

WHITE POLAR BEAR.

HABITS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ANIMAL.

General Greely Writes Interestingly of This Largest and Strongest Member of the Bear Family—Lives Among the Drifting Ice-Fields.



HE aquatic member of the bear family, the Thalarctos maritimus of naturalists, is also the strongest, largest and most interesting species, writes General A. W. Greely, of the United States army. While its shuffling gait leaves its broad trails along the northern continental coasts of Asia and America, yet this animal's favorite hunting fields are rather among the drifting ice-fields or open water-holes of the Parry, Spitzbergen and Franz Josef archipelagos, and the bordering islands of continental Greenland.

The polar bear is an animal of striking contrast. The snowy whiteness of its fur is sharply set off by the blackness of its snout and claws; its short, rounded ears make its long head and neck most pronounced; its tiny tail seems a most ludicrous ending of its immense haunches, which are in keeping only with the enormous teeth and ponderous claws. Some of these contrasts are but faint in the specimens in captivity, whose abnormal methods of life naturally modify their characteristics.

The most northern latitude in which the track of a bear has been observed is that noted by Lieutenant Lockwood, of my expedition, in eighty-three degrees, three minutes north, near Cape Benet; and strangely enough this animal was traveling to the northeast.

Occasionally a polar bear, luxuriating in rich hunting afforded by an ice-pack, is carried by drift far into southern latitudes, and thus this species sometimes reaches the coasts of Labrador and the southern shores of Hudson Bay, or meets its fate in the North Atlantic as the disintegrating floes finally dissolve.

It was long asserted that these bears could swim neither very far nor fast—an opinion arising, doubtless, from the awkwardness that marks their movements—but it is now held that the animal is almost amphibious. Payer says that four men, on one occasion, could not pull a boat fast enough to catch either of two swimming bears. Capt. Sabine, while with Parry's expedition, midway in Barrow Strait, forty miles west, saw a bear swimming strongly; no ice was visible from the ship, and the circumstances seemed to indicate that the animal was crossing the strait from shore to shore.

No systematic effort seems to have been made to obtain data as to the largest animals killed by hunters, but Sir John Ross measured sixteen bears killed in Boothia Felix, North America, of which nine were males and seven females. The average length from snout to end of tail was ninety-four



ON THE WATCH FOR SEALS.

inches for the males and seventy-eight and seven-tenths inches for the females. The largest measured one hundred and one and a half inches, and weighed ten hundred and twenty-eight pounds, the animal being in poor condition.

The largest specimen of which I have personal knowledge is one killed in Bering Sea, whose skin is owned by Senator William P. Frye, of Maine. It measures nine feet seven inches, exclusive of the tail of two inches, and its girth around the body just back of the forelegs is ten feet.

The largest specimen recorded by a scientific observer was one of the many bears killed by the expedition of Leigh Smith, which was shipwrecked on the southwest part of Franz Josef archipelago, 1881-'82. Dr. W. H. Neale, the naturalist of the expedition, says that some of the bears were very large; that one measured eleven feet exclusive of the tail. There is, then, no reasonable ground to question the veracity of the statement of Gerit De Veer, a companion of Barentz in his third voyage, that there was killed in Nova Zembla, in 1597, a bear which was twelve feet long, possibly including the tail.

While the polar bear is by preference non-vegetarian, living upon fish and the flesh of the seal, when he can procure it, nevertheless he will occasionally eat seaweeds, and in cases of necessity has been known to subsist for some time on land vegetation. Nordenskiöld relates that Dr. Theel shot at Port Dickson an exceedingly fat old bear which had evidently been living on grass for some time.

The skill and caution with which Bruin does his sea-hunting are described by the Eskimos as follows: The bear slips quietly into the water and swims to the leeward of the seal, from whence he silently approaches by

a series of dives, the last being so timed that he rises in front of the spot where the seal is lying. If the alarmed victim attempts as usual to roll into the sea he falls into the clutches of the bear, and efforts to escape on the ice are equally futile.

The polar bear, while rarely attacking man, has frequently visited the tents, ships and houses of Arctic travelers; but as a rule he speedily retreats, doubtless through caution, at hearing unfamiliar sounds.

The most notable of all the fatalities resulting from an unprovoked attack on man by the white bear is that which occurred in connection with Barentz's voyage to the Arctic regions. It is said that the beast seized one man by surprise, killed another who came with a party to rescue the first, mangled both, and was finally killed by shots fired by other members of the party.

