The Ellicott City Times.

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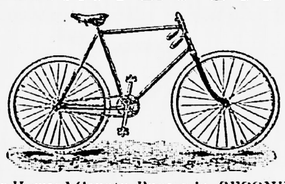

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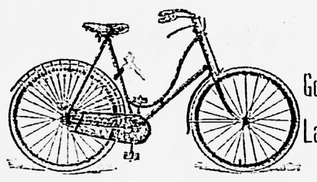

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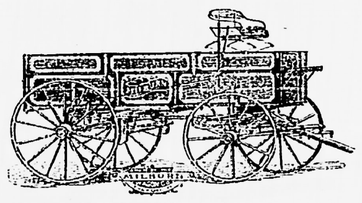

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SPRING.

'Tis the mystery of ages,
'Tis the miracle of birth,
'Tis the kiss that nature giveth
To the motherhood of earth.

Ever dying, ever living,
Through the cycles of the years,
Spring, a promise and a portent,
Comes in laughter and in tears.

Hark, its voice an echo bringeth
Of the days we loved and lost;
"Hope," the word it softly whispers,
To the soul that's tempest tossed.

You who weep, and you who labor,
Weary of your work and days,
Listen to the voice of nature
Speaking in its wondrous ways.

"Death! There is none," sings the robin,
"What was life shall live again."
This the message, this the promise
That the springtime brings to men.

—New York Journal.

OUT OF THE POORHOUSE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

MARY MILLER came home from the factory upon that April evening with a light, quick step.

The sky was all a jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamp; the maples were crimsoned with their earliest banners of blossom; and as she tripped along, Mary found a tuft of violets half hidden under a drift of dead leaves---pale purple, scentless blooms.

"The first violets always bring good luck with them," she whispered to herself, as she pinned them into the bosom of her blue flannel gown.

"Home" was scarcely the ideal realization of that poetic word to this factory girl. She and her mother lived in the upper half of a shabby, unpainted wooden house, with the blacksmith's scolding wife and seven riotous children down stairs, and one-half of a trampled-down back yard by way of garden, where nothing ever grew but burdocks, nettles and Mrs. Muggs's long-legged fowls.

But Mrs. Miller, who had been a school-teacher once, and still retained somewhat of the refinement of her early education, had the tea ready, with a shaded lamp and a bunch of maple blossoms on the table ready for Mary to come home.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried, lightly. "The Meadow Farm is to let! Mother, we must take it."

Mrs. Miller looked dubiously at the bright, eager face, with its blue-gray eyes and fringes of yellow hair.

"Can we afford it, daughter?" she said, slowly. "A whole house and a farm of forty-three acres?"

"It isn't such a very large house, mother," pleaded Mary, as she laid the bunch of violets in her mother's lap—"not so many more rooms than we have here. And we could keep two cows, and I could sell milk and butter, and spring chickens and eggs; and I am almost sure that Will Davidge would work the farm on shares. And only think, mother, how delightful it would be to have a home all to ourselves, where we couldn't hear Mrs. Mugs boxing Bobby's ears or Helen shrieking with the toothache! And a little garden, mother, where we could have peonies and hollyhocks, and all those lovely old-fashioned flowers that your soul delights in!"

Mrs. Miller's pale, mild face softened.

"It is now a month since old Mrs. Dabney died," said Mary. "And they say that her daughter in the city and her son out in California despise the old farm, with its one-story house and its old red barn. So it is to let. And so cheap, too! Only a hundred and fifty dollars a year! Mother, we must take it! I'll leave the factory and turn dairy maid. I've saved enough, you know, to buy the two cows and some real Plymouth Rock fowls to begin with, and oh, it will be such a happiness! Say yes, mother—do say yes!"

When Mary Miller pleaded like this, the gentle widow never knew how to refuse; and the upshot of it was that they leased the old Dabney house, and became co-sovereigns of the realm of Meadow Farm.

It was their first night there. Overhead the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist. A solitary owl hooted in the chestnut wood back of the house, for Meadow Farm was situated on a lonely mountain side where no one ever came except on special business.

The Plymouth Rock chickens were safely shut up where foxes could not reach them nor minks steal in to bleed their young lives away, the cows--two fine young Alderneys—were chewing their cud back of the old red barn, and Mary Miller had flung a handful of cedar sticks on the hearth, where their scented blaze illuminated the old kitchen with a leaping brightness beautiful to see.

