CANINE FRIEND IN NEED.

How the Greyhound Rescued the Little Spaniel.

"Talk about the sagacity of dogs," remarked Jenkins as he scornfully surveyed the records of the good deeds done by canines in general. "Why, I saw something one day which beats the [illegible]—something which, in addition to proving the reasoning powers of dogs, showed also that some of them at least possess a great capacity for affection for their own kind. A friend of mine up town owns several [illegible] being a magnificent [illegible] and a diminutive spaniel [illegible] dogs, notwithstanding the disparity in size, being warm friends. One summer day the dog catcher wagon was making the rounds and, as usual, was missing the cars while corralling the animals which are well taken care of. It happened that my friend's front gate had been left open, and the two dogs mentioned escaped into the street just as the wagon turned the corner. There was a great cry on the part of the catchers, who grasped their nets and made a scramble for the little spaniel, not seeming to like the idea of tackling the big hound. The poor little spaniel realized her danger and attempted to escape. She flew like one possessed in every direction, only to be headed off by the men with the nets and a score of small boys. She finally halted, panting, in the middle of the street, and one of the men approached her with his net. It seemed that the little thing's doom was sealed.

"Suddenly there was a fierce bark, and the big greyhound came leaping into the crowd, scattering the small boys and compelling the catchers to take to the wagon. The hound reached the side of the spaniel and, taking in the situation, reached down, grasped his wee companion in his capacious mouth and was off down the street like a shot. He didn't stop for the gate, but with a great, graceful leap, was over the fence, and there, gently depositing the spaniel on the ground, stood wagging his tail, as if knowing that he had discomfited their enemies, while the spaniel gamboled and made the welkin ring with her shrill barks. If that wasn't a great thing, I don't know."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

VIRGINIA'S ICE MINE.

It Is One of the Greatest Wonders In This Country.

One of the greatest curiosities in the United States, or in the world, perhaps, is the wonderful ledge of ice which exists, even in the midst of the hottest summer, in Scott county, Va. This natural icehouse is situated on the north side of Stone mountain and about six miles from the mouth of a small stream known as Stony creek. The marvel is said to have been known to at least one of the early settlers, a Mr. Danridge, who, it is alleged, discovered it while deer hunting away back in 1830. Owing to the fact that the land on which it was situated could not be bought, Mr. Danridge positively refused to tell of the whereabouts of the ice ledge, and only visited the place when it was absolutely necessary to obtain a supply to be used in case of sickness.

The old man died many years ago, and from that time until 1893 the location of Danridge's ice mine was unknown, the old gentleman having never even taken his own family into the secret.

In the year last mentioned, however, a party of herb diggers visited the unfrequented region contiguous to Stone mountain and were fortunate enough to rediscover the lost ice mine.

During two or three months in the middle of summer the ice is only protected from the sun's rays by a thick growth of moss. The formation of the ice layer is similar to that of a coal vein, being thin in some places and thicker in others, the average thickness being about four feet. Persons of some scientific attainments who have visited the place for the purpose of studying the wonder say that it has the appearance of having been there since the time of the ice age, which the geologists talk so much about. Another plausible theory is that somewhere beneath the bed is situated a great natural laboratory where ether is constantly formed and expelled, and that the process of freezing is now constantly going on. Whatever view is taken it is one of the greatest natural wonders the state affords.—St. Louis Republic.

Miles on the Indian.

A champion has risen up for the Indian in the person of General Miles. The Indian fighter has become the most earnest and aggressive of Indian defenders. This fact and an energetic defense of General Custer are the salient points in the Miles memoirs. In his opinion the red man has distinguished himself as diplomat, statesman and warrior and may be good even while he is alive. In speaking of Custer, General Miles says, "I have no patience with those who would kick a dead lion," and he attributes the lion's death in part to general ignorance throughout the army as to the strength of the enemy, and in part to the failure of Major Reno to assume responsibility for the movements of his forces.—Chicago Journal.

Noses.