It is not unusual to hear the polar bear stigmatized as a coward—no more dangerous to meet than an old sheep. Others liken him to a North American Indian for his treachery, cowardice and intractability. The polar bear is not a dashing, impulsive animal, but he is endowed with caution and sagacity to an unusual extent. In nearly every instance the success of the bear in obtaining sustenance depends upon stealthy and concealing methods



A GOOD SIDE VIEW.

whereby he is withdrawn from the view of his victim until he is ready to strike.

While it is true that a skillful hunter, with good firearms, stands in no great danger from the polar bear, which he usually attacks at a disadvantage to the animal; nevertheless it requires a man of iron nerve and dauntless courage to face one which has been wounded or otherwise enraged. And yet many of the Eskimos, without firearms, and provided only with their bows and arrows, lances or knives, do not hesitate to attack a defiant female, she being ravenous with hunger and ready to die for her cubs.

SYMPATHETIC KIPLING.

How He Cheered the Spirits of a Sick Elephant.

A writer in the San Francisco Argonaut tells the following anecdote as coming from the lips of an American traveler who spent some time in the company of Rudyard Kipling in London lately:

One afternoon we went together to the Zoo, and while strolling about our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard, a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound proceeding from the elephant house.

"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time; we don't know what to do with him," was the answer.

Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more painful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up to the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone, and in words unintelligible to me at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lowered tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. Possibly elephants, when "enjoying poor health," like to confide their symptoms to sympathizing listeners as much as do some human invalids. Certain it was that Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on a conversation, with the result that the elephant found his spirits much cheered and improved. The whine went out of his voice, he forgot that he was much to be pitied, he began to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling, of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"Doesn't that beat anything you ever saw?" ejaculated a compatriot of mine as the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful good-bye to the back of his vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that it did.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?" I asked when I overtook my friend.

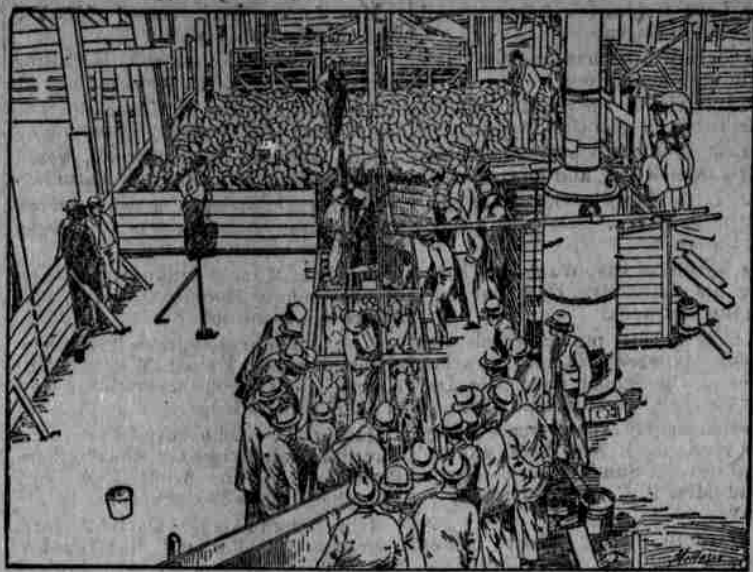
"Language? What do you mean?" he answered with a laugh.

"Are you a Mowgli," I persisted, "and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?" but he only smiled in reply.

Cold Water as a Stimulant. According to a high authority, cold water is a valuable stimulant to many if not all people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. His own experience is that sipping half a wine glass of cold water will raise his pulse from 76 to over 100.

Many people are like the boy who cries longer over a piece of work than it would take to do it.

SHEEP BATH WHICH KILLS BACTERIA.



One of the unique sights at the Union stock yards in Chicago is the sheep "dip." The "dip" is divided into three sluices arranged alongside each other forming the letter "S." Each is thirty feet long and twenty inches wide—just wide enough for an ordinary sheep to get through. The depth is five feet, so that the animal must swim, when he strikes the bath, a distance of eighty-nine feet. At one side of the plant is a stationary boiler, with two wooden vats, holding 1,000 gallons each of nicotine solution, used in the bath to kill the crab and bacteria, which infect the animals' bodies and hoofs. The boiler is used to heat the solution in the vats to a temperature of 112 degrees before it is turned into the bath, also to keep the bath at the same uniform temperature during the process of dipping the sheep. The animals approach the bath in single file through a narrow chute, which is connected with the pens. When they get to the mouth of the "dip" a driver pushes them down a slide into the hot solution. They then swim about the S-shaped sluices and leave the bath, after many duckings, administered by the drivers with long pronged poles. About eighty run the gamut at one time. Then another lot is driven in. The solution in the dip is sufficient to bathe 1,000 sheep. It is then turned out and another solution, from one of the vats, turned in. About 1,100 sheep are bathed per hour.

