NOTED ON THE OTHER SIDE.

POINTS JOTTED DOWN BY AN AMERICAN REPORTER ABROAD.

A Little Lukewarm Can that Four Irish Travellers Bragged About—Alleged Americanisms in London—An Aristocratic Spectacle—English Wit—English as she is Spoke by Bernhardt—A Tragic Corker.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—The solemnity with which an ancient institution is accepted in Great Britain is astounding to the average New Yorker. Not long since I travelled from Cork to Dublin with four rare old Irish gentlemen. They did not know one another, but their affability was none the less cordial and sincere. The weather was bitterly cold. The railroad company had "warmed" the section after the only plan known throughout the United Kingdom, viz., by filling a small can with lukewarm water at the beginning of the route, placing the can on the floor of the car, and washing its hands of the whole affair thereafter. By the time the car got to Cork the can was about as warm as the heart of a Manitoba blizzard. It lay in chilly isolation in the middle of the compartment floor until the Irish gentlemen straggled in spasmodically. They bowed to me and to each other after disposing of their parcels, and seated themselves comfortably. They all had hat boxes, shawls, rugs, umbrellas, canes, and valises. No man thinks of taking a three hours' journey here without encumbering himself with more luggage than an American would carry on a week's trip. The oldest man of the quartet pushed the can affectionately into place in the middle of the floor, and, setting two large and substantial Hibernian feet upon it, smiled pleasantly on the others and said:

"There's room fur all, gintlemin."

They moved up and placed their feet side by side upon the chilly surface of the can until it was completely hid from view.

"It's a grand invintion, this," muttered one of the quartet complacently. Then turning to me he said politely, "Shall we make room for you, sir?"

"Thanks, no; I'm not cold."

My teeth chattered so that I could hardly speak, but I saw that the other passengers shivered too, much to my satisfaction.

"It's apt t' give wan chilblains, this intense hate," remarked the oldest man sedately. He leaned over and touched his finger to the can to see just how intense the heat was. The finger nearly froze fast, but the old Irish gentleman didn't turn a hair. He beamed paternally upon the others.

"Is it dangerously warrum?" asked his neighbor, softly leaning over too. "No," he added, answering himself, "it's phat I call extramely coomfurtable."

The others felt of it in turn, and then they all leaned back as imposing a group of beautiful liars as it has ever been my good fortune to see. Every man tried to bluff his neighbor into the belief that his feet were warm, and the curious point is that not only did they succeed in convincing each other, but in the course of an hour I grew so blindly envious of their apparently blissful condition that I moved up and begged for a corner for my own frozen extremities. After that I felt warmer in spite of myself.

Travel in England at this season of the year is far more barbarous than in the remote precincts of America. There is no heat, the trains wait four minutes at the small and seven minutes at the larger stations, and the only food is that found at the old-time luncheon counters along the route. I listened to a young Bostonian not long since while travelling from London to Liverpool. He was explaining the system of American railroads to a square-jawed member of Parliament who was travelling in the same carriage. The Boston man had explained the great vestibule trains that run between Chicago and New York in glowing terms, commenting upon the "dining room cars, bath cars, smoking cars, observation cars, and all lighted by electricity and heated by steam," with frenzied enthusiasm.

"Well, I hope," said the M. P., when the American had finished, "that such amazing innovations will nevah gain foothold heah."

"Why not? You are shaking like a leaf in a gale now. Hadn't you rather travel in comfort?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Because no man who travels in that manner can truly appreciate his home when he—ah—gets there."

The Bostonian cast a look of mingled disgust and anger at the other, and, turning to the window, wrote on its frosted surface:

"Rats!"

Then he winked solemnly at me, and rolled himself up in an additional rug.

The "Americanisms" in vogue in London are monstrously amusing to a native of the States. Every theatre has introduced "American slang" into its plays, and the effect is superb. The Englishmen roar with delight, while the Americans look at one another in a baffled and inquiring way that ought to touch the heart of a sphinx. At the Haymarket one night I heard an actor named Lugden bring a long speech to a close with:

"In the words of our American friends, 'I will considerably oak my head.'"

A terrific outburst of merriment followed this, and an Englishman on my left remarked:

"The Yankees certainly put things in a very terse fashion, y' know."

Can any one tell me what Mr. Lugden's expression meant? By the way, this actor played in Mr. Frohman's theatre in New York, and I saw a great deal of him there. He saw something of the country, too, yet he plays the character of an American correspondent in the Haymarket drama, "The Red Lamp," in a fashion that's simply grotesque. He speaks through his nose as no American ever spoke, and the vernacular is indescribably untrue to all that must have fallen under Mr. Lugden's notice in the United States.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere has also introduced a lot of "Americanisms" into "As In a Looking Glass." She is a brilliant woman of the world and a capable actress. It is odd that she should fall into the error of accepting what she must know are false and silly specimens of American slang. Once she said softly in the play: "I must use an Americanism here, and acknowledge that 'I'm rawther somewhat.'"

Of course every New Yorker will recognize this familiar and commonplace expression. Another of Mrs. Bernard-Beere's "Americanisms" was, "as they say in the States, 'I'm clean whistled.'"

It strikes me at times that when the average British dramatist comes to a sentence that is absolutely incomprehensible he labels it with the fair name of America, and leaves the rest to the pit.

As soon as the name of our country is mentioned the London theatregoer begins to grin. At the Gaiety Theatre Fred. Leslie, while playing the part of a London masher in a burlesque, strolls into his club and opens his mail.

"Ah," he says opening the first envelope, "heah's a lettah fwom America."

Loud laughter and a general and humorous fidgeting on the part of the audience. Mr. Leslie then reads:

DEAR CHAPPIE: I write this lettah to tell you that I've sent you a telegram. Yours, CHOLLY.

"Dear old boy," says Leslie, affectionately, stuffing the letter into his pocket. "He's so thoughtful."

At the Drury Lane pantomime—the most gorgeous spectacle on any stage to-day—the "Americanism" that attracts the most attention refers to Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's cipher. The clown brings out a huge piece of bacon and lays it on the stage. Then he lugs forth a bust of Shakespeare and places it on the bacon.

"What that?" asks pantaloon.

"That?" shouts the clown, "is Shakespeare above Bacon."

The applause was thunderous. When it had in a measure subsided, the clown stepped forward, and, shaking his fists violently over the footlights, he screamed passionately:

"An' no blawsted H'American shall touch Shakespeare while a British 'eart still beats within a British bosum."

The outburst of applause was so wild after this that I looked around in amazement. I saw that even the people in the boxes were as hard at it as the presumably ignorant crowd in the gallery. It was the hit of the night.

At Drury Lane, by the by, I sat behind the most pretentious and impressive creation of contemporaneous art that I had ever seen. She was, when alone and unadorned, a large, fat, and presumably bald woman of perhaps 60 years. On this occasion she was on parade. An overawed small boy sat on one side of her and a dejected companion on the other. The boy did not speak during the evening; the companion spoke once, and once only. She said timidly: "Isn't it very pretty?"

