to die, he sits down and dies himself: Just naturally dies by force of will. He is more likely to be three days about it than one day. Then one of the difficulties in bringing African slaves to the coast is that they will turn their tongues back into their throats and go off like lambs."

The Tonquin pirate who recently cleaned up $50,000 as ransom for the release of the three captive Frenchmen has, observes the San Francisco *Chronicle*, evidently become enamored of the lucrative business. He now offers a standing reward of $100 to the native who will deliver a Frenchman into his hands or $20 to one who will warn him that troops are approaching. In a country where a coolie works the whole year round for $5 this noble reward ought to insure the enterprising pirate a rush of business until he has made living in the interior of Tonquin too expensive for the European.

The Boston *Cultivator* believes that "men of purely scientific training are of less assistance in practical affairs than their education would suggest. The man of science has little faith in new methods or new inventions. He is seldom an originator. His knowledge is that of tradition. He frequently scouts at new ideas as impracticable, because they are not recognized in books. The inventor seldom travels in the same road with the scientist. The inventor needs to leave the beaten path and press on to the unexplored forest of possibilities. He is often handicapped if he endeavors to conform to rules already laid down by pure science. Few college-bred men have proved inventors. Original thought, bold action, patient persistence, knowledge of nature's laws are prime factors in the successful career of the inventor."

The Philadelphia *Press* enumerates these instances to prove that modern commerce has curious effects on price and on the lives of animals: Camphor has gone up in this country from sixty to ninety cents a pound because it is wanted in Europe for smokeless powders. Rubber has advanced from fifty-five to ninety cents a pound because so much of it is wanted in electrical operations. Copper, besides being wanted in telegraph, telephone and electric light wires, has advanced because sulphate of copper has been found to be the only sure cure for phyloxera. Young male elephants are being hunted out in Africa because their tusks make billiard balls, and this, faster than any other demand, is likely to extinguish the elephant. The fancy for alligator leather is making alligators extinct; the muskrats multiply and honeycomb the levees, and hence a great Mississippi flood.

The only places where women possess the same privileges of voting as men are Iceland, Pitcairn Island and the Isle of Man. In these islands they have the full suffrage.

Frank G. Carpenter figures that it costs a quarter of a million dollars every year to get out the daily newspaper of Congress, known as the *Congressional Record*, and a good round part of this goes into the pay of the stenographers.

Several European countries are importing the seeds of American forest trees. They are planted in experiment grounds, and given to persons interested in forestry. Many American acorns and black walnuts are being planted in England and Scotland.

The hunting of the microbe is a sport in which the Berlin doctors are pre-eminently successful. They have just caught the microbe that produces diphtheria, and if they can now discover a way to kill it without killing the patient, remarks the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, diphtheria will have no more terrors.

Many reasons are assigned for the abandonment of New England farms. The Chicago *News* gives this solution: "The main cause, however, is overlooked, and that is that the agriculturists of New England go west because they would rather cultivate soil capable of producing crops than spend all their lives in carting rocks off their farms."

Iceland, it is said, is being abandoned by the natives. The population of the island is about 80,000, and it is expected that fully 20,000 of these will emigrate to America this summer. The greater number will doubtless settle in Canada, whose climate will not present a very striking contrast to that of their native land, but some will doubtless come to the United States.

A secret treaty has been signed under the auspices of Russia between her two proteges, Servia and Montenegro, by which Montenegro has promised the assistance of 20,000 soldiers to Servia, and, besides, would promptly send in case of war against Prince Ferdinand thousands of Russian so-called volunteers, who would flock under her standard, as was done on the opening of the Turkish war in 1877.

Those to whom were awarded medals at the last Paris Exposition will learn with some surprise that the "award" merely means that a diploma will be sent specifying the class of medals to which the holder is entitled, but that if they want the actual medal they must pay for it. Gold medals will cost them $133, silver medals $16 and bronze medals eighty cents each. These figures yield a neat profit over the cost of the medals, which will help to pay the expenses of the great show.

