THE VOICES OF EARTH.

We have not heard the music of the spheres,
The song of star to star; but there are sounds
More deep than human joy or human tears,
That nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night.
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came;
To him who hears them grief beyond control,
Or joy inscrutable without a name
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there, impearled
Before the birth and making of the world.
—[Archibald Lampman, in Scribner.

COLONEL BRAINARD'S OATH.

A TRUE STORY.

The morning was lovely. The sky was cloudless. The air was sweet with many odors. A soft, cool wind swept by now and then, shaking the shimmering raindrops from leaf and twig and slender grass-blade. Yet, despite the sweet placidity of the morning, evidences of the terrible storm that raged all the night before was on every hand.

The little village of Marshville, Me., most conclusively bore witness to the fact that a storm in all its fury had visited it, by its torn and twisted elms, its many houses without chimney-tops, its orchards wherein the half-grown fruit lay in windrows on the short orchard grass, and its fields of badly-lodged corn.

The storm was the universal topic of conversation among the village people that morning. Groups of men, their heavy eyes telling of long hours of anxious wakefulness, gathered on the street corners, compared notes. Each told how the house shook and the beds rocked when the wind put its great shoulder against the house, how frightened Hannah or Martha was, how his apple crop was a dead loss, how that "splendid piece of corn of mine would never straighten up again in the world, sir," and what trees on his little domain were down, trees that he "wouldn't have taken a hundred dollars for!" And yet, running through it all, was a little vein of half-concealed pride in the fact that the wind had frolicked so roughly with their possessions.

"Well, neighbors," said a cheery-faced member of one of these little groups, "I think there's a good deal to be thankful for. We can't expect sunshine with gentle winds all the time. I s'pose these great storms are just as necessary as our 'clearing-up-fires' are in the spring. Why, just think how hot it was yesterday forenoon! Then the Lord sent a big storm, and all the damage it done was to throw down a few bricks and a few apples or so, and didn't harm a hair of our heads. Now see how clean and fresh everything is to-day? I tell you He's pretty good to us, taking it all round."

"You don't believe that anyone had anything to do with last night's storm, do you, Story?" queried a sarcastic voice, and a tall, commanding-looking man joined the group. "Haven't I heard a quotation from some old book or other that runs like this: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth?'"

The other's face flushed, but he answered sturdily: "And this is another quotation from the same good old book: 'And He arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, peace, be still! And the wind ceased and there was a great calm.' It's God Almighty's wind, Col. Brainard."

The other laughed scoffingly, while a look impossible to describe hardened the lines of his face into iron.

"Well, then, His wind blew down my barn last night. Now, I call upon you all to bear witness to the thing that I swear! I will build a barn that God Almighty can't blow down."

The glow on Story's face faded to ashen gray. He said slowly, 'And I call upon all to bear witness to this thing, also, that Colonel Brainard will yet be utterly ashamed of the oath he has sworn before you."

Again came that scoffing laugh.

"Don't be so solemn about it, Neighbor Story! My barn will yet stand before your eyes, and I will build it too strong for God Almighty's winds. Do you hear, neighbor?"

Amasa Story turned on his heel and walked away.

The town of Marshville was halved by a wide, deep, still-flowing river. The largest half of the town was built on an eminence on the south bank of the river. The Brainard Place, as it was called, was built on the eminence on the north bank of the river and at some little distance from the village proper. And so, as there were no houses or buildings of any description to obstruct the view, one standing in the village streets and looking up the river could get a good view of the Brainard Place. The second week after the great storm the village was all wonderment. Four slow-going, patient oxen were dragging an enormous stick of timber through the quiet streets.

"Hello, Brown!" shouted one of the villagers to the teamster, "where's that big fellow going?"

"That's for Colonel Brainard's new barn," was the reply; and then everybody knew that the Colonel's oath was no idle one.

A few days later the Colonel stopped at the village store. It was just at edge of the evening. It had not grown dark as yet, for a soft amber light flooded the skies and enwrapped the earth. It was just the time when the store was full of villagers making their purchases for the morrow and getting the news of the day to carry home.

"Boys!" called out the Colonel in his bluff, hearty voice, "come up to the 'raising' to-morrow! I need a good deal of help about this one, I can tell you! Come up, neighbors! Story, I shall count on you anyway! You'll be there, won't you?"

