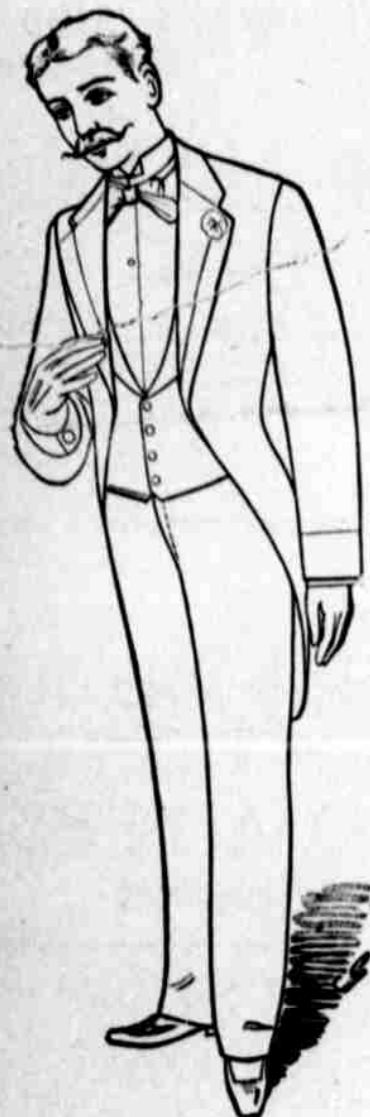


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PROBABILITIES OF NIAGARA.
Changes That Are Liable to Take Place,
Estimated on the Past.
 If the rate of retrocession remains during
 the next 500 years as it has been for the last
 forty five years, the inner edge of the Horse-
 shoe Fall will have passed to the east of
 Goat Island, and as the line of deepest water
 is near the Canadian shore all the waters of
 the river will pass over the Horseshoe Fall,
 obliterating the American Fall entirely and
 transforming Goat Island into a peninsula,
 on which the smaller islands of today, Bath,
 Luna, Chapin, etc., will appear as little hill-
 tops.
 The fall will then, perhaps, be higher than
 today because the present descent of fifty
 feet over the rapids will be added to the
 height of the cataract, minus the number of
 feet needed to give the necessary current to
 the river below, which at present is fifteen
 feet to the mile. Considering that even now
 the Horseshoe Fall no longer recedes south
 but more east than south, which recession
 will be more easterly yet in the course of
 time, it will have to travel about five
 miles in that direction before the
 Niagara shale, which now occupies the lower
 half of the face of the fall, is under water;
 and the retrocession by means of undermin-
 ing is stopped. For at present the changes
 that take place are due to the fact that the
 upper eighty feet of the face is formed of a
 hard limestone, while the lower eighty feet
 is composed of soft, easily crumbling shale,
 which the spray can wash away with ease to
 such an extent that the overlying limestones
 lose their support, break off and tumble
 down with a corresponding change in the ap-
 pearance of the edge of the falls. Then the
 changes will be accomplished simply by the
 eroding power of the water and the falls will
 remain near the northern end of Grand Island
 for a practically unlimited time. We thus
 see that after the falls of today have receded,
 perhaps three-quarters of a mile, there will
 be only one fall; when that one fall has travel-
 ed east and south four miles more and
 reaches Grand Island, it will again be divided
 into an American and a Canadian cataract,
 this time separated by Grand Island, and,
 like the falls of today, the western branch
 will carry the largest amount of water, will
 recede faster and be the lower of the two in
 height. The hope of finally having the falls
 at Buffalo must be abandoned, for from that
 point of Grand Island to the city of Buffalo
 only rapids can exist on account of the nature
 of the underlying rock, which is soft.

As the retrocession of the Falls of Niagara
 began in what may be called, geologically,
 the most recent period, the time necessary
 for it to arrive at its present site has had
 very important bearing upon the question of
 the age of man on the American continent.
 As long as it was considered necessary to
 claim several hundred thousand years for the
 age of Niagara alone, the age of the human
 race had to be computed at perhaps half a
 million years; no matter how little such
 high figures agreed with other discoveries,
 the rocky gorge of the Niagara always pre-
 sented an insurmountable obstacle against
 any retlection of time. But since we have
 discovered that after all the work of excava-
 tion could have been accomplished in per-
 haps 3,000 years, our computation of the age
 of the human race has settled down to rea-
 sonable figures, which give to the beds of
 sand and gravel in which the oldest human
 implements have been found an age of per-
 haps 40,000 to 60,000 years, and anthropolo-
 gists claim that all the facts so far collected
 agree well with the latter figure.—Professor
 Julius Pohman.

