SAILING THROUGH ICE

EXPERIENCES OF A JOURNEY ACROSS NORTHUMBERLAND.

How an Iron Steamboat Finds Her Way at a Speed of Ten Knots an Hour Through Miles of Thick Ice—Value of Her Big Water Tight Compartments.

Mr. L. A. Carey has returned from a trip to Prince Edward island, and according to his account, such a trip is one of the most interesting and novel imaginable. He is full of it, and he tells his tale of the wonders he encountered in the shape of the government steamer Stanley would almost induce one to start off at once to enjoy a trip across Northumberland strait. "We went about three days going across from Pictou to Georgetown," said Mr. Carey, "and we had a splendid opportunity of seeing how communication is kept up in winter between Prince Edward island and the mainland, as required under the terms of confederation.

"Until about three years ago, as you know, communication with the island in winter was kept up by the steamer Northern Light. She was built of wooden, and was very strong, but as she could only run through land, broke up and pick her way among the drifting field ice in the strait she was unable to approach either shore nearer than the edge of the 'floes' for on the solid ice along the coasts would pile up. The 'floes' to be measured about the thickness of the ice in the river St. John—generally from a foot to three feet—and during the winter months it would be some four miles from the Pictou shore and eight or six miles from the shore of the island.

"When the Northern Light was running she had to be met at the edge of the ice on either side of the strait by teams, which transported the passengers, mails and freight to the shore and an old resident of Pictou, who had great faith in the achievements of steam and the progress of the Nineteenth century, was laughed at when he prophesied that within a few years a steamer would be built that would make the complete passage from shore to shore. The idea seemed well nigh impossible, but the old man's prophetic dream has been realized much sooner than even he would have believed possible, and the same captain which ran the gallant Northern Light from her to be now runs the pride Stanley from shore to shore.

SMART SPEED NECESSARY.

"The Stanley was built especially for this service by the Dominion government, who is necessarily very strongly constructed of steel, the plates being of great thickness. She has a sharp bow, and is wedge shaped in the bottom. When you see her lying at the wharf, surrounded by solid ice, which, as I said, extends for several miles from the shore, you would think that there was no chance for her to move. But she is fitted with triple expansion engines of great power, and when these begin to whirl the heavy screw propeller the bow has to give way before her.

"In a little while she gets up quite a speed, and, cutting, crashing and crunching through the solid ice, turning furrows sometimes up and sometimes down, the steamer proceeds on her voyage, very quickly working her way out to the clear water, or to the part of the strait where the heavy field ice drifts down from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is here that she experiences the most difficulty, or it may be said the only difficulty in making her regular trips, for while she cuts through the solid board ice steadily at the rate of almost ten knots an hour, her progress is often greatly impeded by the heavy drift ice, which is often driven to twenty feet deep in the water, and which therefore interferes with the working of the propeller.

"The Stanley sometimes gets wedged into a field of this heavy drift, ice and has to drift along with it for some time before she can force her way out, and it was on account of trouble of this kind that she had to spend three days going across. We got over one Wednesday, and the steamer made up one of the lost runs by making a round trip over and back next day.

BREAKING MILES OF ICE.

The distance is about forty miles from Pictou to Georgetown, and the trip is a most interesting one under any circumstances, for the steamer has splendid passenger accommodation, and the way she runs her way through the ice is the most wonderful thing you ever saw. It makes quite a touring sound and some little vibration, but not enough to make one feel uncomfortable.

"You can form the best idea of what she is capable of doing in the way of running through ice when I tell you that the steamer's captain asserted confidently that he could run his steamer up north John river in mid winter at the rate of about ten knots an hour. A winter steamer service between St. John and Fredericton would be a novelty, wouldn't it? But there is no necessity for it so there is in the service supplied by the Stanley.

"Another interesting feature about this wonderful steamer is the way in which she is arranged for breaking her way out of the heavy field of ice. At the stern of the steamer is a large water tight compartment. When she gets stuck in ice that is so thick and strong that she can't get her way through it, the water is let into this compartment, so that the stern of the steamer sinks enough to raise her bow out of water.