"Not I, Colonel!" answered Story, seriously, but pleasantly. "I'm just as much obliged, but I ain't flying in the face of Providence this year."

The "raising" was a grand success, and all who attended it came back with the most vivid accounts of the strength of the new barn and the immensity of its timbers.

In a day or two afterward, Colonel Brainard again stopped at the village store.

"Story!" he called, "come out here, can't you? I want to see you about a little matter."

Story rose to his feet and walked out to the Colonel's carriage.

"What is it, Colonel?"

Brainard put his hand on Story's shoulder and pointed up the river.

"Well, Story, I want you to see something, for of course you haven't noticed it before; I want you to see that frame up there on the Brainard Place! What do you think of it?"

"I think it is a pretty strong one, Colonel," was the frank reply: "In fact, I know it is, for I have been told over and over again by the best of judges, that from ridgepole to plate, and from plate to sill, it is just as strong as huge beams, iron rods and steel bolts can make it; but, Colonel, you and I are both lumbermen; and more than once we have seen great tracts of timber, through which the wind had hewed itself a path, and do you remember ever seeing a tree left standing in any one of those paths? And did you ever think of what a tremendous force it must have been that took hold of those big trees and pulled them up out of the ground just as quickly and easily as a dentist would pull a tooth? If I were you, Colonel, I guess I would take it all back, and not pit man's little strength against the mighty arm of the Lord!"

"If you were me!" said the Colonel, mockingly. "But you're not me, Story, and I, Brainard, don't take back anything I say, very often. You're on the losing side, Brother Story! Don't forget that!"

As the days went by it became evident that Colonel Brainard did not intend that Amasa Story should have a chance to forget it. Every time he saw Story he never failed to remind him in the most offensive manner of the fact that the barn still stood firm and strong upon its foundations, "and will stand, Brother Story, until time rots the timbers and rusts out the bolts!"

And Story would answer cheerily:

"The Lord has got lots of patience, Colonel!"

Winter came on. Colonel Brainard and Amasa Story both engaged in extensive lumbering operations in the great forests in the northern part of their native State, and did not see each other again for some months; but with the return of spring, logs and lumbermen came down the river.

Colonel Brainard got home first. He was in the best of spirits. His winter's work had brought him a great deal of money, and naturally he felt rather jubilant. As soon as he heard that Story had got home he made all haste to go to the village.

"Hello, Story!" he shouted as soon as he caught sight of Story's cheery face, "when did you get home?"

"Just come, Colonel!" answered the other heartily. "What's the news? Everybody all well up to your place?"

"Pretty well, Story; pretty well; and come to think of it, neighbor, why didn't you inquire about the barn, also? Don't forget that barn, Story! I want you to keep an eye on that barn," said the Colonel with the same old mocking inflection in his voice.

Story colored furiously. He had forgotten all about their dissension in his joy at getting home, and his pleasure in seeing his old friends; and to have his friendly inquiries met in this way, was almost too bad. But, controlling his temper, he answered with something of an effort:

"No need of me, Colonel! The Lord has got His eye on that barn fast enough!"

Somehow the Colonel could not seem to get those words out of his mind, although the impression they made on him did not hinder him from attacking his victim every time he came within sound of his voice.

Matters went on after this fashion until mid-summer. One day about the last of July, the sun rose in the morning just like a ball of red-hot iron. All the forenoon the very air had a quivering appearance, as though it were panting in the intense heat, and the glare of the sunshine was blinding. But, in the afternoon, a soft haze came into the air and some fleecy clouds crept over the face of the sun. Now and then there was a a little whiff of wind.

Late in the afternoon, a bank of gray clouds softly rolled up in the West. There was nothing particularly alarming about them. They were not dark or thunderous looking, but were simply a soft, fleecy mass of misty cloud; but somehow they seemed to bring with them a deathly stillness that settled down over everything, "fold upon fold;" and its influence was felt by even Colonel Brainard himself.

He harnessed up his horse, and down town he came. Story and a number of his friends were standing on the steps of the village store, busily, though quietly, talking politics; and thus did not notice Colonel Brainard until he drew rein before them.

