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Ericsson and the Evolution of Ships.

The first device of man for carrying himself and goods u on the water was probably the raft. After it came the trunk of a tree, ho"owed out to increase buoyancy. Next, perhaps, in the series of devices for con yance by water was the canoe made of bark or skin stretched on frame work. Then boats were made of pieces of wood stitched together with thongs or rope. Later came boats of plank bolted together with inserted ribs and decks, or half decks. Last in the series that ends in the ship was the vessel, the frame work of which was first set up and the planking of the hull put on afterward. The idea of a decked ship once reached, the next step of progress was to increase the size, capacity, and powers of propulsion of the floating house. The earliest representations of ships are those found in Egypt, which carry us back some 3,000 years before Christ. The ships of that day were already of considerable size, carrying a large and varied cargo. They had masts and sails, and the war ships had a ram with which to run down an opponent. Steering was effected by paddles, four or five in number. The Phœnicians, the English of that period, greatly improved the structure of ships. The ruins of an Assyrian palace represent a Phœnician vessel of two banks of oars—a bireme—of the period 900 B. C. Shields hung along the side constituted its armor. The Phœnicians are credited with the invention of the bireme, and also of the trireme, or vessel of three banks of oars. The latter was the Greek ship of war of the best period. It was the long ship—the ship of war par excellence. With it were fought those notable actions so well described by Thucydides. Later, huge vessels with four, five, and even 16 banks of oars were built, the last mentioned, however, being merely the expensive toys of wealthy kings. The vessels of the period of the war between the Athenians and Peloponnesians were propelled by both oars and sails, the war ships relying principally on their oars. The Romans used the Corinthian quinquiremes until the fight at Actium showed that the light Liburnian galleys were better. These galleys were biremes and fully decked. The mediæval galley differed from the ancient in the use of longer oars and in peculiarities of construction that enabled more than one man to be employed upon each oar. The stroke was thus slower than in the trireme, but more powerful. The introduction of muskets and cannon in lieu of spears and swords led to the building of larger ships on the modern models for purposes of war, until the noble three decker was reached. The introduction of steam as a means of propulsion brought in further changes, and the use of steel instead of wood for the hull has wholly altered the old forms and proportions of ships both for commerce and war. With the use of iron for the construction of ships, naturally came the idea of converting the ships into a floating fortress by thickening her sides. A departure from the merchanteer type was the immediate result. But as the walls of ships were thickened the penetrating power of cannon was increased, and this led to the use of special constructions to give the ship the quality of an unsinkable platform, presenting a small target to the enemy. The progress made in the last 50 years in the construction, propulsion, armoring, and navigation of ships was largely due to Ericsson's inventive genius. If he did not invent, he introduced the screw as a means of propelling ships—a step of progress which, by discarding sails, has revolutionized the sailor's calling. He first, in the construction of the Princeton, placed the "vitals" of war ships—engines, magazines, etc.—below the water line, out of reach of hostile shot. The expedient of using a forced draught to quicken the fires of ships was his, as was also the telescopic smokestack, and the device for using centrifugal blowers for purposes of ventilation. On the Princeton he introduced the novelty of a 12 inch wrought iron gun, with a band shrunk on at the breech; a device for taking up the recoil of heavy guns; an automatic gun lock, and an instrument for determining distances. Among his other inventions connected with navigation were the self registering deep sea lead, until recently in universal use, and improvements in tubular steam boilers. Ericsson's system of movable torpedoes, operated and steered from the shore by means of compressed air was an important contribution to naval warfare. His inventions in this line must affect profoundly the conditions under which naval operations will henceforth be conducted. The Destroyer, a small vessel with a gun in the bow under the water line, for firing submarine torpedoes, was among his last works. His creation of the monitor type of armored war ship is, however, the achievement by which he is best known. As early as 1854 he designed for Napoleon III a partially submerged armored vessel with guns inclosed in a revolving shot proof cupola placed centrally on the deck. On this design substantially was constructed in 1861 the famous Monitor, which fought the Confederate iron clad Merrimac in Hampton Roads, in March, 1862. The monitor type has since become obsolete, being rejected principally on account of its poor sea going qualities, but Ericsson justly divides with the designer of the Merrimac the honor of having inaugurated a new departure in the construction of ships of war.—[Baltimore Sun.

She Wanted That Hat.