"Because it's just possible the house may be damp," she said, "after being uninhabited so long. There, mother, isn't that cheerful? And isn't it nice that our old rag carpet should chance to fit this floor so exactly?" with a satisfied downward glance. "And do you see those tiger-lilies? I found them down by the garden wall—oh, such a red wilderness of them? Old Mrs. Dabney set them out herself, they say. It seems only yesterday," she added, thoughtfully, "that I came past here and saw old Mrs. Dabney sitting in the big chair by the fire, just where--"

Mrs. Miller uttered a little shriek, and grasped her daughter's arm at this moment. Mary stopped short, with an ashy pallor overspreading her cheek.

For as she spoke the door opposite had opened and a very little old woman, silver-haired and shrieveled like a mummy, came in, and walking across the floor seated herself in Mrs. Dabney's very corner—an old woman dressed in a snuff-colored gown which Mrs. Dabney had always worn, and wearing a snuff-silk cap, while a bag depended from her arm.

"It's cold, ladies," she said, looking around with a depreciating air, "cold for the season of the year—and they don't keep fires at Tewkstown."

"Mother," said Mary, recovering herself with a hysterical gasp of relief, "it isn't old Mrs. Dabney's ghost at all. It's old Miss Abby, come back from the Tewkstown Poorhouse."

"You don't mean—" began the mild widow.

"That Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elberson let their old aunt go to the poorhouse?" said Mary Miller. "Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel leads society in San Francisco, I am told, and Mrs. Elberson is a grand lady in Bridgeport, with a reception day and servants in livery. What could they do with a half crazy old aunt, who takes snuff and talks uncertain grammer? Poor Mrs. Abby. She has wandered back to her old home. She was eighty last birthday, and things are all misty and vague to her."

"But what shall we do?" said Mrs. Miller in accents of perplexity. "A crazy woman here! It doesn't seem just right, Molly, does it?"

"I'll take her back after she has rested a little and had a cup of tea," said Mary, cheerily.

"But perhaps she won't go."

"Oh, yes, she will!" said Mary. "Poor Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child."

Her words proved to be correct. Miss Abby Dabney suffered herself to be led unremonstratingly back to Tewkstown Poorhouse, where the matron read her a shrill-voiced lecture, and declared she should not be allowed another grain of snuff if she couldn't behave better.

Old Miss Abby smiled deprecatingly.

"They are peculiar people here," she said. "I think, my dear"—to Mary Miller—"they forget sometimes I am a lady. But it takes all sorts, don't you see, to make a world."

The next night, however, just as Mary and her mother were sitting down to tea, Miss Abby once more appeared, in the midst of a gentle shower of rain.

"I hope I don't inconvenience anybody," she said, meekly. "But that woman at Tewkstown has cut off my allowance of snuff; and, after all, there's no place like home."

And once more Mary Miller patiently walked back with the poor old crone to the poorhouse.

The matron was infuriate this time. "It ain't human natur' to stand this!" she declared. "I'll put her in the jug!"

"The---jug?" repeated Mary, in surprise.

"It's a room down cellar where we shut up the troublesome cases," said the matron. "I can't stand this running away business, and I won't!"

The "jug," perhaps, proved efficacious, for old Miss Abby Dabney did not appear again for a week.

At the expiration of that period, however, she walked noiselessly in just at dusk, and seated herself like a silent shadow in the chimney corner.

"It is so good to be at home again," said she, rubbing her wrinkled hands. "I somehow seem to get lost of late. Elnathan is gone, and Betsy is gone, and I'm left here all alone. Yes, a cup of tea, please—sugar and no milk. They never remember how I like my tea at Tewkstown. This is good! And butter on my bread, too! We don't get butter at Tewkstown."

Mary burst into tears.

"Mother," said she, "Miss Abby shall not go back to Tewkstown! She shall stay here! Mother, how should I feel if you were wandering, friendless and alone, through the world?"

"But, my dear—"

"She shall sleep in her own old room, out of the kitchen!" persisted Mary. "She'll be no more care than a canary bird. Oh, mother, do consent! She will think then that she is still in her own home. Oh, if you knew how dreary it is at that Tewkstown Poorhouse, with the grass all tramped out, and piles of clam shells lying around the door, and not so much as a dandelion or a daisy to be seen!"

