

IN POLAR REGIONS.

A Famous Hunting Place for Whales, and Its Dangers.

From the northern part of Hudson bay, already arctic in character, stretches far toward the pole a deep inlet, which some early navigator of those desolate polar shores has named Roe's Welcome...

Roe's Welcome is a famous hunting place for the great polar whale, or "bowhead," as the whalers call it, says St. Nicholas. This huge whale, which is indeed immense in size, often makes his home among the great ice-packs...

Such was the fate of the good ship "Gladstone," from a well known whaling port in Southeastern Massachusetts. She sailed to the northernmost end of the "Welcome," as the whalers called it, and, after a most profitable catch of "bowheads," had the ill-fortune to remain firmly bound in the ice for two years...

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The White Man Killed Them Off With Poison and Bullets.

The aborigines of Australia were exterminated by poison as well as by bullets, declares a writer in the Chicago Herald. I can well remember when a child listening to an old Morotian Bay settler giving an account to a number of admiring auditors of the manner in which he had "dosed" a number of the savages...

The time had come, the blacks had arrived, and the good white man (as they now thought) had brought a sack of flour with other provisions.

In anticipation of the feast the blacks scattered about and commenced their work of stripping bark, while their good white man baked. Not the slightest suspicion of poison entered into the minds of the blacks. They gathered up for the great feast, after putting in a morning's work, commenced to eat ravenously, and the white man, anxious that they should eat so much that they should never want to eat again, urged them to eat more and more...

Later she digs a hole in the ground and there deposits her eggs. This year she left forty-two eggs, but as many were carried away and the others often disturbed, only about a dozen of the eggs hatched out.

The owner of the house had ten of the little turtles, none more than twice the size of a postage stamp. The old turtle always departs after laying the eggs. The warm sand and the sun serve as an incubator.

A Poor Memory.

Radder—"What's the matter with you this morning, old chap? I never saw you in such a brown study. Anything troubling you?"

Adder—"I should say there was. I brought matters to a climax last evening with Miss Bonbon—actually proposed to her—and, failing to make note of her answer at the time, I'm blamed if I can remember now, whether she accepted me or not."—Boston Courier.

A Japanese Railroad.

A rack railway seven miles in length is under construction on the Usui mountain, Japan, to connect the termini of the State railway at Yokohama and Kaminawa. There are twenty-one tunnels—12,200 feet in length in all—along the line and the steepest grade is 1 to 15.

HORSES FOR A DOLLAR EACH.

Immense Drives of Horses in Queensland Have Become a Nuisance.

No one can buy a horse in this city, says the Washington Star, which is fit for any purpose, for less than \$100. A broken-down car horse is worth nearly this amount. A horse for a grocer's cart in New York, Chicago or San Francisco will cost from \$150 to \$200. In Queensland, Australia, however, the horse market is away down. A round, well broken animal can be bought for 2s. Farmers in the interior cannot afford to send horses to Brisbane for sale, because ordinary stock will not bring more than \$1.75 per head. They shoot them instead. And, what is still more startling, they pay at the rate of 62 cents per head for having them shot.

All of these statements are strictly correct. The colony of Queensland is now seriously discussing the advisability of passing a law imposing a tax on all stallions and authorizing the appointment of inspectors to see that all unlicensed animals are killed. All over Queensland they are going to keep down horses as we keep down the superabundance of dogs in the city of Washington. The same state of affairs holds in some of the other Australian colonies.

Horse breeding in Australia was for many years a remunerative business. A great demand was created by the taking up and occupying of new country, from the opening up of new gold fields and for the prosecution of the sugar industry.

Every one who had land began breeding horses. Now the demand has ceased, the sugar industry is declining, the mining is stationary and the owners of what was formerly new country are sellers instead of buyers. The consequence is that the whole country is overrun with unsalable horses. They cannot be eaten like sheep and cattle, and a boiling down factory for the manufacture of glue and other products failed after consuming 50,000 animals.

Now, in a semi-wild state, they overrun the entire interior of the colony. The best of them bring at auction not more than \$13 or \$14 a dozen. Property-holders in New South Wales have relieved themselves of the burden on their grazing lands by shooting them. On the Barwon river, within two years, between 60,000 and 70,000 head were destroyed, at a cost to their nominal owners of 25 6d per head. Queensland has now the same trouble to fight. A law entitled "The Marsupials Destruction Act" is now in force, directed against the kangaroos, to check the increase of these noxious animals. But a kangaroo skin is worth \$3.75 in the open market at Brisbane.

How much more need is there then of a horse destruction act when horses are larger animals, eat more, are more numerous than kangaroos and are nearly worthless! This is the question which is agitating the property-holders of Queensland at the present time, as is learned from the recent bulletins of the department of agriculture of that colony. Will it pay Australians to ship these horses to the United States? The passage to San Francisco will take twenty days. The Pacific Ocean at certain times is always smooth. One of the Australian steamships will probably carry from 700 to 1,000 horses at a trip. The import duty on horses and mules at present is \$30 per head. It resolves itself into a question of water carriage.

THE TURTLE'S NEST.

For Fifty Years the Same Turtle Has Visited It Annually.