On a Western and Atlantic train that pulled out of Atlanta recently was a negro woman who had paid her fare to Chattanooga. When on the outskirts of the city her 25 cent straw hat was blown through a window. She jumped up and pulled the bell cord. The train stopped, and when the conductor rushed into the coach he saw the woman disappearing through the opposite door. While the woman was chasing her straw hat over the meadows the train pulled out and left her behind.

Sweet-Brier.

I'm a little country cousin of the stately garden queen,
And I tarry by the roadside, in my gown of pink and green,
To unlatch the gate for Summer, where the wood thrush lingers long,
On my perfumed breath uplifting his clear Angelus of song.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING.

The farmer to the city hies,
And from his much-depleted hoard
Picks out a meagre wad of bills
To pay for "ads" of Country Board.

SUMMER.

The city man jumps at the lure;
For quiet rural scenes he yearns.
Of tan and freckles, dust and heat,
And various insects much he learns.

AUTUMN.

Now comes the day for settling up,
And many pocketbooks are light;
That one which late was lean may now
Look round, and prosperous, and tight.

WINTER.

The farmer in his corner sits,
And rests itself, with much good cheer,
The others through hard weather toil,
So they may come again Next Year.

—[G. E. Hanson.

TELEGRAPHERS' BLUNDERS.

Odd and Amusing Mistakes Are Sometimes Made by Operators.

Considering the noise of New York's great room and the fact that the operators have to jump from theology to stocks, often sending off long reports upon subjects of which they know nothing, it is surprising that the blunders are so few. The most amusing of such errors seem to be due not to carelessness or inattention upon the part of the operator, but to similarity of certain letters in the telegraphic alphabet, and to the inability of the receiver to write down as fast as the instrument clicks out its message.

There are very good reasons, no doubt, for many of the mistakes recorded against telegraph operators. There are no excuses for others. Some are the result of sheer stupidity, ignorant operators being put at work requiring not alone skill in manipulating a key, but intelligence behind all. The operator who reads hearse for horse may have had his copy written by the same reporter who dashed off a criticism on "Giroflé Girofla" and who was dumfounded to find that the telegraph made it "Sniffle Snoffle." Yet it does not always follow that this is the case, for a telegram has been known to be transmitted "Yes" when the copy made it "No" with copper plate distinctness. One of the most curious blunders I remember occurred over a cable circuit of the Associated Press, the message as received being as follows:

LONDON, March 25.

Two Americans were arrested here to-day for attempting to shave the queen.

The message gave the names of the persons, together with other details, but nothing in it accounted for the extraordinary statement that the men had attempted to "shave the queen." No one in the office where the dispatch was received could understand why any Americans should undertake such an unheard of feat or why the queen should need shaving. The more the cablegram was studied the more perplexing it grew, until at last it was decided to ask for explanations from the other side of the water. Very promptly the operator on the other side sent back the correction that the Americans referred to had been arrested for "attempting to shove the queer."

"Yes, indeed. Send horse and carriage to depot," was the innocent message which went to a lady in Utica from this city not long ago. She was married and her husband, usually called Joe, had been away from home for several weeks. The wife had telegraphed a lady member of the family to come up and spend a few weeks with her and the answer was sent as above. The Utica lady was prostrated with grief when she received a dispatch reading: "Joe is dead. Send hearse and carriage to depot." Arrangements were made in a hurry, and the hearse and carriage were in waiting when Joe and the lady stepped out of the train.

Long circuits and weak electrical currents frequently play the mischief with dots and dashes. They "fall out," as the operators say, vanish or mingle until two or three letters are mixed together. So many telegrams are sent in cipher, or according to a code, that the receiver does not hesitate to write down the most absurd nonsense if he thinks the writer intends it. Thus the simple message, "Come home; James is not well," has been metamorphosed into "Coghog; Jags is not 100." The receiving operator probably committed the old error of reading (by sound) g for me, the signs of which are similar, while "well," if not carefully read, is liable to be transformed into 100. It must have been the same telegrapher who transformed John Howard Payne's beautiful lines into "Hog, swot hog, there's no place like hog."—[New York Letter.

Crime in Fiction.