It is a somewhat singular fact that the rarest of all noses is that found where one would naturally expect to find it—in the middle of the face. Taking 100 heads at random, one will not find, on an average, more than three in which the bridge of the nose descends perpendicularly from a straight line drawn exactly between the eyes.

Caged monkeys are tolerably certain to give an indication of coming bad weather, being then more ill natured and quarrelsome than at any other time.

Alfonso VI of Leon and Castile was the Brave on account of his knightly daring. The same title was given to Alfonso IV of Portugal.

A DOUBTFUL MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

To ride or not to ride, that is the question—
Whether 'twere better to cast aside all pride
And don the bloomers, appearing thus with man
In public thoroughfare, his equal now,
And boldly self assertive, challenge all who pass
To criticise the mannish sport, the loss of girlish grace,
Or to cling to petticoats and stay at home.
For of society there are joyous parties formed
To go wheelspeaking in which I bear no part.
But, then, to ride, to fall, perchance
To break one's wheel—aye, there's the rub—
Or to encounter wicked brewery carts
Bent on the destruction of the highway's plague.
I fear, I tremble. 'Tis grewsome but to think on it.
Still, what is there left to do since all girls ride?
I'll do it. I'll be brave. 'Twas but yester e'en I saw
Glenn at Dora's window, who but Tom
Richards with that Smithers girl, forgetting me.
Hush, softly now. I'll steal away and take a lesson.
If all goes well, another week will see me by his side.
Farewell ye ancient prejudices. We need them not.
And thus I say farewell.

—New York Sun.

A DEADLY OCCUPATION.

Bringing Out Borax From the Rifts In Death Valley.

The deadliest occupation for men or horses is teaming in the borax fields of Death valley of the great American desert. There the longest teams in the world are employed. Scientists declare that the fierce heat in this narrow rent in the cracked surface of the earth is not equaled elsewhere in the world. Where the thermometer often registers 140 degrees of heat [illegible] by even a breath of air, where men sleep at night in hollow ditches filled with water in order to avoid dying from collapse, the necessity for the longest teams of mules and horses ever harnessed to draw the great borax laden wagons is apparent.

The desert team is the longest in the world, and the percentage of deaths among the horses is greater than that of domestic animals used in any other calling. Forty to 60 horses are often hitched to one of the lumbering vehicles in which the borax is slowly dragged across the sun baked alkali plains. The average life of even the sturdiest horses used in this work is six months, for in this length of time they either become broken winded, consumptive from inhaling the deadly dust of the desert or are driven crazy by the frightful heat.

A man there, though protected by the wagon awnings from the sun's rays, cannot go an hour without water without danger of death. When a team breaks down and the water supply becomes depleted, the men ride on at top speed for the nearest source of supply, and often when they return they find that the remaining horses, made mad by thirst, have broken from the harness and dashed off only to find death in the desert.

The borax wagons weigh 8,000 pounds and carry 20,000 pounds at a load. Behind each wagon is a tank containing hundreds of gallons of water. The horses are harnessed in pairs, the trained ones in the lead, and the next in intelligence just ahead of the tongue, while the unruly and the youngsters are hitched between. The nigh leader has a bridle with the strap from the left jaw shorter than the other, and from the bridle runs a braided rope, which the driver, perched on the wagon seat, holds in his right hand.

The rope is called the "jerk line" and is a little longer than the team, which stretches out several hundred feet in front of the wagon. During the busy season the borax wagons make an almost continuous train, and the horses alone, if placed in single file, would make a team more than 100 miles long.

Besides a little food and water the poor animals get no care. They carry themselves by rolling in the burning sand. After a few months of the killing labor the poor creatures become unfit for service. A kindly rifle ball then ends their agony, and their emaciated carcasses are left alongside the trail to furnish scant picking for the hovering vultures.—California Letter.

Yawning Fishes.

It is not generally known that fish yawn. The writer saw a turbot yawn twice and a cod once, the latter being one of the widest yawns accomplished by any animal of its size. The yawn of a turbot, being something not commonly seen, deserves particular description.

