

The Value of Life.

The condition of "other worlds than ours" has long been a fascinating speculation. Gazing into unfathomable space, sparsely lit by its stellar lamps, no thoughtful person can but question its mystery and wonder if there beings of like passions as ourselves suffer, struggle, toil and enjoy the same that we do on this planet. There is something overwhelming in the thought that our little ball is the sole and solitary home of organized life, and that the sun lights and warms for our exclusive benefit the space through which we swing and spin. The feeling is akin to that which comes over one in the dense solitude of the forest, or upon the summit of a mountain—a sense of desolation, desertion, loneliness and awe. Even the teeming millions which swarm upon the earth seem few and solitary when we conceive of them as the only conscious inhabitants sailing through everlasting depths. The ark and the eight souls saved therein, with the beasts and the birds, floating upon the flood which hid all signs of existence, or the balloon disappearing in infinite depths is not a picture of intenser solitude than the earth swimming in a shoreless ocean, broken only by planetary islands wholly deserted.

Yet if we may trust a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, such, or nearly such are the conclusions of science. The great planets, Jupiter and Saturn, are lit by their own and not by reflected light. Hence, like the sun, they must be incapable of sustaining any life conceivable to us. And should they ever become fit for it, life there will have to submit to conditions which would render existence on the earth quite impossible. The attraction exerted by Jupiter is three hundred times that of the earth. A man of average weight here would there have a ponderous tread of more than twenty tons; his own weight would crush him into pulp; a falling hickory nut would whiz through him like a rifle ball; a wave would shiver an iron-clad to pieces; a rivulet cut mile-deep canyons, and a moderate breeze sweep away the hills and mountains. In some points, however, this description is exaggerated; for were man to be weighted to the earth by a pressure of twenty-two tons he could not easily be moved by water, and the hills and mountains would be so firmly fixed by their own gravitation that the weight of the moving atmosphere could not displace them. In other words, everything on the planet of Jupiter would be adjusted to its new conditions.

On Mars the conditions would be reversed. There, man would weigh only two and a half pounds. It would be easy to fly, but an eighty-ton locomotive could not draw a train of empty cars; Niagara Falls would furnish scarcely power enough to turn a mill, and a rifle ball might be caught in the hand without harm. In an atmosphere even as dense as our own, all animal and vegetable forms would there be the merest gossamer, blown to pieces by every breeze. But no such an atmosphere as ours is possible in Mars. Its pressure would be less than that of our atmosphere on the tops of our highest mountains, rendering existence an impossibility. Moreover, Mars has less than half the heat from the sun which the earth enjoys. On his torrid zone the thermometer would never rise above fifty degrees, and even that is made impossible by the thinness of the atmosphere. "Nothing can be more certain than that there is no liquid in Mars and no life." On the moon the conditions are even worse than in Mars; while its day and night, each two weeks long, utterly forbid the presence of life there. Mercury, with its temperature of boiling water at the poles and red-hot iron at the equator, cannot sustain life.

Beside the earth, therefore, Venus is the only member of the solar system which science declares can preserve life, and on it life, though in lower forms than those of the earth, probably does exist; but this insignificant little globe is the only one on which there are any probabilities of life, so that if the inhabitants of the earth were equally distributed through solar space, all persons would be thousands of miles apart. Moreover, life has existed on the earth for thousands of years. The time that it has taken to ripen our highest civilization, which is an eternity of itself, has been necessary to give birth to a Shakespeare and to develop intellect capable of a glimmering comprehension of what has created them. "Life is far more rare and far more costly in our solar system than diamonds in the earth." All else is waste—space, heat, energy, except as it is being used for the production of life in eternities beyond.

Considering this as a fact, if it be one, how little value is placed upon life. Destruction by war, by slaughter, by men's own appetites and passions, by plague, pestilences, fevers and other agencies, to a degree at least under men's control, is never ceasing. In crowded cities and provinces human life is the cheapest of all commodities; in great manufacturing communities, it is esteemed at a smaller value than the machine which it operates, the product which it turns out. Notwithstanding that life is as rare in the universe as diamonds in the earth, it is flung away as recklessly as if diamonds were pebbles and not precious stones.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—A case containing one thousand slung-shots was received at New York the other day, consigned to a man named Neayer. There ought to be some law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of these articles. They are never used for a good purpose, and the police ought to confiscate them as they do burglars' tools.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Channel Tunnel.