Comedy is the salt and life of fiction, as the pathos which is the highest triumph of the artist, evoking natural emotion without sensible effort, may be said to be fiction's soul. When pathos degenerates into vapid sentiment, it is sometimes an opiate, though more often an irritant. Soporifics are very well in their way, but on the whole the patrons of the circulating libraries prefer to be excited and interested. Hence the popularity of the sensational novel, taking horrors for its subjects and criminals for its heroes, and leading the reader onward from surprise to surprise to the dramatic denouement which should be enveloped in mystery. The range of the criminal romance is wide enough in all conscience. At the best it may be the subtle masterpiece of the analytical genius of a Balzac; at the lowest, though not invariably at the worst, it may be dashed off in blood and thunder for the "penny dreadfuls" and the "shilling shockers." Much depends, of course, on the public for whom the romance is intended; and the blood besmeared story which has a grand success in the New Cut would possibly not go down in Belgravian drawing rooms. Yet we venture to affirm that the criminal romance pure and simple, although it may be devised with the practical instincts of a Gaborian or toned down with the literary taste of a Bulwer, has one unfailing characteristic—it leaves an unpleasant and unwholesome flavor behind. Like the garlic in provencal cookery, the savor may seem to be smothered for the time, but there is an arriere gout that comes out sooner or later. There are fascinating novels which are as edifying in their way as Thomas a Kempis or the "Pilgrim's Progress." Like the plays of Shakespeare or the poems of Milton, they raise us for the time on the wings of heaven born genius toward the noble ideals of the highest life. After we have smiled and wept—the weeping is a figure of speech—we feel morally better and much the happier. But after a tale of crime, however talented it may be, some taint of the disreputable company we have been keeping clings to us; we feel as if we had been conniving at their guilt, if not actually accomplices in it. There are worthy folks, as we are given to understand, with unimpeachable moral records, who come to find an actual relish in that vicarious degredation, and who draw lingering breaths of ineffable pleasure in the vitiated atmosphere of the police cells and the jails. In rare cases, like M. Lecoq in Gaboriau's "Crime d'Orcival," they even give a loose rein to their perverse imaginations, and revel in the clever escroqueries they might have committed had the chances of their lives offered favorable opportunities. But cases of this kind are altogether exceptional. It is asserted, and we daresay with some truth, that novels like Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," and illustrated sheets like the *Police News*, have largely recruited the ranks of the thieves and the burglars. There the seed had fallen in kindly soil prepared by circumstances and hereditary depravity. The mass of amateurs of the horrible in the upper or middle classes are more prosaically minded or less romantically disposed. At all events, they seldom dream of translating thought into action, and taking the short but dangerous cuts to their crimes which come so naturally to their favorite heroes and heroines. They are content to admire, to gape, and to swallow; to shrink delightfully at the rustle of the stealthy poisoner's night dress, and to shudder at the heavy thud of the hired ruffian's bludgeon as it lights upon some respectable head. Criminal fiction does little direct harm, in the sense of shortening inconvenient lives or tampering with important deeds. But it steadily demoralizes the palate for anything milder and more delicately flavored; the habitual dram drinker will have his stimulants stronger and stronger, and you can not expect him to turn with satisfaction from spirits above proof, fresh from the distillery, to the choicest of Schloss Johannisberg or Chateau Yquem. Sensational stories, in moderately priced single volumes, are the fashion now, and, without satirical intention, we say the shortness is in their favor. Some are as good as Mr. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" or "Kidnapped;" others are comic and gory burlesques of the better kind of criminal extravaganzas. Considering the difficulty of hitting upon any fancies that are decently fresh, we are bound to say that not a few of them show creditable dexterity and ingenuity. But surely this sensational business must soon come to an end, or be suspended for half a generation or so. The public is getting familiarized with all manner of mysteries, in cabs, in black boxes, in garrets, and in cellars; the detectives have been tolled off for such intolerably hard duty that it is clear they must soon strike in disgust, and refuse to lend themselves to those stale combinations; and the pirates, highwaymen, and bushrangers who have been indiscriminately resuscitated will find temporary rest again in their dishonored graves. The novel reading public revels in excitement, and is not over critical; but of sensation, when it has degenerated into melodrama and burlesque, there must surely come satiety at least.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

Wives as Bickerstaffs.

"I never put my hand in my husband's pocket in my life," said a little woman who had been married only five years. "I am afraid that if I would do that my boy might do the same thing, and I don't think a wife ought to do with her husband's pockets what her son would be considered a criminal for doing."

This terrific example for a moment staggers the female community, but finally one incorrigible dame who has been married nearly 30 years ventures to meet the indictment with a demurrer, says *Life*.