A turbot's mouth is twisted on one side, rather as if it had belonged to a round fish which some one had accidentally trod on and squashed half flat. The yawn begins at the lips, which opens as if to suck in water. Then the jaws become distended, and it is seen that this is going to be a real, genuine submarine fish's yawn. But the yawn goes on, works through the back of its head, distending the plates of the skull and comes out at the gills, which open, show the red inside, are inflated for a moment, and then, with a kind of stretching shiver of its back, the fish flattens out again, until, if unusually bored, it relieves itself by another yawn.—Pearson's Weekly.

Likened to the Lion.

Alep Arsian was called the Valiant Lion, from his daring in battle. Arioch of Assyria appears on the monuments of that country as the Lion King. Gustavus Adolphus was known as the Lion of the North; Louis VIII of France was the Lion King; Richard I of England was the Lion Hearted, and William of Scotland was so called not from any particular exploits, but on account of the fact that on his helmet he bore a lion rampant.

The first white child born on United States soil was the granddaughter of White, the governor of Roanoke island. She was christened by the name of Virginia Dare, and her birthday was on Aug. 18, 1587.

To nail on a thousand feet of covering boards demands the use of 20 pounds of eightpenny nails.

ENGLISH HOP YARDS.

HARVEST SCENES DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

Work That Requires Application During Long Days For Small Returns—Picturesque Situations, but There Is Too Much Poverty to Admit of Poetry.

Yesterday I spent at Malling, an ancient market town about 30 miles from London, which is in the midst of one of the most fertile and extensive hop districts in the world, the soil being of the rich quality that produces the famous golden hop. I stood on an eminence and surveyed in every direction the plantations of tall hops, luxuriant on the straight, firmly set poles, the deep green of the vine leaves beautifully gemmed by the great bunches of golden flower. On a hillside a little distance to the left were the uniform white tents of the hop pickers, like the encampment of an army—for you must know that the hop pickers are not residents of the neighborhood. They come from distances by families, a large proportion of them from London. And, be it known, the majority of the hop pickers are wretchedly poor. The pay for hop picking is so very little that only by the united efforts of a family of three or four workers is the result of the day's labor worth the effort. Last year, for example, the pay for picking was a shilling for seven bushels, so that a worker had to complete seven bushels before the shilling was earned. This year conditions are a little better, but at the best hop picking is only profitable when the family has six or eight pairs of expert hands to strip the vines swiftly. Some of the women have reduced this picking to an art, the deft facility with which they take four or five flowers at a time completely deceiving the novice, who imagines skill to be nothing in this business.

The poles in a hopfield are so perfectly set at right angles that you may look down a uniform avenue of overhanging vines in whatever direction you turn your eyes. But this exactitude is less for beauty of appearance than for convenience of arrangement of picking parties, for a field is let out in small sections, so many hills—two poles make a hill—to a family, according as the family has agreed for half a bin or more. Therefore, as you walk down the path that intersects a hopfield, you see here and there at fixed distances apart the different independent groups of pickers, their canvas bins, with wide, flaring mouths, all of regular size, stretched on poles and set on crosspieces the length of their section, and while the man cuts the vines a third of the way up the poles and pulls up the poles to carry to the bin side the women and children incessantly work from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m., save only for the half hour at noon for dinner. And what a sight it is! At the very edge of the field where I spent most time rears, rugged and tall, the ivy draped tower of St. Leonards, said to be the very first, and therefore the oldest, of the Norman towers, the picturesque ruins of which so interest the intelligent visitor to rural England. This tower was built by Gundulf, bishop of Rochester, somewhere about 1078-90. This abbey, by the way, has been restored and is once more a home of nuns. At the foot of this old tower yesterday rolled and tumbled a score of grimy, half naked, tatterdemalion children, of ages running from the infant that should have been in arms to a pair of 4-year-old twins, in patched, dirty red dresses, and with huge brass earrings hiding the lobes of their unclean little ears. Thus did half barbarous young modesty kick up its slovenly little legs in contempt of that still grim though dismantled tower, built eight centuries ago to repel the assaults of those savages who were forerunners of the present day Englishman.