And Mrs. Miller yielded to Mary's tearful solicitations.

"Do as you please, my child," said she.

The Tewkstown authorities were but too glad to be rid of the poor old incubus, and Miss Abby Dabney settled down into her old home, as contentedly and unquestioningly as if she had never left it. She ate and drank but little; she talked still less, and seemed to regard Mrs. Miller and Mary as guests, who had come to visit the old farm.

"The Widow Miller and her darter must be rich folks, to undertake to support old Miss Abby," sneered one neighbor.

"She was well enough provided for at the poorhouse," said another.

"I never yet saw a farm succeed that was worked by women-folks," jeered a third.

"There'll be the biggest kind of a smash up presently," observed number four. "And an auction sale of everything; and I'll be on hand—for I don't deny that them little Alderney cows is the cunning creeturs I ever set eyes on, and good milkers into the bargain."

But time wore on, and there was no flutter of any red flag over the porch. On the contrary, matters throve, and Mary Miller declared joyously, that "farming was a great deal more profitable business than working in the factory, and she only wished that she had found it out before."

Until one gray, autumnal evening Mary and her mother came back from a brisk walk to the village, and found a stalwart, sunbrowned man sitting opposite to Miss Abby, by the red glow of the fire.

The old woman rose up, in an odd, uncertain way.

"Ladies," she said, fumbling in her old snuff-box, "this is my nephew, Cyrus Dabney—he as ran away from home twenty-nine year ago come Michaelmas Day, and we all supposed was dead. Cyrus, these are the ladies who are so good as to visit me here. I don't quite recollect their names, but, then, my memory ain't as good as it used to be—and after all it don't matter much. Nothing matters much nowadays!"

And Miss Abby sat down and fell into a "daze" again, as if all necessity for conversational effort were over.

Cyrus Dabney stood up—a bronzed, bearded giant, with dark eyes and superb stature.

"Ladies, I beg your pardon!" he said. "But s'posed when I came here, I was coming home. I knew nothing of all these changes. I never could have dreamed that my cousin would let this old creature go to—the town poorhouse. I don't know who you are, ladies," with a husky rattle in his throat, "but I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for giving her a shelter in her old age. And if money will pay you for it—"

"It will not!" said Mary, sharply, as if the words conveyed a slur.

"No, I s'posed not," said Cyrus, with a sigh. "But I've plenty of money now. The dear old aunty shall live like a queen all the rest of her days, for she was good to me when all the rest set me down for a black sheep. I've made my fortune out in Panama, and I've come home to redeem myself."

"I have heard of Cyrus Dabney," said Mrs. Miller, gently.

"And I'll venture, ma'am, you heard no good of me," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's nobody to bid me welcome home except old Aunt Abby, out of the poorhouse."

He could not long have made this statement, however.

All the town was up to bid the rich Government contractor welcome to Tewkstown within twenty-four hours. Human nature is human nature everywhere. But Cyrus Dabney cared little for the friendly overtures of the old neighbors.

Aunt Abby was the only person for whom he seemed to care, and his greatest grief was that the old woman refused to leave the old Dabney farmhouse to live in the stately brick mansion which he built on Prospect Hill.

And then he asked permission to deck her little bedroom with the curiosities he had brought her from the isthmus, and in tacking up draperies and arranging shells and old silver coins he and Mary became friends.

Friends! She never knew that it was anything else, until one day old Aunt Abby took a strange idea into her head. And Mary, holding a rich Oriental cord for Cyrus Dabney to loop into knots for picture frames, heard her introduce Mrs. Miller to a neighbor as "My guest, Mrs. Miller, the mother of the young lady that Nephew Cyrus is going to marry."

Cyrus looked at Mary. Mary dropped the ball of cord and turned crimson.

"Mary," he said, "say that it shall be so. For I love you—yes, I love you! And I can't live without your love. And—and you were good to old Aunt Abby when all the world turned against her. I sometimes think, Mary, that you must be like one of heaven's angels!"

And this was how they became engaged.

They still live in the old farmhouse, the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abbey firmly believes that they are all her guests, for to her the world stands eternally still—the world that is so full of bloom and beauty to Cyrus and Mary.—Saturday Night.

The World's Greatest Forest.

