

You say that being so old
 "Was time for him to die?
 Rings not your comment cold
 And even inhuman? Why
 Should tender tears be shed
 When death lays young you liveliest
 Spared years of sorrow and fret,
 Spared age's overthrow?
 When young we are called away,
 We shrink untold regret;
 For auster time will slay
 Not merely y ourselves, but yet
 Brand with athen he sign
 His despoil me elsewhere—
 Drape wisps of silvery hair
 O'er eyes be-loved—plough line
 And farrow on treasured checks.
 "Whom the gods love die young."
 Ah! met there Wisdom's tongue
 With sovereign accent speaks!
 Pity the old who die;
 The young behind them leave
 Such bounteous grief whereby
 Fate bids they should not grieve
 Heart-racked with many a sigh,
 Wounded with many a scar,
 Pity the old who die;
 The young are happier far!
 —[Edgar Fawcett, in Lippincott's.

The room was comfortable enough. It was the guest-room of an old Virginian farm-house on the James river; but the farmer was away, fighting in Lee's army for the defense of Richmond, and a half-squadron of Sheridan's Horse, on outpost duty, occupied the building. The furniture of the room was old-fashioned, solid and substantial. The bed had curtains, and the floor was carpeted and printed upon the walls. The last place in the world that the room resembled or suggested was a prison. Yet the man who walked perturbedly up and down the floor was a prisoner—a Confederate prisoner of war; and the other man, who paced the court-yard outside, beneath his window, was a Federal soldier guarding him.

The prisoner had made no attempt to escape. From 10 at night, when they had locked him there, till three in the morning, he had been feverishly striding to and fro almost without a break. When he had thrown himself, from time to time, upon the bed, it was to think and not to rest. Partly he was weighing chances, and wondering whether it was possible that Stuart's Cavalry would be so weak as suddenly and rescue him; but partly and mainly, twice upon the one paramount hour of the position in which he found himself.

His lamp was still burning, and there were pens, ink and paper lying on the table. He had asked for this favor, and his captors had granted it without demur. As they were going to shoot him at daybreak, they could scarcely grudge him so trivial an indulgence.

There was something which he wanted to write to his mother, a last message to his mother in South Carolina, who was praying for his safe return. Three times already he had begun the letter, and then stopped and torn up what he had written. It was difficult to write with trembling hands, and he wrote so much, that telling either too little or too much. At first he had intended to suppress all that was really essential in the story. But within the last hour something had happened which had changed his mind. He would tell his mother all that he could obtain truth about the things that had befallen him. Cruel as the truth was, it was not dishonorable. Better, he thought, that his mother should hear it, than that apocryphal, and perhaps calumnious, tales should reach her ears. So, with an effort, he calmed himself, and took up his pen and wrote:

"MY DEAREST MOTHER: Whether this letter will reach you, I cannot say, but I shall have to trust to the kind offices of the enemy for its safe transmission. In any case, before you receive it you will have heard the worst. You will have heard that I am dead. At the moment when I write this I have only two or three more hours to live, as I am sentenced to be shot at sunrise. If these lines reach you you will also know that you have no more to expect of me, or of my brother Jefferson, who is sleeping in the next room to me, and whose prisoner I am.

"Jefferson's prisoner? That puzzles you, no doubt. Well, I will soon make you understand. It has happened very simply.

"It was some, as you know, with Stuart's cavalry. General Stuart wanted some information which could only be obtained by passing inside the Federal lines. Happening to know the country better than most, I volunteered for the service, and, disguised as a farm hand, made my way in the direction of Richmond. I obtained my information, but on the road back I was taken by two of Sheridan's troopers. They searched me, and, unfortunately, I had concealed about me some plans I had made of the Federal defenses at Bermuda Hundred. So they brought me along to this farm house on the James river, where they re-stationed me under the command of my brother Jefferson, who is called Jefferson Langley in the Federal Army.