A Region Without a Grave.
 That vast region of country lying between
 China and Siberia, known as Mongolia, pre-
 sents this striking contrast to the Middle
 Kingdom, that while the latter appears like
 a boundless cemetery, the land of the Tartars
 has not a grave or a memorial stone. The
 Mongols are living in constant expectation
 of returning to their old home far off to the
 southwest, and they want nothing to keep
 them from undertaking the great emigra-tion.
 The intensity of desire to be led back to the
 land of their fathers is most suggestive of the
 prayers and wallings of the Jews because of
 the desolation of Palestine and their agony
 of longing for its restoration. When they
 are punished enough and reduced to a re-
 nant, they say, then will their Messiah re-
 turn from heaven and bring back their dis-
 per-sion. What becomes of the bodies of the
 dead in this graveless land?
 You can read an exact description of the
 condition of things in Mongolia today as
 foretold in the prophecy of Jeremiah over
 2,000 years ago: "They shall die of grievous
 deaths; they shall not be lamented, neither
 shall they be buried, but they shall be as
 dung upon the face of the earth. And they
 shall be consumed by the sword and by fam-
 ine, and their carcases shall be meat for the
 fowls of heaven and for the beasts of the
 earth." Although this describes a state of
 things begun in Palestine, it does not end
 there. The Mongol puts the corpse of his
 friend on a cart or other conveyance to be
 dragged with great speed by horses on to the
 plains, and whenever it is thrown there the
 dogs and wolves may make a feast.

Both Chinese and Mongols explain the dif-
 ference between their customs in this way:
 Earth returns to earth, flesh to flesh, that is,
 the Chinese, whose bodies are fed by the
 grains of the earth, return to it as a natural
 recompense; while the Mongol, who lives on
 the animal kingdom, must, as a natural re-
 sult, feed it in turn. Read Jeremiah, xvii
 chapter, to see how the geographical posi-
 tion, religious condition and the like make a
 people like the Mongols just suited to the
 prophecies regarding scattered Israel.—
 Shanghai Mercury.

Are you going to give a party soon? If so,
 don't fail to leave your order for printing
 with the COURIER. We are the only printing
 house in the city that makes a specialty of
 this class of work.
 Look out for the beautiful CHRISTMAS
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ON THE BIG BRIDGE.

THE PEDDLERS AND BEGGARS WHO
TRADE BETWEEN TWO CITIES.

The Old Woman Who Grinds the Organ
 and Trusts in Providence—Apples,
 Matches and Newspapers—A Kind
 Hearted, Indigent Policeman.

Peddlers and fakirs have discovered a new
 grazing ground. Tired of browsing about
 the approaches to the big bridge they have
 now taken to the promenade itself, and even
 the cars and carriage ways at certain hours
 of the day and night are infested with these
 persevering people. Here and there can be
 seen the venter of the far famed Egyptian
 pure bone collar button, the rosy cheeked
 apple woman, the decrepit blind man with
 his faithful dog, and the scamp with the
 nearly obsolete dumb sign, one side describ-
 ing him as paralyzed and the other notifying
 the public that on occasions he is blind.
 The little old woman with the squeaky,
 cathartic hand organ may be stumbled over
 at night as she sits crouching in the shadow
 of the big towers. Far off are the lights of
 the two great cities, and the patient little
 woman grinds away at her organ, charitably
 unobserved by a kind hearted policeman.

As the poor organ responds to her shriveled
 touch with broken bars of "Martha," a pair
 of pretty working girls stop and one of them
 hesitatingly examines a shabby, worn pocket-
 book. As she dropped a penny that gave out
 a cavernous echo from the bottom of the
 little tin cup, her companion asked in a
 kindly voice and with a cheery smile:
 "How is it to-night, mother?"
 "Oh, much the same, deary. It's a hard
 life, bub, sure, but God is good, and as long
 as I get the bit and the sup and a place to lie
 in, why should I complain? I have taken
 five cents so far, and the people are good
 people, so they are."

"Sooner than grind that wheezy old thing
 for such a pittance I'd jump into the river,"
 said the other little dandel, with flashing
 eyes.
 "Ah, my dear," said the poor woman, as
 from her appraisal eyes beamed the faith that
 she felt, "that would be very wrong. You
 must never forget that the good God has a
 care for every one of his creatures here be-
 low. I can look up in the clear sky and from
 beyond the stars I can see him watching me.
 He is a good, kind God, my child, and he has
 treated me better than my deserts. I have
 only a few short years to linger till I'm with
 him."