In the town of Patten, Maine, a place distant from tide-water over ninety miles, there is a great curiosity known as the "turtle's nest." For fifty-two years a turtle has come annually to the nest to deposit her eggs. Over half a century ago she selected her nest, then an open field, but now in a yard in front of a residence. A relative of the owner of the house branded the date 1841 upon the turtle's back and it can be plainly traced now. She comes about the same date each year and her first few days are passed in inspecting the ancient nest, the yard and surroundings.

Later she digs a hole in the ground and there deposits her eggs. This year she left forty-two eggs, but as many were carried away and the others often disturbed, only about a dozen of the eggs hatched out.

The owner of the house had ten of the little turtles, none more than twice the size of a postage stamp. The old turtle always departs after laying the eggs. The warm sand and the sun serve as an incubator.

This turtle has been at the Drew Dead Water on the Mattawamkeag river, fully fifty miles away from the nest. Her weight varies from thirty to thirty-five pounds, and it is said she was as large when branded as she is now. Each June she comes to Patten, and is always welcomed by old and young.—New York Times.

Jelly From Elephants' Tusks.

How many people, says the Washington Star, have ever eaten jelly made from elephants' tusks? Yet it is very good indeed. In the English factories, where many tons of ivory are sawn up annually to make handles of knives and forks, great quantities of ivory dust are obtained. The dust is sold at the rate of 6 pence per pound, and when properly boiled and prepared it makes the finest, purest and most nutritious animal jelly known. Years ago ivory jelly was a very fashionable remedy and much sought for.

The Finger Prayer Book.

A curiosity is the "Finger" Prayer Book, only an inch in breadth, 3 1/2 inches in length, and weighing about 1 oz. It contains 670 pages, is perfectly clear and legible, though reprinted every minute, and will go into the waist-coat pocket or a purse.

A DOG WITH A HEART.

How He Mourned When His Pet Cat Was Laid to Rest.

Here is a pathetic little story, illustrative of the affection that may be entertained between a dog and a cat, says the Baltimore County Union, and being a strictly true story makes it all the more worthy of telling. A family in the town had a dog about 14 years old and a cat about 9, both of which they had raised.

Between these animals the most marked affection sprang up, and they were inseparable friends. They ate together, slept together, played together, and if by chance they became separated they each showed in the most marked manner their discomfort and unhappiness. If the cat got out of the house, the dog whined most persistently and dolefully until she came back, and if the dog happened to be absent the cat acted in a similar manner.

A short time ago the cat died, and it was then her companion manifested the most unmistakable signs of distress. He pushed her body around with his nose, apparently trying to wake her, all the while whining in the most woe-begone manner.

A little boy in the family, whose constant companions the animals had been, decided to bury his dead friend, and, securing a box, decided to put the body in it, and, after nailing on the lid, carried it into the garden, dug a hole and covered it, as he supposed, securely.

In the mean time the dog moped about the house, refusing to either eat or drink, and looked so distressed that it was painful to see him. One day the boy noticed the dog's nose and head were covered with mud, and the thought at once struck him that he had found his friend's grave and had tried to resurrect the body. He went into the garden and found that his suspicions were correct.

The dog had actually dug down and uncovered the box, but, as the lid was securely nailed on, he could not bring the body to the surface. The dog followed the body to the grave and whined and howled piteously while the boy made arrangements to reinter the cat. After a good many days the dog gradually came back to his appetite, and although still more or less doleful, had apparently regained his normal condition. This is a homely little story, but it has one merit—it is strictly true.

Assuming the Husband's Name.

The practice of the wife assuming her husband's name at marriage, according to Dr. Brewer, originated from a Roman custom, and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus, Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero, and in later times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Against this view it may be mentioned that during the sixteenth and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Gray (not Dudley), Arabella Stuart (not Seymour), etc. Some persons think that the custom originated from the scriptural teachings that husband and wife are one. This was the rule of law so far back as Bracton (died 1268); and it was decided in the case of Bon vs. Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband. Altogether the question is involved in much obscurity, and there seems to be no definite answer to it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Spurgeon's Little Frank.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon used to be very fond of puzzling his friends with words which have a double meaning. One Thursday evening, after the usual week-night service he thus addressed his deacons: "Brethren, I think it is much too bad that not a single deacon followed me on the platform in time for the service this evening."

The deacons at once began to exonerate themselves. One said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I opened the door for you to go down on to the rostrum, and at once followed you," and several others stated that they were close behind the first speaker. Here was a dilemma, the beloved and highly respected pastor saying one thing and the faithful and devoted deacons stating just the contrary. After a few minutes silence, the pastor, with a smile brightening his homely countenance, replied: "I am right in saying not a single deacon followed me, as you are all married."—London Tid-Bits.

Court Painters.

When the late King Charles of Wurtemberg was yet crown prince, and he was ordered to become engaged to the Russian Grand Duchess Olga, he was shown a portrait of her. After regarding it intently, he exclaimed: "How daintily she has flattered her! The hair is too abundant, the eyes are too brilliant, and the complexion too dainty." The courtiers asked, in astonishment: "But does your royal highness know the grand duchess?" "I do not know her," was the reply, "but I know the court painters."

A New Pavement Material.

A kind of bituminous rock which is found in several places in California is being extensively used for street pavements in that state. These pavements are very like the asphalt pavements in New York and other eastern cities, such as that in Wall street. The only difference between the two materials is said to be that asphalt is a manufactured article made of bitumen and sand, while the rock has practically the same elements naturally combined.

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