"I didn't know any more than you did, that Jefferson was fighting for the North. I hadn't seen him, any more than you have, since that day he ran away from home five years ago. I didn't even know he was alive. But when the Sergeant marched me in front of him I recognized him at once.

"He wasn't so quick at recognizing me; but that's no wonder, for, as I told you, I was disguised, and I had a ten days' beard on my face. He began questioning me.

"You have been arrested within the Federal lines. Compromising documents have been found upon your person. You are accused of being a Confederate spy. Upon anything to say in your defense?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Jefferson looked up. My voice seemed to remind him of something—he didn't quite know what. Then he went on:

"By military law the punishment of the crime of which you are accused is death."

"I knew it," I said.

"Jefferson looked up again.

"If," he said, "you are able to put me in possession of any valuable information respecting the movements of the Confederate forces, that punishment would be remitted."

"I have no such information to give you," I told him.

"I was just a minute or two ago sure that Jefferson recognized me. I could see it in his eyes. But he only said:

"Precisely. That is the exact lie I expected you to tell."

"And then he added:

"Sergeant, take your men outside and leave the prisoner alone with me."

"The men filed out, and the Sergeant followed them and closed the door. And

TO TAKE THE PLACE OF LEATHER.—A new material is proposed, as a substitute for leather, and is called "flexus fibra," and is derived from flax, suitably prepared and oiled. It has the same appearance as leather, is particularly supple, and takes a polish equally well with the best kinds of calf. The material is said to possess great tenacity, while affording great ease and comfort to the foot when made into shoes.

Flexus fibra, being of vegetable origin, is calculated also to facilitate the production of leather, by the process of distillation, and thereby to obviate the discomfort arising from what is called "drawing" the feet.

THE INTER-RELATION OF FORCES.—Water freezes and becomes ice at 32 degrees of Fahrenheit, whereas mercury freezes at 39 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit; olive oil, on the contrary, shows signs of congelation at from 40 to 45 degrees of Fahrenheit. The three substances are quoted here all as liquids, in preference in the loss of heat requisite to bring them to solidification is very great indeed. The action of heat on fluids or solids is equally various. Water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, lead melts at 616 degrees; the fusing point of gold is 2,016 degrees, and of iron 3,000 degrees.

We give these particulars in order to show the effect of heat on liquids, as affected by cold in the transmission of a substance from a liquid to a solid, or from heat from a solid to a liquid state. Ether boils at 96 degrees Fahrenheit, but has never been frozen by the severest cold. The forces exerted by the action and reaction of heat and cold are best exemplified under the head of steam, which has only been called forth and rendered effective by the action of heat in the middle of the eighteenth century, but it has been in action on a gigantic scale in nature for probably hundreds of thousands of years, it being the opinion of many geologists, including Lyell, that it is the generation of steam, whether developed by the internal heat of the earth in a state of fusion, or whether by that of the chemical action of the elements of the atmosphere on the earth and thus generating steam, the great force that throws up such enormous rocks and masses of lava as Etna has been doing. The rocks and lava thus thrown up are in a state of fusion by heat; but they gradually cool by exposure to the air and form solid rocks and mountains. This action and reaction has been going on for millions of years, without cessation. Heat and cold, again, cause the oceanic currents on our earth between the equator and the poles, and vice versa, and thereby affect the earth's magnetism or polarity, not only on our globe, but probably all throughout the universe. This is borne out by the fact that "the aurora borealis is decidedly an effect of the elements of the atmosphere in the highest regions of the atmosphere, since it is visible at the same time at places very distant from each other. Dr. Faraday conjectures that the electric equilibrium of the earth is restored by aurorae conveying the electricity from the poles to the equator."