Says she: "Now I don't think it a sin to take out of my husband's pocket all the change he has over after treating those men for over two hours and a half. He doesn't know what he has spent with the men, and the next morning he doesn't know anything about anything whatever. I merely transfer the pile from one side to the other. I have got it when you may be sure he would have spent it."

Up speaks the abused wife, who has a line of grievances as long as the Declaration of Independence and with as much tautology in them. Says she: "I used to take the change out of my husband's pocket at night when he came home with any in it. But among his other heartless offenses, he has of late got into the habit of hiding his money just before he comes into the room and he never has anything in his pockets."

A dread silence follows this statement from her who would have robbed had there been anything to rob. At last the unmarried female of the group, who has a tremendous rod in pickle for a man—if she ever gets him—observed:

"Well, I didn't know that men could be as mean as that. I had heard of every other kind of meanness they had, but that beats all."—[Brooklyn Citizen.

The Noonday Rest.

The business women and girls of Indianapolis are enjoying a unique and pleasant benefit called the "Noon Rest," established in a central portion of the city by the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. The institution is a sort of woman's club, and the "plant" consists of a number of rooms open each week day from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., where all young women who work in stores and shops are invited to spend their noon hours. Tables are provided for luuches, and milk, tea, coffee, and chocolate are served at 3 cents per cup.

The new institution does not come under the head of "charity" in any sense, and the details of its management are the free offering of those who are sensitive enough to realize the instinct of women for the gateful seclusion which exclusive surroundings can give. The idea is certainly an admirable one, and ought to be copied in other cities. And it would not be a bad idea if a similar nooning resort could be provided for men who are obliged to carry their dinners or lunches with them.

A plain hall, neatly furnished, where women or men could sit to eat their lunches apart from the sights and smells of the shops, and spend a few moments in reading or conversation under orderly regulations, would be appreciated in any busy community.

LOVE'S FITFULNESS.

You say that I am fitful. Sweet, 'tis true;
But 'tis that I your fitfulness obey.
If you are April, how can I be May,
Or flaunt bright roses when you wear sad rue?
Shine like the sun, and my sky will be blue;
Sing, and the lark shall envy me my lay.
I do but follow where you point the way,
And what I feel you doing, straight must do.
The wind might just as well reproach the vane
As you upbraid me for my shiftings, dear.
Blow from the south, and south I shall remain;
If you keep fixed, be sure I shall not veer.
Nay, on your change my changes so depend,
If ends your love, why, then my love will end.

TALE OF A BROKEN HEART.

She was a
Beautiful,
Dutiful,
Grand
And rollicking queen of Bohemia,
With a cheek that was
Rosier,
Cozier,
And
As soft as a lily, and creamier.

She was always com-
Pelling me,
Selling me;
I
Was her slave; but she treated me
Shamefully.

She went on the
Stage, was a
Rage as a—
Why,
As a page, and they spoke of her
Blamefully.

And then in the
Papers her
Capers were
Writ.
I love her no longer, I swear it,
But I oft spend a
Dollar and
Holler and
Sit
Through her antics, Oh, how can I bear it?

—[Tom Hall in Munsey's Magazine.

The Christian Dignity of Labor.

If there were any disposition among people in general to deny that labor is honorable, it would be unlikely to manifest itself conspicuously in such days as these. For labor, whatever may have been its timidity in the past, now is holding up its head boldly, and is claiming its full share of respect and honor. Its time of diffidence passed long ago and forever, and probably every wise man rejoices thereat. The Christian dignity of labor, however, is not insisted upon so earnestly, or even understood so generally. Honest faithful work, it ought to be remembered, is noble, not only because of its inherent merit, but because it is inevitably necessary to the fulfillment of the divine plans for the world. God has indorsed and also commanded it. He has made it necessary to most people. In a certain real sense, and without irreverence, it even may be declared that he works himself, continually sustaining all the manifold members of His great universe in all their varied and countless movements and operations. Our sense of the dignity of labor needs to be broad and enlightened. How often are men who work with their hands overheard to sneer at others, who seem idlers, yet who may be intellectual toilers of the first rank? "The pen is mightier than the sword" not only, but also than the spade or the trowel. Much of the most difficult and widely beneficial labor never would be accomplished if God had not made it possible for some men to live without having to earn their own support, and to give themselves to investigation, study, experiment, and authorship. Mere idlers are contemptible, but it is an open question whether they are not more numerous among the hard workers than among others, even including the many who have inherited fortunes. Let every true laborer recognize cheerfully the fact that God wishes all sorts of work to be done, and that the spirit of Christ is that which honors every faithful workman. A true sense of the Christian dignity of labor goes far toward enabling employers and employees to see with the same eyes, and thus toward preventing many disagreements. It teaches that labor is too serious and too honorable a thing to be at the mercy of professional agitators, "walking delegates," and the like, as so often has been the fact. It may retain belief in the principle of the strike, but in the application of that principle it exercises a conscientious caution. It sees the ultimate and only satisfactory solution of the vexing problems of modern society to be in the general acceptance of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and it ever seeks to remove the misunderstandings of Christianity which prevail among laboring men. It means peace, prosperity, and comfort as well as consecration.—[The Congregationalist.