At the sight of the Colonel, Story, who happened to be speaker at the moment, abruptly stopped. By this time he dreaded the sight of that dark, mocking voice; but the Colonel did not mention his favorite subject as soon as he saw Story, as usual, but instead he said anxiously:

"Boys, I wish you'd take a look at those clouds yonder. Somehow I don't like the looks of them."

Of course every one instantly looked eagerly in the direction toward which the Colonel pointed.

"Don't see anything alarming about them," said one; "though it does seem as though they were pretty near us, now don't it?"

"Well," said another judicially, "it does seem so, that's a fact! And there's one place right back of the village here, that looks pretty dark. Do you see it?"

"Story, what do you think about it?" queried the Colonel.

Story gave one quick look at the Colonel's face and then turned his face back to the cloudy sky without one word in reply. The Colonel laughed loud and long.

"Oh, ho! Brother Story, haven't you got a word to say? Come, it's time for you to own up beat! It's no time to hold out any longer. I believe that every man that stood on that street corner that morning after the storm is right here now. Do you remember what I swore, Story,—that I would build me a barn that God Almighty could not blow down?"

"I remember!" came the answer; but the speaker never took his eyes off those silent clouds.

"And I swear it again, right here, face to face with those clouds you are studying, Brother Story. Come, face round here, my friend; I hate to talk to the back of a man's head."

Story never moved.

"Do you give it up?" went on the mocking voice. "Of course, you remember what you said at the street corner that morning!"

As one having ears hears not, Story half-faced round. "Hush!" he said sternly. Silence fell over the little group; and through the stillness a strange, low sound reached them. Instantly every man turned his eyes to the west. "Look!" said Story, in a hushed voice.

There was no need of the admonition. Every eye was fastened on a little dark cloud that had swung itself loose from the rest. The strange, low sound deepened. The Colonel's horse pricked up his ears, worked his delicate nostrils affrightedly, then shuddered all over. The Colonel's hand tightened instinctively on the rein, but he had no reassuring word for the quivering animal that he had petted from a tiny colt. Somehow his throat had become hard and dry. He heard nothing but that weird sound, saw nothing but that little swirling, black cloud.

It was forty years ago that the events of our story happened, long before the word "cyclone" with all its dread significance was a household word, and they happened, also, in a State that to this day knows but little about those terrible windstorms. But the terror of this strange, grewsome thing, whose roaring now filled the air, was sufficient of itself to smite all color from the bronzed faces of that group of lookers-on and chill them to the marrow with fear.

Lightly, as a thistle-down, turning and twisting, seemingly a plaything of the air, it sped along over the fields on the south bank of the river. At first it was a round mass something like a huge cannon ball, then shaped by viewless hands it took on a funnel-shape; finally it started straight as a line for the river bank. A group of tall elms stood in its way. The soft cloud touched them and then swept on. A few ragged and mutilated trunks pointed to the sky, branch, twig and emerald leaf twisted away by ruthless force. It swooped down on to the river, which was full of logs. A river man was standing on one of the great log-booms at work. The voiceless, motionless lookers-on saw him face round, and then the next instant he had dropped into the water and was clinging desperately to the boomstick, then the cloud hid him from view. On sped the cloud. For one instant they turned their eyes from the cloud to the place where they saw the lumberman. He was safe, though his face, which was just emerging from the water, was as white as a patch of foam. Then they turned to the cloud again.

It sped up the river bank, aiming as straight as an arrow sped from a taut-strung bow for the Brainard barn. The soft cloudy mass reached it, and never halted an instant as though hindered, but lightly and steadily kept on its way. But for all that, the thing happened that every man had had a distinct presentiment would happen,—of that great, solid-built barn, not one timber was left upon another. Full to the rafters with an abundant harvest, with six great river-batteaux piled around it, in the twinkling of an eye, barn and batteaux were snatched away, and not a vestige of either left.

The noise of the cyclone died away. Colonel Brainard and Amasa Story swung around and faced each other. There was too much of a terrible fear, of an amazement beyond words in the eyes of one to express defeat, too much of a solemn awe in the eyes of the other to express triumph.

"Behold He taketh away, who can hinder Him?" said the skeptic slowly; and never afterward was he heard to speak lightly of Him who "holds the wind in His fist."—[Portland Transcript.

Got Even with the Postman.