THE ORDINARY THERMOMETER.—Ordinary thermometers are generally defective, say a scientific writer, because of slovenly work in making them; the testing, pointing and sealing being carelessly done. Tests should only be made by comparison with a standard thermometer, placed with the instrument to be tested under water. But in the cheap shop the water is often allowed to grow cool, and the bulb is then suddenly warmed by the action of hot steam, and the testing accordingly is inaccurate. In these shops also the zero point is determined simply by placing the bulb in snow, and when the mercury has become stationary the thumb is placed on the point where this is shown and a file makes the mark. The initial point is usually thus misplaced from a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch, and the whole scale is rendered wrong. Thermometers with metallic plates are sometimes incorrect. The degrees on them are marked by means of dies, which cause a warping or curling of the plates. These have to be rolled to flatten them again, and this causes an increase in the size of both of the plates and the degrees.

Another cause of error is the warping of the dies, but the result is usually unsatisfactory. A further source of error in this kind of thermometer comes from the fact that most of them are tested at one point. The manufacturer relies on a scale of degrees that is very nearly true, and uses it for all instruments having a bulb of like size. The error is not the same in all cases, but it is at certain points. It is for this reason also that glass thermometers, which have degrees marked upon the glass with type, are apt to be incorrect. The type used is the same for all glass of a similar kind, notwithstanding that the bulbs may vary in size. Scientific thermometers are usually tested as to their accuracy before they are used at any authoritative observatory. In England this is done at the government station at Kew; in this country at the physical laboratory at Yale and Harvard Universities, and at the Smithsonian Institution. Certificates are granted showing the amount of error, if any.

Varieties of Woodpeckers.

The imperial woodpecker is an exaggeration of the ordinary red-headed woodpecker. It is nearly two feet long, its plumage black and white, with a gorgeous scarlet crest, its bill white. It lives in Mexico and in the Sierra Madre mountains. These birds are always found in pairs and are destroyers of locusts, and devote their entire energies to one tree for long as they fight, the injuring it so greatly that the tree dies. In Europe and Asia there is a gray-headed woodpecker. The largest European woodpecker is seventeen inches long, black, with scarlet crest. It is called the great black woodpecker. The little brown woodpecker of Ceylon is not so large as the others, while the headed woodpecker is a wise looking little creature that lives in the pine woods of the Pacific coast. There are some 250 species of woodpeckers, and they inhabit almost every part of the globe.—[Chicago Herald.]

The Bee's Hard Day's Work.

Every head of clover consists of about sixty flower tubes, each of which contains an infinitesimal quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred different flowers in the course of a day, retiring to the hive, and in order to obtain the honey necessary for a load must, therefore, thrust their tongues into about 6,000 different flowers. A bee will make twenty trips a day when the clover patch is convenient to the hive, and thus will draw a sugar load from 120,000 different flowers in the course of a single day's work. Men think they are doing a hard day's work, but the bee is a creature that makes a living, but their employment, however arduous, is an easy and pleasant task compared to that of a working bee.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

COLUMBUS CARAVELS AND VIKING SHIP AT THE FAIR.

Exact Reproductions of the Three Vessels in Which Columbus Found a New World—The Hardy Norsemen's Frail Craft.

Writing from Chicago, a World's Fair correspondent of the New York Tablet says:

The first of objects of interest to which I was attracted were the Caravels of Columbus. It is needless to say that these three Fifteenth century ships were built and fitted out at the expense of the Spanish Government. They are stationed on the little stretch of water that lies between the Convention Hall and the Casino Hall. They were built in accordance with all the data regarding the original craft. It was possible to obtain. The largest, the Santa Maria, is the one open to inspection. Upon her mast is tacked a card from which I obtained her dimensions. At the water line she is a little more than 71 English feet, her beam not quite 26 feet, and the height of the mainmast 22 feet deep. The rear and forward ends of this hull are, as it were, boarded over. At the forward end the bow and sides rise well up, over this flooring on which her sailors had a little free-space. At the rear is the cabin of the admiral, over which a smaller deck hangs, out and back of the rudder, a regular poop. If this tiny vessel be contrasted with some of our modern Atlantic Ocean liners, the grandeur of Columbus' deeds assumes proportions that are simply beyond the power of words to say. When I looked at the narrow space where I suppose those hardy men came to their chief a few days before the voyage ended and forced from him the promise to return if land came not to view within the money of the voyage, my heart went out to them. I can only say that the odd men should have been cooped up in that little ship for two long months was a species of confinement whose weariness is almost beyond the compass of imagination. You may somewhat fancy the weariness of such imprisonment when you recall the historical fact that they did not encounter even a storm to break the monotony of their dreary voyage. It was sky above and sea below, and ever an east wind filling their sails. Yet they were cooped up in a narrow little space, hemmed in by the bulwarks of their tiny ship. No wonder the varying of the needle awakened such fears in minds already filled with fears! The Caravel Santa Maria has come to the World's Fair after having taken part in the circumnavigation of the globe which were held at Palos on the 3d of August and the 12th of October, 1492. Built in Cadiz her keel was laid on the 21st of April. She was launched on June 26th, and on the 29th of July went to sea bound for the port of Palos to take part in the festivities referred to above. Some ancient relics are preserved on her deck. Some of those old-time sailors' tools, small stout iron hammers around the barrel and head and hanging in nets near them the round stone shot with which they were loaded. The sides of the vessel are hung with the arms of the soldiers and sailors—pikes, battle-axes, arquebuses, shields, bows and arrows. Before the pilot's wheel is a compass, which a card informed me was a reproduction of those drawn on the charts of John of Ruysbroek, pilot of the Santa Maria. On the right side of the cabin of "the Admiral" a little room—in truth the only part of the caravel that has any semblance to a room—about 15 feet deep and 12 feet wide, its front boarded up and ornamented with gothic arches, one door and one window—this is the place where, undoubtedly, the admiral spent many an hour in anxious meditation and in an hour in prayer. I approached with a feeling of reverence. No one is allowed to enter. I stood at the door and carefully studied the interior. A heavy table is in the center, on it are an hour glass, an ancient chart, a clumsy and rear looking ink-stand, a white candlestick, a small clock, a staff, instruments the old-time mariners used for measuring the height of the stars. Around the walls are hung the arms of the officers. On the side of the room and immediately against its boarded front stands an old cupboard. Next to the cupboard is a wooden bedstead. Four chairs are set about the room and the floor is carpeted. They have no backs and resemble the chairs which joined at the curve. On the right wall of the cabin hangs an exact copy of the pennant taken by Columbus on the voyage of discovery. It is precisely similar to the one borne by John, of Austria, at the Battle of Lepanto and in fact by all great Spanish Leaders as the symbol of command. This pennant hangs a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, the flight of stairs more and I had mounted the highest deck. Doubtless this was the watchers' stand as it is the highest part of the ship. An octagonal lantern with ornamental iron work graces the railing that forms the rear guard of the deck. I carefully examined those have those who supervised the building of the caravel that in this lantern is placed a specially burnt candle. On either side of this deck on the top of the railing is a falconet. This is a small cannon, in shape very much like to a lombard; but only two feet long, and while securely fastened is yet capable of being turned about on a pivotal axis. Beyond these objects there is little to see on shipboard. A crew of Spanish sailors man the caravel and all is as it were 400 years ago—all, except Columbus and Juan de la Costa, and the Salve Regina at nightfall! Oh, that the wheel of time might turn back and dip the wide world and all of the earth in that atmosphere of the past! The rude sailors of four centuries ago were better than the men of the present.

The Pinta and the Niña are lying quite close to the Santa Maria. They are much smaller and neither is open to the inspection of visitors. I cannot begin to tell you with what a sparkle of antique realism these three caravels man the Convent of La Rabida glitter.

From this point I strook down along the lake shore to view the Viking ship that arrived from Norway a few days after the Spanish Caravels anchored at the Convent. It is nothing more than a very large skiff with a mast and lateen sail. Along the sides are circular shields a little larger than a barrel head. These are painted red and black. Between them rested the oars. Its bow and stern about six feet, develops into a dragon's head and neck. Beside such rude ornaments the long and grizzly-bearded Olafs stood, chief figure in a fleet of a thousand craft as crude as this. In such frail ships as these came old Sweyn to Britain's shores, and a Dane set on the English throne. And farther back than these hardy men who found shelter from their enemies in the tempest, who used the tempest to shield them when they meditated an attack, the people of whom Hengist and Horsa were the leaders, came over to Britain's coast in galleys.