"Nic Corkland," said the other in a large and cavalry-commander voice, "cease your everlasting chatter!"

The woman must have weighed 300 pounds, and her skin looked like raw beefsteak where it was not covered with powder. She was dressed in yellow satin, trimmed with what is known, I believe, as "shrimp pink" velvet. The gown was cut so low as to be vulgarly and repulsively indecent. The back was cut down within two inches of the belt, exposing a vast surface of nudity to the gallery in the rear. Around the neck was a pink ribbon, very much soiled, on which were pearls worth at least a thousand pounds. The "shoulder straps" were covered by huge diamond stars and crescents. The head was a shining mark even in that vast assembly. It was snugly surmounted by the most juvenile wig of golden curls I ever saw. The curls were very short and very bright, and they clustered about the head like the curls of a two-year-old infant. Beneath them was a haggard face bedizened to a point beyond belief. I will not enter into details beyond mentioning that the eyebrows were glued on palpably and unquestionably. I looked at the near one with more or less alarm, for one end had become detached and stuck out from the forehead in a lonely and deserted way. After the play I stood in the lobby talking for a moment with an amiable Captain of the Guards whom I had met at a prize fight, when the painted spectre wabbled past. She gave the Captain a surly nod, and he almost swept the ground with his hat.

"May I ask the name of that lady?" I said.

"It is a very famous name," he said, with the peculiarly respectful tone which all Englishmen use when referring to people of exalted station. Then he told me who my neighbor was, and the information nearly took my breath away. I would give it here, but for the fact that the foregoing description is—to use one of Mrs. Bernard-Beere's Americanisms—"rather somewhat" personal.

Sarah Bernhardt is doing an airy trifle of Sardou's in Paris, compared to which "Théodora" is a mirthful farce. "La Tosca" is loaded to the brim with gloom, tragedy, and horrors. Every character meets a violent death until only Sarah is left alive, and she kills herself in the last act so as to keep up with the procession.

The play reminded me of a drama written for the late E. H. Sothern and now in the possession of his son Sam, who showed it to me not long since. In this case all the character are killed in the second act, and the rest of the play is carried on by their executors.

The English of Mme. Bernhardt is now a thing of masterly beauty and force. We fenced about for a moment to see whether we should talk in English or French, but after I had carelessly tossed off a few Gallic phrases Mme. Bernhardt at once decided to continue the conversation in the English tongue. Yet they say the French are innately polite!

"N'Yok," hazarded the tragedy queen, "col'?"

"Very cold indeed when I left it."

"Meez—er—Abbay—und—Meez—er—Jhilmoor col'?—ah—*non*—goot?"

I was rather staggered to hear any one suggest that Abbey and Gilmore were good, but I didn't show it. I told Mme. Bernhardt that they were both well when I left, though Mr. Gilmore's preparations to enter the prize ring in opposition to the Boston Pet had interfered for a day or two with his success as a professional beauty.

"Dey ver goot man," announced Mme. Bernhardt, as a final judgment on the American managers.

"La Tosca" has one scene which causes many a woman to faint at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. It is realistic to such a ghastly extent that even Paris protests at its awful brutality. The police are looking for a fugitive. Bernhardt knows the escaped convict's hiding place, and, in order to force her to tell where it is, the police seize her lover and torture him before her. They know that she would suffer any amount of pain rather than tell, so they attack her through her love for the hero. He is torn from her arms, and steel clamps are placed on his head, that slowly press the temples inward as the police twist the lever. He screams like a madman as the clamps are pressed more and more tightly, but insists that the secret shall be kept. Then he leaves off screaming and moans weakly from behind a screen. The effect, in conjunction with Bernhardt's frenzy under the awful strain, is overwhelming. Finally she succumbs and tells the police that the prisoner is in the garden. The lover is released. He staggers into her presence with the blood dripping from two great wounds in the temples over a pallid face. The eyes are sunken, the jaw distorted. It is the most shocking spectacle I have ever seen. Then the police bring in the convict's body. He committed suicide when the torturing began, so it was all in vain. This is the beginning of the play. The succeeding acts are not so tame and uneventful as this one by any means. "La Tosca" will have to be materially modified before it can be played in America, for it has made Paris shudder and blush. When Paris shudders something must give way. I can't say much about the blushing. It may be possible for Paris to blush—but I doubt it.

BLAKELY HALL.

ENTERTAINED BY CHINESE STUDENTS.

Oriental Music, Opium Smoking, and the Use of Chopsticks Illustrated.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Concordia Hall contained a good-sized audience last night, and it enjoyed the unique entertainment provided by the Chinese students.

The purpose of the students was to give a correct idea of Chinese customs, religion, music, and styles of dress; to correct wrong ideas touching the people of the Flowery Kingdom, to give valuable pictorial instructions about idols, opium smoking, &c.

These purposes were well carried out, and it was as instructive as it was amusing.

One of the students, a young man about 20 years old, appeared upon the platform and delivered a short introductory address. He told about idol worship, and explained how it is done. Some idols are only four inches high, while others are ten feet in height. He said he trusted idol worship would cease altogether, and that the people of China would become Christianized and worship the only living and true God. He said he would give the audience an idia of Chinese music. He brought out an instrument resembling a large banjo. This he played in the same manner as a zither is played. It has a nasal twang and is not in tune. The performer played a very weird fantasie, in mixed time, one movement being in minor and another in major. This student is counted an excellent musician for a Chinese. He is an interesting study for the phrenologist. It could be seen easily that he was deficient in both time and tune, these organs being very small. His performances on this queer instrument and his singing corroborated these phrenological observations.

The student next gave a short lecture on opium, the opium habit, opium smoking, &c. He said that in China the opium habit is as common as is the whiskey-drinking habit in this country, but the effects of the former are far worse than the effects of the latter. He pictured graphically, in his broken language, the disastrous consequences of this dread habit. Here he showed the spectators a pipe and explained the manner of smoking it.

A man about as twice as old as this student came upon the stage and gave an exhibition of sleight-of-hands tricks. These were exceedingly clever.

The two men, with the assistance of a woman, about 20 years old, with wee feet encased in wooden shoes, gave an illustration of a Chinese wedding. This was a novel spectacle, and was much enjoyed.

One man read a verse from the Bible in English, and the other read the same verse in Chinese. The sounds were so dissimilar as to be amusing.

There was a Chinese song and some more playing of the curious instrument, and some beating of the gong.

The mode of eating with chopsticks was shown at an imaginary dinner.

A Chinese girl, about 4 years old, a little child about 2 years old, and the mother of the children, a comely matron of 20 years of age, came out upon the stage and added variety to the entertainment.

The performance ended shortly before 10 o'clock, and the doors of an adjoining room were opened. In this hall were ranged six or eight tables. These were presided over by the ladies, who served oysters, coffee, and tea made in the Chinese way. On other tables many curious articles of utility and ornament were strewn. These the ladies sold, and they received one-half the profits of all the sales.

AMENITIES OF AUSTRALIAN DEBATE.

