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### POLAR PICTURES.

#### Record of the Observations Made by Greely and His Associates in the Arctic—The Midnight Sun—The Brightest Stars and the Awfully Oppressive Silence—Lieutenant Lockwood's Journey.

For the purpose of obtaining some idea of the general nature and probable value of the scientific observations made by Greely at Lady Franklin Bay, an Associated Press agent visited him at Portsmouth, N. H. Greely first stated the object of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, viz: To establish a Polar station—of the thirteen suggested by Lieutenant Weypracht, of Austria, who discovered Franz Josef Land—simultaneous observations of all physical phenomena were to be taken. The complete programme which was to be followed was arranged by an International Polar Congress, in which the representatives of thirteen nations took part. The observations in which the greatest possible accuracy was to be had were those of the declination and deviation of the magnetic needle, the temperature of the air and sea, height of the barometer, and mean and maximum fall of the tides. All explorations were incidental to the main objects of the expedition.

The expedition was fitted out under the authority of Congress; was composed of three officers of the army, one acting surgeon, and nineteen enlisted men from the army. Stores for twenty-seven months were put on the Proteus, which left St. Johns, July 1, 1881, with the party. She touched at Disco Island and Upernivik to procure sledges, dogs, skins and dog food. Two Esquimaux were added to the party at Proven. Landing was made at Carey Island in north water and the provisions cached by Mars in 1875 in the Alert were found in good condition. At Littleton Island Greely personally recovered the English Arctic mail left by Sir Allan Young in the Pandora in 1876. At Carl Ritter Bay, in Kennedy Channel, cache of provisions for use on retreat was made. It was the original intention to establish the Polar station at Water Course Bay, but heavy masses of ice rendered Water Course Bay exceedingly dangerous anchorage. Moving to Discovery Harbor the station was there established on the site occupied by the English expedition of 1875. The erection of a house was at once commenced, and stores and equipments landed. On the 28th of August came the parting between the Greely party and the men of the Proteus. The little band gathered on the frozen shore and watched the Proteus as she steamed slowly down Lady Franklin Bay. On the evening of the same day the temperature sank below the freezing point, and an icy Arctic winter was on them in earnest. Their house was finished about a week after the Proteus left. It was named, in honor of Senator Conger, Fort Conger. During the first month the cold affected the men more than at any subsequent time at Fort Conger. Later on in December the temperature sank to fifty to sixty-five degrees below zero, and so remained for days at a time. But even in that weather the cook's favorite amusement was dancing bare-headed, bare-armed, and with slippers feet on the top of a snow-drift. During the day the men dressed in ordinary outside clothing, but their flannels were very heavy. Five men were generally for a part of the day engaged in scientific work under Greely's direction, and in the duties of the camp. The remainder were employed generally about one hour a day, and devoted the rest of the time to amusement. All slept in bunks in the quarters, which were heated by a large coal stove, the average heat maintained being fifty degrees above zero. Checkers, cards, chess and reading were the amusements of the evening. The life, Greely said, was far from a lonely one. Many of the men said they had never passed two happier years than those spent at Fort Conger.

On the 15th of October the sun left them for one hundred and thirty-five days, and a twilight, varying from half an hour to twenty-four hours, succeeded. For two weeks it was so dim that the dial of a watch could not be read by it. On April 11 the sun came above the horizon and remained there one hundred and thirty-five days, giving the party a great sufficiency of the midnight sun. During three months the stars were visible constantly, and the constellations of Orion's Belt and the Great Bear were the brightest. The North Star looked down from almost overhead. Standing alone outside the fort on one of these night scenes were weirdly grand. To the north flamed the aurora borealis, and bright constellations were set like jewels around the glowing moon. Over everything was a dead silence, so horribly oppressive that a man alone is almost tempted to kill himself, so lonely does he feel. The astronomer of the party said that with the naked eye a star of one degree smaller magnitude than can be seen here in the same way might be discerned. The moon would remain in sight from eleven to twelve days at a time. The thermometer registered on June 30 the highest temperature at Lady Franklin Bay which we knew during our stay. It was fifty-two degrees above zero. The lowest was in February, 1883—sixty-six degrees below zero. In this February our mercury froze and remained solid for fifteen days. The mercury in the thermometer invariably rose during storms or high winds. The highest barometer was

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#### The Young Farmer's Vacation.