Says the Chicago *Herald*: "After time has obliterated the horrible details of a crime that shocked the community, some sentimental person visits the condemned man and suggests that he has suffered punishment enough. A petition is drawn up, the signatures of many persons are obtained, and a Governor grants the prayer of the petitioners. If a pardon cannot be obtained from one Governor, his successor is often induced to grant one. This practice has given rise to the frequent practice of lynching."

The survey for a railroad down the Grand Canyon of Colorado, which has been in progress for some time, is now completed, so far as the preliminary work is concerned, and from the information thus gained, it seems that there will be little difficulty in running a line through that awful gorge, as there is a natural bench from twenty feet to one hundred and fifty feet above highwater mark. Indeed, it is stated that the line will not require one-half the heavy work that has been necessary in constructing lines amongst the mountains of Colorado.

The *Hochi Shimbun*, a leading Japanese newspaper, discussing recently the progress of Christianity in Japan, says it is slow but sure. There is nothing striking about the number of converts added each year to the roll of Japanese Christians, or about the increase of the propagandists' ministrations. But, on the other hand, the foreign faith advances surely and steadily, planting its feet firmly as it goes and never retrograding for an instant. Opportunities to test the influence it has exercised upon the public mind are, of course, few and far between. Its diligence in the cause of female education and its untiring efforts to improve the status of Japanese women are also quoted as easily discernable evidences of the progress it is making. "In short," the *Hochi Shimbun* concludes, "that Christianity will ultimately attain to power by gradual and steady accumulation of merits is a fact of which we are convinced by long observation. If it progresses at its present rate its future is assured."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Cloaks for Sin."

TEXT: "*But now they have no cloak for their sin.*" John xv., 22.

Sin is always disguised. Decked and glossed and perfumed and masked it gains admittance into places from which it would otherwise be repelled. As silently as when it glided into Eden, and as plausibly as when it talked to Christ at the top of the temple, it now addresses men. Could people look upon sin as it always is—an exhalation from the pit, the putrefaction of infinite capacities, the ghastly, loathsome, God smitten monster that uprooted Eden and killed Christ, and would push the entire race into darkness and pain—the infernal charm would be broken. Before our first parents transgressed, sin appeared to them the sweetness of fruit and the becoming as gods. To Absalom it was the pleasure of sitting upon a throne. To men now sin is laughter and permission to luxurious gratification. Jesus Christ in my text suggests a fact which everybody ought to know, and that is that sin, to hide its deformity and shame, is accustomed to wearing a cloak; and the Saviour also sets forth the truth that God can see straight through all such wrappings and thicknesses. I want now to speak of several kinds of cloaks with which men expect to cover up their iniquities, for the fashion in regard to these garments is constantly changing, and every day beholds some new style of wearing them, and if you will tarry a little while I will show you five or six of the patterns of cloaks.

First, I remark that there are those who, being honored with official power, expect to make that a successful cloak for their sin. There is a sacredness in office. God Himself is King, and all who hold authority in the world serve under Him. That community has committed a monstrous wrong who has elevated to this dignity persons unqualified either by their ignorance or their immorality. Nations who elevate to posts of authority those not qualified to fill them will feel the reaction. Solomon expressed this thought when he said: "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy King is a child and thy Princes drink in the morning." While positions of trust may be disgraced by the character of those who fill them, I believe God would have us respectful to the offices, though we may have no admiration for their occupants. Yet this dignity which office confers can be no apology for transgression. Nebuchadnezzar and Ahab and Herod in the day of judgment must stand on the level with the herdsmen that kept their flocks and the fishermen of Galilee. Pope and King and President and Governor must give an account to God, and be judged by the same law as that which judges the beggar and the slave. Sin is all the more obnoxious when it is imperial and lordly. You cannot make pride or injustice or cruelty sacred by giving it a throne. Belshazzar's decanters could not keep the mysterious finger from writing on the wall. Ahab's sin literally hurled him from the throne to the dogs. The imperial vestments of wicked Jehoram could not keep Jehu's arrow from striking through his heart. Jezebel's queenly pretension could not save her from being thrown over the wall. No barricade of throne can arrest God's justice in its unerring march. No splendor or thickness of official robes can be a sufficient cloak of sin. Henry VIII., Louis XV., Catharine of Russia, Mary of England—did their crowns save them? No ruler ever sat so high that the King of Kings was not above him. All victors shall bow before Him who on the white horse goeth forth conquering and to conquer.