The Legislators of New South Wales have Tongues as Sharp as Other People.

From the 26th of October to the 4th of November, the dates of the issue last received, we find, among much other refined language, these choice specimens: The honorable member for Upper Hunter (Mr. McElhone), complaining that the Minister of Public Instruction had spoken of a small opposition of notorious and contemptible characters, expressed his surprise that another member had taken any notice of the remarks of a "newly fledged Minister who in the Southern States of America would be called a scalawag or carpet-bag man—that is, a man who comes from the North and who clears out as quickly as possible with as much plunder as he can cram into his bag." Mr. O'Sullivan improved on the polite Mr. McElhone thus: "The Minister of Public Instruction has endeavored to shunt the blame on to the reporters, and to take shelter under their wing. Well, I would rather trust the cool-headed reporters with their pencils on paper than the excited, bellicose, belching blatherskite who spoke on that occasion." This proved too much even for the Speaker of a Colonial House. Mr. O'Sullivan was required to apologize, which he did with regret that they did not live in the palace of truth. "If I were allowed to call the right honorable gentleman a liar, I should certainly do so," continued the forcible Mr. O'Sullivan.

Sir Henry Parkes answering some complaints of the delay of railway legislation said he was ready to go on with it, whereupon Mr. Melville pleasantly retorted: "It is all very well for the honorable gentleman to play his old fox business with the House. It may go down with new chums, but it will not go down with those who have known him for years. * * * It is all humbug and rot."

Then here are theatrical asides of the debate: "Mr. O'Sullivan—It is quite in keeping with their shandygaff policy. Sir Henry Parkes—That is a nice specimen of uncalled for insolence." Mr. Dibbs has the audacity to interrupt Mr. Haynes with the remark that the question under consideration has been discussed twenty times, whereupon this colloquy ensues: "Mr. Haynes—Then it was discussed by donkeys. Mr. Hawthorne—The honorable member was not here. Mr. Haynes—That honorable member has about as much solidity as his knees; he shivers and shakes every time he has to face his constituents. Mr. Garrard—You have not had that pleasure yet." The centenary celebrations were discussed on the 2d November. Here one might expect great harmony in the Legislature; but Mr. O'Sullivan objects to "this fantastical jubilee junketing." Mr. Melville gets into conflict with the Speaker, and his fellow members shout, "Chair, chair." "You can 'chair' till you are black in the face," answers Mr. Melville. This does not, by any means, exhaust the courtesies of the New South Wales legislators to one another.

BEGINNING ON SNOW SHOES.

THERE ARE SEVERAL SURPRISES IN STORE FOR THE NOVICE.

He Will Find Hard Snow and Fluffy, and Realities and Semblances, but the Faithful Dog Will Get the Rabbit for Him.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., Feb. 1.—To a man who is passing his first winter in the North Woods it is a land of surprises. This is particularly the case when he learns to use snowshoes. It is likely that no other device ever invented for facilitating locomotion has so many surprises within a modest circumference as the snowshoe. With the first deep snow the novice goes to Charley Thomas, who makes snowshoes for the region, and buys a pair of snowshoes, because he has been told that they are absolutely necessary in travelling anywhere outside of the roads made by loggers. A snowshoe is made of an ash bow anywhere from fifty-six to sixty-eight inches in length and an inch wide, and bent into an oval of the shape shown in the illustration, braced by two wooded slats, and then woven over with a network of rawhide strips that are about three-eighths of an inch thick. On this there are two straps suggestive of the old-fashioned heel-and-toe straps, such as the novice had on his skates when a boy, but different in that they serve to secure the toe only to the vehicle of locomotion. It is surprising to the novice that a net instead of a plank is used, until the guide explains that snowshoes weigh, apparently, a large part of a ton each, at best, after a twelve-mile tramp, but if made with solid bottoms they would weigh much more because of the load of snow they would carry. The load of snow drops through the net, an operation that is facilitated by the dragging of the heel of the shoe. The new shoes cost $3 a pair.

SNOWSHOE WITHOUT STRAPS.

It surprises the novice to see that the straps on the snowshoes are very old and rickety, and that the guide has a new set, which he throws in to be attached after the old ones break.

"But why wait for the old ones to break? I don't care about economizing on straps," says the novice.

The guide shakes his head ominously and says that it is safer for a novice to use straps that may be broken, and that is a surprise as well as a truthful statement.

The novice pays the price and goes home with the shoes. He is surprised to notice that no one along the way—not even the lounger at the corner store—pays any attention to the fact that he has a pair of snowshoes. He had at least expected some one to jeer mildly at him. But in the course of the day, when neighbors come in and he modestly shows his new footgear, he hears some surprising stories about snowshoe travel. One neighbor remembers how he had to go for a doctor one winter and covered eight miles in an hour, and another has walked forty miles in ten hours, and so on; but each one ends up by telling of the doleful experience of somebody else in learning to use snowshoes. As for the speaker, he learned to use them so early that he couldn't remember.

With visions of himself plunging head first into snow drifts, there to remain helpless until he has worked his knife out of his pocket and cut himself free from the entangled shoes, the novice goes out to the barn, and there adjusts the shoes to his moccasin-shod feet, and then sneaks out the back door to try to learn to use them where no one can see him. Very gingerly he puts one foot on the snow and then another. He has read that the rear foot must drag its shoe over the shoe on the fore foot, and then plant it so far in advance that the shoes can by no possibility overlap. It is the overlapping at the moment of stepping, he has been told, that trips the unwary. He takes not only very long but very high and very broad steps. At the end of five minutes' travel behind the barn he is ready to pass through the gate into the field beyond. He is surprised to see how quickly he has mastered the art. He has not fallen once, the shoes are surprisingly light, and on account of taking somewhat longer steps than usual he finds that he walks rather more rapidly with shoes than without them.

Now the snow where he tried his shoes, behind the barn, had been packed by the blasts from around the corner. In the meadow there is only a slight crust. He gets a fresh surprise as he walks out over its surface. The snowshoes do not keep him on the surface at all, as he had expected. He sinks from four to six, possibly seven, inches at every step, and lifts up a miniature drift for the wind to scatter when he moves a foot forward. Just of what use the shoes are to be if they will not let him skim along over the surface of a ten-foot drift he does not understand until he reflects that he is getting along pretty well in a locality where he could scarcely walk at all without the shoes. Then he is surprised to think he should have been surprised at his sinking in; he ought to have known that a spread of twice the size of his new shoes would not have supported him on an eighth-inch crust.

While meditating thus he has been tramping along, and has been several times surprised by seeing one shoe sink several inches as his weight came upon it while the next step left him scarce an inch below the surface. Or one side of the shoe may have sunk six inches while the other remained on the surface, thus giving the ankle an uncomfortable twitch, but the novice reflects that this is the sort of thing to be expected, and it is the sort of thing that sent the other voices he has heard of sprawling. While congratulating himself the novice must confess that he is surprised that others should not have been able to overcome what seem to be very slight difficulties as easily as he has done. This train of pleasant thoughts nearly leads to disaster, though the novice speaks of it flippantly afterward. He forgets to take a proper length of step or the sidewise sinking of one shoe throws him suddenly to one side or the other, and he finds the rear shoe, as he starts to bring it forward slightly under the edge of the one in front. There is a brief struggle that makes the novice wince under the visions of disaster and then the rear shoe gets clear. He staggers for a step or two and then goes on, able to walk still better and faster for that little mishap.