"Then steam is put on, and the extra bow right out upon the ice and crashes it under her. When the pressure is not sufficient to this way the powerful pumps are set to work, and in a few hours tons upon tons of water from the stern compartment are transferred to a like compartment in the bow, and the pumping keeps up till with the combined weight of the steamer and the water in the bow compartment the ice is forced to give way, and with the momentum gained in the water by the big screw the steamer is enabled to free herself and proceed on her voyage.—St. John (N. B.) Gazette.

Sweet Apples for Sore Eyes.

Roasted apples have their special uses, the most important of them being the use to which they are put, for example, in the making of poultices for the relief or cure of inflamed eyes. Some women prefer a raw apple, simply cut in two and rubbed out any intervening substance to the eye. Others peel the fruit rather thickly, and from the peeling cut an oval piece, and after coating it until quite soft with fluid in upon the eye, the inside of the peeling touching the inflamed part. For a sty upon the eyelid nothing is more soothing than an apple poultice.

It is not safe to turn a man a convict after his release from custody.—A Hadleyville (Ga.) physician, who was suffering to a wife and "her convict husband," has had to pay forty pounds damages and costs.

The China Clay valley, which is about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, is the great breeding ground of the white sea lionet. The very prominent tree there is known to the Chinese as the lionet tree.

Cork covering for steam pipes has proved very successful in England, and in some cases it has been found to make a difference of 100 to 124 degs. from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Pathetic Scene in a Metropolitan Restaurant That Results Well Days.

I saw a curious bit in the drama of life the other day, and it seemed to stand out the more effectively for having, small as it was, a certain historical background.

I was taking a moderate chop in a Sixth avenue restaurant. The waiters were surprised and from the time I went in I had looked at the head waiter with interest. He was an elderly man, with the patient, subdued, gentle courtesy that told a story of "hard de wah," and that affected the character of the very wrinkles in his ancient, well brushed dress coat. He established, or rather he showed his willingness to establish, relations of an ideally intimate character with the patrons of the place, utterly servantlike, and yet prepared to note your tastes and cater to them with the devotion of friendship.

When I was half through my meal two young women with the air of ladies entered and sat down near me. I could not help overhearing their talk, quiet as it was, and it soon appeared that they belonged to the ever increasing army of girl bachelors that have taken the town. They were students at the Art league.

The old head waiter stood near by; then he came and changed the glass of celery for a fresher one. Then one of the young women asked him to have a certain window lowered at the top. He complied with the request and then said to one of the girls, rearranging the table a little nervously, in his soft, old voice, "Excuse me; but I've been hoping you'd excuse me since the first night you came in, if I asked you what part of the south do you come from?"

"Me?" said the girl pleasantly. "I come from Tennessee. I suppose you know I was mother's by the way I talk?"

"Yes, ma'am, ma'am," the old man said hastily, taking the plates from the waiter in charge and speaking with an odd effect of flurry. "My young miss. I was she nurse down in Tennessee. She was one ob de Kentucky Prentices." He stopped abruptly and looked at the girl, and she was staring at him. "She nurse one ob de Tennessee Rinehars," he added.

"Why, that was my mother!"

"She was my young miss'ess," said the old man.

The girl held out her hand to him. "Why, my mother always loved her old people so much," she said, the tears springing to her eyes. "She always wanted to know what became of all of them after the war, but she never could learn much. Now"—she stopped. The seldom slave was trembling all over.

"Please tell—please tell her that like, Yellow Ike allus"——

The girl was looking at him steadfastly through a mist of tears. "She's dead!" she said.

The old man leaned hard on a chair a moment, and then the habits of a lifetime of self control and deference to other people's comfort came to his aid; he stilled the workings of his wrinkled face and took a dish from the waiter as he came up, although his hands still shook a little.

"I'll wait on these ladies," he said, and then gave some direction about another part of the room. He caught the proprietor's eye fixed reluctantly upon him, but he stuck to that table; he was going to wait on those ladies if it cost him his place.

Things went on silently for some moments and then he said, as he brought a dish that had not been ordered, sotto voce, "There's nothing here for you, miss—is ye named for your ma?" The girl nodded.

"I thought I knowed you by the face," he added, trying to smile his dog-like affection upon her, and then he took himself off to a little distance and stood waiting upon their call.