Again, elegance of manners cannot successfully hide iniquity from the eye of God. That model, gentlemanly apostle, Paul, writes to us: "Be courteous." That man can neither be a respectable worldling nor a consistent Christian who lacks good manners. He is shut out from refined circles, and he certainly ought to be hindered from entering the church. We cannot overlook that in a man which we could hardly excuse in a bear. One of the first effects of the grace of God upon an individual is to make him a gentleman. Gruffness, awkwardness, implacability, clanishness are fruits of the devil, while gentleness and meekness are fruits of the Spirit. But while these excellences of manner are so important they cannot hide any deformity of moral character. How often is it that we find attractiveness of person, suavity of manners, gracefulness of conversation, gallantry of behavior thrown like wreaths upon moral death. The flowers that grow upon the scoriæ of Vesuvius do not make it any less of a volcano. The sepulchers in Christ's time did not exhaust all the whitewash. Some of the biggest scoundrels have been the most fascinating. If there are any depending on outward gracefulness and attractiveness of demeanor, with any hope that because of that God will forgive the sin of their soul, let me assure them that the divine justice cannot be satisfied with smiles and elegant gesticulation. Christ looks deeper than the skin, and such a ragged cloak as the one in which you are trying to cover yourself will be no hiding in the day of His power. God will not in the judgment ask how gracefully you walked, nor how politely you bowed, nor how sweetly you smiled, nor how impressively you gestured. The deeds done in the body will be the test, and not the rules of Lord Chesterfield.

Again, let me say that the mere profession of religion is but a poor wrapping of a naked soul. The importance of making a public profession of religion if the heart be renewed cannot be exaggerated. Christ positively and with the earnestness of the night before His crucifixion commanded it. But it is the result of Christian character, not the cause of it. Our church certificate is a poor title to heaven. We may have the name and not the reality. There are those who seem to throw themselves back with complacency upon their public confession of Christ although they give no signs of renewal. If Satan can induce a man to build on such a rotten foundation as that he has accomplished his object. We cannot imagine the abhorrence with which God looks upon such a procedure. What would be the feelings of a shepherd if he saw a wolf in the same fold with his flocks, however quiet he might seem to lie, or a general if among his troops he saw one wearing the appointed uniform who nevertheless really belonged to the opposing host? Thus must the heavenly shepherd look upon those who, though they are not His sheep, have climbed up some other way, and thus must the Lord of hosts look upon those who pretend to be soldiers of the cross while they are His armed enemies. If any of you find yourself deficient in the great tests of Christian character, do not, I beg of you, look upon your profession of religion as anything consolatory. If you have taken your present position from a view that you have of Christ and your need of Him, rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory and clap your hands for gladness; but if you find yourself with nothing but the name of life, while dead in trespasses and sins, arouse before the door is shut. That gilded profession—the world may not be able to see through it, but in the day of divine reckoning it will be found that you have no cloak for your sin.