At the end of an hour the novice has tramped for two or three miles over the fields and finds himself back at the barn, his exercise having given him a delightful glow of warmth and an appetite for supper that make him feel surprised that snowshoes as a part of an athletic's outfit were left to the Canadians so long.

Next morning, made bold by his surprising success of the day before, the novice essays a greater task; he will go up into the woods where the men are skidding and try for a couple of the big white rabbits that abound between his home and that place. Skidding is getting saw logs on to skids, ready to be loaded on sleds and hauled to the mill. After a comforting breakfast of fried potatoes, fresh pork tenderloins, buckwheat cakes, bread and butter, and coffee, with genuine cream in it, he goes out on the front portico to adjust his snowshoes. No sneaking out the back way this time. With his gun over his shoulder, and a belt full of cartridges, and a dog that is particularly elated over a prospect of sport he starts across the fields for the woods. The air is bracing, a fresh bit of snow has fallen during the night, and there is everything to make the novice as much elated as his dog. Away he goes 'cross lots, finding the fences but slight impediment, because only one or two rails remain above the snow, and he finally reaches the woods. Here he gets his first surprise of the day. Jumping from the top rail, for the novice is bold enough to essay a jump by this time, he lands in a clear place in the brush and straightway sinks to his knees in the snow. He hadn't expected that. When he come to think of it, he knew that woods and brush had a great influence in preventing the formation of crust on snow, but he did not suppose that the scattered bushes just over the fence from the field could have such a surprising influence. Very carefully the novice lifts one foot, and, putting it forward, throws his weight on it. He is surprised to see it sink in perhaps eighteen inches without the driving impulse of a jump. He is rather glad now that he did not invite the guide to go along as he at first thought of doing. However, he finds pretty quick that he does not sink into the snow over a foot on the average, and after working carefully along for a few rods he regains his confidence.

THE NOVICE'S GAIT.

Then he is ready for further surprises. As the snow is about thirty inches deep everywhere, only the tops of what would be called pretty high brush appear above the snow, although a great many of the logs appear as high as ever. The logs give him two surprises, first by their height. Why should a log not be snowed under as well as a bush? he asks himself. Then he steps on one to take a look around, and is surprised to find that he did not see the log at all. Since the snow did not drift about in the woods it piled itself almost as deep on top of the logs as on the ground, and what the novice supposed to be logs were only semblances of logs made of snow, the log being more than two feet below the top of its snowy semblance. Later on the log will give the novice another surprise, but he is going carefully now, and is in no great danger. He observes that when he steps on the tops of bushes he is supported by them, and is surprised to see how great the power of such slender twigs is when matted in the snow.

But about this time he begins to see fresh tracks in the snow that interest both him and his dog, and, beyond a look at each spot on which he intends to step, he devotes most of his attention to the rabbit tracks and his dog. Then the game is started. The musical cry of the hound sinks the novice in the sportsman, and away he goes to head off Mrs. Bunnie. He is particularly anxious to travel swiftly now, and so steps on as much brush as possible, and finally places one shoe on an inclined sapling as thick as his thumb. But the sapling does not yield as he expected it to do. He loses his balance, slips, claws wildly in the air, catches another sapling, and, with a gasp, finds himself hanging by one hand to that sapling, with the muzzle of his gun two feet out of sight in the snow. He has fallen down no further than on one knee after all, and that, as he says to himself, was due to inexcusable carelessness, and not at all to the fact that he was a novice. He is surprised that he did not fall further, and is suprised to think he should have forgotten himself. He will step on small brush only after this.

Clearing the snow from his gun, for he believes the fiction about a bit of snow in the muzzle of a gun causing the barrel to burst, away he goes again. It seems as though there used to be a brook in the hollow just ahead last summer, and the novice has been told that these spring-fed brooks do not freeze over. Clearly this one must have frozen over, for the snow is unbroken. He must hurry now, for the woods are a trifle more open; it is, in fact, quite clear where the brook used to be, although he is surprised to find that he cannot locate the channel. He steps over the semblance of a log now without having first stepped on it. The tail of the snowshoe tilts up on top of the log as the foot goes down, the toe plunges down and forward with a force undreamed of, and, to the intense surprise of the novice, he locates the channel of the brook. The ice had formed over it one cold night, and the snow had drifted on. Then the ice melted away, leaving a snow bridge, through which the novice plunged just as easy as rolling off a log, as the lumbermen say. He is sitting down now, with both hands and the gun under the snow and one foot in the water, but he easily recovers his footing, which surprises him again.

There is a pretty steep bank on the further side. To the surprise of the novice he cannot climb up hill at all, but after a detour and a desperate effort he gets up a lower incline. Whew! He is surprised to see how warm the weather is growing, although the sun is just showing in the east, and he distinctly remembers that it was biting cold when he first came out. But the cry of the hound approaches, and he has no time to do more than unbutton his overcoat, and on he goes. He takes in as many small bushes as possible, of course, and pretty soon some twigs that stand thick and upright manage in a surprising way to work up through the meshes of the net of the shoe, and these hang on. He is down on his knee in an instant, and as there is only fluffy snow under the knee he goes surprisingly deep. He is getting warmer now, and as he recovers himself his mouth gets dry, and his chest fairly aches from breathing the cold air in so rapidly through his open mouth instead of his nostrils, as usual. But there must be no delay. The quarry will be in sight directly. There it is at last, but too far off for a shot. A short run back down the slope will give him a better chance, for the rabbit is sure to go up the hollow. It is surprising, but he has never tried to turn around before. The first twist crosses the shoes. That staggers him, but he gets clear and starts on a circle almost on a run. The rabbit is almost in range. Both hammers of his gun are cocked. There is a snowy semblance of log ahead, but the novice does not see a small semblance of knot on it. He will get there and shoot from it. The semblance of a knot is the end of a broken inclined limb just below the surface of the snow. With gun half raised to his shoulder, the novice steps on the semblance of a knot, the snowshoe slides down the inclined broken limb with a swish, his legs are crossed, and his momentum is unimpeded. For a moment his arms wave wildly above his head, and then he falls, side down, at full length in the snow.

FOOLED BY A SEMBLANCE.

He never was so badly surprised in all his life. He is somewhat mad, too, but the snow that goes down his neck and up under his cap and up under his sleeves in a surprising way helps him to consider his case coolly. When he gets the snow cleared away from over his face he finds that one shoe is pointed one way, and the other another. His toe has been punched through the toe hole, shown in the cut of the shoe, where the lacings are lengthwise. His legs are still crossed, and the shoes are interlocked in the most surprisingly inextricable fashion. Luckily at the first yank he gives one of the old straps breaks, and he is thus able to get clear. It surprised him to find that the guide was right after all in saying that it was safer to learn snowshoeing with old straps on the shoes.