"Illinois" near which it rests. Oh! the utter helplessness of ten thousand frail weak skiffs such as this, in contest with a floating fort shielded in iron and steel, and with a host to attack with the gleaming barrels of huge cannons!

THE FUEL QUESTION.

Possible Exhaustion of the Present Sources of Supply.

With the rapid extension of the application of power to manufacturing, transportation, and all other industrial purposes, the extent of our fuel resources and the modes of securing and using them become of the greatest importance. The ease with which the different forms of power have been secured in this country has led to a careless, wasteful, and reckless waste and extravagant mode of using them, in the apparent belief that the stores from which these sources of power have been drawn were inexhaustible. No greater error can be conceived than that of supposing the world's supply of fuel, under the present systems of transformation of energy, to be exhaustless in amount. As is well known, the total available supply of English coal is reliably measurable, at the present rate of consumption, in terms of a period of years which does not by any means extend indefinitely into the future. Very few years, indeed, have sufficed to practically exhaust our own natural gas supply, although the most ruthless waste has contributed largely to this result. It is likewise probable that the discovery of new fields may replenish the existing store of gaseous fuel, although that does not now seem probable. A considerable number of oil fields have ceased to yield a paying output, and many others have reached the period of decreasing production. Although the prospect for the discovery and utilization of new oil centres in different parts of the world is certainly a very real one, the geological survey shows that only a limited supply in reference to the world's demands can be expected.

The case is not so very different when the matter of coal supply is considered. It is true that our soft coal is found in so many locations and in such quantities that it seems to be practically limitless; but the present rate of use it is so. There is every reason, however, to anticipate an increasingly rapid extension of the application of mechanical power, with a correspondingly enormous consumption of fuel under the present modes of use. If it were possible to estimate this increased consumption for the next century, on the one hand, and our available soft-coal supply on the other, there would be no reason to believe that the latter would be able to meet finitely expressed terms of the former. Some really startling, though very conservative, results were recently set forth by the Pennsylvania commission appointed to investigate the matter of waste in anthracite coal mining. In the first place, it was shown that in the past not more than about 80 per cent. of the actual coal in the ground has been taken out of the market by mining operations. The committee believes that this percentage may in the future be raised to 40 by reworking the coal lands and by utilizing the coal now in the culm banks. Even that gain, however, leaves a loss of 60 per cent.

The full significance of these figures does not appear until they are made to exhibit the total available remaining supply of the three great varieties of coal. There remain in the Wyoming district four and one-half times the amount already mined, and in the Lehigh district but two and one-half times the amount now mined, while the Schuylkill district has been depleted of one-fifth only of its total store. The quantity termed "mined" includes the 40 per cent. available for market and the 60 per cent. that is used by the mines. The supply of anthracite coal is quite limited. Indeed, view the whole question in any way that we will, it is apparent that the present system of utilizing power from its great natural sources is such as to make the exhaustion of our natural fuel supply a mere matter of definite time.

It is very probable, however, in fact almost certain, that the present course of development in the science of energy will lead to direct and vastly more economical utilization of the power stored in nature. The best of our present processes are in reality excessively wasteful, and would within a definite period of time exhaust the supply. But probably no one can be found bold enough to predict that the energy and any of the further advances in science will not gradually improve our present methods and virtually open new sources of supply of power. It is only through such possible avenues that escape from ultimate fuel exhaustion can be made, and they indicate the way to the most interesting and remarkable scientific developments that have yet been made.

Fast Power of the Atmosphere.