A young man in the country, who is apparently head over-heels in love with a farmer's life (in a horn), writes as follows: "You know this is my birthday, and I have been celebrating it; though I have not told any one but my mother that it is my birthday. I have got my work up square now and am taking a vacation. After having and mowing is all done with, you know, there is quite a lull for the farmer. He can compose himself to rest and have a good time generally. "Now, after getting my general round of chores out of the way this morning (which is but an anthem of joy), I commenced my vacation. I went and helped Mr. A. get in six large loads of oats. I don't think, betwixt the two, it is quite so dangerous as base-ball playing, but it beats tennis all out and out. There is more life in one forkful of oats than there is in forty tennis. Well, after getting in the oats, I came home and thought I had celebrated almost enough, and would take the rest of the day in a quiet way with my mother. In the meantime I took my horse and went out and ran the cultivator between all the rows of my potato field, and tried to shoot a woodchuck, but he was too quick for me. Then I concluded to sit down and talk with mother. So I took the milk pail (after I had gone and cut a wheelbarrow load of grass way down side of the road next to Mr. A.'s pasture bars, for the horse) and went down to the pasture and milked the cows, and then came back to talk with mother.

"I intend to continue my vacation for a number of weeks, and enjoy myself as I have to-day. When the harvest comes, I shall be in good trim, bright as a new dollar, and ready to settle into the harness again. I am going visiting to-morrow forenoon up to Mr. B.'s, to help him get in his oats. I helped Mr. A. throw off a couple of loads early in the morning. "My goodness! how lovely it would be to have a dear wife to enjoy my vacation with me; but I have no one to blame for that but myself, for we all know that the farmer can have the object of his heart's adoration by asking."

#### Washington Irving Steals His Own Apples.

"Speaking of his liking to look at workmen," says an old friend of Washington Irving, "reminds me of another good story which he used to tell with great enjoyment—no one can tell this story as he used to. One day when he was building the extension to Sunnyside, as he strolled about watching the carpenters, he happened to pick up an apple that had been blown from a tree. The next moment he felt his arm tugged, and turning, saw a ragged little urchin—one of half a dozen who had come in to pick up the chips left by the workmen—looking up into his face. "Say, mister," says the little chap, "just you come with me and I'll show you where to get some good apples; but mind you don't let the old man know, meaning Mr. Irving himself. "Well," Mr. Irving used to say, telling the story, "the little scamp brought me to the very best tree in my orchard and there we filled our pockets together and ate our fill of my very best apples. We got on very well together, and I believe it's the only case I ever heard of where a man participated in the robbery of his own orchard."

—Mrs. W. K. Vandergilt's last bonnet cost \$150. This may seem like a large price, but if half the wearers of ten dollar bonnets were to buy in like proportion to their wealth their bonnets would not cost over fifteen cents. —N. Y. Herald.

—Solutions of chloral should be kept in dark glass bottles. Sunlight decomposes it into chloroform. The change is not easily perceived, and has caused a number of accidents in the past five years. —Indianapolis Journal.

—More money can be made in one day's strict attention to one's own business than by ten days' minding the affairs of one's neighbor. —Whitchell Times.

—Ten years ago there were only 150 newspapers published in Japan; now there are 2,000. The wonderful progress of Japan is no longer a mystery.

—Ignorance of reading and writing is so prevalent in Mexico that the letter-writer is an established institution of the country. —Chicago Journal.

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#### The Legend of Star Island.

During the troublesome times before and subsequent to the revolution the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, were the resort and hiding places of the freebooters who haunted the northern coast, and these silent rocks, if they could speak, would tell many a tale of bloody cruelty and gloomy wrong. The pirates used to come here to divide and hide their booty, and melt up the silverplate they captured from the colonists along the coast. For a long time it was supposed that bushels of doubloons were buried in the gaping crevices of the rocks, or the little caves that have been eaten out of the ledges by the restless tide; but the place was thoroughly searched by several generations of fishermen, and nothing more valuable than a rusty cutlass or a blunt blunderbuss was ever found. The grandames tell how Captain Kydd came here often "as he sailed as he sailed," and there are legends of other pirates quite as fierce and free as he. The Star Island used to be haunted by a beautiful specter with long white robes and golden tresses reaching to her heels, who used to come out of some undiscovered cavern at dawn and shadowy her eyes with a hand that was as white and beautiful as a lily's bosom, gaze off upon the sea in hopeless expectancy of the return of a clipper that sailed away and never came back again. The story goes that a bloody-hearted old pirate, being pursued by a cruiser, brought his beautiful mistress here and left her while he went out to battle, telling her that by dawn he would be back again, but he came not, not even till now. She died of starvation, but her faithful spirit still comes to the summit of the island as the sun rises each morning, to meet the corsair, who never returned.