Furthermore, outward morality will be no covering for the hidden iniquity of the Spirit. The God of Christ makes no assault upon good works. They are as beautiful in God's eye as in ours. Punctuality, truthfulness, almsgiving, affection and many other excellences of life that might be mentioned will always be admired of God and man, but we take the position that good works cannot be the ground of our salvation. What we do right cannot pay for what we do wrong. Admit that you have all those traits of character which give merely worldly respectability and influence, you must at the same time acknowledge that during the course of your life you have done many things you ought not to have done. How are the difficult matters to be settled? Ah, my friends, we must have an atonement. No Christ, no salvation. The great Redeemer comes in and says: "I will pay your indebtedness." So that which was dark enough before is bright enough now. The stripes that we deserve are fallen upon Christ. On His scourged and bleeding shoulders He carries us up over the mountain of our sins and the hills of our iniquities. Christ's good works accepted are sufficient for us, but they who reject them, depending upon their own, must perish. Traits of character that may make us influential on earth will not necessarily open to us the gate of heaven. The plank that will be strong enough for a house floor would not do for a ship's hulk. Mere morality might be enough here, but cannot take you through death's storm into heaven's harbor. Christ has announced for all ages: "I am the way, the truth and the life; him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." But pitiable in the day of accounts will be the condition of that man, though he may have given all his estate to benevolent purposes, and passed his life in the visiting of the distressed, and done much to excite the admiration of the good and the great, if he have no intimate relation to Jesus Christ. There is a pride and a depravity in his soul that he has never discovered. A brilliant outside will be no apology for a depraved inside. It is no theory of mine, but an announcement of God, who cannot lie: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Open the door of heaven and look in. Howard is there, but he did not secure his entrance by the dungeons he illumined and the lazzarettos into which he carried the medicines. Paul is there, but he did not earn his way in by the shipwrecks and imprisonments and scourgings. On a throne overtopping perhaps all others, except Christ's, the old missionary exclaims: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Again, exalted social position will be no cloak for sin. Men look through the wicket door of prisons, and seeing the incarcerated wretches exclaim, "Oh, how much vice there is in the world!" And they pass through the degraded streets of a city, and looking into the doors of hovels and the dens of corruption they call them God-forsaken abodes. But you might walk along the avenues through which the opulent roll in their flourishing pomp, and into mansions elegantly adorned, and find that even in the admired walks of life Satan works mischief and death. The first temptation Satan wrought in a garden, and he understands yet most thoroughly how to insinuate himself into any door of ease and splendor. Men frequently judge of sin by the places in which it is committed, but iniquity in satin is to God as loathsome as iniquity in rags, and in the Day of Judgment the sins of Madison avenue and Elm street will all be driven in one herd. Men cannot escape at last for being respectably sinful. You know Dives was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, but his fine clothes and good dinners did not save him. He might on earth have drunk something as rich as champagne and cognac, but at last he asked for one drop of water. You cannot trade off your attractive abodes here for a house of many mansions on high, and your elegant shade groves here will not warrant you a seat under the tree of life. When God drove Adam and Eve out of Eden He showed that merely living in a garden of delights and comforts will never save a man or a woman. By giving you so much earthly luxury and refinement He intimated that He would have you enjoy yourselves, but He would not have you wrap yourself up in them as a cloak to hide your sins. God now walks in your garden as He did in Eden, and He stands by your well as He did by a well in Samaria, and He would make your comfort on earth a type of your rapture in heaven.

Furthermore, mere soundness of religious belief will not hide our iniquities. There are men whose heads are as sound as Jonathan Edwards's or John Wesley's, whose hearts are as rotten as Tom Paine's or Charles Guiteau's. It is important that we be theoretical Christians. It is utter folly in this day for a man to have no preference for any form of faith when it is so easy to become conversant with the faith of the different sects. An intoxicated man staggered into my house one night begging for lodging. He made great pretensions to religion. I asked where he went to church. He said: "Nowhere; I belong to liberal Christianity." But there are those who never become Christians, because their obstinacy prevents them from ever taking a fair view of what religion is. They are like a brute beast in the fact that their greatest strength lies in their horns. They are combatant, and all they are ever willing to do for their souls is to enter an ecclesiastical fight. I have met men who would talk all day upon the ninth chapter of Romans, who were thoroughly helpless before the fourteenth chapter of John. But there are those who, having escaped from this condition, are now depending entirely upon their soundness of religious theory. The doctrines of man's depravity and Christ's atonement and God's sovereignty are theoretically received by them. But, alas! there they stop. It is only the shell of Christianity containing no evangelical life. They stand looking over into heaven and admire its beauty and its song, and are so pleased with the looks from the outside that they cannot be induced to enter. They could make a better argument for truth than ten thousand Christians who have in their hearts received it. If syllogisms and dilemmas and sound propositions and logical deductions could save their souls they would be among the best of Christians. They could correctly define repentance and faith and the Atonement, while they have never felt one sorrow for sin nor exercised a moment's confidence in the great sacrifice. They are almost immovable in their position. We cannot present anything about the religion of Christ that they do not know. The Saviour described the fate of such a one in His parable: "And that servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes." Theories in religion have a beauty of their own, but if they result in no warmth in Christian life it is the beauty of hornblende and feldspar. Do not call such boldness and hardness religion. The River of Life never freezes over. Icicles never hang on the eaves of heaven. Soundness of intellectual belief is a beautiful cloak, well woven and well cut, but in the hour when God shall demand our souls it will not of itself be sufficient to hide our iniquities.