I was putting on my coat when I heard the southern girl, who had been very silent, say to her friend, "I suppose he would rather never have seen me at all, really, than to see me look like this." And then I left, but I think the girl was wrong.—New York Herald.

Talkers and Conversation.

Some may say that the talker, like the poet, is born, and not made. But, after all, the "working-to-rative-to-education" theory is a very doubtful one. Nature must do much, but art must add thereto. Ben Jonson, in his lines to the memory of Shakespeare, debates this question and concludes that "a good poet's made as well as born." The same may be said of a good talker. He is born here and is part made. There are some people without the proper mental qualifications. But even some such natural qualities from exists they do not suffice. A very little social experience makes us shudder at the idea of the untutored talker. We are sometimes tempted to believe that men of the Polonius stamp are sent to remind us that the curse is not yet removed. But there is a greater nuisance than Polonius. There is the bore of another species—who is brutal and calls it manliness, or impertinent and calls it anxiety for your good. Let us have sat, then, as well as nature. Distinction in conversation is a very rare thing, more rare even than sense. Nothing more common than to hear this or that, even among those who would doubtless, many do not feel the requisite social instinct, and of those who do, not one in a thousand possesses the requisite combination of physical, mental and moral qualities.

Some have powder and no ball, others ball and no powder. Some have great command of language and little of thought. With others the conditions are reversed. I have referred to our modern favorite life as being unfavorable to conversation. There are other social conditions to be considered. Just as a certain amount of oxygen, which we call the atmosphere, would be necessary for human life, so a certain social atmosphere is requisite for good talk, and the greater of less amount of social oxygen makes all the difference between languid or commonplace exchange of words and brilliant conversation.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The census shows Iowa to be mortgaged to the extent of $100,000,000 in round numbers, while Alabama real estate owners are in debt $30,000,000. In Alabama 73 per cent of the mortgages are on farm lands, while in Iowa 74 per per cent of the mortgages cover agricultural lands.

Older and Handsomer.

The New York Herald prints a series of suggestive pictures. They are portraits of distinguished individuals at various stages of their growth and experience. These portraits indicate that the persons whom they represent have mostly grown older and handsomer, whether they have grown wiser and better or not. The pictures almost prove that it is not necessary for a human being to grow to look a pug and a fright as he grows old.

The more pleasing appearance of the other portrait is in some cases owing to the modern way of dressing the hair and the cut of the garments. This is especially true of the women. The fashion of the hour usually looks best to the eye of the beholder. For this reason, in having a portrait photographed or painted, it is well to have the hair and dress as unobtrusive as possible. Huge hats or other wrappings on the heads of women usually convey the impression, unless they are exceedingly artistic, that the wearers were suffering from heavy colds in the head and were swathed up accordingly. In The Herald's portraits, Grace Greenwood and Jennie June are represented as they appeared some adventurous years. Mrs. Cady looks forty instead of sixty, and the light in Grace Greenwood's eye is warmer than it was when she was a girl.

There are five pictures of Chauncey M. Depew. At twenty he looked to have a long haired, melancholy poet soul. From the age of twenty-five on his face lost the melancholy, poetic expression and gained steadily a twinkle of humor, which is decidedly improving to his beauty. In his later years he loses hair as he gains fame. David Dudley Field at eighty-six is much better looking than he was at sixty-three. Bishop Potter's face at fifty-six is less severe and ascetic and more kindly and tolerant than it was at thirty-nine. Roe, Morgan Dix, however, has developed the other way, which is what one might expect of a man who has been sedding women for twenty years. Robert Collyer's rosy face, with its diadem of white hair, is splendid at sixty-seven. The blacksmith preacher never had a day's illness in his life.

Then we have Vice President Morton, also sixty-seven years old. His face appears just as good looking as it was twenty years ago, when he wore long side whiskers. The Herald reporter remarks that with the side whiskers he seemed a man whom one would ask to take a drink. Now, with his whiskers off, one would not. Finally, ex-Senator William M. Evarts is just as handsome as he was twenty years ago.

The Philadelphia Method.

