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OVER THE PRECIPICE.

A 7-ragic Adventure in a Blizzard in the Antarctic.

Here is an adventure in the antarctic regions taken from Captain Robert F. Scott's "The Voyage of the Discovery." Nine men are returning from a sledge expedition in a blinding snowstorm: "An unusually violent squall prevented us from seeing even one another. I immediately ordered a chain to be formed at right angles and extending across our track, each man keeping in touch with the rest, with the idea of intercepting Hare, who was missing, when he came on. We shouted and blew whistles, and while this was going on Evans stepped back on to a patch of bare, smooth ice and shot out of sight immediately. Thinking the slope to be one of the short ones so common in the folds of the hills, Barne sat down and deliberately started to slide in Evans' track. In a moment or two the slope grew steeper, and soon he was going at a pace which left him no power to control his movements. He whipped out his clasp knife and dug it into the ice, but the blade snapped off short and failed to check his wild career. In a flash the ice changed to snow, which grew softer until, in a smother of flying particles, his rapid flight was arrested and he stood up to find Evans within a few feet of him."

A third man joined them in similar fashion: "Realizing the impossibility of ascending again by the way they had come, they started to descend, but within four paces of the place at which they had been brought to rest they found that the slope ended suddenly in a steep precipice, beyond which they could see nothing but the clouds of whirling snow. Even as they recoiled from this new danger and dimly realized the merciful patch of soft snow which had saved them from it, a yelping dog flew past them, clawing madly at the icy slope, and disappeared forever into the gloom beyond." The six others eventually moved on until they, too, found themselves on an awkward slope: "Their leader suddenly saw the precipice beneath his feet and far below, through the wreathing snow, the sea.

"Another step would have taken him over the edge. He sprang back with a cry of warning, and those behind him, hearing it, dug their heels instinctively into the surface, and, with one exception, all succeeded in stopping. What followed was over in an instant. Before his horror stricken companions had time to think poor Vince, unable to check himself with his soft fur boots, had shot from among them, flashed past the leader and disappeared." Vince was never seen again, but Hare, the first missing man, staggered back to the ship two days after the others, remembering nothing between struggling to a patch of rock for shelter and waking thirty-six hours later covered with snow.

THE MAN ON FOOT.

In Stamboul He Has No Rights as Against the Horseman.

One of the peculiarities in Stamboul is the insolent demeanor of the horseman to the footman. Many times daily you will see some rascal of a cabman trying to drive down a well dressed man on the street. The drivers rarely take the trouble to shout as they approach pedestrians. I was often filled with wonder at observing the meekness with which well dressed Turks on foot submitted to such treatment from shabby Turks on carriage boxes. Even when no injury was done to such a pedestrian, he was often bespattered with mud. Stamboul must be an unpleasant place in which to live. Were cabmen in our country to treat pedestrians so recklessly there would be many cases of assault and battery, and I think some mortality among the Jehus.

One day I saw a uniformed Turk picking his way across the street, using his saber as a walking stick. A carriage suddenly dashed down on him, and its driver, after nearly running over him, hurled at him a volley of what sounded like choice Turkish abuse. The uniformed Turk retorted not. He scraped the mud off his uniform, stuck his saber under his arm and waded ashore. In our country a man with a saber would have used it on the driver's back. By this I do not mean that the Turks are lacking in spirit—far from it, but apparently it would seem to be the custom of the country that the man on foot, as against the man on horseback, has no rights.—"A Levantine Log Book," by Jerome Hart.

Clams According to Order.

Bill Handy of Marblehead, an ardent Republican during the antislavery agitation, caught fish and sold clams for a livelihood. One of his customers, a strong Democrat, ordered some clams and told him to be sure and cut off the "black abolition heads." When he delivered them he said, "Mr. Brown, here are your clams; real Democrats—all bodies and no heads."—Boston Herald.

Possible Explanation.

An old hen was pecking at some stray carpet tacks in the back yard.

"Now, what do you suppose that fool hen is eating those tacks for?" said Homer.

"Perhaps," rejoined his better half, "she is going to lay a carpet."—Chicago News.

Courtesies.

Cabby—I 'ad a beard like yours once, but when I found what it made me look like I got it cut off. Bussy—An' I 'ad a face like yours once, an' when I found I couldn't get it cut off I grew a beard.—Punch.