By slow degrees and painfully he gets on his feet, and substitutes tow twine for the broken strap. Then he paws around in the snow and finds his gun. He is surprised that it was not discharged when he fell, and further that it was not broken. Then as he claws the snow out from within his collar he is surprised to notice how cold the weather has become suddenly.

The novice has now been thoroughly humbled, and is in condition to learn to walk on snowshoes. In all probability his dog catches the rabbit, which, if not a sportsmanlike way of filling the pot, fills it nevertheless. Thus encouraged he continues the hunt, and eventually learns enough to make him a proper applicant for admission to a snowshoe club, though he may never be equal to the frolicking and jig dancing of which the North Woods guides are capable.

THE LAST OF THE PENOBSCOTS.

The Tarratine Tribe and Their Reservation in Maine.

BANGOR, Jan. 31.—The Penobscot, or more properly, the Tarratine Indians, have dwindled greatly in numbers during the past few decades, and there remains to-day but a sorry remnant of the powerful tribe who in early colonial times were such a powerful factor in the interesting squabbles of this region, and who were the only red men of the eastern country able to wallop the Mohawks. But what few there are left seem to get on very well, and they are an interesting lot. Their reservation consists of all the islands in the Penobscot River between Oldtown and Lincoln, a distance of thirty-five miles. These islands are 146 in number, with an aggregate area of about 4,500 acres—quite enough room for the 400 Tarratines who still linger in the land of their fathers.

The principal settlement is the village on Oldtown Island, the lowermost of the tribe's possessions, where, besides numerous neat frame dwellings, they have a well-appointed chapel and schools. The tribe are all Catholics, and a good priest, Father Trudelle, looks carefully after the dusky flock, while three Sisters of Mercy—Gabriel, Margaret, and Christina—teach the schools and look generally after the moral and domestic condition of the tribe.

The Tarratines maintain a tribal form of government, electing annually a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and a delegate to the State Legislature, which they are allowed. Politically they are divided into two parties—the "Old," or Conservative, and the "New," or Progressive. Most of the men find employment in the woods or upon the drives, and expert river drivers they are, as a rule. There is some attention paid to agriculture, and some few of the men make their living by piloting sportsmen through the northern wilds to the favorite haunts of trout and deer.

For delicacy of workmanship and unique design none of the fancy goods generally peddled out during the holiday season equal the dainty basketwork of the squaws of this tribe, and their pretty creations of birch bark, bows and arrows, and moccasins. Some of the baskets are marvels of artistic handiwork and color. They are of every conceivable shape and of all sizes, down to a baby basket that just holds a pea. To make these fancy things from ribbons of ash requires, besides skill, the patience of Job. All the year round they keep a big store in Oldtown, stocked with baskets and the other articles for distribution to retailers all over the country, while in summer certain members of the tribe vend the prettiest of the wares at watering places.

The State annually disburses among the tribe about $10,000 under treaty stipulations and in specific appropriations for their general interest. The tribe all dress neatly, live comfortably, and behave themselves considerably better than the common run of white people. The men are no dudes, but to offset this all the Indian girls know how to tog out in colored silks for balls.

CAUGHT IN CRASHING ICE.

A WILD NIGHT AMID THE ICE CAKES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Men Adrift Among the Thousand Islands—Sad Fate of Two Brave Men—Leaping from Cake to Cake to Reach the Shore.

"If there is any person living who has some particular event in his life fixed vividly in his memory," said George Penn, a resident of Gananoque, Canada, "that person is myself, and the event is my experience in crossing the St. Lawrence River from Gananoque to Clayton, by the way of Grindstone Island, one night in February, eight years ago. I had been wanting to make the trip across the ice to the island for several days, but I was afraid the frozen river was too treacherous at the time, but when eleven men from the island crossed over to Gananoque with a load of grist, and reported everything all right, I lost all fear, and joined them on their return trip. Among the party from the island were Willard Robinson and George Cummings.

"The party got ready to start on their return trip about 3 o'clock, and were glad to have me join them. Everything went well until we were within a mile or so of Grindstone Island. By that time it was growing dark, and the wind, which had been gradually rising, suddenly began blowing a gale, and any one who has ever been in a St. Lawrence River gale knows what that means. While we were doing our best to protect ourselves against the gale, and urging the team to the top of its speed, to our horror the ice began to crack and bend beneath us. To lessen the danger of breaking through the ice, we stopped the horses, took them from the sleigh, and while one of the party led one of them and another the other, George Cummings, Millard Robinson, and myself pushed the sleigh along, the rest of the party scattering about on the threatening ice, to concentrate as little weight as possible on one spot. The darkness fell about us rapidly, and the gale increased. It was not long before the different groups of our straggling party became separated and lost to sight of one another in the growing darkness.

"One of the horses was being led by a man named David Harwood, and he was the only one of the others that was near us. We could just see him as he went along, and suddenly we saw the horse he was leading break through the ice. Harwood was still on solid ice, but the struggles of the horse to get out broke the ice beneath Harwood, and we could see him struggling in the water with the horse. He finally managed to draw himself up on a large cake of ice, and he leaped from it to another, and we lost sight of him. The horse had by this time disappeared beneath the ice, and we supposed that Harwood had shared the same fate. None of the rest of the party was within sight or hearing.

"Cummings, Robinson, and myself stuck to the sleigh. We had been forced out of the direct course to the island, but we struggled on, thinking we might soon be able to veer around and strike it again. This hope was suddenly destroyed by the sleigh breaking through, and we were forced to desert it to save ourselves. The gale was now so strong that we could not stand up against it. We crept on our hands and knees in the darkness. We could not see fifty feet ahead of us. We had not crawled far before the ice gave way beneath us, and we were struggling in the water among floating cakes of ice.

"Then for the first time the full horror of our position became apparent to me. The ice was not only weak; it was actually breaking up in the river, and we were fighting for life in the midst of an immense field of floating ice cakes which were grinding each other into powder on every side. Our only salvation lay in each securing as large a floe as possible, and, taking refuge upon it, trusting to chance for its running successfully the gauntlet of the grinding, crashing fragments that hedged us about. In that case we might be able to withstand the cold and exposure until succor reached us, for we felt that some of our comrades would surely reach the island in safety, and at once send rescuing parties in boats to pick up those who were less fortunate.

"The cake of ice that I secured was not large enough for me to stand erect upon, even if I could have done so in the gale, but I thought it might be less apt to go to pieces with me than a larger one. It was just large enough for me to keep upon it in a kneeling position. Robinson and Cummings drew themselves upon large blocks, and they rocked in the water like boats. It was bitter cold, and the wind howled down upon us with unabated fury. We had been in the tossing floes but a short time when Robinson shouted from his floating block of ice:

"'Boy, I intend to make a strike for shore. I'll freeze to death here in an hour, and I might better die in trying to save myself than to stand still and die. Will you risk it with me?'