The old woman had forgotten her organ
 and a beautiful smile illumined the
 wrinkled features. The girls passed on, but
 the sublime faith that shone from the aged
 eyes and the resignation of her tones left their
 impress, for she, too, was in her way an
 humble missionary.

RAISING HIS HAT TO THE FUNERAL.
 The night wore on and the morning came,
 with its changes. The great thoroughfare is
 alive with humanity going and coming. The
 trains whisk by, crowded to their utmost
 capacity. The carriage ways are crowded
 with trucks and vehicles of every description.
 Here comes a funeral, and a gray haired
 policeman reverently removes his helmet as
 the dead goes by. It is an important salute,
 but this particular policeman is said to have
 always shown that humble respect whenever
 a funeral crosses the bridge.

Now is the time when the merry little ap-
 ple woman gets in her fine work. She does
 not occupy one of the benches for the exhibi-
 tion of her wares, for the simple reason
 that the bridge officers are too numerous.
 Perhaps she was not compelled to part with
 the customary penny to gain access to the
 bridge pathway. She had loitered about the
 entrance until the officer had accommodat-
 ingly turned his back, when she slyly walked
 in through "Exit here," and is soon jogging
 along with the crowd. Perhaps the police-
 man did see her, but he wouldn't call her
 back. "Shu-e the pinny won't make any-
 body any the richer," said he to himself.
 "Give the woman a show."
 And what a harvest the apple woman
 reaps! The officers can't arrest her for car-
 rying her uncovered basket on her arm
 while on the bridge, and if some pedestrian
 helps himself to a nice rosy apple and drops
 a penny or two into her pan, why it's no
 fault of hers. And, when she walks across to
 one entrance, isn't she at liberty to retrace
 her steps and walk back to the other en-
 trance? Of course she is, and she keeps this
 up until her stock is disposed of.

Then, too, there is the old newspaper
 dealer. He formerly caught his trade at the
 Brooklyn entrance, until he ingratiated him-
 self into the good graces of some of the con-
 ductors on the cars, and although he has to
 produce the necessary bridge car ticket, he
 enjoys a monopoly in the sale of papers on
 the trains, and rides back and forth every
 evening and morning, as often as he chooses.
 The old man has only one arm, and carries
 his papers in a school bag strapped to his
 side. He has suffered some injury to his
 neck, which compels him to carry his head
 drawn to one side and bent over on his chest.
 He has an aged wife to support, and he says
 he would rather be selling papers than doing
 any other kind of work.

THE WHISTLING NEGRO.
 At about 10 o'clock on any pleasant day a
 whistling negro dressed in a gaudy uniform,
 with a large knapsack strapped to his back,
 can be seen and heard on the bridge prome-
 nade. He is an advertising novelty and
 carries a big supply of handbills and illumi-
 nated cards, which he distributes to the
 crowds which gather about him. He is a
 clever dancer and amuses his bridge audi-
 ences with a characteristic "sole" stirring
 breakdown, accompanying himself on a
 mouth harmonica.
 When a crowd large enough to suit him
 has gathered, he at once pulls out a handful
 of his advertisements from the knapsack and
 distributes them among the crowd. This
 fellow manages to cease his little side show
 just before the arrival of a bridge police-
 man.

The Italian match boy, with a stock of
 matches that are guaranteed not "to blow
 out," is also to be seen on the bridge prome-
 nade. He can always be seen selling a
 number of boxes of matches during the day
 and evening. While walking across the
 bridge a smoker always is taken with a de-
 sire to light a cigar or cigarette, and if not
 provided with matches he must either borrow
 a light from some one else or patronize the
 match boy, which latter he generally does.—
 New York Star.

Education in Greece.
 The outlook for higher education in Greece
 is flattering. The great base of the pyramid,
 popular education, is solidly laid, and soon
 the superstructure can be carried to its com-
 pletion. The public debt is so enormous that
 for the present the government cannot
 greatly extend its aid, but private munifi-
 cence continues to pour forth, and the time
 will come when all Greek speaking peoples
 shall have become one nation, and Athens
 will once more take her old place as the edu-
 cational center of the Levant. Her quiet
 academic shades will be far better suited to
 scholarly pursuits than the whirl of traffic in
 Constantinople or Alexandria.—Cor. New
 York Post.

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