Peasant and Plague.

According to a legend, a peasant was traveling through a forest on horseback, bound toward the village, when he was stopped by an old woman.

"Give me a ride behind you?" said she.

"Who are you?" asked the peasant.

"I am the Plague."

The peasant said not a word, but put his whip to his horse, which gave a big jump.

"Stop! Stop!" said the old woman, running after him; "do you think I shall not get to your village just the same, whether you give me a ride or not? I shall be there a little later on, never fear. Be reasonable, then, and give me a lift. In return I promise you that I will not touch you nor any of yours."

"Get on," said the peasant, bringing his horse to a standstill.

The Plague mounted behind him, and they rode on. Presently the peasant, growing bold, stopped and said to the old woman:

"If you want to make me happy, you will spare Johnny Smith at the village, and Billy Weaver and Tom Joiner."

"Very well," said the old woman, "I will spare them."

The man whipped up his horse again, but had not gone more that a quarter of a mile farther before he begged the Plague to spare such an one, and such an one, and such an one.

"I will spare them," said she.

And this went on until there were no more than ten people in the village whom the Plague had not agreed to spare.

They arrived in the village. On the following day a great many people were taken ill with the plague, and within a day or two 30 of the villagers were dead.

The peasant ran to the Plague in great indignation.

"Look here!" he exclaimed; "you are a wicked wretch. You don't keep your promises. Thirty people are dead already."

"I have kept my promise faithfully," said the old woman. "It is true that 30 are dead, but only 10 died of the plague. All of the rest died of fright."

The moral of the story is that, during an epidemic, people should live and act prudently, but should not be in a state of fear.

A Great Truth.

City Dame (looking for country board)—Do you object to children?

Mrs. Hayseed—That depinds, mum.

City Dame—Depends on the sort of children they are, I suppose?

Mrs. Hayseed—No'm. Depinds on the sort of mothers they has.—[Good News.

There is a dog in Topeka, Kan., which attends every funeral that takes place in that city. His owner lives on the road leading to the cemetery, and whenever a funeral passes the house the dog joins the procession and trots along beside the hearse.

YALE'S FAMOUS GEOLOGIST.

Professor Dana and His Oddities—He's Too "Cute" to Be "Sold."

I met a shrewd looking fleet footed little body bustling up Broadway a few days ago as if his very life depended upon his outdistancing every other pedestrian on the thoroughfare. His features were strong, handsome, and venerable, and as he hastily picked his way through the crowd his long flowing gray locks were blown this way and that, forming a sort of aureole about a remarkable brow.

This curious piece of nervous energy was recognized by more than one as he went spinning up the street, for it was none other than Yale's famous geologist, Professor Dana, graphically dubbed "Roxy" by his youthful disciples.

Professor Dana passed his three score years and ten limit several years ago, but he still continues to hustle and to explain the mystery of the rocks with the same ardor that he displayed in his youth. As a pedestrian he is indefatigable, and when he conducts a party of geological students across the hills and fells of New Haven, as he is in the habit of doing frequently during term time, he invariably overwearies even the sturdiest among them.

The venerable professor is a hard man to circumvent, though the fun loving Yalensians have frequently made the effort. It was on the occasion of one of these excursions that a couple of frisky juniors attempted a bit of trickery that only ended in their own chagrin. The entire class was invited to accompany the professor to Huntergreen Lake, on an appointed day, to inspect some ancient rocks that bore evidence of having been scratched by glaciers in a very early age. On the day preceding the proposed excursion these wily juniors visited the lake and decorated some rocks in the neighborhood with a clever imitation of the real glacial scratches.