"I looked ahead over the crowding, crashing, swaying mass of ice, the white border of which could be traced in the darkness for several rods. It looked so wild and treacherous that I couldn't summon up courage to trust myself upon it, and told Robinson so. Cummings said he couldn't, either.

"'You'd better not try it, Will,' said Cummings. 'We'll be rescued sure.'

"But Robinson was determined, and took off his coat and boots.

"'Keep up your courage, boys,' he said. 'I'll have a boat back for you before two hours or you'll never see me again. Good-by!'

"He plunged into the river among the crashing ice cakes. We could see him fighting his way, and cheered him up with words of encouragement until he was lost in the darkness. Finally, after a silence of a quarter of an hour, which we interpreted to mean that the brave fellow had been ground to pieces in the ice, we heard him shout back to us. He had fought his way successfully across the wide strip of broken ice that lay between us and a strip of unbroken ice, and had drawn himself upon the latter. After a few minutes he shouted again, and we could hear his voice above the wind, as the gale bore the words to us, saying that he was about to make the attempt to weather his way through the broken ice that lay beyond.

"It was then probably 7 o'clock in the evening. Cummings and I were encrusted with ice. Robinson had been gone but a short time when my piece of ice began to go to pieces. A moment later I was struggling in the water among its fragments. At that moment the moon came out from behind a cloud. By its light I saw that the block of ice on which Cummings was floating was a roomy one, and formed a thick, solid white ice. I made my way to it with a great effort, my legs were so cramped by long kneeling. I reached Cummings's perch and succeeded in pulling myself upon it. When I had recovered myself sufficiently to notice anything else I was horrified to discover that Cummings was surely perishing. The moon shone brightly upon us, and I saw that Cummings's face was deadly pale. There was a strange look in his eyes, and he did not seem to notice my presence. I stripped off my overcoat and wrapped it around him, and stood between him and the howling tempest, so as to protect him as much as possible.

"Just then, to my infinite joy, lights appeared on the shore. I shouted, although the chances were all against my voice being heard. I tried to make Cummings see the lights, but he had apparently lost all sense of the situation. I knew that he had a wife and five children at home, to whom he was devotedly attached. One little daughter especially was his pride and delight. Thinking to arouse him to some effort that would keep him up until the help I now thought was surely on the way could arrive, I said to him:

"'Think of Ettie, George, and cheer up, if you want to see her again.'

"He looked at me in surprise. 'Why,' he said, looking out over the ice, with his hand moving nervously about his chin, 'I see her now. Yonder she comes! Don't you see her? But what makes her come out when it is so cold, I wonder?'

"Then I saw that the end of poor Cummings was near. Once more I called his attention to the lights on the shore. 'See, George,' I said, 'The men are coming out to save us.'

"He kept gazing wildly out over the ice, with his hand moving about his chin in the same strange manner. It was heartbreaking to see him. I wept like a child at the sight of him.

"For two mortal hours I fought for the life that he himself had no longer the power nor inclination to save. The lights, meantime, had been moving up and down the shore in a meaningless way, but none of them approached any nearer to us. Finally, one by one they disappeared. Then all hope deserted me. I had kept up by the most strenuous exertions, buoyed by the hope of keeping Cummings alive until the expected rescuers reached us. I felt, now, that all was lost, and that, do what I might, overtaxed nature must sooner or later succumb. It was now 10 o'clock. Cummings had gradually been growing weaker and weaker, and had sunk down on the ice, where I was rubbing his hands and face, in what I knew was a useless effort to keep up the circulation. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. He stretched his hand out, and with a wail such as I never want to hear again, he cried:

"'Ettie's going back! I am going to her!'

"The next second he had flung himself into the water. He disappeared at once. I lay flat on the ice, peering down into the black depths, in hope that he would come up, and that I might drag his body back on the ice, and at least save that for his friends. But he never appeared again.

"It is impossible for me to describe the feeling that possessed me for the next two hours and a half, alone in that field of ice, with one of my companions dead beyond doubt, and the other having probably met a fate equally as terrible as his. The rocking of the ice cake on the waves created a deadly nausea within me. I found, however, that the floe on which I stood had lodged against a portion of the field which had not yet broken up, and I was saved the additional horror of drifting. I knew not whither, among the floes that were constantly crashing to pieces around me. I could feel the beginning of the fatal inertia that presages the doom of the freezing person, and I tramped up and down the ice floe, and rested not a second. I could not shake off the thought that I would be rescued. The wind had ceased blowing, but the cold was keen and intense.

"At midnight I saw a light on the shore. So weak was I that this welcome vision almost overcame me. I called all of my energy together, and gave a shout such as I could not give to-day in my soundest health if I was to receive a fortune for doing it. I repeated the shout at intervals, for I saw that the light was moving toward me. It came steadily, but oh! so slowly! After what seemed an age, and it was really an hour, so blocked was the water with floating ice, I could hear the sound of the boat against the ice and the confused murmur of voices. When the boat was within hailing distance I shouted again, and I remembered nothing after that until I came to consciousness at a house on Grindstone Island.

"Days elapsed before I was able to be told what had been the fate of the rest of the party. Poor Willard Robinson, who defied the peril that lay before him in a daring attempt to reach the shore and send rescuers to Cummings and me, was never heard of again. The others, after hours of struggle with the broken ice, had reached the island, all of them frozen and exhausted. Harwood had a terrible journey over that waste of wild waters and crashing ice. For a mile he made his way from cake to cake, sometimes floating for an hour at a time on a floe before he could manage to get to another one. Several times the cake upon which he clung went to pieces and left him struggling in the icy channel. By alternate swimming and leaping from floe to floe, constantly in danger of being ground to a pulp among them, Harwood, after a struggle of six hours, reached the island. He was so badly frozen that he was nearer dead than alive for days."

FACE TO FACE WITH AN ANGEL.

Strange Story of a Supernatural Visitation in Ohio Thirty Years Ago.

"I have read a great deal of late about occurrences of a supernatural character," said a member of the theatrical profession, "but in all my reading I have not seen anything approaching an occurrence that made a great stir in Hancock county, Ohio, thirty years ago. In 1858 I was in that county for a short time. In Orange township there was a family by the name of Charles. William Charles, the head of the family, I think, was a carpenter, and his wife was a most estimable young woman, a member of one of the best families of the county. They had been married six or seven years, and had one child, aged 5. About the middle of August, 1857, Mrs. Charles suddenly became despondent and low spirited. This was all the more commented upon as she was of a notably lively and cheerful disposition. She would give no reason for her sudden change in spirits, always giving to her husband's appeals to be made acquainted with the cause the one simple reply:

"'Wait. If there is any real cause you will know in time.'

"She was tearful much of the time, and was frequently found in prayer. Her affection for her child, always great and demonstrative, became apparently still greater, but tempered with a spirit of sadness that was affecting to all who came in contact with the family. Mrs. Charles could not bear to let the little one out of her sight, and the strangest part of the circumstance was that the child seemed to know what had made the change in her mother, and was often heard to console her in her childish way, and to tell her not to cry.