And among the vines yonder were the motley groups of persons to whom these little human blots appertained. Not by any means as picturesque and fascinating as Italian grape pickers; nothing of the rich, dark beauty of the southern types, but a different sort of interest attaches to these hopelessly ignorant, half vagrant creatures, who have come to the picking—by donkey cart, by train, on foot—bearing with them their miserable utensils for cooking and faring, in their rags and their tatters, the filth of which they are not ashamed, sleeping by night in tents if they are so fortunate, behind hedges and under rude wigwams of boughs, if they must, working from day dawn to evening close for a mere pittance—yet not wolfish or surly, not rude—indeed, good natured when you address them, and in rough way jocular or in shy way communicative. Here and there, to be sure, something more pretentious, the epitome of lower middle class shift and tidiness, but in the main a hop picking scene such as you may witness at Malling tells you what pitiful poverty and wretchedness are hidden from the world by the purple splendor of the richest nation upon which the curious sun looks askance.

Fill in imaginatively the picture of which I have given but true outlines. Scan the hillside encampment, where infancy and age swarm about the evening fires. Walk through the fields of vine girt poles, that seem a compact mass as you look down upon them. Talk with these women and children stripping the yellow flowers swiftly from the stems. Glance at the various troops of thoughtlessly begotten infants rolling on the green grass or burrowing in the soft earth, and then, as you blow the froth from your next glass of beer, reflect how the best hops yielded by bountiful nature are gathered for your benefit.—Cor. Chicago Times-Herald.

Fixing His Identity.

Attorney—Well, now you say that you saw the man who did the stabbing?

Witness—Yis, sor.

Attorney—And would you know the culprit again if you saw him?

Witness—He wasn't no culprit, sor; he was a Eyetalian.—Cleveland Leader.

CLOTHING AN ARMY.

It Costs Great Britain Over $6,000,000 to Dress Its Soldiers.

It costs the British government $6,250,000 annually for clothing furnished its army all over the world. Each of the foreign possessions, however, has to pay back to a certain extent the amount which the uniforms of the troops stationed or sent there has cost, and this entails no end of complicated bookkeeping.

India, for instance, pays for the clothing of its own troops, and also for the uniforms of the men which England sends there. The latter item is about $675,000 annually. On the other hand, when a regiment comes home from India, that country has to be paid back the full value of the clothes they wear.

The government sells old and worn out articles to the secondhand dealers, who, by the way, usually accumulate fortunes in a short time. The value of castoff clothes so disposed of is about $140,000 yearly. The scraps remaining after the uniforms have been cut out also bring a matter of $30,000 annually. In all the authorities receive back about $1,500,000, thus reducing the total cost of clothing the army to less than $5,000,000 a year.

The best quality of everything is used in the manufacture of uniforms. In fact, it is said they are too good for durable wear. A huge factory in Pimlico, London, makes a large share of the furnishings, but vast quantities of foot and head gear are bought ready made. Boots and leggings, for example, cost $1,165,000 and headdresses $250,000.

The thousands of miles of flannel, linen, calico, cloth, velvet, etc., the millions of buttons, the tons of cotton wool, the billions of yards of sewing cotton, that are made into smart tunics, tidy trousers and warm shirts cost $3,425,000. The wages paid for making these up are over $6,000 a week. Some of the salaries paid for this branch are excellent for England. The inspector of clothing receives $6,000 and his assistants $3,750 apiece, and so on down the long list.

But all this vast expense is probably much less than the annual outlay that France or Germany makes for keeping its soldiers smart in appearance in times of peace. In Germany, for example, every man in the army is said to have four complete suits of military clothing.—New York Journal.

A ZOOLOGICAL DIVERSION.

An Elephant That Used to Play a Clever Trick on Visitors.

