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SEVENTY-ONE BELOW ZERO. Lieut. Schwatka Tells Something About Cold Weather.

Life in the Arctic Regions—A Sledge Journey With the Mercury Sixty-Eight Degrees Below Zero.

New York Times. There are a few places in the United States proper (the word "proper" being put in to exclude our colony of Alaska, almost a third of which lies in the arctic regions) where the winter weather is intensely cold, and where even the summer weather is so cool that both seem like the polar regions, but these few places are so far in the west, among the high mountains, and so thinly populated, that I feel quite sure that the mere mention of 71° below zero—or 103° below the freezing point—will make the chills run over my readers, and if it be a warm day when they peruse it, they will be exceedingly thankful, and I hope, will not cast it aside with a mere glance at the heading, even if it be not.

The author was in a heavy storm, lasting some two or three hours, on July 8, 1876, while hunting in the high spurs of the Horn mountains of Montana, and when returning to camp learned that another hunting party had crossed their horses on the ice of a lake on the 4th of July at a still higher level, the ice not having melted from the winter's deep freezing. The 14th of August the same year ice formed on the water in our camp, and on the 15th the thermometer sank to 65° and 68° below zero, and never getting above 60° below, we were having a very hard time with our sledging along the river, our camps at night almost in sight of those we had left in the morning so close were they together and so slowly did we labor along. Reindeer on which we were relying for our daily supply of food, were not found near the river, and being seen some ten or fifteen miles back from it, I determined to leave its bed and strike straight for home in Hudson's Bay.

We had been gone three or four days, and as the thermometer at the higher level the thermometer commenced lowering, and on the 31 of January, 1880, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, reached 71° below zero, the coldest we experienced on our sledge journey of nearly a year in length and the coldest ever encountered by white men traveling out of doors, for that day we moved camp some ten or twelve miles to the southeastward. The day was not at all disagreeable, I must say, until long toward the early night, when a slight zephyr, the merest kind of motion of the wind that would hardly ruffle the leaves on a tree, or even sufficient to make us shiver, sprang up from the southward, and slight and insignificant as it was, it cut to the bone every part of the body that was exposed, and which fortunately was only the face from the eyebrows to the chin and about half of the cheeks. We turned our backs toward it as much as possible, especially after we had gotten into camp and got to work building our snow houses and digging through the thick ice of the lake for fresh water, and so lazily did our breath that congealed into miniature clouds float away to the northward, like the little light cirrus clouds of summer sky, that we knew well enough how terribly cold it must be without looking at the thermometer that stood at 71° below zero, Fahrenheit.

It is not so much the intensity of the cold, expressed in degrees on the thermometer, that determines the disagreeableness of arctic winter weather as it is the force and relative direction of the wind. I have found it far pleasant with the thermometer at 50°, 60°, or even 70° below zero, Fahrenheit, with little or no wind blowing at the time, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little tell-tale showed 50° warmer temperature. Even an arctic acclimated white man facing a good strong wind at 20° or 25° below zero is almost sure to freeze the nose and cheeks, and the thermometer does not have to sink over 4° or 5° to induce the Eskimoes themselves to keep within their snug snow houses under the same circumstances, unless want or famine demands their presence in the storm. With plenty of the latter for all the mouths, brute and human, none of them venture out in such weather.

It is very consoling to add, however, that the intensely cold temperatures of the arctic are nearly always accompanied by calm, or at least by very light winds, and such was the case on our memorable sledging trip, 1880. In fact, with the exception of very few quiet days during the warmest weather of the polar summer, these clear, quiet, cold ones of the arctic winter are about the only times when the wind is not blowing vigorously from some point of the compass, or so it seems, at least in that part of it where my travels were made. I doubt, however, if there are as many fearful storms during low temperatures in the arctic as in the far northwestern part of our own country where they are known as "blizzards." Certainly, in proportion to the ability of withstanding extreme cold, and loaded with sledges, the Eskimoes have of combating it, there are no such dangers run by them of life or discomfort as by our brethren of the far Northwest when the "northers" come down on them in the dead of winter.