It appears that Siberia, from the plain of the Obi River on the west to the valley of the Indighirka on the east, embracing the great plains, or river valleys, of the Yenisei, Olenek, Lena and Yana Rivers, is one great timber belt, averaging more than 1000 miles in breadth from north to south, being fully 1700 miles wide in the Yenisei district, and having a length from east to west of not less than 4600 versts, about 3000 miles. Unlike equatorial forests, the trees of the Siberian taigas are mainly conifers, comprising pines of several varieties, firs and larches. In the Yenisei, Lena and Olenek regions there are thousands of square miles where no human being has ever been. The long stemmed conifers rise to a height of 150 feet or more, and stand so closely together that walking among them is difficult.

The dense, lofty tops exclude the pale Arctic sunshine, and the straight, pale trunks, all looking exactly alike, so bewilder the eye in the obscurity that all sense of direction is lost. Even the most experienced trappers of sable dare not venture into the dense taigas without taking the precaution of "blazing" the trees constantly with hatchets as they walk forward. If lost there the hunter rarely finds his way out, but perishes from starvation or cold. The natives avoid the taigas, and have a name for them which signifies "places where the mind is lost."—Youth's Companion.

Nothing New.

Last year some enterprising person got up what he thought was a new and clever joke about Congress. He issued a little book, bound in a green paper cover, bearing the title, "What Congress Has Done." Inside were some ten or twenty blank pages, the idea being that Congress had wasted its time and done nothing. Everyone laughed at this, for it did seem like a good joke and a new one, but in looking over an old file of papers some weeks ago a correspondent discovered the following paragraph: "Coining jokes is a very common figure of speech; but we know of only one instance in which a joke was actually coined, struck from a graven die, and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows: In the year 1679 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing but little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew and marched back. Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of this numismatic curiosity was the inscription: 'The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side.' On the other side was a total blank." This would seem to be additional proof of the truth of the assertion that there is nothing new under the sun, particularly in the line of jokes.—Harper's Young People.

An Infamous Trade.

A Bohemian named Proschaska has been arrested at Prague for selling to a Hamburg firm a number of children whose growth had been checked by peculiar diet to such a degree that they were midgets in size. He and the parents of the children have been sent to prison.—Chicago Times-Herald.

JUMPED AN ICEBERG.

A SCHOONER'S THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE ARCTIC SEA.

Dry Docked on a Frozen Mountain—The Berg Turned Over and Lifted the Ship High and Dry.

STRANGE stories of thrilling encounters with icebergs have been brought back from the Arctic by skippers from time to time, but they must all take a back seat now and bow low to Captain Chester of the schooner Elwood. There have been tales of shipwrecked crews floating away with the tide on mountainous lumps of ice; of polar bears, and, in fact, of whole menageries being frozen in the centers of great ice floes, and of the sinking of the staunchest craft afloat through coming in contact with the razor-like rams which form the jagged edges of icebergs. Being gored and tossed into the air by a berg as if by a maddened bull is a new tale, on the truth of which Captain Chester says he is willing to risk his chances.

The Elwood has just returned from her first halibut fishing cruise in the northern waters. She left here on January 24 in ballast, but in order to pick up an honest dollar on the voyage put into Departure Bay and took on a cargo of coal for Juneau, Alaska. After discharging at the latter place, she headed for the Muir glacier, the purpose being to load the hold with ice with which to preserve the fish to be caught later on. The vessel was passing through the icy straits, and was just off Hoonia, Captain Chester says, when he espied an immense iceberg a mile away. It was fully ten times the size of the schooner, and appeared to have become fast upon a reef, which was known to exist at that place. The Captain considered this a lucky find, for he could now get all the ice he wanted without having to go to the glacier, fully a day's sailing distant. The Elwood was headed for the berg, and when the vessel was within a few yards of it the anchor was dropped. The schooner was then permitted to swing around until she came alongside the iceberg to which she was made fast with lines.

The tide was at the full at the time and to all appearances the vessel was perfectly safe. A gangplank was thrown over to a ledge in the ice and the men set to work to break off huge chunks of the berg and hoist them aboard the vessel. All went well until along toward evening. About thirty tons had been deposited in the hold, and Chester encouraged his men to work a little faster, as he desired to get the entire load and leave as soon as possible. Meanwhile the tide had been falling, which caused the iceberg to settle heavily upon the reef beneath and then to gradually tip over toward the side opposite the vessel. The gangplank connecting the schooner with the iceberg began to rise in the air and had to be made fast to a ledge in order to keep it horizontal.

