

MUIR GLACIER.

The Great Alaskan Ice Pack Said to Be Dying Fast. Seeking inspiration in the wilds of Alaska, T. J. Richardson, an American artist, has spent sixteen of the last twenty-three summers at points along the northern coast of the Pacific ocean, and of the Muir glacier he has made a particular study.

Until this summer no steamship has ventured up the bay leading to the Muir glacier since it was shattered by an earthquake nine years ago. Mr. Richardson visited the glacier first in 1891 and was there several times previous to the upheaval. This summer during a ten weeks' sojourn in the north he again went to the ice field, going in on the second trip made by the Pacific Coast Steamship company's ship Spokane.

"I first went to the Muir glacier in 1891," said Mr. Richardson. "I occupied the cabin of the Professor Muir expedition, which had been at the glacier during the previous year. It was only three-quarters of a mile away from the face of the glacier, which at that time had a solid face, two miles long and about 250 feet high, above the water line, although below the water the ice extended to a depth of 800 feet.

"It was a grand and awe inspiring sight, for the great ice mass was disintegrating fast, and the detonations as the bergs toppled off into the sea were like the roar of artillery. Hardly ten minutes would pass without the collapse of some big piece of ice and the tidal wave which would follow would send a wall of water ten feet high or more rushing in to the shore. One had to be constantly on guard against this when on the beach.

"The slight of the falling masses of ice used always to make me think of a fight of giants, in which the front rank was always falling, pushed on to destruction by their fellows behind.

"Only about half of the former face of the glacier is active in discharging to the sea. Today the active portion may be described as the left arm. The right arm is hardly active at all, and in many places will be dead in a comparatively few years. Already in front of the face are showing sand and gravel ridges in the water, which indicate that the ice mass is forming a terminal moraine, which in time will grow to such proportions that the glacier will be entirely separated from the sea.

"I can explain that technically a 'live' glacier is one which discharges directly into the ocean, while a 'dead' glacier is one which ends on land and where the ice mass is dissipated by the action of the sun alone. It melts away, while the 'live' glacier disintegrates in huge masses, which float away to sea in the form of icebergs. The 'dead' glacier is of comparatively small interest to any sane scientist, while the 'live' one, with its awe inspiring detonations and activity, will hold the attention of any creature, no matter how uneducated. Even the uneducated natives will stand for hours watching the movements of the ice.

"Now to make clear the change effected by the earthquake at Muir glacier. When I was there in 1899 the glacier presented a straight wall of ice two miles wide across the head of the bay. The amphitheater of mountains which feed the glacier with ice and snow has an estimated area of 800 square miles, and all the ice formed in this area had to make its exit through this two mile outlet.

"At that time there was an 'island' in the ice field about a day's journey from the face of the glacier, which we used to visit. The term 'island' is used to describe the top of a hill which protrudes through the ice field, and, although it was a day's journey away, that was because of the rough surface of the ice.

"That 'island' is now fully exposed and is a mountain which divides the glacier into two streams. The stream to the right is composed of a different quality of ice from that to the left, and it is melting off quicker, so that the face of the 'right wall' is nearly four miles on the right of the nearly four miles on the left, showing that portion of the glacier has receded about four miles since its disturbance. Why the ice in this arm should melt so rapidly I do not know, but it is filled with gravel and sand, and perhaps the presence of this material accounts for the rapid disintegration.

WIVES IN KOREA.

A Humorist Who Draws a Moral From Their Silence. It is said that in Korea after a native woman is wedded she becomes practically speechless, says Newton Newkirk in the Boston Post. This is in conformity to custom and caste. A Korean wife does not utter a word, but she does not speak unless necessity demands it. And, by the way, none of us talked any more than necessity demanded this world would be full of large chunks of wood. The Korean wife does not chatter like a parakeet. Hot air is something which she does not do. Of course if the house got on fire she would mention it, or if she were to step on a snake she wouldn't try to keep the fact a secret, but she does not talk over the back fence when she is bringing in the wash or conversing with her neighbor when she is washing the windows. If she did, she would lose her caste and her social rating would slump faster than a copper stool.