There are eight of the islands, the smallest being as large, or rather as small, as a city building lot, and the largest containing only a couple of hundred acres—nothing but bare, lifeless rocks, carved by the incessant waves into strange grotesqueness, and covered by no vegetation except low clinging vines and the New England blueberry. Four of the islands are inhabited, the largest, the Appledore, bears a hotel and a few cottages. Star Island has another hotel and a small settlement of fishermen, a third has a few fishermen's huts, and the fourth has a bold, white lighthouse springing out of its crest. They were discovered by Captain John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, who in 1614 explored the New England coast in an open boat, and spent some time here making repairs and resting.

On Star Island stands the only monument erected in America to Captain John Smith it is a rude affair—a prismatic-shaped shaft of marble, upon a pedestal of sandstone, inscribed at length with the record of his valorous deeds, and some eulogias say he is buried here, but that is a mistake. —Detroit Free Press.

#### They Drove Him In.

The owner of a place on Sibley street appeared in front of the house yesterday morning with a step-ladder and a saw and began the work of trimming up his shade trees. While he was at the first limb a pedestrian halted and queried: "Going to trim your trees, eh?" "Yes." "Um. I see. First-rate time to trim trees. Um. Exactly." He hadn't got two blocks away before number two came along and called out: "Going to trim your trees, eh?" "Yes." "Ah! I see. Ought to have waited a month later." The limb was off when No. 3 halted, stood for a minute with his hands in his pockets, and then asked: "Going to trim your trees, eh?" "Yes." "Ought to have done that last month." No. 4 said that April was the proper month. No. 5 wouldn't trim a tree except in May. No. 6 thought November the best time of year, and so it went until every month in the year had been named and there were five or six individuals to spare. Before the last tree was finished the seventeenth pedestrian halted, threw away the stub of his cigar and loudly demanded: "Going to trim your trees, eh?" The man hung his saw to a limb, got down off the ladder, and spitting on his hands he walked close up to the inquirer and said: "Supposing I am! What are you going to do about it?" "Oh, nothing," answered the other, as he dodged around a pile of brick: "I was simply going to ask you if you used tar or porous plasters to cover up the scars." The citizen got his saw and ladder and disappeared in the house, and the remainder of the work will be done at night. —Detroit Free Press.

#### Hawaiian Houses.

The houses of Honolulu are always open, day and night, as the temperature is so warm that one has to sleep out of doors, as it were, to get enough fresh air. They are built mostly of wood, though many of the oldest and more substantial houses are built of coral stone, a few of lava stone, and many may yet be seen within the limits of Honolulu made of grass and occupied by the natives. These native huts or houses are built by making a framework of bamboo poles covered with layers of the banana free, the trunk of which can be removed in layers. This again is covered with grass and trimmed on the corners and top by weaving the grass into different patterns. One opening or door usually admits enough light and air for the average native, though some huts are divided into several rooms, with two and sometimes three doors. A mat hung down on the inside, covering the opening, is the common door. Mats made of broad grass interwoven or braided, and sometimes flags form the carpets, and a pile of from two to ten, and sometimes even more, make the bed on which the natives and invited guests sleep. Furniture there is none, the natives all sitting on the ground with their legs crossed beneath them. Their kitchen is outside, and is composed of a heap of stones and ordinarily an iron pot. —Boston Transcript.