The iceberg continued to careen, and Captain Chester began to suspect that all was not going to be well for him. He ordered his men to get aboard and was about to set sail when, with a grinding roar, the iceberg rolled off the reef and started to revolve. Immediately there arose on the starboard side of the vessel and beneath it a jagged spur of ice which, until then, had formed the bottom of the iceberg. With a crash the berg struck the keel. The next instant the astonished crew found themselves and their vessel lifted out of the water and resting in a sort of groove or cradle at the south end of the ice mountain. It was a panic-inspiring predicament, to say the least, and all hands began to pray for their lives.

The weight of the vessel arrested the revolution of the iceberg, but did not have the effect of turning it back again to its original position. The reef prevented this.

Chester ordered his men into the boats, with instructions to get out of harm's way as fast as they could. Before abandoning the vessel the mate cut the lines which held her to the iceberg. The men then pulled away to a safe distance and anxiously awaited the fate of the Elwood. The anchor held fast, and the schooner, as if realizing her plight and desiring to escape, tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few more inches, the iceberg careened still further, and the Elwood rose still higher into the air. Although at first thought this seemed to render her condition even more desperate, it really proved the schooner's salvation. The tendency of the iceberg to roll over and raise the vessel brought such an enormous strain to bear upon the anchor chain that something had to give way. Something did, and to the joy of the fishermen it was not the anchor or the chain. The iceberg lurched and the schooner was seen to slide several feet along the crevice it rested in. There was another lurch and another slide. Then the vessel reached a downward grade and the next instant shot off the iceberg and into the sea bows on, like a rocket. She shipped a heavy sea as the result of plunging her nose beneath the surface, but quickly righted, and, after stumbling over her anchor chain and tugging viciously to get away, settled down to her original state of tranquility, to all appearances unhurt.

"I have been at sea a great many years, and have had some queer experiences, but this one beats them all hollow," declared Captain Chester. "I thought the vessel was doomed, and never looked for such a happy termination of our troubles. When the schooner started to slide there was no stopping her, and she bounded off like a thing of life. She looked just as if she were gliding down the ways of a shipyard on her launching day. I never saw anything prettier. The iceberg turned half over after the Elwood left it, and the spur which had hoisted us into the air rose until it became the apex of the big frozen chunk.

"During the afternoon, while we were loading on ice, this spur was submerged, and we had no idea that we had anchored directly over it. You can rest assured no happier mortals ever climbed aboard a ship than were we when we pulled over to the [illegible] that night and when we took on the remainder of our ice cargo we took care not to approach too near the iceberg. We carried the chunks over in our small boats, keeping the schooner at a respectful distance."

Captain Wyman, the owner of the Elwood, accompanied the vessel on her recent voyage and corroborates Captain Chester's narrative of the encounter with the revolving iceberg, as do also the members of the crew.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Cowboy's Narrow Escape.

A well dressed man was waiting for the east bound train, in a Western station, not long ago. Reminiscences were being exchanged, for his particular benefit, by several cattle men, who eyed him closely.

Pony Wilson gave a startling description of the way in which he had killed two "greasers" a short time before.

"That reminds me," broke in the youngest member of the party, "of a tussle I had with Old Roman Nose, back in the seventies, when I was riding for Jim Peters, of the 'T bar C.' One day I was sent to hunt a bunch of steers that had disappeared about three days before.

"I went north about ten miles, without seeing any sign of them, and was about to turn back, when along came an Indian, making straight for me, through the sage brush. I pulled my gun, cause in those days I never lost a chance to kill a redskin. But this one acted as though he had something to say, and I concluded not to kill him until he had had his say, because I thought he might know something about the cattle.

"Well, he had a new pair of buffalo hide gloves that he wanted to swap for terbaccer. I had more gloves than terbaccer, and I told him so. But he told me to try them on, and see how they would fit. The left one went on as slick as a whistle, but before the right one was half way on I knew something was wrong. It stuck tight, and I couldn't get it on nor off.

"Before I knowed what was up that air Indian gave a yell, and jerked me off the horse by the leg, and tried to stick me in the ribs with a knife. I grabbed for my gun, but the measley glove was in the way, so I couldn't use it. I threw up my left hand to ward off the knife, and would you believe it, that knife caught in the glove, jerked it off, and, before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' I had put a bullet through his bald pate with my left hand.

