AMONGST THE ICEBERGS.

Commander Schley's Vessel Runs Plump Into One.

Arctic Region Fascination Described by Lieutenant Greely's Finder.

The following is from an interview with Commander Schley, who rescued the remnants of Lieutenant Greely's party: "Had you any unexpected experiences when you got in the higher latitude aside from the general one pertaining to the expedition?"

"Oh, yes. One morning, for instance, when the atmosphere was hazy from a light fall of snow, in going a stiff nine-knot gait, we ran plump into an iceberg that was in our way, and which no one could see. For a moment I thought every mast would go by the board, and that my hair and teeth had proceeded them. I never got quite such a shock. I was nearly thrown out of the crow's nest. I expected soon to hear the Alert was leaking. But, strange as it may seem, with a rebound of at least thirty feet, there was not a seam started. It was almost miraculous that we had no catastrophe, and shows how thoughtfully that ship was built for just such encounters in those seas. On another occasion, when over against the Greenland coast, I counted not less than 1,500 icebergs that had been pushed from the glacial formation on the sloping headlands of the coast into the sea. We could occasionally hear the cracking that indicated the fissure; but the sight of these majestic monarchs of the sea sailing off in the morning sunlight, with all the colors of the prism, was something that cannot be described. Fascinating region! do you ask? Never a one more so. I wanted to stay there awhile. Even the men I took at New Bedford and New London jumped at the chance to go, though some of them said they did not expect to come back again. Why, after we got Greely and our mission was accomplished, I never felt such a pang of disappointment that, with seventy-two days of summer weather before me, and an open sea, I was obliged to turn my prow homeward and abandon the chance to get a higher latitude than any other explorer."

"Do you think you would have had success had you been at liberty to have entered on such a trip?"

"It seemed so; at least, just then. And this leads me to say that the remark I have quoted from Weyprecht was vindicated in my experience. The theory of winter sojourneying in the high latitudes, in order to be on the ground for another season's continuance, is, in my judgement, all a mistake. The men might as well come home and have the advantages of civilization. Nothing is gained by remaining within the arctic circle that cannot be realized the next season by starting early if the conditions are favorable. And these conditions rest upon an open sea. Now, some seasons all the waters are filled with ice that it is impossible to penetrate. The very next season every strait, bay and channel is likely to be open water. The winds, currents and many unknown or undemonstrated influences affect the ice. What should be done is to get everything in readiness early in the year, and by May or early June be at the upper settlements. Then follow promptly the open water, and the occasion will come, sooner or later, when the pole will be reached. In my case I could have got far to the northward, and, if caught in the upper seas, I had provisions that would have lasted possibly two years, before which time I should have worked out of the trap. In this connection, let me tell an anecdote. We were butting pretty effectually one day some ice that impeded our progress, when one of the Dundee whaling captains said, in admiration of our powers: 'Ye did that butting in foine style, and it is a tough ship that you have; but if you keep it up, you will ruin your ship for a second season.' 'Second season,' exclaimed I—'none for us, if you please! We shall find Greely and be back again long before we begin to divide the seasons!" And so it turned."

The Carman's Smart Horse.

A gentleman travelling through Ireland with a very stout companion had occasion to hire a jaunting-car, and, having agreed with the driver for half a crown, stepped back to the inn where he was staying and called his fat friend. The driver, as soon as he caught a glimpse of the enormous dimensions of his 'fare,' walked up to the head of his horse, and holding up the tattered lappets of a worn-out jacket, said: 'Whist, sir, get up as lightly as ye can, will ye?' 'What, is your beast skittish?' asked the gentleman. 'No, sir,' said Pat, with an inimitably shrewd leer, 'but if he saw the big gentleman he'd most likely say, 'Whist, Pat, but it ought to be five shillings.'

The Fly Screen Agent.

He had six fly screens under his arm, and was talking to a man in front of a house on Hastings street.

'I am offering these at fifty per cent. below their cash value,' he explained, 'because I want to get out of town.'

'Vhell, it vhas soon coming winter, und I like to know how some flies come aroundt den?' the man answered.

'That's true enough, my friend, but the fly question is not the only thing. These screens save twenty-five per cent. in fuel.'

'Vhell?'

'They give an air of refinement to the house.'

'Vhell?'

'I don't say that they keep out cholera altogether, but you can't point to a house in Detroit provided with them which has had a case of cholera.'

'Vhell, dot vhas so.'

'In buying them you help a poor man to reach the bedside of his dying wife in Buffalo.'

'Yes.'

'You add at least $200 to the value of your place.'

'Yes.'

'They are not a burglar alarm, but when a burglar finds them in the windows he turns away discouraged.'

'Dot vhas good.'

'The air which enters your house is strained, as it were, and must therefore be free of chips, gravel, sand, dust and other substances deleterious to health.'

'I see.'

'And you will take 'em?'

'My frendt, vhas dose fly screens like a watch dog?' If some poys come in der alley does dey raised a big row und let me know?'

'If I vhas in a row mit my vhife does does fly screens help me oudt?'

'Of course not.'

'Why, no; of course not.'

'If I come home in der night und der front door vhas locked, und I can't get in, does dose fly screens make it all right?'

'No, sir—no sir. How can you expect any such things from fly screens?'

'Vhell, I doan' know. I guess you petter moof along to der next corner. Eaferypody says I vhas sweet-tempered und kind, but if a man come along und impose on me und take me for some greenhorns, I let myself oudt und knock him so far into next Shanuary dot fly screens doan keep him warm.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dynamite.

'I see by the latest dispatches that there has been an outbreak, and the English authorities are very much alarmed about it,' remarked a reporter who called on Mr. O'Donovan Rossa at his cozy little office in New York.

'I've not seen anything about it yit in the papers,' said Mr. Rossa; 'but I could hrve told ye of that long ago, if I only had a moind. The outbreak was planned right here, bedad, in this office, by meself and a few more Oirish pathriots.'

'The outbreak is in India.'

'Av coorse. Among the down trodden natives of India.'

'At Madras,' observed the reporter.

'Right yez are agin.'

'It is believed that it will spread.'

'I'll see to that meself.'

'It is an outbreak of cholera,' remarked the reporter, as he passed out.

Votes, Not Reports, Will Settle It.

Chris Magee 's Interview in Pittsburg Post.

'How about Cameron?' asked the reporter.

'He is well.'

'What are his prospects?'

'Excellent.'

'Will there be a fight?'

'None that I know of.'

'Has he votes enough to elect?'

'He has and some to spare.'

'The reports circulated are not reliable, then?'

'Reports have nothing to do with this contest; it will be decided by votes.'

'Is Calvin Wells satisfied?'

'Calvin Wells!' thoughtfully ejaculated Magee, studying for a moment. 'He is not a member of the Legislature and has no vote.'