My friends, can it be that I have been unkind, and torn from you some hope upon which you were resting for time and eternity? Verily, I would be unkind if, having taken away your cloak, I did not offer you something better. This is a cold world and you want something to wrap around your spirit. Christ offers you a robe to-day. He wove it Himself, and He will now with His own hand prepare it just to fit your soul. The righteousness He offers is like the coat He used to wear about Judea, without seam from top to bottom. There is a day of doom. Coward would I be if I did not dare tell you this. It shall be a day of unutterable disappointment to those who have trusted in their official dignity, in their elegant manners, in their outward morality, in their soundness of intellectual belief. But I see a soul standing before God who once was thoroughly defiled. Yet look at him and you cannot find a single transgression anywhere about him. How is this, you ask. Was he not once a Sabbath breaker, a blasphemer, a robber, a perjurer, a thief, a murderer? Yes, but Christ hath cleansed him. Christ hath lifted him up. Christ hath rent off his rags. Christ hath clothed him in a spotless robe of righteousness. That is the reason why you cannot see his former degradation. This glorious hope in Christ's name is proffered to-day. Wandering and wayward soul, is not this salvation worth coming for, worth striving for? Do you wonder that so many with bitter weeping have besought it, and with a very enthusiasm of sorrow cried for divine compassion? Do you wonder at the earnestness of those who stand in pulpits beseeching men to be reconciled to God? Nay, do you wonder at the importunity of the Holy Ghost who now striveth with thy soul? In many of the palaces of Europe the walls are mosaic. Fragments of shells and glass are arranged by artists and aggregated into a pictorial splendor. What! made out of broken shells and broken glass! Oh, yes; God grant that by the transforming power of His Spirit we may all be made a part of the eternal palaces, our broken and fragmentary natures polished and shaped and lifted up to make a part of the everlasting splendors of the heavenly temple!

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed.
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free;
Oh, magnify Thy grace in me.

A Great Hunting Country.

Royal Phelps Carroll, a New Yorker who has just returned from a hunting trip in the Masai country, Africa, says:

"There is no question about the fact that the Masai country is the finest shooting ground in the world. Enormous tracts of it have never echoed to the sound of rifle or gun. But not only that. The sole inhabitants of the land, the warlike and ferocious Masai, never kill the beasts that literally fill the country. It is true that the Masai are wholly a flesh eating people, but they kill only domestic cattle. They do not raise them much themselves, either, but constantly make raids upon neighboring peoples, often hundreds of miles away, and capture and bring home enormous droves. When they kill their cattle the Masai love to put their mouths to the wounds made in the animal's necks, and gorge themselves with the hot blood.