There were a few exceptions to this general rule, and when they had to be endured they were simply terrible. One morning the thermometer at 8 o'clock showed us that it was 68° below zero, but as it was calm and quiet we paid little attention to it, and harnessed our dogs and loaded our sledges for our day's journey, which was an exceedingly short one of three or four miles to the snow house of an Eskimoe where we could buy reindeer meat for ourselves and dogs. We were just ready to start when a sharp wind sprang up from the northwest that felt like a score of razor blades cutting the face. Had it started at 15° or 20 minutes sooner we would not have thought of going, but the distance ahead was such a short one and the road so good over a gently rolling country that we chose to go ahead rather than unload our sledges and go back into the same old camp. We kept the dogs at a good round trot, and ran alongside the sledges the whole way except one short rest, and I can assure

my readers that when we reached the snow house of the Kinnepeetoo Eskimoe it was as welcome a refuge as it had been a first-class hotel. It was frozen along my left arm from my shoulder to my wrist, and it was quite painful for a number of days; and many of the others, Eskimoes as well as white men, were also "nipped" here and there more or less severely. The wind was strong enough to drift the loose snow along the ground, but I suppose our imaginations being such a strain made us think it was very much stronger than it really was if we could have measured its rate with a proper instrument. When we got to the end of our journey I again looked at the thermometer, and it indicated 55° below zero, that is, it had warmed by 13° in a half hour to three-quarters of an hour, the time it had taken us to get through, although it might have been thirteen times thirteen degrees colder, judging by the way we felt. I told the Eskimoes, who had been with us on the short trip as sledge drivers and so on, that it was much colder—as shown by the instrument—in the quiet air just before we started, than it was when the wind was raging the highest, but I think from the incredulous glances that they took at each other that they voted the thermometer as the most accomplished Ananias they ever met, and wondered how we could be duped into such proposals.

By holding the ear near to the snow this must of the cold can be heard a couple of miles away, and at this great distance sounds like the soft murmuring of an Eolian harp or distant tinklings of gongs. Sometimes when breathing this extremely cold air my tongue felt as if it was freezing in my mouth, but I could readily rid myself of this uncomfortable feeling by breathing through the nostrils for a minute or two. Naturally you will ask "Why not breathe through the nostrils all the time?" as you have so often heard advocated. This bitter cold air passing through the nostrils keeps up an irritation so that the consequent catarrh makes it desirable to use the mouth nearly altogether in breathing. Also, the nose is more liable to freeze when breathing through it. These freezing of the nose and cheeks are very common affairs, occurring over a dozen times a day in very low temperature, and especially if there be any wind blowing in the face. The Eskimoes cure these slight frost bites by applying the hand, or more often the reindeer mitten directly to the spot. They know nothing of rubbing frost bites with snow, so extolled in our own cold climates, and I doubt its efficacy myself in those extremely low arctic temperatures, when the snow is like sand if loess and like granite rock if in mass. Another fallacious idea expounded by the Eskimoes, at least to a great extent, was the use of snow to quench thirst, which every arctic writer has been so unanimous in condemning as hurtful. My Eskimoes used it at all temperatures to alleviate their thirst, first breathing on the piece of snow a few times before putting it in the mouth. They often carried boys' pieces of steel snow knife to their tongue and let it freeze fast, and then swung it backward and forward until it fell, and try and make it stick upright in the snow.

PERILS OF SOCIETY GIRLS. A Lack of Men the Trouble at the National Capital. Gail Hamilton. "What are society perils for young women?" I just asked a "society girl," and she said: "In Washington, lack of men." For girls this is true. There are plenty of men in Washington. Perhaps in no city in the United States is society worth so much as in Washington, and the young men are distinguished, many of them gathering there. In no party do you fall to see groups, any one member of which would be considered worth making a feast for in other cities. But the distinguished men of Washington are not so numerous as they were in the early middle of the century. They are in Washington because they have already won more or less eminence. They are past the uncertainty, the hesitancy, the unreality of life, and are bent on definite pursuits. The young men, the natural mates for the girls, are in other cities and districts practicing law, learning to edit newspapers, carrying over cat-ranches, preaching sermons to young women and probably making a poor fit of it, exploring mines, earning money, winning fame. By and by they will come to Washington, but in that day our girls will not be girls any more. A very few of these young men are in Washington, but very few, and the girls who go into society encounter the peril of not finding many stimulating minds among her younger comrades.