KEELY, OF MOTOR FAME.

Man Who Promised the Working of Miracles Is Dead.

John Ernest Worrell Keely, of Keely motor fame, who died recently in Philadelphia, was a strange character—a genius according to some, a humbug according to others.

Keely and his motor have been before the public for a generation. He was to have accomplished wonderful things with this motor and he interested capitalists to the extent that the Keely Motor Company was formed and poured out money lavishly for the inventor. Even yet those who have been in closest touch with Keely believe in the strange invention. In the last few years Keely has worked on a manuscript revealing the mystery of his peculiar motive power and Mrs. Keely now has it in her possession. It is not known, however, whether the inventor made disclosures sufficient to permit others to go on with the work.

Keely surrounded himself with a halo of mystery and worked for a long time in absolute secrecy. But he made the most extravagant claims and promises as to the miracles which he would perform with his mysterious "inter-etheric

recognition of friends, Major Johnson relates an experience of his own.

One evening I was walking with an English officer, when a dog came up and licked his hand. He told me to notice that she would follow us to the boundary of her district, as he had once petted her and she had never forgotten it. Exactly as he had said, she followed us a little way, and stopped short in the middle of the street. She wagged her tail and looked wistfully after us, but did not stir when we called her.

A few nights afterward, returning alone to my hotel, I passed the same spot, when I suddenly felt a cold nose put into my hand and a tongue licking my palm. I looked down and saw the same dog. She had recognized me as having been with her friend, the officer, and as before she followed me to the boundary of her district.—Youth's Companion.

Could Not Shoot.

A Hindu looks upon the slaughter of an animal with the same dread and horror with which he would witness the taking of a life of a human being. It would be well for some of the hunters of our own country to learn from such pagans a lesson in humanity. Rev. B. Fay Mills tells the story of a hunter



JOHN E. W. KEELY AND HIS LATEST MACHINE.

liberator" and marvelous vapor. Speaking in 1875 he said:

"I propose in about six months to run a train of thirty cars from here (Philadelphia) to New York at the rate of a mile a minute with one small engine, and I will draw the power all out of as much water as you can hold in the palm of your hand." And, as though this were not sufficiently startling, he added: "A bucket of water contains enough of this vapor to produce a power sufficient to move the world out of its course. An ordinary steamship can be run so fast with it that it would split in two."

Keely gave some exhibitions in his little workshop. He at last succeeded in puzzling everybody. Aside from the mechanism, which was not taken apart, Keely operated with a couple of tuning forks and a fiddle bow. He struck his tuning forks and set a brass ball rotating at 600 revolutions a minute. He rasped the fiddle bow across a tuning fork and raised a heavy weight at the end of a long lever, the power exercised, it was said, being equal to a pressure of 25,000 pounds to the square inch.

Though he never accomplished any practical results with his motor, he made a very comfortable living out of it. To the last many persons believed that he was a genius of the highest order, and he succeeded in getting the financial support of solid business men who consider themselves armor proof against any species of humbug.

The late Mme. Blavatsky said that Keely had really made a wonderful discovery, but that the "Mahatmas" would never let him develop it, because in the present state of civilization nations would use the terrible force for mutual extermination. And so the "Mahatmas" kept the motor from "moting."

Friendship for Friends.

The dogs of Constantinople are the scavengers of the city. For this reason, as well as from innate humanity, the Turks are tolerant of them, although visitors to the city find them unamiable. As a proof of their intelligence and

who employed as a decoy for deer a peculiarly constructed whistle, which closely imitated the voice of a young fawn calling its mother.

With his rifle in hand ready for instant action, he was one day blowing his whistle, when suddenly a mother deer thrust her head out of the bushes and looked straight toward him. There she stood, trembling with fear, yet looking this way and that in search of the little one, which she supposed to be in danger. The hunter said:

"As I looked into those eloquent eyes, anxiously glancing here and there with maternal fear, my heart melted. I could not shoot."