"I didn't have no time to monkey there, either, because there came a hundred red skins riding like fun. I picked up the left glove, jumped on my horse, and never stopped till I reached Jim Peter's door. I have kept them gloves to this day, and here they be."—New York Herald.

Napoleon's Surrender to the English.

Leaving Paris, the fallen Emperor went to Malmaison, where Josephine had died only fourteen months before. A few friends joined him—Queen Hortense, the Duc de Rovigo, Bertrand, Las Cases, and Meneval. He remained there only a few days. The allies were approaching Paris, and the environs were in danger. Napoleon offered his services to the provisional Government, which had taken his place, as leader in the campaign against the invader, promising to retire as soon as the enemy was repulsed, but he was refused. The Government feared Napoleon, in fact, more than it did the allies, and urged him to leave France as quickly as possible.

On June 29, a week after his return to Paris from Waterloo, he left Malmaison for Rocheford. His desire was to go to the United States, but the coast was so guarded by the English that there was no escape. Two courses were open—to call upon the country and renew the conflict, or seek an asylum in England. He resolved at last to give himself up to the English, and sent the following note to the regent:

Royal Highness: Exposed to the factions which divide my country and to the hostility of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have closed my political career. I come, like Themistocles, to seek the hospitality of the British Nation. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies. NAPOLEON.

On the 15th of July he embarked on the English ship, the Bellerophon, and a week later he was at Plymouth.

Napoleon's surrender to the English was made with full confidence in their hospitality, but the Bellerophon was no sooner in the harbor of Plymouth than it became evident that he was regarded not as a guest, but as a prisoner. Armed vessels surrounded the ship he was on; extraordinary messages were hurried to and fro; sinister rumors ran among the crew. The Tower of London, a desert isle, the ends of the earth were talked of as the hospitality England was preparing.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

A Dirty Race.

The Mongols, says Frank G. Carpenter, are perhaps as dirty as any other people in the world. Those whom I saw were greasy and filthy, both as to their clothes and their persons. I am told they never wash their bodies, and seldom their faces and hands. The poorer classes dress in rags, but the richer wear costly garments lined with the finest lambskin. I have a picture of a Mongolian Princess who was at Pekin a year or so ago. Her head was framed in silver beads, and she had long tassels of silver hanging down from her black fur cap. Her hair was done up in two long braids, which were pulled around over the ears and hung down over the breast. These braids are often smeared with glue, which makes the hair shine and keeps it in place. The girl was very beautiful, and some of the younger girls are by no means bad looking. They fade soon, however, and the older women whom I saw made me think of our Indian squaws. They have no night clothes, and they sleep in the same garments which they use during the day. They have no such things as stoves. A fire is built inside their tent, and the smoke goes out at the roof. The tents are made of skin and sometimes of cloth. They are circular in shape, and [illegible]

POPULAR SCIENCE

It is said that seasickness is [illegible] vessels fitted with bilge keels.

Two pounds of potatoes [illegible] contain as much nutriment as [illegible] pounds of turnips.

Red phosphorus combin[illegible] chlorate of potash to make a [illegible] sive of great violence.

They are trying to invent a phon[illegible] graphic desk on which a speaker ca[illegible] record his own orations.

The new photograph of the heave[illegible] which is being prepared by Londo[illegible] Berlin and Parisian astronome[illegible] shows 68,000,000 stars.

It is reported that the United St[illegible] cruiser Minneapolis, with her tri[illegible] screws, is much more economical [illegible] her consumption of coal that the [illegible] screw vessels.

A German has invented a chei[illegible] torch which ignites when wet. It [illegible] to be used on life buoys. When on[illegible] is thrown to a man overboard at ni[illegible] he can thus see the light and find [illegible] buoy.

A Chicago man has lately brou[illegible] forward the idea of making refle[illegible] telescopes of very large size—[illegible] lens, say, six or more feet in [illegible] ter—by setting a number of [illegible] lenses in a frame and grinding [illegible] all down to a common focus.

It appears from military an[illegible] records that in 1610 the av[illegible] height of the European man was f[illegible] feet nine inches; in 1820 it had di[illegible] minished to five feet five inches and [illegible] fraction; at present it is five fee[illegible] three and three-quarter inches.