Then on the next day they directed Professor Dana's attention to these new marks with no little flourish of trumpets. "And were those, too, made by the glaciers?" they queried innocently. "They are precisely similar to the others."

But the professor was equal to the emergency. His glasses had bridged his nose in a moment and his eyes undertaken a close survey of the cabilistic signs. "They appear more as if they had been made by Irishmen," was his laconic explanation, enforced by a twinkling eye. And then the band of geologists, who were waiting for a different denouement, had the laugh on their comrades.

Professor Dana gave a somewhat similar illustration of his shrewdness one day in the recitation room. It is customary for the students to bring with them from time to time such bits of stone as they have chanced across and to submit them to him for examination and explanation. "This is a piesh of shyenite and that a very fine speshimen of mica shist," he would customarily explain, with an accent peculiarly his own. "And what is this, professor?" questioned an eager youth one day as he placed before him a small red specimen that was strikingly suggestive of a bit of brick.

The professor held it up to the light and scrutinized it with the closest attention. Then his brow contracted, and he said slowly and ponderously: "This, sir, is a rare piesh of impudence."—[New York Herald.

Range of Hearing.

Some curious experiments are reported concerning the range of hearing of the human ear. The ears of the subject of the tests are believed to have been normal and to represent pretty accurately what is usually found in health. Imagine a horizontal line drawn through the ears of the subject, at right angles to the head. On the prolongation of this line, the subject could hear distinctly the ticking of a watch at a distance of 10 feet. When the watch was moved forward to a situation 15 degrees in front of the line, he could hear the watch tick 14 feet away; while at an angle of 40 degrees the sound could be caught only at six feet, and at an angle of 55 degrees at only three feet. Moving the watch back of the line, it was found that it could be heard only six feet away when the angle was 25 degrees. The total range of hearing was found to be about 95 degrees, the position of greatest acuteness of hearing being 15 degrees in front of the line. Vertically, the acuteness increased downward from the horizontal line from a distance of 10 feet to a maximum of 12 feet at an angle of 35 degrees, after which it decreased till it was three feet and less at 50 degrees. Going upward, the acuteness decreased steadily, till at an angle of 60 degrees the ticking of the watch was not heard at a distance of three feet.—[Illustrated American.

Where the Money Goes.

Very few people interested in Colorado mines ever stop to think what becomes of the money taken from them. Who gets the benefit of the millions taken annually from the rich producers of the State? The Tin Cup *Times* says: It is estimated that from an investment of $6,000,000 there has been $17,000,000 returned to the already plethoric purses of St. Louis capitalists. The results of the lead and iron mines of Missouri are not included in the above estimates. The Granite Mountain mine in Montana returns to its owners a steady income of $200,000 per month. The Bi-Metallic is developed property, having begun the reduction of ore, and will prove as lucrative as the Granite Mountain mine. Of the Colorado mines, the Kikado, of Leadville, has yielded $800,000 to her St. Louis owners. The American and Nettie, of Ouray, the dividends are not ascertained by the writer. The Silver Age, the Mary Murphy, of St. Elmo, the Gold King of Ophir, the Mickey Breen, of Ouray, and the G. Z, of Tin Cup, are the promising mines of the future. Mr. Lewis, of Gunnison, who is interested in the great strike at this place, is also a St. Louis man. The fact is that back of her capital St. Louis has a trained mining intelligence, and this makes its presence doubly welcomed in our city.

Watchful Providence.

Minister—Not one sparrow falls to the ground without heavenly cognizance. I believe there is a beneficent Providence continually watching over dumb animals.

Deacon Jackwood—Me, too. You know that thar ole hoss of mine that's got three spavins on one leg an' a ringbone on another, an' ain't wuth his keep? Wal, I've be'n turnin' him into the railroad right-of-way for about a month now, hopin' he'd git killed by the cars, so's I could collect about $250 offen the company, an' dad switched if he'll git in 40 feet of the track within half a [illegible] train time!

TO THE BABY.

Cheeks that are dimpled and pink,
Twin rose buds abloom on a spray;
Red lips, full of love to the brink;
Soft glances that, pensive or gay,
A world of sweet meanings convey—
Wee fingers that flutter and cling,
A snowdrift of crumpled array—
This is the Baby, the King.