The elephant at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris used to play his visitors a trick which could not have been thought of but by an animal of much intelligence. His house opened upon an inclosure called the Elephants' park, containing a pond, in which he would lay himself under the water, concealing every part of him except the very end of his trunk—a mere speck that would hardly be noticed by a stranger to the animal's habits.

A crowd would assemble around the inclosure, and, not seeing him in it, would watch in expectation that he would soon issue from the house. But while they were gazing about a copious sprinkling of water would fall upon them, and ladies and gentlemen, with their fine bonnets and coats, would run for shelter under the trees, looking up at the clear sky and wondering whence such a shower could come.

Immediately afterward, however, they would see the elephant rising slowly from his bath, evincing, as it seemed, an awkward joy at the trick that he had played. In the course of time his amusement became generally known, and the moment the water began to rise from his trunk the spectators would take flight, at which he appeared exceedingly delighted, getting up as fast as he could to see the bustle he had caused.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Most Wheels Are Overoiled.

So many bicyclists have been observed suffering from clogged chains that a word of advice may with propriety be repeated: Oil the chain—nothing is more necessary, but be sure not to have it wet. Each link should be thoroughly lubricated, and then the chain should be rubbed dry. No amount of rubbing it should be remembered, can remove the oil from the parts between the links, where it is needed, and not a particle of oil is required on the exterior surface. The drier that is the better. The oil, if exposed, picks up and holds dust and adds greatly to the friction. The same advice applies to all oiling. If so much is put in the bearings that some overflows and it is not wiped off, dust will gather at the spot, and even in the best made bearings some of it will almost certainly work into the balls and make trouble. And even if it does not get so far the bunches of dust so accumulated detract from the appearance of an otherwise well groomed machine and render the cleaning after a run twice as difficult as it need be. The fact is that more wheels are overoiled than underoiled. "Carrying a canary," as the "wheel men" call riding with a dry bearing that screeches, is not half so common as a dust buried bearing. Of course, of the two, the latter is preferable, but no rider need have either.—New York Post.

Collar Bands.

The collar bands on the new gowns are one of the special points of decoration, and frills of some sort are invariably set in on the edge to stand up around the neck, commencing a little distance apart on either side of the front. They are made of knife plaited silk, ribbon, lace or chiffon, and one very effective trimming is lace in vandyke points, outlined with a tiny ruche of colored ribbon and gathered into the neck. Plain velvet collars, with plaitings of ribbon set in fan shape at the back, are very pretty, and collars made of bias folds of light velvet or satin, with narrow, black, pearl edged ribbon edging each fold, are another fancy.—New York Sun.

STEALING INVENTIONS.

Few Men of Genius Reap the Benefit of Their Ingenuity.

Just why inventive genius and gullibility should go together it is hard to say. Certain it is that inventors are the most guileless individuals in their dealings with others on business matters and fall easy victims to the spiders who lie in wait for such flies. The list of clever men who walk today while those who ride owe their luxury to the other man's genius and their own shrewdness is an interesting one. Here are a few cases picked haphazard from the chronicle of inventions that failed to benefit the inventor, or, at least, produced for him a little of what was his due.

It is not necessary to be very old to remember when hooks were first put in men's shoes in place of holes in order to save time in lacing the shoe at the top. This was the brilliant idea of an inventor to whom it should have brought a fortune. It would have done so had he been a shrewd business man. Being merely an inventor, he hadn't sense enough to keep his idea to himself until the patent office padlock had secured it against theft. In the innocence of his nature the inventor confided the idea to a friend while crossing the North river ferryboat, and the friend hardly waited for the boat to tie up in Jersey City before he excused himself, started back to New York and went on a dead run for a patent lawyer in order to have the idea secured for his own especial benefit. Another man is known today as the inventor of the lace hooks. He owns a splendid house and is wealthy. The confiding inventor got nothing.