A tall shaft, a steam engine, an air locomotive and a couple of wooden shanties mark the spot destined, it may be, to abut upon the English mouth of the channel tunnel—for there are other schemes afoot to join London and the extremest point of the Continent of Europe in a continuous railway journey and without change of carriages. Sir Edward Watkins airily calculates that the cost of the enterprise in which he is interested would amount to £3,000,000, and that the tunnel would allow the passage of 250 trains each way every day at an average speed of forty-five miles an hour. So that the tunnel of twenty-two miles in length might be traversed in half an hour—a speed, he it said, very much higher than that kept up in the longest tunnels of the St. Gotthard between Switzerland and Italy. At the bottom of the shaft, at the mouth of the boring, no more than seven feet in diameter from end to end—excepting here and there a somewhat wider square opening, technically called a "turn-out"—we found a couple of trollies, fitted with seats on either side, after the manner of the tram-cars of the military train familiar to habitués of Wimbledon Camp. Running along the sides of the trolley close to the ground was a footboard like that attached to a railway carriage, and above the seat was a semi-circular hood lined with red baize sufficient to protect the head and shoulders from dripping wet or particles of falling debris, but not wide enough to save the legs and feet. By reason of the space taken up in the lower arc of the circle, so as to make a level floor along which the rails were laid, it was necessary that we should sit with knees drawn up and heads bent during the whole time occupied in journeying to the face of the tunnel and back again.

A Rembrandt or a Salvator Rosa might have done pictorial justice to such a scene. Under foot for a great portion of the way the ground is almost ankle deep in slush; and the stalwart fellows who drag and push the trollies—trudging manfully along—have enough to do to keep their foothold. The travelers, for the greater length of time, moving through a dim twilight, cannot well make out the features even of those who sit beside them. Now and then the little electric lamps, set in rude niches of the naked gray chalk, cast a brilliant but fugitive light on the passing train. Then, for a while, all is again but darkness visible. There are shadows above and beneath, and all around. Looking backward or forward, through the deepening gloom, the traveler sees an ever-receding, seemingly funnel-shaped perspective, lit at long intervals as with fiery eyes. Onward and onward—to no sound save the splashing made by the tall workmen tramping through mud, and the drip, drip of the water upon the hood above our heads—we are dragged and pushed beneath the shingle and the sand of the shore for a time level with the beach, and then down a quarter of a mile deep, past low-water mark, under the bed of the channel.

The bore has cut clean through the gray chalk in a circle as round and true as the inside of a wedding-ring. So thoroughly indeed, is the instrument adapted to the work and to the material that in dry places it is possible to see the chisel-marks made a couple of years ago. At intervals along the route, where it is feared the water might come through, the sides and roof, have been packed with lead or clay and held up with solid iron bands, apparently about eighteen inches wide. Sometimes, in the fitful flashes of light, the eye rests upon falling red rivulets, like streams of blood, pouring down the damp walls. Ever and anon there are "faults" in the clayey chalk not yet remedied. So we go on and our moments seem as hours, until the electric lamps cease altogether, and the long, awful cave is enveloped in a darkness which would be impenetrable but for the glimmer of a few tallow candles stuck into the bare walls of the cutting. Even a mile and more from the mouth of the shaft it is not difficult to breathe, for the same machine which works the bore-pumps drives a continuous supply of fresh air into the seven-foot pipe which at present forms no more than the nucleus of a tunnel. At a distance of 2,300 yards from the pit-mouth we come upon the simple and wonderful piece of machinery which can pierce through the bed of the sea with extraordinary celerity and at a cost cheaper than is required for the making of an ordinary tunnel under a hill. By permission of the President of the Board of Trade the engineer is allowed to make a couple of turns in order to show our party the method of its working. Presently we remount our not too comfortable carriage and pass, stooping, once more along the fearsome narrow way; pass by spaces of horrible shadows and glimpses of welcome light. And finally we are flung up through the shaft into the outer air, where the glad sunshine catches the tall cliff's face and bathes the smiling and yet unbetrayered channel in an atmosphere of golden glory.—*London Telegraph.*

—For the sake of variety try this for breakfast: Buy some nice pork chops, with a little fat about them; fry them a delicate brown, and pour hot tomato sauce over them. Make a gravy, using a little of the fat fried out of the pork; send to the table with baked potatoes, warm corn bread and coffee.—*Country Gentleman.*

—A young gentleman new to journalism turns down the corner of a page in the dictionary so that he may easily find the word when he looks for it again.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FARMERS ATTENTION!