"As the middle of October approached, to Mrs. Charles's despondency was added a state of feverish unrest and very apparent suffering under a strain of some great suspense, until, one day, when the month was about half over, she begged her husband not to go to his work that day, but to remain at home with her. He humored her fancy, and between 12 and 1 o'clock of that day their little girl fell to the floor in a most unaccountable state of insensibility. The mother was near, and clasping her hands to her head she exclaimed:

"'My God! It is true!'

"Mrs. Charles fell in a faint, and her alarmed husband sent the servant for aid. He placed his unconscious child on a bed and did what he could to revive both her and his wife until several neighbors arrived. A doctor was sent for, and Mrs. Charles was soon restored to consciousness, but the child remained in the trance in which it had so suddenly fallen, and never came out of it, dying three days later.

"As soon as Mrs. Charles could gain strength and composure she told a most extraordinary story. She said that at noon one day in the middle of August her little girl was playing in the yard. Her mother happening to look out at her, saw the child gazing earnestly up in the sky, and raise her little hand up as if reaching or greeting something. Mrs. Charles could see nothing, but she went out to where her child was standing as if transfixed, and when she reached her the little one turned to her with a beaming face and glowing eyes and said:

"'Oh! mamma! it is an angel!'

"Mrs. Charles said a feeling of awe came over her that she could not describe, and she felt that she was in the presence of something that struck her with awe. She could see nothing, and in much alarm took her little girl by the hand to lead her away, but the child resisted, and suddenly there was revealed to the child's mother the form that had been visible to the child even before it reached the earth. That form was exactly like those of angels she had read descriptions of in the Bible and seen pictured there, and she knew that she stood face to face with a messenger from Heaven itself. She felt no fear, but was overwhelmed by awe. The angel spoke to her, and said that her little girl would be called for from heaven in just two months from that day, but that she would lie in a trance for three days, when her soul would leave her body. More than that the angel foretold to the awe-stricken mother that her own death would follow that of her child by one month, mentioning the day and hour. Then the angel slowly vanished from sight.

"Mrs. Charles said she tried to make herself believe that she was the victim of some hallucination, but could not. Never having been a believer in the orthodox religion, she resolved to keep the secret of the vision, and to impress the necessity of secrecy on her child, if possible, so that if it was a hallucination she would not be ridiculed for having spoken of it earnestly.

"This story naturally created a profound sensation in the community. The child was buried, and after the first effects of Mrs. Charles's narration were gone, a strongly-expressed feeling of incredulity arose in the neighborhood. Mrs. Charles, desiring, as she said, to destroy the strong unorthodox feeling that existed thereabout, as it had been destroyed in her, sent for two officers of the law, one a Justice of the peace, and the other a county officer, neither of whose names I now remember, and she repeated her story under oath to them, and had the fact made public. I came away from that part of the country soon afterward, and have never had occasion to return. Some years later, however, I met a gentleman named Lattimore, who was a resident of Hancock county, and I asked him if Mrs. Charles's death had followed the strange prediction she alleged that the angel made. He said that she had died on or about the day she said had been foretold."

NO MORE PEACOCK FEATHERS.

There is a Superstition About Them, and They Have Gone Out of Fashion.

In olden times the plumage of the peacock was considered among the brightest of nature's beauties. The proud bird itself was prepared with all its feathers on for the grand banquets of kings and high nobles, where it held the most prominent place. Until within a few years only a small number of even the wealthiest persons, especially in America, felt that they could afford to include peacocks among their pets. The feathers were costly, and every woman prided herself upon the possession of a few in her bonnet. If she were fortunate enough to have a fan made of these feathers she felt proud indeed. Gradually, as the hunters secured larger quantities, wealthy people began to use them for decorative purposes. Elegant screens, some with the feathers spread thinly on a cloth surface, and others, which were more costly, with the feathers closely sewed together; fans with silver handles, sofa cushions, and chair seats were made of the brilliant plumage. The feather were even used in the decoration of walls, and for friezes and dadoes.

But suddenly, and apparently without cause, the demand ceased. The feathers that had previously been the joy of the owner, were looked upon with distaste and pronounced out of fashion. They were ruthlessly torn from the hats they had adorned, from walls and screens, and thrown into the rubbish heaps.

Whence came this sudden and unexplained dislike? The reporter was told that an ancient superstition to the effect that peacocks and peacocks' feathers were sure to bring bad luck to their owner had been revived and had brought about the downfall of the fashion. He made inquiries at the stores where peacock feathers were formerly supplied, and found that the demand for them had ceased entirely. At Tiffany's it was said that they had not sold a fan or screen of peacock feathers for several years. Customers never ask for them. The reporter was informed at other houses that feathers that formerly sold at high prices can now be obtained for twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents a bunch. A number of importers said that they were used very little.

Daniel Hodnot, a resident of Long Branch, and a brother-in-law of the late Daniel Liddy, brought his wife a screen made of peacock feathers from Europe last summer. He told her of the prevailing superstition jestingly, and she was not disturbed by it. Since then Mr. Hodnot's house has several times narrowly escaped destruction by fire; a valuable dog belonging to him has died without apparent cause; burglars have entered the place and stolen valuables; and both Mr. Liddy and Mr. Hodnot have died. Finally, a lawsuit to contest Mr. Liddy's will is threatened.

HOW BLIZZARDS WORK.

A VISIT TO CHICAGO DURING THE COLD SNAP.

Horrors of Winter in the West—Thousands of People Frozen to Death—Live Stock Perish by Herds—Inconvenience of Travel.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Sunday morning, the 15th ult., I started to hear some of the famous boy choirs of Chicago, but I only opened a storm door when I encountered a blizzard, fourteen-degrees-below-zero blast. This was enough. I retreated to my room, and for twenty-four hours was a prisoner in that great caravansary. Not the worst shelter for such a day, and yet chilly in spite of its steam, stoves, and grates. The great corridors on the first floor had a wintry air. The upper halls were cold, and in my room a window scarcely five feet from the hottest grate fire that could be made, and a sickly sun shining upon the outside, was all day so thickly coated with frost that it looked like a block of ice from the north pole. And this was in Chicago, more than three hundred miles east of the blizzard's track, where the thermometer was in some places 54° below zero, and the wind travelling from thirty to sixty miles an hour.

"Picture it, think of it," you that cuddle down south of the Piedmont range, and perhaps once in three years have a chance to record a solemn vow that you are "going to freeze to death" before a hot fire when the thermometer is only down to zero! Can you realize the horrors of the late blizzard in the treeless plains of the Northwest, where so many lives have gone out in the icy sleep of death? I can—I am not proud of it—be thankful that you cannot. Years ago, in northern Minnesota, I was forced to an acquaintance with this ghastly member of the storm king family, which I am not anxious to renew. I never wish to be within a thousand miles of a blizzard again.