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#### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Irish & English is the title of a mercantile firm in Buffalo, N. Y. —Buffalo Express.  
—Professor Tyndall, one of the most noted of scientists, does not know the year of his birth.  
—The Chautauqua Literary Society has enrolled over 60,000 names since its organization in 1878. —N. Y. Mail.  
—Edmund R. Kidder, Mrs. Eunice Hollister and Mrs. Violet Chappell, residents of Connecticut, have completed their one hundredth year. —Hartford Post.  
—Colonel Black Dog and Major Strike Ox were the rival candidates for chief of the Osage Nation, in Kansas, at the last election, and the Colonel was victorious.  
—A Providence (R. I.) correspondent claims for that city the home of several poets, among them Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitney, an associate of Poe and Wendell Phillips; Mrs. Lucy E. Akerman, who wrote "Nothing but Leaves;" Louise Akerman Payne, who died about a year ago; Norma Perry and George S. Burleigh.  
—Bishop H. M. Turner, of the M. E. Church, South, is said to be the first colored man who ever received the degrees D. D. and L. L. D. He educated himself at night among the cotton-fields of South Carolina, and was the first colored chaplain in the United States army, commissioned by President Lincoln. —Chicago Journal.  
—Pullman, the sleeping car millionaire; Hill, the pioneer of smelting and United States Senator; Teller, ex-Senator and Secretary of the Interior; Chaffee, ex-Senator and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Republican party, and Irving Hale, who has won renown as the foremost of all West Point students, were all residents of the little Colorado town of Central, with a population of half a thousand. —Chicago Herald.  
—Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," who was a native of Maryland and died in Baltimore in 1843, at the age of sixty-four, is to have an expensive monument in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, the trustees of the James Lick estate having decided to expend \$50,000 for that purpose. It is an interesting coincidence that a grandson of the poet, Mr. John R. Key, who resided in Boston several years ago, and is now of Stockbridge, should have painted a picture of the Golden Gate which took first prize at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. —San Francisco Chronicle.

#### HUMOROUS.

—Chips buzz when they fly from the tree that a wood-chopper is felling. Hence the expression: "To whirl is hew-man." —N. Y. Journal.  
—A silent partner is one who is expected to keep his mouth shut when he sees the confidential clerk speculate with the funds of the firm. —N. O. Picayune.  
—"What are the elements of a sentence?" asked the teacher of a little Irish girl. "I guess, mum," was the reply, "it's thirty days and a stone-pile." —Scissors.  
—A New York traveling salesman has married a Hoboken dressmaker. A drummer and a fluter in one family ought to make it rather lively for the neighbors. —Yonkers Statesman.  
—The man who was frightened to death by the earthquake may be pleased to know that the shock was "less oscillatory than vertical," and therefore less dangerous. —Norristown Herald.  
—A girl in Turner, Me., smokes, chews, drinks, swears, shaves and wears a man's hat. —Exchange. That may all be, but we will wager that she can not throw a stone at a barn without knocking an eye out of the woman in the next yard. There is a limit to everything. —Pittsburgh Chronicle.  
—In the shop of a boulevard pastry cook in Paris a young mashd questioned the freshness of a tart. The shopkeeper was touched to the quick, and remarked: "I made tarts, young man, a good while before you were born." "I don't doubt it," was the reply, "and this must be one of them."  
—"Did you read those horrible stories of the Arctic sufferers living off each other?" asked Mrs. Lumphy of her husband. "Yes, I read all the particulars." "Dreadful, isn't it?" "Oh, it's nothing when you once get used to having people live off you. I used to kick when your mother, and your sister, and all the rest of them came to live off of me, but I've got so used to it now that I never complain." —Texas Siftings.  
—Jean Paul Richter, the distinguished author, was halted once at the gate of a small town in Germany and was asked to give an account of himself. "What is your name?" asked the gatekeeper. "Richter." "What trade do you follow?" "I am an author." "An author! What's that?" "That means I make books." "Oh, yes; I understand. What new-fangled names they have for everything nowadays! Here we call a man who makes books a book-binder."

—Old Captain Yarn was a perfect marine philosopher, and no amount of ill-luck ever depressed his faith or good spirits. Coming into the harbor once with an empty ship, after a three years' cruise, he was boarded by a townsman, who inquired: "Wal, Cap'n, how many bar'ls? Had a good v'age?" "No," responded the skipper, "I hain't got a bar'l of ile aboard; but," said he, rubbing his horny palms with satisfaction, while his hard features relaxed into a smile, "I've had a mighty good sail." —N. Y. Ledger.

#### She Got What She Liked.

She was young, and sweet, and poetic, and he was young and mischievous. They were sitting out on the veranda in the moonlight and she grew ethereal.  
"Oh, how I love to sit out here in the moonlight," she cooed; "to be fanned by the languorous perfumes of the roses and to be kissed by the soft airs from the South!"  
Then he kissed her and she grew in-ignant.  
"How dare you?" she almost sobbed.  
"Why, I'm a soft heir from the South," he replied, contently.  
She didn't say anything when he kissed her again. —Washington Hatchet.