The inventor of a patent stopper for beer bottles, something that had long been wanted by the trade, sold the invention for $10,000 to a man who recognized its money making value. The purchaser is now worth $5,000,000, all of which he made from the patent stopper. Out of the goodness of his heart he presented the original owner of the patent with $30,000, so that this man got $40,000 in all for his $5,000,000 idea. To give some notion of the value of patent rights on this bottle stopper the price came down from $1 to 6 and 7 cents a gross, and even at this enormous reduction a good profit can be made.

This last inventor was treated with princely generosity, however, in comparison with the genius who devised a pocketbook clasp in the shape of interlocking horns with balls at the end which snapped shut with a single pressure. The idea was afterward applied to gloves and became very much in favor. The inventor relinquished his prize for the magnificent reward of a kidney stew dinner and 50 cents, the latter having been advanced by the purchaser to pay the inventor's expense from Newark to New York. The man who secured the idea and patented it after treating the inventor in the royal manner mentioned made a big fortune by his shrewdness. What became of the inventor is not known.—Exchange.

Unpleasant Remedy.

A writer on lion hunting tells how Hassan, a quick witted Somali, found his way out of a very serious difficulty. He had been down in the waterless plains and was on the way home, driving some camels before him. It was a very dry year, and, although this was the rainy season, he had been unable to find any water to give his pony.

The result was that, having been ridden hard for two or three days, with little or no water to drink, the pony succumbed entirely and at last lay down about 20 miles from the wells. No amount of persuasion, or even beating, would get the creature on its legs again.

Hassan was in despair. He knew that there were no vessels at the wells in which he might carry water back to the pony, and it seemed to him as if nothing could be done to save it. At last he thought of a plan. He drove the camels at top speed to the wells, gave them as much water as they could drink and then hurried them on again.

He found the pony where he had left it, growing rapidly weaker. He immediately killed the camels, cut them open and took the water from their stomachs. The pony was eager enough to drink it, and after the draft it revived sufficiently to struggle on to the wells.

In a few days it had completely recovered. In telling the story Hassan always added that he could get plenty of camels, and whether that were so or not he would rather have cut the throats of 100 man sacrifice his beloved pony.

Noble Ends.

When there is a choice of roads to arrive at a certain goal, it is not always the shortest which should be chosen. The desire for money is a legitimate one, for money is the key which unlocks many opportunities. But the ways which men take to acquire it are too numerous to account and differ with every difference of character. There are men who firmly resolve to obtain wealth by whatever means they think will accomplish their end. They will get all they can and give as little as possible for it. All such unfairness is practical robbery. The winner is the robber; the loser is the robbed. Both are injured—the one in his property, the other in his character—while the community is likewise impoverished. But directly you bring labor into the field—honest, intelligent work—some real addition is at once made to the wealth of the community and to the character, self respect and independence of the worker.—New York Ledger.

Man at the Table.

Man at the Table—Waiter, these eggs are hard as a brick. You must have boiled them more than three minutes?

Waiter—Yes, sir; the boss has told us always to do more than is asked of us, and in that way the trade will be built up. You only asked to have your eggs boiled three minutes, but, to show our willingness to accommodate and to make things agreeable, we boiled them six minutes.—Boston Transcript.

ALASKAN SCENERY.

FEATURES OF THE PASSAGE FROM WASHINGTON NORTHWARD.

The Beautiful Bay Dotted With Icebergs, Grandest of All Being Muir Glacier, The Magnificence of Mount St. Elias, Giant Sentinel of the Pacific.

In making the voyage northward from Seattle one has scarcely left the waters of Puget sound before great patches of snow are perceptible on the highest peaks of the colossal range of mountains bordering the inland passage. These gradually grow larger and larger as the steamer wends her way to the north, and soon the lofty peaks, both inland and toward the sea, are seen robed in glistening garments of purest white. Two days' travel brings one well into Alaskan waters, and by the aid of a good glass and not infrequently with the naked eye a close observer will discern the blue ice of glaciers creeping from [illegible] edges of the snow banks. Lower and lower these descend as the steamer crawls onward, until the northernmost point on the route is reached, where they come down to the ocean level.