Probably many a brutal husband who reads these lines will sigh and say, "Ah, that my wife were a Korean!" There is an impression got abroad in this land of the free and the home of the grifter that our women are endless and tiresome talkers. In the eyes of the masses the American wife holds the long distance record as a continuous conversationalist. And upon this impression jests and jokers are freely built. The eternally talking wife is a prolific source of inspiration for comic weeklies and the vaudeville stage. Two comedians come down front and, with their noses touching each other, engage in a rapid-fire conversation:

"I got a talking machine down to my house."

"Oh, you got a talking machine down to your house? How much did you pay for it?"

"I didn't pay nothing for it—I murdered it!" (Scries of laughter from the large and select audience.)

But if the wife is voluble of speech, is her husband a sphinx? If a woman is a human phonograph, is a man a clam? Not exactly—not so that you would notice it from the room through the binoculars. Most of the wagging tongues of their wives are living exponents of the hot air theory. They are the Chaps who have nothing to say and devote most of their time to saying it; they are full of persiflage, verbosity and prunes. When they open their mouths their tongues run away with them. Stand one of these three-seam expounders of the obvious up beside a talking machine and he will make it sound like a whisper. Man, as he averages up, is full of blarf, brag and bluster, and that's worse than you can say of the average woman.

Frederick the Great Ran Away, and Grant Was Afraid. "Some of the greatest soldiers whose names adorn history's pages entered their first battles with a feeling of fear in their hearts.

Frederick the Great simply lost his head at the battle of Mollwitz. Had he not been a king it is safe to say that he would have been shot at the next sunrise. In the heat of the carnage he got an idea that the army under his command was being overwhelmed, so he put the spurs to his horse and dashed headlong among his soldiers. He rode a few miles before he stopped in his wild flight. Late at night he discovered hiding in an old mill, awaiting, as he thought, capture by the enemy. Then he discovered that the army he deserted had won the battle.

As Frederick was a prince, everybody tried to forget the incident just as quickly as possible. And after that when the king went to war he was just as brave as any other soldier.

General Grant in his memoirs tells us that, despite the fact that he had a not very high opinion of his own military talents, he was not a coward. He was a man of very simple tastes, who neither smokes nor drinks, and his favorite recreations are fencing and swimming.

Why occupation has received so little attention from wise men we cannot tell. It may be that thinking and kissing go not well together. If so, few of us would require long time to choose between them, or possibly the subject has seemed to require too delicate handling, or it may have seemed trifling to the great thinkers.

A post card chain is cheaper, more convenient and a nicer ornament than the conventional post card album. Mrs. R. B. Sindle, in the National Magazine, points a hole through each corner of the cards and string them on two ribbons, putting the ribbons through upper holes from the underside and then across the ends of the cards and down through the lower holes. String on as many cards as you please, one above the other, like the links of a chain. Tie the two ribbons together at each corner of the first and last card and fold in book form, and you have your cards in convenient, compact and attractive arrangement, things most desired, since the post card is so numerous and so beautiful at the present time.

Automobile Canal Boats. "Our canals, nearly worthless today, will be very valuable in the future," said a railroad magnate. "Empty now, they will one of these days be covered with automobile canal boats—a crowd of swift passenger expresses, slow freighters and shining and luxurious pleasure craft. Automobile canal boats! A funny idea, isn't it? Yet this is what the trend of motor invention promises us, and when the automobile canal boat comes canal stocks will go up many per cent and canal boating will be one of our most picturesque and charming ways of trip."—Los Angeles Times.

CHICKEN HEARTED MEN.

Every One of Group Dreading to Hear of Some Injury. "I could hear the bone in his wrist snap," said a man who was describing an accident to a group of men.

"Oh, cut it out, for heaven's sake!" called out one of the group. He was a big fellow, but he was as white as a sheet.

The speaker laughed jeeringly. "I didn't know you were so chicken hearted," he said.

The big man began to explain. "I'm not what you would call a timid sort of person, but the notion of any injury to the wrist always turns me faint. I can stand seeing blood flow or hear thrilling tales of broken limbs and smashed heads, but I can't stand any wrist stories. I don't know the reason. It seems to be merely a matter of temperament."