The Jeantaud electric phaeton, which has been authorized to use the streets of Paris, employs a battery which furnishes it with power for a trip of only eighteen miles at a maximum speed of twelve miles an hour. The [illegible] is constructing anothe[illegible] power for a trip of [illegible]

Gas-engines are [illegible] den, Germany, t[illegible] They are of nine[illegible] placed under the[illegible] nine miles an hou[illegible] with a car carrying[illegible] gers, the cost being[illegible] with gas at one dol[illegible]

The total horse-p[illegible] of the world, not [illegible] tives, of which the[illegible] a total horse-power [illegible] 46,000,000, which repres[illegible] force that could be exerted [illegible] 000,000 men, or more than [illegible] total working population of [illegible] globe.

Aluminum is not, as is quite gene[illegible] ally supposed, in itself a strong meta[illegible] It is only half as strong as wrought ir[illegible] and has a very low elastic limit. It [illegible] when combined with other metals t[illegible] its real value begins to appear. W[illegible] eight to twelve per cent. of c[illegible] added, making aluminum bronze, one of the densest, finest-grained and strongest metals known is developed.

The First Commoner of England.

The position of the British [illegible] is somewhat unfamiliar to th[illegible] ence of other Nations. He is [illegible] pointee of the House itself [illegible] election, and while he is neces[illegible] subject to re-election at the op[illegible] of each new Parliament his re-el[illegible] has never been even opposed, [illegible] on one occasion, during the [illegible] period of two hundred years. [illegible] elected, therefore, the Speaker [illegible] cally holds office till he chooses [illegible] sign. In no case is a British Sp[illegible] ever likely to be chosen from the [illegible] of very active partisans; indeed [illegible] is no such case upon record. [illegible] Government of the day is c[illegible] with the duty of proposing a su[illegible] candidate, and his rejection [illegible] House would entail the resignat[illegible] the Ministry, but there is no re[illegible] why he should even be selected [illegible] the party of the Government. T[illegible] have been cases in which an op[illegible] tion member of special persona[illegible] ness has been chosen, and it [illegible] curious fact that such a course [illegible] even become common in some [illegible] Australasian colonies, whose p[illegible] mentary practice is scrupu[illegible] framed upon the British model [illegible] be the "First Commoner of Engl[illegible] the representative of the repre[illegible] tive Chamber which actually rul[illegible] Empire, is of course an object [illegible] bition, and if a suitable candida[illegible] be found in the Government part[illegible] is likely to be chosen; on the ot[illegible] hand, it may be doubted whether it [illegible] possible to point to any public posi[illegible] tion where personal fitness enters so largely into the calculations of those intrusted with selection to an impo[illegible] ant office. It is encouraging to fi[illegible] that the result has been that digni[illegible] and impartiality have distinguished the holders of the office for hundred[illegible] of years. Perhaps it is equally im[illegible] portant to find that the influence [illegible] these two moral qualities has b[illegible] found equal to the task of maintain[illegible] order and curbing excitement dur[illegible] centuries of National life where [illegible] coercive powers vested in the hol[illegible] of the office itself are so small as [illegible] depend entirely for enforcement up[illegible] the vote of the House in each case. Harper's Weekly.

Extraordinary Collection of Book[illegible]

An extraordinary collection of book[illegible] the library of Mr. Gennadius, la[illegible] Greek Minister to England, is about [illegible] to be brought under the hammer in [illegible] London. It consists of the first and [illegible] rarest editions of the Greek classics i[illegible] unusually good copies, Aldines, J[illegible] tas, Stephanuses. Of Homer there a[illegible] 130 copies, of Anacreon forty, of Longus sixty, of Theocritus fifty, and so on. Among the books are Racine's "Plutarch," Henry Etienne's "Aldine Thucydides," Melancthon's editio princeps of Demosthenes, all with manuscript notes of their possessors. Besides these there are 154 lots of Byroniana, including the original manuscript of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."—New York World.

An Eagle Goes Fishing.

Ed Brown, a gunsmith of Columbus, Ind., while out duck shooting along White River, heard a loud flapping of wings in a bayou of shallow water. Reconnoitring, he saw a large eagle struggling with an immense catfish. He shot twice at the bird and only succeeded in wounding it. The fish [illegible]