"But they never kill game. The elephant roams at will near their towns. The lion preys upon their people. The rhinoceroses take possession of their villages in droves and rub their sides against the shanties unharmed. Antelopes and zebras in enormous numbers live seemingly only to provide food for the lions, and giraffes scour the occasional plains and feed in the thickets in countless herds. These beasts have not learned to fear man. The rhinoceros charges at him in pure sport, the lion leaps upon him as his prey, and the elephant notices him only to attack him when enraged. You can imagine what that land is from the fact that the Masai have held it for such ages that they have worn trails eight inches deep in the solid rock with their naked feet, and during all that time have never intentionally killed a native beast. If I saw one zebra there I saw 10,000, and the antelopes, elands, giraffes, rhinoceroses and other game were absolutely beyond estimate. I, unaided, could have made slaughter that would have brought shame on my entire party of 200. But, beside elephants and lions, we killed only for food.

How a Congressman Got a Publisher.

Some time ago a committee of New York publishers went to Washington with a view of urging Congress to pass a certain international copyright law favored by the publishers. A sub-committee of publishers was holding a meeting at the Riggs House when a member of Congress from the West called upon them. He said to them that he had his own vote and could influence the votes of four or five friends, but he declared that he would not do anything for them unless they promised to do something for him. When they asked what he wanted, he said he had written a book and tried to get every publisher in New York to publish it, and none of them would do so, because the book was pronounced unsuitable for the market. Now, if they would agree to find a publisher for his book in New York he would agree to give his own and several other votes for the international copyright bill.

The committee told him to call upon them the next day, and when he had gone they discussed his proposition. On inquiry it was found that he could control four votes, and that was too many to lose. So the publishers had a meeting, and they finally decided to draw lots to see who would publish his book and stand the loss. The lot was drawn, and one of the greatest publishing houses in the world was the victim. Its representative received the condolences of his fellow publishers, but the house carried out its part of the bargain in good faith and published the book, and now they have the laugh with them, for, contrary to the expectation of the publishers, the book made money from the start, and has turned out quite a profitable venture for the house. This is another illustration of the truth that no one can tell whether a book or a play will make a hit until the experiment has been tried.—*Chicago Herald.*

Horse Against Locust.

While the locust is not confined to any one country, it is particularly the pest of the farmers in India and Africa, where the sirocco, or hot winds, facilitates the hatching of the eggs. A short time ago the pests inflicted terrible sufferings on the people of Algeria, and at Setif the streets and walks were invaded by the insects, which were often so numerous as to obscure the sun, and did not depart until they had left acres upon acres of desolation behind them. The farmers at Bou-Saada dig big trenches in the soil, by the side of which are placed pieces of canvas, covered with metal bands, and, when the trenches are filled with the insects, the men beat them with flails until they are reduced to a pulp. This does little good, however, on account of the large number. A few years ago squadrons of cavalry were employed to beat down the locusts, but to little purpose, and the Government has been unable as yet to discover a remedy.—*American Agriculturist.*

Bald Calves.

On the farm of F. P. Weller, near Hayesville, Iowa, are two fine, well-developed calves, perfect in every particular except the hair. They are as completely destitute of that adornment as the oldest billiard ball in Chicago. Two years ago there was one with the same peculiarity dropped on the same farm, and last year another, but they were allowed to run out in the sunshine, which seemed to bake them, and they soon died. The two this year (from different cows) are being kept under shelter and are thriving nicely. The oldest one is now over two months old, and hasn't the least appearance of a hair on it yet.—*Chicago Herald.*

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THE largest tombstone in the world (monuments erected to distinguished persons excepted) is probably that of the late H. Scarlett, of Upson County, Georgia. Scarlett was very wealthy and noted for his misanthropic tendencies. He led the life of a hermit. Why no one knew, but it was hinted that he was a victim of disappointed love. Several years before his death, which occurred in the spring of 1888, he selected a monster bowlder, a miniature mountain of granite, 100 by 250 feet in dimensions, for a tombstone and had it appropriately lettered by a marblecutter. A cave fitted up as a roomy tomb was excavated under the huge bowlder, Scarlett himself superintending the work. After his death, neighbors, relatives and friends carried the remains and deposited them under the rock according to his ante-mortem directions.