Here, in a beautiful little bay, dotted with 1,000 icebergs, some of them higher than the topmost mast of the ship, great walls of deep blue ice form the shores, long arms of this ice break from the mother lode, as it were, and stretch far back into the mountains, where at the crest of the range they reunite, and, running northward, form into a continuous chain of glaciers that line that portion of Alaska's coast for many hundred miles.

This little fairyland is called Glacier bay, and the most attractive feature is the Muir glacier, the grandest of the group, named in honor of Mr. John Muir, who upon the last occasion of the Queen again visited the bay that he held the mountain of ice would perpetuate his name while time lasts. In matchless beauty, majestic grandeur and colossal structure it surpasses anything of its kind on the American continent. This great glacier is constantly moving, and as it [illegible] into the sea huge pieces break off the front, and, as thunderbolts rent from [illegible] they drop into the waters, throwing up great waves and making a noise like the booming of heavy artillery. These pieces float away as icebergs and are carried many miles to sea before they finally are ground and melted into their original fluid state.

Visible to the north and west, fronting on the sea, are among the grandest peaks on the globe—Lituya peak, 10,000 feet high; Mount Crillon, 15,500 feet; Mount Fairweather, 14,760 feet; thence farther north sublime Mount St. Elias, the giant sentinel of the Pacific, towers nearly 20,000 feet above the ocean that thunders at its base. How majestically grand is this hoary headed monarch, for every foot of his sides is in mountain slope! He bathes his brow in the clouds and washes his feet in the sea. No human being has ever planted foot on the summit of this mountain, although various attempts have been made by hardy explorers. Lying between the sea and the base of the mountain, perhaps three-quarters of a mile in width, is a level and thickly timbered piece of land. From this beach the mountain rises gradually to the timber line, approximately 1,000 feet. Here the line of perpetual snow begins and the slope grows gradually steeper. Soon the blue ice is seen under the snow, and a little farther up the entire face of the mountain is a glistening mass. This ice extends to within 5,000 feet of the summit, where the crowning peak rises nearly perpendicular and assumes the form of a lofty watch tower upon the walls of an ancient castle. Snow and ice do not lie on the peak, except on the extreme top, for the reason that the sides are too steep.

Probably only by aerial means could the summit be reached, and, even if that were possible, it is doubtful if any human being could survive the terrible cold which would be encountered in that great altitude. This mountain is held in great esteem and awe by the native Indian tribes. It is their chief weather prophet, and by certain well defined signs they know when they can with safety undertake the journey along the "ironbound coast," a dangerous stretch of water running from Cape Spencer northward to Yakutat bay, along which distance the mountains break sheer into the sea.

The entire length of the inland passage, 1,100 miles, is heavily timbered with spruce, hemlock, pine and cedar, yellow and red cedar. Great avalanches of snow have swept down through the forest here and there, and in their track long streaks of timber have been mowed down as a sickle would a swath through grain. At intervals Indian villages dot the shores, reaching most picturesquely upon narrow shelves just above the reach of tidewater. These nomads of the northwest spend two-thirds of their lives out of doors in their canoes, which are their only means of travel, and with which they obtain their livelihood from the sea. Throughout the entire stretch of country travel by land is almost impossible, owing to the dense timber and underbrush that cover the entire surface.

To the disciples of Izaak Walton these inland waters and their tributaries offer everything from the small oolichans and herring to monster halibut, sharks and whales. The shores of innumerable bays will be found by the hunter to contain myriads of ducks, geese and other water fowl. In the forests he will meet moose, caribou and bears in sufficient numbers to satisfy the most ardent, and the Alpine climber who has ascended the Matterhorn can here find mountain peaks whose summits have never yet felt the touch of an alpenstock.—Alaska News.

Colored emigrants starting from Washington to Monrovia, in Liberia, would have before them a voyage of 8,645 miles.