Somebody has made the calculation that, taking the quantities roughly and in round numbers, the atmosphere weighs about a ton to every square foot of the earth's surface, 25,000,000 tons per square mile, or 5,000,000,000,000,000 tons on the total of 200,000,000 square miles and the energy and heat due to the motion this invincible mass is capable of velocities varying as low as the slightest zephyr to the hurricane and the cyclone, rushing over the prairie or along the surface of the sea at more than one hundred miles an hour. Again, according to this authority, a cubic mile of air, weighing about ten billion pounds, is blown, at the rate of one mile an hour, by some 4,000,000,000,000 "foot tons" of energy, and if all were employed at such rate for the performance of work, useful or destructive, this number of "foot pounds" would be equivalent to more than 2,000,000,000,000,000 horse power.—[New York Sun.

Wonderful Piece of Engineering.

Modern science and facilities permit wonderful things to be done by great corporations without interrupting daily business. The Frankfort (Ky.) Call says: "The more one thinks of the undertaking the more wonderful it looks. The L. and N. Railroad spanned the river with the old newbridge eight feet higher than the old structure, but has been entirely removed, without even so much as retarding any trains over the old or the new structure so long as five minutes at a time, and without a casualty of a serious nature happening during the progress of the entire work. This, in our judgment, is as great a piece of work as can be thought out in this country. This work has been done at the rate of about one little part that many of our people do not even now know that we have a new railroad bridge that is eight feet higher than the old structure."

She—I will keep those roses you sent me forever.
He—Thanks; if you do it will save me a pile of money.—[Detroit Free Press.

The annual report of the Boston Fire Department attributes the cause of a number of fires in that city to "smoking in bed," and it has a subdivision in which, originally, the fire is set down to "careless smoking." Was the line can be drawn is not obvious to the ordinary mind.

An Ottawa correspondent estimates from the Canadian census of 1891, compared with that of 1881, that the Province of Quebec has lost over 100,000 French Canadians and more than 40,000 English speaking people in ten years. The loss of the French is due, with having come to the United States.

This most remarkable work in Australia is the overland telegraph from Port Darwin to the south of the continent, which was completed in 1872. Almost the whole 2,000 miles of its length was through an uninhabited country—much of it a waterless desert. The wooden poles were prepared at the nearest available places, but the wire had to be carried by camel, and the iron poles were taken on an average of 100 miles by land. Over 2,000 tons of material had to be carried into the interior, and the total cost was \$270,000.

A NOVEL idea has been put into operation at Whissendale, a village in Lincolnshire, England. A piece of land adjoining the parish schools has been cut up into small allotments for the elder boys of the school, and a professional gardener has been employed to inspect these allotments, and to see that the boys speak highly of the manner in which the boys are cultivating the land.

JAMES MOONEY, of the Ethnological Bureau in the Smithsonian Institution, is one of the leading authorities on the North American Indians. For twenty years he has been traveling among them and living with them, studying their characteristics. His work, indeed, united the ethnological work of the United States Government. Mr. Mooney and his assistants are said to be the only whites in whom all the Indians throughout the West place implicit confidence.

DOES anyone know that we have no such thing as a "national holiday" in America? Not even the Fourth of July an claim that title, although it is a legal holiday in all the States. The President issues a proclamation calling upon the people to keep Thanksgiving Day, but he cannot make it a legal holiday, outside the services. The special proclamation must be issued by the Governor of each State, else the banks could not close, although business might be suspended by general consent.

QUINMORE, formerly chief of the Ojibwa d'Alene Indians, has a fine farm of 67 acres on the south side of the Spokane river, about a dozen miles above Spokane, Washington, and the other day he tax gatherer thought it would be a very proper and desirable thing to tax it good round sum. So he came smugly with his bill, but Quinmore refused to pay any more than two years' unexpected mission. He brought out a paper which in part read thus: "This estate is issued upon the express condition that the title hereby conveyed shall be subject to taxation of any character, but shall remain inalienable, and not subject to taxation for the period of twenty years from the date hereof, as approved Jan. 18, 1881." The assessor apologized and withdrew, not smiling.