With the thermometer 40° below zero, you cannot touch a piece of iron with your bare hand without blistering it. The first sensations are different, but the after effects are the same as if you touched a red-hot iron. In such an atmosphere you start to travel by stage ten or twelve miles on a still, bright day. Inside the stage, which is like the body of an omnibus on bob runners, is a little stove with the pipe through the roof. If this is fed often enough to keep it hot, the passengers, if well wrapped, may keep reasonably comfortable, but they can enjoy no more of scenery than if they were in a "black Maria," on account of frosty windows.

The driver, when he rolls down from his perch in front and stamps into the red-hot stove at the first way station, is a curiosity. In his three thicknesses of under woollens and other clothing, surmounted by fur skins of bear, wolf, fox, or beaver, he looks as large as a hogshead. His "peeling" is as interesting as the unwinding of an Egyptian mummy, and you observe as he thaws the icicles from his eyes and nose—the only uncovered apertures about his face—that he wears no boots, no stiff leather about him to impede circulation. Over his three pairs of woollen socks are Indian moccasins of soft deer skin—everything soft and flexible—and over these "arctics" and leggings. But this is not travelling in a blizzard, mind you. This is only a sort of pleasure excursion in that latitude. You may think it incredible, but it is nevertheless true that after such a day's exposure the driver can eat the whole of a fat goose—the fatter the better.

Having thus hinted at a northern pleasure excursion, let us come to a few of the casualties connected with the late blizzards in the Northwest, for you must remember that there were three of them following each other in quick succession all within ten days.

The day I left Chicago, Judge J. F. Kinney, Indian Agent, Yankton, Dakota, arrived in Nebraska after nine days' travel by rail in these blizzards, the last five days averaging only six miles a day, and telegraphed to an acquaintance of mine in Chicago that in only one county of Dakota 160 lives were known to be lost, and that over 1,000 had perished in Dakota alone. Up to this time only 235 deaths had been reported to the Chicago papers from the whole blizzard region, which includes Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and the whole western plains beyond. From what I know of this region and the severity of the storm I am satisfied that not less than 3,000 human beings and over a million dollars' worth of live stock were in those ten days of blizzard sacrificed to the ice king—an insatiable monster, much more to be dreaded than the erlking of Teutonic legend. During this fearful trip, Judge Kinney says, as the coal ran low and other fuel became exhausted, the passengers crowded into one car, and the men gave to the women and children their outer garments, and even wrapped children in the mail sacks. In spite of all, two children in their car froze to death. But this was nothing as compared to the mortality of those caught in the open air by the blizzard blasts. A Mr. Clark and his wife were going in a sleigh to Yankton when the blizzard struck them. Their horses refused to face the storm. They turned loose the horses, fastened themselves together with a leather strap, and went before the wind—anything to keep in motion—till they came to a haystack. Into this they burrowed and stayed all night. In the morning, discovering a house near by, Mr. Clark crawled to it on his hands and knees (he was too badly frozen to walk) and sent assistance to his wife. When it arrived she was dead. A Mr. Chambers and his boy lost their way within half a mile of home. He saved the boy's life by burying him in the snow, but perished himself. The boy says his father kept calling for help all night, and only died one hour before a rescuing party reached them. The boy was not badly frozen.

A farmer started to water his stock—only a few rods from the house—became blinded by the fine frozen particles that filled the air, lost his way, determined to keep in motion, and walked upon the open prairie all the next night and the following day to find his house, and was rescued twenty miles from his home. Others, under similar circumstances, walked in a circle all night and saved their lives by violent exercise, knowing that it was death to stop. The Indians in that region seem to understand this better than the whites, for of all caught in the late blizzard, while out hunting, not one was known to be lost.

One man started on horseback to ride home against the blizzard. It was only a mile away, but when the horse came up to the front door, the wife opened it only to find her husband sitting upright in the saddle, frozen stiff—an equestrian statue more ghastly than the one that frightens *Leporello* in "Don Juan."

In a new hamlet upon the open prairie a school mistress about noon saw signs of the coming blizzard, and dismissed her flock and warned them to hurry home. The unpitying blizzard met them at the door as they started home in different directions. Some reached home in safety, but at 3 o'clock, when they should have reached the loving arms of their parents, the majority came not. Then began the agonizing search. Some were found singly, some in groups of two or three, others in larger groups, and with the largest group the teacher herself—all dead. The cheeks so lately rosy with health were now marble white; upon some were frozen tear drops; the lips of others were wreathed in smiles, as if the sleep of death was only a blissful dream. At last accounts some were not found at all, and the lives of adult villagers were sacrificed in the fruitless search. I do not seek to bathe this scene in pathos. I leave it with its bold outline of facts.

But you ask: How are such things possible? We read of one man found dead within seven feet of his house. Of men who have to tie ropes about their waists to go to their barns 300 feet away, and all this in the daytime. Why do they lose their way? Why cannot they see such a short distance?

WHAT IS A BLIZZARD?

Imagine, if you can, a frozen fog driven with the velocity of a hurricane. The air so full of minute frozen particles which strike your face like pin heads fired from a musket that you cannot see twenty feet ahead, and all this in an atmosphere from twenty to fifty degrees below zero, and you can then form as clear an idea of a blizzard as you'll ever care to get. Its blinding, bewildering effect is first felt. The intense cold brings at first the pain of freezing, then numbness, then stupor, then a sense of blissful sleep and close upon its heels—death.

WHERE DOES THE BLIZZARD COME FROM?

Where is its cradle, its home?

The arctic regions. The papers talk about a blizzard having started from Manitoba, but that is not its home—its starting point. Manitoba is only its half-way house.

"Why do blizzards come by way of Manitoba, and make themselves most felt upon the west side of the Mississippi River? Why do we never hear of blizzards in Canada, New England, and the Middle States?"

Because the Laurentian range of mountains stretches westward from Labrador along the southern line of British America 3,000 miles, skirting the north shore of Lake Superior, and tapering out in northeastern Minnesota, furnishing a protecting wall of solid rock 4,000 feet high against blizzards for all the region south of it. Geologists tell us that this range is formed of the oldest silurian or sedimentary rock to be found upon the globe, and that it extends 30,000 feet below the surface.

From northeastern Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains is an open treeless plateau—a great doorway 1,000 miles wide, through which the ice king rushes. From that line southward is, in the main, the same treeless prairie all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, forming west of the Mississippi River the royal toboggan slide, 3,000 miles long, upon which his ice-crowned majesty, the blizzard, sweeps in all his jewelled robes to swoon in the arms of the tropical sun. The Texas norther is only the frayed fringes of the blizzard king's mantle as he whirls past.

C. M. CADY.

Girls Masquerading as Dudes.

From the Philadelphia Times.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 1.—Three girls from Johnstown, who had fled from the clutches of the law in that town, after having given $1,000 bail each for their appearance at the next term of the Cambria County Quarter Sessions Court, were arrested in Allegheny this morning. They all wore pantaloons and were dressed in the style of the male dude. Prominent citizens of Johnstown were on their bond. After coming to the city the police got on their track, and the Johnstown Chief of Police came for them today. They will return this evening. Their names are Lizzie Thompson, Jennie Hill, and Liddie Bell.