We would announce to the farmers of Cheboygan County that we have a full line of

FARMING IMPLEMENTS!

COMPRISING

Mowers, Reapers, Wheel Rakes,

Wagons,

Plows,

Hoes,

Rakes,

Forks,

Scythes,

Snaths,

Grain Cradles, &c.

All of which were bought from the manufacturers for cash, enabling us to sell at

Bottom Prices.

Plumbing

AND

Steam Fitting.

We are prepared to do all kinds of Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting, and as we

Employ None but First Class Workmen

and the best of material, we can guarantee Satisfaction.

PAINTS! PAINTS! PAINTS!

Our Stock of

White Lead, Paints, Oils, Alabastine, Brushes, Varnishes, &c., &c.

Is most complete. We have the

BEST COOKING STOVES IN THE MARKET!

Which we are selling cheap. Everything on hand that belongs to a first class Hardware Store.

POST & VAN ARSDALE.

FARMS FOR SALE.

SEPARATE OR TOGETHER.

40 ACRES

One mile from town on Hart House road opposite Beaugrand school house, about 33 Acres cleared.

32 ACRES

1 1/2 mile from town, on same road. Good house, barn, orchard, from 10 to 12 acres cleared. Land high, soil first-class, splendid view over the town, the straits and lake, for sale at a bargain. For further information apply to ap2817 C. HUNT, Cheboygan, Mich.

D. R. H. RIETZE,

PHYSICIAN.

Formerly Physician in the Prussian Army, will treat, with medical skill, all cases of sickness. Particular attention paid to chronic diseases. A specialty will be made of all complaints of the weaker sex. Office at Central Drug Store 94c1m

MEDARD METIVIER,

COUNTY CLERK & REGISTER OF DEEDS Office hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 o'clock P. M. to 4 P. M., for entering and recording deeds or other instruments, to be paid for when the same is left for record. 1Jan19

B. B. BEACH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Indian River, Mich.

PASTURE FOR SALE OR RENT.

80 ACRES, 1 1/2 miles from town. Also about 10 Tons of Hay for sale. Apply to JOHN GOULDEN, Cheboygan, M.

THE MILLER BROS. CUTLERY CO.

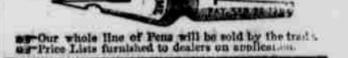
MERIDEN, CONN.



STANDARD POCKET CUTLERY, Ladies' Scissors and Ink Erasers. Make all styles of

STEEL PENS.

We show our Patent Adjustable Quill Action Reservoir Pen, "The Acme," and will mail sample upon receipt of 25c.



Our whole line of Pens will be sold by the trade. Price Lists furnished to dealers on application.

PLUMBING

McDonald & Gueny

Would respectfully announce to the public that they have secured the services of

WM. R. JONES of Trenton, New Jersey, a Competent and Experienced Plumber Steam and Gas Fitter, and are now prepared to make connections with the Water Works, fit up Bath Rooms with Hot and Cold Water, and do all kinds of SANITARY PLUMBING.

LANDS FOR SALE

3,000 ACRES OF GOOD LAND

Selected Especially for Farming Purposes and Two Improved Farms.

Will be sold at low rates. Small payments down, balance to suit purchasers. Also about 2,000 acres of pine land.

J. B. MCARTHUR, Cheboygan, Mich.

Livery Stable



Situated

Main Street, opposite A. P. Newton Store.

Where you can find

New, Stylish, First-class outfits.

Double and Single, to be let at reasonable rates.

CHAS. A. SMOLK

PROF. ROBERT S. SWEET

TEACHER OF

Music & Dancing!

Academy in Kessler Block.

CLASSES IN DANCING.

Gents' Class Every Monday Evening.

Ladies' and Juvenile Class Saturdays at 2 P. M.

Social Hop Every Thursday Evening.

Violin Lessons given on Scientific principles.

First Class Orchestra.

Furnished for all Occasions.

Also dealer in all kinds of Musical Merchandise. Violins and Violin Strings a specialty.

Persons desiring to profit by my experience will do well to give me a call.

For further particulars apply at Academy on address Box 102.

PROF. R. S. SWEET.