REPORTS from Illinois indicate that the partial success of recent attempts to replace prairie chickens and quail with other game birds, is due to Mr. George Simpson of Alton, Warren county, Ill., liberated in a small park a few pair of Chukar partridges and pheasants. The former were imported from India and the latter from China. The first two nests, of twenty pheasant eggs each, hatched thirty-eight birds. The pheasants like the open country, and their flight is short and quick, and the nearest approach to foot and ability to hide are more depended upon for safety than the wing. The adult male is two feet tall and twenty inches long. The female is a quarter less in size. The experiment, says the owner of the pheasants, "now depends for success solely on the protection and forbearance of hunters for the first year. The Chukar partridge has not done as well as the Chinese comrade.

In the lifetime of a man, philosophizes the American Dairymen, many things that were in their way sincerely believed to be facts, have been proven, however by the scientist, to be myths. William Tell shooting the apple off his son's head, and Sir Walter Raleigh introducing tobacco to Europe are instances. Another scientist has written a book, in which he takes the chemist to task for a few theories on the question whether milk is an acid or an alkaline. incidentally he tells that milk as such does not exist. That is, the various variable liquids composing this fluid is only milk. That owing to circumstances that affect its nature the thing that was milk in the morning may not be such at noon, and this change in turn may be restored, and the fluid becomes the animal. And thus the thing that was milk is not milk at all, but is sometimes an acid, and then again it may be an alkaline. This is the dictum of a French naturalist, but all the same we shall cling to the good old name of milk for the fluid that the cow gives for the benefit of the world and its people.

A PARTY of Americans will start next spring to explore a portion of the Arctic region, that has been often visited before. The expedition will be under the command of Robert Stein of the United States Geological Survey, and its purpose will be to trace the west coast line of Ellesmere, Greenland and as far north as possible. A great mass of land faces the northwest coast of Greenland, and is separated from it by a narrow waterway of Smith Sound and named after the English channels, says the New York Sun. The eastern coast of this land has been fairly well mapped by the explorers, who have pushed along its edge toward the North Pole. The southern Coast has been followed through Jones Sound, and the northern coast was traced by the Arctic, the Nares expedition. But not one has ever seen the western coast except Lockwood and Brainerd of the Greely expedition, who looked out over the sea from the west shore of Smith Sound and discovered the great road penetrating far inland, which they named after their leader. It is surprising that in all the many efforts that have been made in the part of the Arctic to reach a high northern land, it is possible, to attain the pole, nobody has seriously to have considered the idea of passing through Jones Sound and traveling north along the west coast of its unknown land. Distinguished Arctic experts have long maintained that the shortest route to the far north is along a shore that should extend toward the pole. There is little doubt that its unknown coast offers the desired conditions, but no explorer has ever tried the route.

The Amateur Dentists and the Eleven-Foot Boa Constrictor.

Edward Schmidt, the proprietor of the bird store on Twelfth street, the other day enjoyed the usual privilege of playing dentist to an eleven-foot boa constrictor.

His royal pythonic highness weighs just sixty pounds, and is valued at \$1 per pound. One of the most remarkable features of his make-up is his mouth. It is a common phrase to hear of the dropping of one's lower jaw in moments of consternation, but Mr. Boa can get up the largest amount of consternation in this line when he gets ready by dropping about six inches of lower jaw, linear measurement. He can raise an equal amount of upper jaw at the same time, and his mouth is provided with a convenient lateral hinge arrangement by which it can be spread sidewise and present a total receptive surface of about the size of a bathtub.

It was this mouth, with a good, serviceable set of teeth, but no poison fangs, that got Mr. Snake into trouble soon after his arrival in the national capital. He was lodged in a good strong wire cage and fed a few pigeons. There instead of going to sleep gorged with food, as is supposed to be the habit of his family, Mr. Constrictor amused himself by venturing at his master, who was putting a re-enforcement of wire netting around the bars of the cage.