What though he tips over my ink,
And drives my five wits all astray?
Shall I grumble, indeed, do you think,
Because, in his innocent way,
He wakes me long hours before day
Wants me to walk and to sing?
Why not, if it pleases him, pray?
This is the Baby the King!

Our fortunes they rise and they sink,
We let the world wag as it may;
Our lives narrow down to the chink
That encircles his majesty. Nay,
Our lives and our fortunes we lay
At his feet with his rattle and ring,
Content to adore him and say,
"This is the Baby the King!

ENVOY.

Prince, you may boast of your sway,
'Tis but an ephemeral thing!
The empire of hearts is for aye,
This is the Baby, the King!

The Fall of Man and Anthropology.

Ever since the beginning of man's effective thinking upon the great problems around him, two views have existed regarding the life of the human race upon earth, each utterly opposed to the other. The first of these is the belief that man was created "in the beginning," a perfect being, endowed with the highest moral and intellectual powers, but that there came a "fall," as the result of which came into the world evil, toil, sorrow, and death. Nothing could be more natural than such an explanation of the existence of evil, in times when men saw everywhere miracle and nowhere law. It is, under such circumstances, by far the more easy explanation, for it is in accordance with the appearance of things: men adopted it just as naturally as they adopted the theory that the Almighty hangs up the stars as light in the solid firmament above the earth, or trundles the sun behind a high mountain at night, or wheels the planets around the earth, or flings comets as "signs and wonders" to scare a wicked world, or allows evil spirits to control thunder, lightning, and storm, and to cause diseases of body and mind, or that he opens the "windows of heaven" to let down "the waters that be above the heavens," and thus give rain upon the earth. A belief, then, in a primeval period of innocence, physical perfection, and intellectual strength, from which men for some fault fell, is perfectly in accordance with what we should expect. On the other hand, appeared at an early period the opposite view—that mankind, instead of having fallen from a high intellectual, moral, and religious condition, has slowly risen from low and brutal beginnings. Among all the statements of this theory one is especially noteworthy—that given by Lucretius in his great poem on "The Nature of Things." Despite its errors, it remains among the most remarkable examples of prophetic insight in the history of our race. The investigations of the last 40 years have shown that Lucretius and Horace were inspired prophets; what they saw by the exercise of reason illumined by poetic genius has been now thoroughly based upon facts carefully ascertained and arranged, until Thomsen and Nilsson, the northern archæologists, have brought these prophecies to evident fulfillment, by presenting a scientific classification dividing the age of prehistoric man in various parts of the world between an old stone period, a new stone period, a period of beaten copper, a period of bronze, and a period of iron; and arraying vast masses of facts from all parts of the world, fitting thoroughly into each other, strengthening each other, and showing beyond a doubt that, instead of a fall, there has been a rise of man from the earliest indications in the Quaternary or even, possibly, in the Tertiary period.—[Popular Science Monthly.

The World's Stock of Diamonds.

The world's stock of diamonds has increased enormously in the last 15 years. In 1876 the output of the African mines was about 1,500,000 carats, last year it was over 4,000,000, and the great "trust" which controls all the principal mines assert that they have 16,000,000 carats "in sight" at the present time. Meantime the demand for diamonds has wonderfully increased, and they are higher to-day—partly because of the "trust," but also because of increased demands—than they were a year or two ago. In one respect the diamond industry is different from almost all others. Its product—that is, of gems—is never "consumed." Of gold and silver a much larger amount than most people would believe is literally consumed in the arts past recovery, but a diamond once cut goes into the world's great stock, and is liable to come upon the market at any time. Hence the world's annual taking of diamonds, which appears to be steadily increasing, even at advancing prices, is an index of how much of its surplus earnings it can afford to expend yearly in this particular form of luxury. The romance of diamond mining is all gone. It is now a matter of excavating vast beds of blue clay by machinery, washing it and sifting out the diamonds, which, after being roughly sorted for size, are sold in bulk by weight. The men who do the actual work are mere laborers, and their pay is proportionately small.—[Boston Post.

Telegraph Lines.