Young deer that have not been chased or fired at by hunters will frequently come very near to unarmed travelers. The writer, while driving along a road in northern Maine, has had a deer walk just in advance of the horse for some distance; and it is well known that wild deer often come into pastures and feed with the cows. To take advantage of this confidence seems very near to murder.

Geography for Women.

The introduction of Parkenton's "Modern Atlas," published in 1815, has a reference to "the sex" which ought to be very interesting to our modern college girl. The learned author says:

Geography is a study so universally instructive and pleasing that it has, for nearly a century, been taught even to females, whose pursuits are foreign from serious researches. In the trivial conversation of the social circle, in the daily avidity of the occurrences of the times, pregnant, indeed, above all others with rapid and important changes that affect the very existence of states and empires, geography has become an habitual resource to the elegant female as well as the profound philosopher.

The American people are not buying as many prescriptions at drug stores as they formerly did; they are now spending their money for patent medicines.

DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

His Long Career as an Educator Has Earned for Him Deserved Rest.

Dr. Timothy Dwight, who surprised the educational world by his resignation from the presidency of Yale University, was president of that great institution by inheritance, one may say. His grandfather, who was Timothy Dwight also, was president of Yale from 1785 until 1817. Yale has had few if any abler presidents than the first Timothy Dwight, and the grandson has proved himself a worthy successor. Dr. Dwight, when he took his seat in 1888, said that he would withdraw from the post whenever he became convinced that his usefulness to the university was at an end. Two years ago there was gossip about his resigning, but it came to nothing. President



DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Dwight was born Nov. 16, 1828, at Norwich and was graduated from Yale with the class of 1849, of which he was the salutatorian. He was out of the university only two years, when he returned as tutor. After passing four years in the Yale theology school he went abroad for two years to be spent at Bonn and Berlin, and then returned to be ordained a minister of the gospel. In 1858 Dr. Dwight saw that he could not escape from the profession of education and he was glad when he was elected professor of sacred literature in the theological school of the university. From that distinguished chair he passed to the headship of the great institution in 1886. His long career as an educator has earned him the rest which he will soon enter upon at the ripe old age of 70.

EXPENSES \$300 PER DAY.

Two English Girls Tour the United States in Royal Fashion.

Miss Dollis Richards and Miss Kate Roberts, of England, have been traveling through the Rocky Mountain region viewing the sights at an expense of \$300 per day. Miss Richards is the daughter of a steamship millionaire and Miss Roberts is her cousin. Both girls are handsome, stylish and vastly interested in all they have seen and heard in this country. Having been all over the East and a good part of the South they have seen and heard a lot. They travel in a special car fitted up so as to be a veritable palace on wheels. They have with them their own porters, cooks, coachmen and maids, and their car has a well-stocked refrigerator and pantry. The car is the private vehicle of an Eastern railroad president, specially fitted up and



decorated for their use. Muslin curtains overhang the windows, and palms spring from Japanese jardinières on each side of the door leading into the reception or drawing-room. A bookcase holds a complete assortment of books on the United States, and gorgeous pillows are scattered artistically about. Charming pictures hang on the walls, soft cushions lie on the inviting looking couches and a casual glance at the interior of the car gives one the impression that it is the temporary home of refined and cultivated women.

Wild Roses.

Every continent on the globe, with the exception of Australia, produces wild roses. There can be little doubt that the rose is one of the earth's oldest flowers. In Egypt it is depicted on a number of very early monuments, believed to date from 3000 to 3500 B. C. Rosewater, or the essence of roses, is mentioned by Homer in the "Iliad," and the allusion made to the flower in the Proverbs of Solomon indicates that it had already been long known.

El Morro a Curiosity.

El Morro is one of the grandest possessions in all Cuba, not as a fortress, but as a curiosity. The damage done the castle proper by our navy could be repaired for \$50,000. Its construction and mysteries are wonderful, and the scene from Morro ridge is unsurpassed in Cuba. Our guard there has explored it pretty thoroughly, but has not yet discovered the entrance to the subterranean torture rooms.

Fooling the American Buyer.

Australian rabbit skins are being converted into "sealskins" for the American market.

Fans from China.

Over 11,000,000 fans are exported in one year from Canton, China.

SLANG FROM THE SAILORS.

Terms that Come from the Language of the Sea.