He miscalculated in one of his springs, and when, hissing like a steam exhaust pipe, he launched about four feet of his neck across the cage, he hung himself up in the wire netting by his teeth. As a result he had a very sore mouth for a couple of days, and Mr. Schmidt decided that he would have one of the injured teeth pulled.

It was a delicate operation to handle his snakeship, who, if given his choice of holds, is a good deal more than a match for a man in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout. But the wild bird man took an unfair advantage of his prisoner, and, diverting his attention in front, executed a flank movement, and grabbed him by the back of the neck. Then it was a case of pull Richard pull Satan in getting the lengthy southerner out of his cage. He finally came with a slip and a slide, and Mr. French, the assistant dentist, promptly froze on to the last foot and a half of the tail as it slid out of the cage.

Mr. Snake, stretched at full length, with no chance to work his powerful constrictor muscles, was rather at a disadvantage, but watching an opportunity while the doctor was working on his head with a pair of wire nail pullers, he threw a half Nelson coil around Mr. French's legs and proceeded to mix up with that gentleman in a way that was no less surprising than inconvenient. The tooth, which was loose, came out easily, looking not unlike a large fish-bone, and the two amateur dentists then executed a flank movement, and got him by the back of the neck and got him back in his cage.

Mr. French was finally got out of the embrace of the python's coils, and the two operators wrestled him back into captivity, where he drew himself up on a shelf in the corner of his cage, and, coiling himself into a large figure 8, lay with his almond-shaped head on the top of the cage, and watched the stewards in an unintelligible South American dialect every one who came in his neighborhood.

—(Washington Post.

DOGS VS. HORSES.

Efforts to Utilize the Surplus Dog Power Now Useless in the Country.

Experiments of breeding, like those which have been so successful in the improvement of horses, are now being made with dogs 'to produce a style of animal especially fitted for harness. It is thought a desideratum to graft the splendid chest and breathing capacity of the horse, and watching the power of the mastiff, which has been found too long in the back and legs. There are markets in Belgium where dogs are bought and sold for draught purposes as horses are at Tattersall's, and it is not unusual for a compactly-built and well-broken dog to bring \$20 or \$25. Consul Smith points out that a force equal to that of Niagara is running to waste in the United States at the very heels of the people. He estimates that in our wasted dog power we have an idle force in America of at least 3,500,000,000 pounds; reckoning the strength of a dog at 500 pounds, which is probably below the average. The consul says there is not an article of merchandise, from a ton of coal to a loaf of bread, sold in any of our cities, which does not involve the use of dogpower. Delivered by dogs than by horses, and he points out that in their employment a certain municipal advantage would be gained, for the litter made by horses is the most fruitful source of dirt in our city, to say nothing of the great saving in the wear and tear of the pavements.—(Boston Herald.

Beauty and Expression.

It is in the vital part of every organism that its expression, and therefore that its beauty, lies. A face devoid of expression—and expression ever changing—might be even farther in form; but it would be sickly devoid of charm. A family faultless, icily regular, splendidly nial.

This may explain why many types of beauty which have fascinated not only artists, but men and women in general, have been far from perfect in form. Some witchery in expression, a grace behind the form, has been the secret of the charm. A unity might be lifeless; and it is only when life animates the harmonious forms of the phenomenal world that they become expressive, and that their beauty is disclosed. It was the principle of life that, in the first instance, shaped the forms; life, that is to say, in the large sense of the cosmic force—the natura naturans—which pervades the entire vital things; but then, those phenomenal forms in which beauty was for a time disclosed, was not the life itself. The universal life of the world always moves on and leaves each phenomenal form behind it that it may animate others and disclose itself successively by means of them. It is in this life that the ultimate beauty of the world is revealed, and reveals itself.—William Knight.

The Ivy on the Wall.

The growth of ivy on the walls of houses renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stones for its own sustenance by means of its tiny roots, which work their way into the hardest stone. The overlapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground, thus preventing the walls to receive any moisture whatever from the beating rain.