There are now 942 submarine cables, exclusive of the seven Atlantic cables, with an aggregate of 112,740 nautical miles. The overland telegraph is already a world wide institution, in which there is a total of 1,680,900 miles of wire—enough of the attenuated metal to go around the equatorial belt of the globe just 30 times. The United States has 776,500 miles of wire, and in 1889 had no less than 56,000,000 messages traveling the country. France has 220,890 miles of wire, on which in 1889 were transmitted 30,050,000 dispatches. Great Britain has hung up 180,000 miles of metal line, and in 1889 sent 50,000,000 messages on their silent flight.—[Age of Steel.

A Home in a Log.

There is a negro living in Scriven county, Georgia, whose home is a huge log. This log is 20 feet long and five feet in diameter. It is divided into three apartments, one of which is occupied by the proprietor's three hogs. The negro occupies another, and the third is filled with hunting and fishing apparatus. The negro makes his livelihood by hunting and fishing. His clothes are of skins of wild beasts, and he lives alone by himself. His two dogs are the fiercest to be found anywhere. He procures his ammunition by bartering game with the employees aboard the Savannah River boats, and the passengers.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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IN THE COMPOUNDING OF
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BY BUYING YOUR DRUGS AT
Colborn's Drug Store
THE ONLY PLACE IN FROSTBURG where a Graduate in Pharmacy prepares all Prescriptions and Medicines.
Purest Goods and Lowest Prices.
☞ The finest and most complete line of
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IN THE CITY.
Kindly favor me with a call and be assured of best attention.
ROBERT G. COLBORN.
THE "POPULAR DRUG STORE."
Sept 21

—MY—
CLOTHING STORE
IS CROWDED WITH
New Fall Goods
JUST PURCHASED.
IN MY
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I have the finest selection of
Imported and Domestic Suitings
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PANTALOON PATTERNS
EVER displayed in this section, and my cutter, Mr. Hiller, can give you the boss fit.
JOE BEAR,
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JOHN CHAMBERS,
—DEALER IN—
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES,
Flour, Feed and Provisions.
Queensware, Woodware. Tinware.
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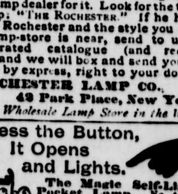
Main Street, - - FROSTBURG, MD.
March 29

THE
"CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN"
Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.
It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.



These excellent Organs are celebrated for their volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs in the world for Homes, Schools, Churches, Lodges and Societies.
Catalogues on application, FREE.
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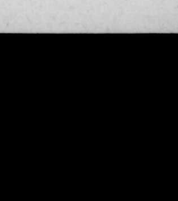
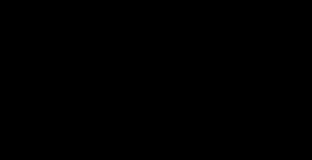
"Seeing is Believing."



And the best lamp ever made, like Aladdin's of old, a "wonderful lamp!" A lamp absolutely non-explosive and unbreakable, which gives a clear, soft, brilliant white light of 85 candle power! Purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light, more cheerful than either! That lamp is
"The Rochester."
And with it there is no smoke, no smell, no broken chimneys, no flickering, no sweating, no climbing up of the flame, no "tantrums" nor annoyance of any kind and it never needs trimming. Its founts (oil reservoirs) being tough rolled seamless brass, with central draft, it is absolutely unbreakable, and as safe as a tallow candle.
Only five years old, and over a million and a half in use. It must be a GOOD lamp to make such a telling success. Indeed it is, for lamps may come and lamps may go, but the "Rochester" shines on forever! We make over 2,000 artistic varieties,—Hanging and Table Lamps, Banquet, Study, Vase and Piano Lamps,—every kind, in Bronze, Porcelain, Brass, Nickel and Black Wrought Iron.
Ask the lamp dealer for it. Look for the trade-mark stamp: "THE ROCHESTER." If he hasn't the genuine Rochester and the style you want, or if no lamp-store is near, send to us for free illustrated catalogue (and reduced price-list), and we will box and send you any lamp safely by express, right to your door.
ROCHESTER LAMP CO.,
42 Park Place, New York.
The Largest Wholesale Lamp Store in the World.



The Magic Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp. No toy nor flim-flam, but a real genuine lamp in nickel case, size of pocket match safe, burns one hour; quickly re-filled. $2—One live agent wanted in every town. Somebody will make $100 a week with it. Sam le and outfit and 1000 extra lighters sent pre aid for $1. If you write and mention this paper, will tell you how to get them for nothing. Address Retail Department of Rochester Lamp Co., 37 Barclay Street, New York.
Aug 2—4m