A Chicago man tells a Herald reporter how he got even with a letter-carrier. He says: "My office is several stories up in a down-town office building and about half the time this letter-carrier would leave a letter addressed to me on the floor below with some other firm, so that I wouldn't get it till a day later. I kicked vigorously, but the carrier talked back and became impudent, and at last I saw I would have to discipline him. So I looked up a map with an eight-foot width. This I wrapped up carefully in a tight roll, did it up in a stout paper, marked it 'Map' and addressed it to myself. Then I went over to the Post Office and had it weighed for postage. It cost me 64 cents to send that map to myself, but I called that cheap.

"The next day the carrier lugged that 8-foot map up to my office with ill-disguised resentfulness. You see my office was some distance out on his route, and he had to carry the awkward article around for over half an hour before he could deliver it.

"I pasted 64 cents' worth of new stamps on it, addressed it to myself anew and sent a boy over to the Post Office with it that afternoon. The next morning the carrier delivered it again, along with sundry muttered oaths. I received it smilingly, but noticed a blue pencil X mark on it, put there, I guessed, by the carrier, who suspected my game. I let the mark remain, but pasted on new stamps and sent it to the Post Office. On the morrow the carrier boiled over. Asked me if I thought that was smart, and hinted that he would make complaint to the postal authorities. I smiled and began pasting on new stamps in his presence. He went away swearing dreadfully.

"I kept that up for a week or more, and then, the carrier being still war-like, I doubled up on the trips and sent the map back to the office each morning in time for the afternoon delivery. This brought it to me twice a day, and at the end of three days the carrier weakened and pleaded for mercy, whereupon I asked him if he thought we could get along amicably. He said he thought we could, and I said I was willing to try. We have had no trouble since."

Water an Anæsthetic.

A rather remarkable discovery has just been made by Dr. C. L. Sleich, of Berlin, Germany. He was conducting experiments with a view to determine how weak a solution of cocoaine would prove efficacious as a local anæsthetic in minor surgical operations, when he stumbled on the fact that simple water injected under the skin with a syringe rendered the flesh at that point insensible to pain.

The effect of the water is to create a slight swelling resembling that caused by the sting of a gnat. The space marked by the swelling remains insensible to pain for some minutes, so that incisions can be made without causing the slightest pain. The method of procedure is very simple. The skin at the point where the injection is to be made is first made perfectly aseptic, then the point of a Pravaz syringe filled with distilled water is inserted. The syringe is slowly emptied, and a white blister appears, stmilar to that caused by a gnat's sting. The size of the swelling will depend upon the amount of water used. A half minute after the syringe is withdrawn, the space distinctly marked by the blister is insensible, and can be cut into without causing pain. The pain caused by the insertion of the syringe can be at once allayed by spraying with ether.

To what extent this novel discovery will prove of practical worth in surgery cannot yet be determined. Dr. Sleich made use of it in the case of a huge carbuncle on the upper thigh. After the injection of water the doctor laid the carbuncle open by cross incisions eight centimeters in length, and scooped out the dead tissue, the patient declaring that the operation gave slight pain. This treatment has no ill-effect on the healing of the wound. In the case mentioned the cuts at once reunited and healed perfectly.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Disenchantment—Needed Assistance—All's Well That Ends Well—Before the Engagement, Etc., Etc.

DISENCHANTMENT.

I wrote her an elegant poem
That bristled with fancies sublime;
It o'erflowed with the fervor of passion,
And my heart to its music kept time.
I gave it, and asked her to read it,
And awaited my destiny mute;
When she finished she looked up and giggled
And murmured, "Oh, isn't it cute?"
—[New York Herald.

NEEDED ASSISTANCE.

Policeman (after midnight)—Here, move on.

Bilkins—It'sh all (hic) right, officer; I live here. I shay, officer.

"Well, what is it?"

"I shay. You take thish key and (hic) open thish door and go quietly upstairs an' shee if my wife's asleep."

"Humph! Suppose she shouldn't be asleep, then what?"

"Well, if (hic) she mishtakes you for me you (hic) you'd better run."—[New York Weekly.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"Then you reject me?" he said, sadly.

"Yes," she replied, gently.

"Then," said he with a deep sigh, "it appears I've been hugging a delusion."