Vapor and steam seem to roll away from everything of a living nature, and the sledges with its ten or fifteen dogs and its four or five humans in harness looks like a starting locomotive on the line of its escaping steam, and leaves a trail of vapor behind them resembling the thick steam that rises from a well used road dirt strewn up on a well used road to rest in a basin-like valley this vapor rapidly collects as a fog bank, and in a little while becomes so dense so as to obscure the original starting point, and at a distance, but really makes their whereabouts almost entirely by this vapor. Herds of musk oxen and reindeer make their positions visible by this means at quite long distances—if the herds be large, four or five miles away, and at from favorable heights, even three or four times this distance, so the Eskimoes hunters claim; so far away, in fact, that he has been known to take two days' sledging to reach them; but my readers must bear in mind that a day in the arctic winter is very short, often only an hour or two long. Even at these wonderful heights, the Eskimoes hunters claim (and these Eskimoes are never given to premeditated falsehood) that they can tell whether the herd is one of musk oxen or reindeer by some varying peculiarities of the vapors which I did not clearly understand, and which I unfortunately took an opportunity to practically apply.

Even the foot of a person walking along as it is lifted from the ground leaves a little puff of vapor to float away from the spot as if the walker had stepped upon a sponge saturated with smoke, which was liberated by the pressure, and this, too, when there are four thicknesses of heavy mittens on the feet, the bare foot and the snow underneath. So scarce was the game through this part of the country, and so absolutely dependent were we upon it for our daily supply of food, that to increase our chances of securing it we separated into parties, one and a half's journey apart from each other (although we were in a trail), and thus each space between camps was gone over twice or three times, and our chances of seeing reindeer or musk oxen increased proportionately. Occasionally my sledge would be in the rear, and before we started in the morning it would sometimes be useful to know if the party ahead had moved on, and Tooleah, my sledge driver, would climb a near hill, and if the weather was intensely cold and clear was almost sure to be able to tell me, although the measured sledging journey to the snow house that he had discovered, and the sledging was often eight and ten miles, and yet three-fourths as much in a straight line. Whenever the sledge was traveling along its ice runners dragging over a clear gritty snow would give forth a clear musical ring in the bitter cold air that sounded very much like the drawing of a ratchet bow over a tuning fork, a well known experiment in acoustic lectures. Many of my readers who live, or have lived, in countries where the thermometer gets down to zero and 20° below in the winter, have heard this sound coming from the iron runners of the swift gliding sleighs, and especially upon a clear quiet night with but a single slight whiff of hearing. Could you imagine that clear frosty ring as much louder as the whistle of a steamboat as above the whistle of a man, or certainly multiplied manifold times, you could realize how the lead sledging runners, and especially their polished surface drawing over the marshy ice snows of the intense Arctic cold.

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DOCTOR WHITTIER. 517 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo. Has a large list of inside business and residence property, and some of the finest suburban property in and around the city. Have business property on Capitol Avenue, Dodge, Douglas, Farnam, Harney, Howard, 9th, 10th, 13th and 16th streets. We have fine residence property on Farnam, Douglas, Dodge, Davenport, Chicago, Cass, California streets, Sherman, St. Marys and Park Avenues, in fact on all the best residence streets. We have property in the following conditions.

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LOOSE'S EXTRACT Red Clover Blossom CURES Cancers. Scrofula. Erysipelas. Fever Sores. PINKEYE. Remarkable Cure of a Horse. Switched Off on Another Track. At a station down in Indiana the Lake Shore company employs a lady ticket agent. She is a good agent and attends closely to her business, but she is a woman still. The other day a lady traveler stepped up to the ticket window and inquired about a train that was a little late.

Stallion, Jack, Sheppard Jr. Will stand for stock at Omaha Fair grounds the first week in August, 1885. He is a black horse, weighs 1550 lbs., his sire JACK SHEPPARD is full brother in blood to JAMES E. HILL, also to DUNCAN the sire of JACKSON & J. F. FALLON, E. H. and JACKSON E. H. Call at the fair grounds and see him and get his pedigree in full, terms \$10 for the season. A. THOMPSON. Town Lots in Denver Junction, Weld County, Colorado. Denver Junction is a new town of about 200 inhabitants, laid out in 1874, on the great trunk railway across the continent, at the junction of the Julesburg Branch, 197 miles from Denver. The town is on second bottom land of the Platte River, the finest location between Omaha and Denver, and is surrounded by the best laying lands west of Kearney Junction, Neb.; climate healthy and bracing; altitude 5500 feet. Denver Junction bids to become an important point, as the U. P. R. R. Co. are putting up many of their buildings here, while the B. & M. R. Co. are expected soon to connect at this place. The present chance for good investments in town lots will scarcely ever be equalled elsewhere. For sale by the lot or block in good town lots. H. M. WOOLMAN, Agent, Denver Junction, Colo.

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