In the vast amount of narrative which has of late been read regarding ships and the sea few persons have stopped to think to what an extent the English language has been enriched by sea terms. For instance, in response to the every-day query, "How are you?" many will answer, "First rate, thanks." The latter speaker has no idea that he is perpetuating the remembrance of the old line-of-battle ship, First Rate. The navy in past days had six "rates," or classes, of vessels. Sea proverbs are also met in daily use. For example, "The devil to pay, and no pitch hot." One never thinks why "devil" or "pitch" should be mentioned. The saying originates in the mystery of calking the seams of a ship's deck. The outside seam, called by sailors the waterway seam, obtained among calkers the term of "the devil," through the difficulty of calking it; to "pitch" is to run hot pitch along the calked seams. We say of a man who is going wrong, "He is on the wrong tack," sometimes in error using the word track. A vessel on the wrong tack may drive ashore, or, if in a hurricane, be engulfed in the heart of the storm.

Suppose some one "spins you a yarn." He may tell you of the unlucky fellow who is "among the breakers;" of the villain "sailing under false colors;" the heroine showing "signals of distress;" the hero striving bravely "against wind and tide," yet true to his love as the "needle to the pole;" presently the two are "wafted" by a "favoring gale" safely "into port." In politics the "ship of state" blunders on with Lord Tom Noddy "at the helm;" occasionally some high official is "thrown overboard" by his party.

Colloquially, we growl at an interpreter for "showing in his oar;" we speak of two scoundrels as "tarred with the same brush;" we advise our friend to "go with the current," and we speak of him to others as all fair and "above board." Jack is a bit "rakish," and sometimes "half seas over;" if he does not reform he will some day find himself "high and dry," and "laid up" for good.

Such terms as in "good trim," a "snug berth," to "carry on," at "close quarters," to "fit out," and so on, are familiar to all. Here are the derivations of three of the last mentioned: "Rakish"—in the old war days privateers, pirates and such gentry depended upon the speed of their vessels; these had their masts "raking," or slanting; such a vessel was said to be "rakish," that is, a fast and doubtful customer. "To carry on" is to keep sail set longer than a very prudent man would do; recklessness. "Close quarters"—the modern meaning is well understood; the derivation is curious. "Close quarters" were strong wooden barriers stretched across the deck and used for retreat and shelter when the ship was boarded. The old slave ships were thus fitted in case of the slaves getting loose. In the old naval wars the term meant two ships in action, with their sides touching, as was often the case.—Chicago Chronicle.

Up a Church-steeple.

Two riggers in a Western city a few years ago performed a feat that for daring and steadiness of nerve equals anything on record, says the Philadelphia Times.

Repairs were necessary at the top of a very high church steeple. There was no way to reach the spot from the inside, and the riggers procured a number of light ladders and lashed them, one above the other, to the outside of the steeple. The topmost ladder, however, was not high enough to enable them to reach the desired spot, and as the upper part of the steeple was too small to permit the proper lashing to it of a ladder, a daring expedient was resorted to.

One of the men, carrying a pot of melted solder, climbed from one ladder to another until he had reached the last one, and then, bracing himself, he raised an extra ladder that the other rigger had brought up in his hand, and leaned it against the steeple. Then the man below grasped this ladder and held it steady while the man above mounted it to the point where his work was to be done. He began the work at once, and all promised well till suddenly he jostled the solder pot, and the fiery stuff ran out and fell over the hands of the man who was holding the ladder.

But the brave fellow did not move. With a presence of mind and a courage worthy of a monument, he maintained a firm hold of the ladder until his companion could come down from his perilous perch.

Reviving His Credit.

A man is said to have caused the banks of marriage to be published in a Yorkshire church between himself and a lady to whom he was not engaged and who had no intention of marrying him. The man, it was alleged, had come to the end of his credit, and had come to the end of his credit, and astonished the town by having the banns published between himself and a rich lady, who he had ascertained was on the continent. At once his credit revived.—Aberdeen Journal.

An Emperor's Breakfast.

The German Emperor takes for his breakfast a small white loaf, the top of which is covered over with salt, and which accordingly goes by the name of salt bun. After this he consumed a small special kind of bun, known as a "tucca eye," then some sandwiches, for which another kind of bread is required, baked until the outside is quite black.

Safety for Parisian Theatergoers.

New theaters to be erected in Paris will hereafter have to be approachable from all sides.

Playing Card Tax.

Moscow's orphan asylum, founded by Catherine II., is supported by a tax on playing cards.