"I beg your pardon; you have never hugged anything since you came here. If you had perhaps it might have been different. Perhaps I——"

He at once proceeded to correct his mistake, and in a few moments the old relations were restored.—[New York Press.

BEFORE THE ENGAGEMENT.

She—You have no bad habits?

He—No.

She—You are of good family and wealthy, I know.

He—I am.

She—Will you let me have my own way in everything?

He—Always.

She—And—I almost forgot—you love me?

He—I adore you!

She—Well, perhaps, mamma will not object.—[New York Herald.

A COOL REPLY.

An Indian prince, remarkable for his pride and ill-humor, once walking to the window of his presence chamber with a foreign ambassador, said to him:

"Do you know, sir, that one of my ancestors forced a person of your description from this balcony into the street."

"It may be so," was the reply, "but probably it was not the fashion then, as it is now, for ambassadors to wear swords."

A COY LITTLE THING.

Fanny—Weren't you horribly embarrassed when he proposed so abruptly on such short acquaintance?

Maggie—Yes; if he had not happened to be holding my hand at the time I believe I should have sunk to the floor.—[Epoch.

THE EGOTIST.

Most men have hobbies—this one books,
that fame, the other pelf—
But heaven protect us from the man
whose hobby is himself.
—[New York Press.

HEARSAY EVIDENCE.

"Your husband," said the caller, sympathizingly, "was a man of many excellent qualities."

"Yes," sighed the widow. "He was a good man. Everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to six lodges."—[Chicago Tribune.

HE COULDN'T BLAME HER.

"How did you feel when Miss Longhead became a sister to you?"

"I could not help feeling that she had taken a wise course, although the family is becoming alarmingly large."

A MORE IMPORTANT POINT.

Jack—Amy, we shall have to elope. Would you marry without your parents' consent?

Amy—Of course I would; but, oh, Jack, how about the wedding presents?

A RURAL EXPERIENCE.

"What kind of seeds ought I to plant, Uncle Si, to get a good squash crop?"

"Squash, o' course. What did yer suppose? Lilocks?"—[Epoch.

NEVER OMIT THAT.

Dr. Pitter—Then you could do nothing whatever for the patient?

Dr. Paresis—No; except send in my bill, of course.—[Epoch.

GONE, AN UMBRELLA.

Johnson—Confound that Tomson!

Mrs. J.—What's the matter?

Johnson—He has just gone and taken one of my umbrellas. It is nothing short of a crime to take an umbrella, and it is a piece of carelessness and thoughtlessness that is condoned too often. It—hello, what's this?

Mrs. J.—What is it, John?

Johnson (gleefully)—Tomson took one of my umbrellas, but left another one—a better one. Here, run and hide it. He may discover his mistake and be back any minute.—[Yankee Blade.

PARTLY RIGHT.

Arrayed in summer garments,
The maiden sweet and shy
I thought as fair a vision
As ever met the eye.

She said she was a poem,
So beautiful was she,
And they were partly right, I find,
For she's averse to me.
—[New York Press.

IN AUTUMN.

"All things now intoxicate,"
The raptured poet said.
"'Tis true," replied the wit, "for now
Doth nature paint things red."

AWAY FROM THE SEASIDE.

Clerk (in fierce aside)—You seem to forget that we were engaged when I left you at the seaside; but I shall have re-e-venge!

Maudie (sweetly)—Really! Measure off two more yards of this pink ribbon, please.—[New York Herald.

VERY LITTLE.

"Sick, eh," said the doctor, after noting Swayback's pulse, "you must have been injudicious in your eating."

"O, no;" replied Swayback, I haven't eaten anything since breakfast but some sliced cucumbers and watermelon and buttermilk."—[Epoch.

SHE CONSENTED.

"Will you be mine?"

"Can you afford to dress me well if I marry you?"

"It depends upon what you consider being dressed well. If you mean Worth dresses from Paris, I can't afford them; nor do you need them."

"I don't?"

"No. Your beauty needs no adornment, and it will always eclipse any dress you wear, no matter how fine or how expensive it may be. No one that looks at you sees your dress. The beauty of face and perfection of figure only are noted. All finery sinks into insignificance beside them. What satin is there like your skin? What silk like your hair? What colors to compare with your lips, cheeks and eyes."

"John, I am yours."—[New York Press.

A TOUCHY SHOPPER.