A quiet little man came to the rescue. "I know just what you mean," he said. "I've not only one who has a peculiar aversion to a certain sort of injury. Now, my particular aversion is on account of trouble with the eyes. Immediately I begin to blink and wink and my eyes smart until I can't stand it. I'd rather hear an account of a brutal murder than any description of an eye disease."

The man who had jeered at the big man had been thinking. "I have one of those aversions, too, now I come to think of it," he said. "It is a peculiarly paralytic shock, to which I particularly feel myself growing numb all over when I hear such tales, and I always make an excuse to get away as soon as possible."

His remark was a signal for a universal confession. One acknowledged that the sight of blood gave him a sensation of extreme nausea; another said that reading or hearing of a fracture of the skull gave him "a gone feeling at his stomach," and another said he shivered so his teeth chattered every time he heard an account of an operation for appendicitis.

The big man was triumphant. "Well, I'm not such a big baby after all," he said.—New York Tribune.

Where do all the crystallized gems go—worth many millions of pounds—which come into the market every year? The diamond is said to be one of the hardest things in nature and is practically impervious to wear and tear. I have an idea, though I am not certain, that an old diamond is every bit as good as a new one, supposing both belong to the same class—that is to say, diamonds do not wear out as trousers or hats wear out.

Then what becomes of the thousands and thousands turned out each year? I know that the diamond output keeps the control down to the actual demand so supply does not lower the price, and thus there must be a steady demand for these things to the value of millions a year, and there must be a gradually increasing stock or accumulation of them in rings or tiaras, crowns, scarfpins and so on.

SPLENDOR OF SIENA.

An Italian City That Continues to Be Old and Restful. The modern spirit has spoiled Rome and is daily destroying there, writes Arthur Symonds in Scribner's. It is more slowly, but not less certainly, destroying Venice with a literal, calculated destruction. Florence has let in the English, who board there, and a new spirit, not destructive, reverent of past things, but superficial with new civilization, has mingled the renaissance with the commonplace of the modern world.

But Siena is content to remain itself, neither ambitious nor dejected, busy itself with its old industries (the smell of the tanneries, as in the days of St. Catherine, never out of its streets), keeping its beautiful old things quietly, not trying to make new things like them; content with the old limits and with all old things as they were.

And the splendor and dignity of its past still live nobly in all the walls of Siena. Its history is written there in stone and with a lasting beauty on the walls of all its palaces. Palaces line the streets, Gothic and renaissance, all flat, severe, built with gray stone cut into square blocks, with here and there a reminiscence of the less simple and admirable Florentine manner of building with partly unburnt bricks.

The palaces join walls with private houses and ask for no more space in these equalizing streets, but rather of themselves to the street and turn with it in a kind of democracy of pride. Towers, structures like prisons, gloomy remnants, which stand at street corners or between shop and shop, come into the pattern naturally, without incongruity. All Siena is of one piece, and at night sleeps together with the same tranquil sleep.

There is in the streets at night a curious sense of quiet, not the quiet of suspense or desolation, but rather of people who prefer to stay indoors in their own homes, with walls and windows between them and other people, in a quiet friendly aloofness. The streets do not call to them as they call to people in the south. They are corridors to walk through, not alleys to linger in, and the Siense are not lingers. Even by day few people stand idle in the streets. The church square on its height is no meeting place. Siense walk quietly by day and at night sleeps quietly.

An Interesting Career. Dr. Max Simon Nordau, who recently resigned his office as second president of the Zionist congress at The Hague, is one of the greatest of living Jews. He has had a most interesting career and has shown as author, doctor, philosopher, essayist and critic. The son of Rabbi Siedfeld, he was born at Budapest in 1849 and changed his name to Nordau at an early age. After studying to great advantage at the Budapest university he took his M. D. degree in Paris, where he is now settled, and rapidly came to the front as a writer of extraordinary merit.

Among his numerous works probably the one which caused the greatest sensation was "Degeneration." In spite of his fifty-eight years Dr. Nordau is still a prodigious worker, most of his writing being done between the hours of 8:30 p. m. and midnight. He is a man of very simple tastes, who neither smokes nor drinks, and his favorite recreations are fencing and swimming.