The servant girl evil is assuming such alarming proportions that it threatens to engulf the country. There will be no relief till housekeepers in all parts of the country form a protective union on the plan of that started in Philadelphia and protect themselves.

In Philadelphia there is a school of cooking and housekeeping, from which for a small fee and faithful acquisition of instruction a girl may obtain a diploma that will get her a good place any day in the year. She and the woman who hires her mutually bind themselves by written contract to certain things.

Among other conditions the girl binds herself to stay on the place under the agreement and flies off at a tangent she cannot get a place with any of the housekeepers belonging to the league. So many of the Quaker City women do belong to the protective organization that the girl who is faithless to her promise cannot find the best sort of a home in a hurry.

The employer, on her part, binds herself also to certain things, among others to kind and considerate treatment of her hired help. If she on her part breaks the contract, the girl has a remedy also. She can have the case investigated by the league and get justice. There must sooner or later be a housekeeper's protective league and school of instruction in housekeeping in all the cities of the country. Women themselves must take the matter in hand.

There are those who in defense of the Puritan ancestors declare it is all nonsense to assert that there was any objection to a man's kissing his wife on Sunday. They say the blue law forbidding this was a dead letter. The enemy, put into a spurious volume of laws by one who hated the pilgrim fathers and sought to cast ridicule on them. This may be the fact. It is also the fact, however, that in 1656 Captain Kemble, returning from a sea voyage, kissed his wife "publicbyeally" on the doorstep when she met him, forgetting it was Sunday and remembering only that he had not seen her in three years. For this "lewd and unseemly behavior," it is matter of history that poor Captain Kemble was set in the stocks two hours, enduring the taunts of the multitude. If the average sinner of 1656 was anything like his type 235 years later the punishment was severe enough for any offence.

In much of the western part of the country the size of the county is regulated mathematically. It consists of sixteen townships, each composed of thirty-six square miles, making 576 square miles in all. In other words, each township is six miles square, and each county twenty-four miles square.

English electrical experts have concluded that the intention said to exist between chemical analysis and specific insulation resistance holds good only when one remains within the four walls of the particular factory in which this relation was established.

Charles Fulton, the California Senator, is a New Yorker by birth, being a native of Erie county. He is sixty-nine years old. He went west with the Argonauts in '49, and though poor then, is now a millionaire several times over.

That Tired Feeling

is experienced by almost everyone at this season, and many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, infected with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is just what is needed. A test what is said by Mr. G. Paradis, 325 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring tonic, and I recommend it to all who have that miserable tired feeling."

"For years I was sick every spring, but last year took Hood's Sarsaparilla in February and have not been sick day since." G. W. BOOKS, Milton, Mass.

That Tired Feeling

It's a dangerous condition due directly to the poisoned or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. It is impossible for a wonderful Hood's Sarsaparilla to do this cure's thing so well as this medicine. Just those who

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes the Weak Strong

know what the system needs, the blood and healthy action. This medicine purifies the blood, and imparts a feeling of serene strength, which is comfortable and satisfying. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for that weakness which precedes all changes of season, climate or place.

"I have been convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the greatest medicines of the times in the world. I say this for the benefit of all other blood sick, run down, hard-working women. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not simply called as a blood purifier, but for all other female complaints, even it of long standing." MRS. M. A. SCHENCK, Nashville, P. O., Mich.

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A Warning To Horse-Owners. The Split Nail in this Shoe accurately located the horse from which it was removed by taken in Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail came out in the proper place for clinching, and so deceived the blacksmith who fitted the horse. The other point went to the diagonal shown in the illustration, pierced the tender part of the foot and caused the "quick," from which the horse was made lame for one nearly two weeks.

This is not an unusual case. The same thing is happening every day, and will continue to happen so long as the Split Nail is allowed to be sold. Many times the result is far more DANGEROUS than in the case cited. Horses have been killed by the Split Nail, and many others have been made unsafe for any service. Nine out of ten shoes now sold are Split Nails. Protect yourselves against the Split Nail. Insist on having the Putnam Nail. Do not let your blacksmith substitute a Split Nail. Do not let your blacksmith use Split Nails. Do not let your blacksmith use Split Nails. Do not let your blacksmith use Split Nails