It is impossible to found a lasting power upon injustice and treachery.—Demosthenes.

AN ODD SEA FOOD.

Virtues of the Gigantic Marine Snail Known as the Abalone.

Though the flesh of the abalone is a nutritious and wholesome article of food, highly esteemed by the Chinese and Japanese, few people in the United States know anything about the abalone except that it has a large shell with a bright, pearly interior. The abalone is a gigantic sea snail, whose natural home is the deep water off a rocky coast. The whole coast of central and lower California, from Cape Mendocino to Cape St. Lucas, abounds in abalones, the supply being absolutely unlimited. As fast as an area of fishing ground is depleted it is reoccupied by full grown abalones coming in from the ocean. Three months after a piece of ground has been thoroughly cleared by the abalone fishers the supply is as abundant as ever. The contents of the large abalone shell weigh as much as two pounds.

Long ago the Chinese and Japanese discovered the value of the meat as a wholesome and digestible food. The supply of abalones in Chinese waters is, however, small, and the fishing grounds off the coast of Japan were so heavily drawn upon that they became exhausted. The people are forbidden by an imperial edict from taking them. The Japanese and Chinese in California dive for the abalones, which crawl about the rocks at the bottom of the sea in deep water outside the surf. The divers bring them ashore and spread them out in a sunny place to dry. This process reduces the abalone to about one-third of its original bulk, leaving a tough, horny product. The dried abalones are sent to the orient, where they are soaked and stewed or ground into powder and used for making soup.

In the pure, deep water of the ocean the abalone lives, and as it is a clean feeder its flesh is always sound and wholesome, being superior in this respect to that of oysters and clams, which live near shore and are often contaminated by sewage and other impurities. The viscera of an abalone, unlike those of the clam or oyster, which must be swallowed whole, are quite separate from the muscular or edible part and can be detached by a single stroke of a knife.—Chicago News.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

In Palestine and Persia the "sorrowful mycaethus" droops in the day, being apparently about to die, but revives as evening comes on.

Tulips are so sensitive to the light that during a cloudy day they will often close their petals and remain shut up until a return of sunlight.

Lilies of the valley in France are called "virgin's tears" and are said to have sprung up on the road between Calvary and Jerusalem during the night following the crucifixion.

The night blooming cereus blossoms about an hour before midnight, but by the approach of daylight the flower is a complete wreck, having lost all its beauty and fragrance.

The four podded lotus in an exposed situation makes a cover for its dower by drawing one or more of the leaves over the blossom and keeping them there during the heat of the day.

Wagner and Schumann.

Wagner, writing in 1846, said of Schumann: "He is a highly gifted musician, but an impossible man. When I came from Paris I went to see him. I told him of my Parisian experiences, spoke of the state of music in France, then of that in Germany, spoke of literature and politics, but he remained as good as dumb for nearly an hour. One cannot go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Schumann gave an account of this interview, which practically agrees with that of Wagner. "I have seldom met Wagner," he said, "but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unceasingly, and that one cannot endure for long together."

The Term "Prime Minister."

"Prime minister" is one of the many terms in English which seem to have been slang at one time. It was first applied to Sir Robert Walpole, but in a reproachful sense. Feb. 11, 1742, after twenty years' tenure of office, Sir Robert resigned all his employments. "Having invested me," he remarked, "with a kind of mock dignity and styled me prime minister, they impute to me an unpardonable abuse of that chimerical authority which they created and conferred." Such a personage as the prime minister or the premier is not even mentioned in the official table of precedence and is unknown to the written constitution of Great Britain.

The Live Sponge.

When the sponge is in the sea alive the inside of the pores is covered with a soft substance like the white of an egg. This appears to be the flesh of the animal, and currents of water may be seen running into the sponge through the small pores and out of it through the large ones, and it is supposed that while the water is passing through the sponge the nourishment for the support of the animal is extracted from it.

Both.

"Do you ever swear when your collar buttons roll under the bureau?"

"I keep a man to attend to such things," answered young Mr. Nuritch haughtily.

"The buttons or the swearing?"—Pittsburg Post.

Good News.

Cashier—Have you heard, sir, that John Jones is a bankrupt? Banker—Well, that's good news. We'll now get a little of what he owes us, whereas, if he had remained in business, we'd never have got a cent.—Flegende Blatter.



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