Manager of dry goods store—One of those ladies says you insulted her.

Clerk—Which one?

Manager—The cross-eyed one. What did you say to her?

Clerk—I merely asked her to cross-examine the quality of this lace.—[Epoch.

NOT A MONEY LOVER.

Mother—You are sure it isn't for your money he wants to marry you?

Daughter—Perfectly sure. He does not care for money; he spends all he gets.—[New York Press.

AT 11.30 P. M.

Mr. Pulpleigh, in examination—Of course you will understand, Miss Paperstock, that our store is so large that it is separated into many departments.

Miss P., with effort—And in what department are you?

Mr. P.—In the stationery.

Miss P.—Of course; how stupid of me. I might have known it.

And still Pulpleigh stayed. —[Detroit Free Press.

IRISH WIT.

Englishman—Pardon me, sir, but where do you come from?

Paddy—From county Cork.

Englishman—Then that accounts for your brogue.

Paddy—May I ax where you come from?

Englishman—From Worcester, sir (proudly).

Paddy—Then that accounts for your sauce.—[Dublin Times.

FISHING LUCK.

Cholly—Been fishing?

Captain—Yes!

Cholly—Any luck?

Captain—Yes, first-rate! I didn't get drowned!—[Ledger.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Guest—See here, waiter, there is a hair in this honey.

Waiter—Dear me! It must have dropped out of the comb.

DIFFERENT METHODS.

First Little Boy—My ma got a new dress yesterday, and she threw her arms around my pa's neck. What does your ma do when she gets a new dress? Second Little Boy—She says she'll forgive him, but he mustn't stay out late again—[Cloak Review.

BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY.

Men-of-War's Men Engaged in Spirited Contests.

One of the first things a man-o'-war's man has to learn is to handle an oar, and he is not long in the service before he finds out that to pull in a boat of one kind or another forms a very large share of his duties when his ship is lying in port anywhere. Setting aside the regular boat drills, there are frequent trips to be made, either to the shore on various errands, or from one ship to another, should his vessel form part of a squadron at the time, and the music of the bugle calling away this or that boat is heard at frequent intervals during the day. At one time the market-boat, with stewards and cooks as passengers; then the mail-boat, with trim marine orderly and his big square leather mail-bag. At another time the huge launches filled with liberty men, or the cutter with officers going ashore for one purpose or another, or the captain's gig bound for an official visit to the flagship, keep their various crews busy enough in all conscience; and this frequent practice, under all conditions of wind and weather that a boat can live in, soon makes Jack as much at home in barge, cutter or gig as a landsman on a street car. To see a boat's crew when called away scramble out on the long boom swung out from the ship's side, and swarm down the hanging rope-ladder, and drop into the boat bobbing up and down on the choppy waves, is a sight one never tires of. The oars are out in a jiffy, and the boat brought alongside the gangway almost before you can say Jack Robinson; and then, its freight duly embarked, its crew, "with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," buckle down to work with long rhythmical swing of the oars that sends the craft along like a thing of life.

One would think that the amount of downright hard work Jack goes through in this way would cause him to seek any other means of occupying his leisure than to get into a boat again and pull away harder than ever for the fun of the thing; but he is a keen sportsman, and hardly anything affords him greater pleasure than a spirited contest for supremacy between rival boats' crews.

Boat-racing is encouraged in our navy, and, as far as I know, this has been the case ever since an American fleet of war vessels existed, and our sailors have conquered again and again in friendly bouts with their mates of other nations. British tars more than once, Frenchmen, and others have tossed their oars in salute to winning Yankee crews, and a favorite yarn spun on the fo'c's'le—ay, and in cabin and wardroom as well—is that which tells of the laurels won by a boat's crew of a solitary Yankee frigate, some two or three score years ago, over the men of the whole French fleet, under the very eyes of the Empress.—[Harper's Weekly.

An Interesting Calculation.

A curious and interesting calculation has been made by Professor Rogers of Washington, D. C., on the dynamic power of coal. According to the professor a single pound of good steam coal has within it dynamic power equivalent to the work of one man for one day. Three tons of the same coal represent a man's labor for a period of twenty years, and one square mile of a seam of coal, having a depth of four feet only, represents as much work as 1,000,000 men can perform in twenty years.—[San Francisco Chronicle.