Dogs and Colors. The question, Can a dog distinguish colors? was the subject of an article in a recent issue of the Zentralblatt für Physiologie. A series of experiments demonstrated the fact that dogs could, through training, learn to distinguish colors. The writer says: "We trained dogs to fetch and carry an object of a certain color and then placed one like it in every detail in a group of similarly formed objects, but differing in color from the dog picked the right most instances. We found, however, that the darker shades puzzled them, and they made many mistakes. We are convinced that dogs can distinguish colors, but not all of them, and their sense in that direction is limited to what we know as light shades."

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THE DIAMOND CROP.

What Becomes of the Pecks of Gems Turned Out Each Year? Where do all the crystallized gems go—worth many millions of pounds—which come into the market every year? The diamond is said to be one of the hardest things in nature and is practically impervious to wear and tear. I have an idea, though I am not certain, that an old diamond is every bit as good as a new one, supposing both belong to the same class—that is to say, diamonds do not wear out as trousers or hats wear out.

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People do not cover themselves all over with these gems and then jump about in the street to shake them off for the sake of humble friends and poor relations, as was done by the gaudy Duke of Buckingham. A certain number, I know, are stolen every year; but, after all, they are comparatively few, and most of them come back into the market in a very short time.

The man who steals diamonds does not eat them. He disposes of them for the benefit of his humble family, and all he really does (poor, honest and misunderstood fellow) is to put them into circulation. Where do they go?—London M. A. P.

JOSS STICKS. The Process of Their Preparation Still Practically Unknown. In all countries where Buddhism is celebrated there is a great consumption of "joss sticks." These ceremonial candles are lighted on occasions of festivity or mourning, prayer or thanksgiving to divinities, and the like. Joss sticks are at once candles and incense, since, like the latter, they burn without apparent flame. Their preparation is shrouded in some mystery, and the process is still practically unknown, though they carry it on being chosen from a special class and kept in rigorous seclusion.

A squared strip of bamboo, of varying length and thickness, according to the size of the joss stick that is to be made, is skillfully rolled on an inclined surface in a mixture of odoriferous powders agglutinated by resin, made viscous by slight elevation of temperature. One of the ends is left as it is, to serve as a handle. In some cases the bamboo is replaced with a flexible rod, which enables the joss stick to be rolled in spiral form.

The composition of the odoriferous powders varies with the country. Those used in Indo-China come generally from the province of Canton and include fourteen drugs, among which may be named camphor, sandalwood, acouite and clove. Aconite plays the part of a preservative and protects the joss sticks well against the attacks of rats and mice. —Chicago News.

Danger. "She was even more afraid of cows than most girls, so when she spied a placid animal recumbent under a tree, peacefully chewing its cud, she at first refused to go through the pasture at all. Her husband calmed her fears to some extent, and they started by, when the cow slowly commenced to get up, blind legs first, as they always do. At this the little lady shrieked with terror and sob:

"Oh, God, hurry, hurry. He is getting ready to spring at us."—Exchange.

Blind Justice. Little Willie—Say, pa, why do they always have a bandage over the eyes of Justice.

Pa—Probably because the lawyers have talked the poor woman blind, my son.—Exchange.

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South-Bound Trains.			
Leave	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
New York	7:30	9:00	12:15
Philadelphia	10:00	11:22	7:45
Baltimore	10:38	12:02	8:22
Delmar	9:00	10:30	6:35
Salisbury	1:25	3:01	11:55
Cape Charles	4:00	6:05	4:50
Old Point Comfort	6:00	8:00	6:00
Exposition Pier	6:20	8:20	6:20
Norfolk (arrive)	7:10	9:05	7:10

North-Bound Trains.			
Leave	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Norfolk	7:20	9:30	7:20
Exposition Pier	7:55	10:00	7:55
Old Point Comfort	8:15	10:30	8:15
Cape Charles	10:30	12:15	11:00
Salisbury	12:12	12:37	7:30
Delmar	1:12	12:10	7:30

Arrive	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Wilmington	3:49	4:15	10:17
Philadelphia	4:53	5:18	11:00
Baltimore	5:22	6:01	11:35
New York	7:00	8:00	11:55

p.m. a.m. p.m. p.m.

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