#### Teaching a Calf to Drink.

Many a reader, man as well as boy, will recognize the truthfulness and enjoy the humor of the following description of experience in giving the calf its first lessons of how to drink properly. We take it from the Irish Farmer's Gazette: "Those who have had the mournful experience know that there is nothing more trying to the temper than the operation of teaching a young calf to drink. The process is familiar to every man who has brought up a calf from infancy. You seize a pail of warm milk go into the stable, catch the calf by the ears, back him into a corner and bestride his neck. The idiot rather likes this, and while you are reaching for the pail he employs his time in slobbering the corner of your jacket. You discover what the blockhead is about, and box his ears. You can't help it. You feel that way, and let him have it. But the calf can't tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected "flounce." He believes he will go and stay on the other side of the stable, but he doesn't announce this beforehand. He starts on the impulse of the moment, and you can't tell just when he arrives there. You ride along with him a little way. But the laws of gravitation are always about the same. Your legs, one on each side of the critter, keeps up with the calf for about a second, but your body doesn't. You slide over the calf, and your back kisses the floor. Your head is soaking in the pail of milk. When you get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair, and imprecations out of your mouth, and you solemnly declare that you will teach that calf to drink or break his neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and he glares at you in a stupid fright across the stable. He was not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what is the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over your shoulder at the milk pail, and back up toward it, dragging the calf after you. The calf is out of wind, and you haven't a particle of grace left in your heart. You are astride the calf's neck, and jamming the fingers of one hand into his mouth, you place the other on the back of his head and shove his nose into the pail, fully resolved to strangle him if he don't drink. The calf holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence for the space of half a minute, at the end of which time the blockhead, who hasn't drunk a drop, suddenly makes a splurge, knocks the pail over; you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you rise the excitement is intense. You have been soaked with milk, "slobbered" on, and hurt. Not a drop of milk has gone down the brute's throat, and there he stands glaring at you, ready to furnish you with another free ride wherever you want to go. With an affidavit you seize the pail, and hobble out of the pen, fully resolved to let the four-footed fool starve; and thus endeth the first lesson.

#### History of the Barber's Pole.

In the earlier days venesection was the chief resource of the expert called in to relieve the sick. So universal was blood-letting that he who lived by practicing the arts of healing was called a "leech." The barber's shop furnished conveniences for practicing blood-letting either by the lancet or the application of the leech, and the barber finally added this to the assumed duties of his profession. The appliances were a staff to support the arm, a cord to bind it, and a bowl to catch the flow of blood. These were usually displayed in front of the shop; the bandage being wound around the staff, the cord tied above it, and the metal bowl inverted on the top. After a while these were imitated by an artificial sign. A pole was at first fastened in the ground, wound with the bandage, and capped with the bowl. Then a painted strip of white was put on the pole in place of the line, and a wooden cap of a metal color surmounted the solid staff. It was natural that the pole should be painted red not only to show the white stripe more plainly, but as suggestive of the use to be made of the bandage. The bowl became a ball, and the brass or pewter gave place to gold or silver-leaf. In some parts of the world the barber still retains his skill in venesection, but bleeding is now the rare exception in medical practice even in the heroic school for treating the sick. But where the barber is no longer a leech, the sign shorn of its significance, is still retained, and the stripes and gilt cap will mark the barber's pole we suppose to the end of time. Its use certainly antedates any complete historical record. —Journal of Commerce.

#### Too Many Farm Implements.

In the great Northwest, as hitherto in Kansas and Nebraska, the reckless purchase of farm machinery, and the failure to properly take care of it, is frequently noted. The new comer, because he can buy his reaper and other machines on credit, purchases freely, with the confident expectation that good crops will enable him to discharge his obligations; but if the crops are not so good, and he is unable to sell as much as he expected, he frequently gets in a close spot financially. Perhaps he has no building beyond a stable for his horses. Boards are expensive. He leaves his machinery in an open lot, with no cover, exposed to all the changing weather. It often results that he can not pay for his machinery, and, furthermore, it is much damaged sooner or later. Do not go to the Western prairies to farm, unless you have enough money to pay for some machinery, and enough money to construct a proper shelter for it, after the season is over. It is an oft recurring and painful sight, as one rides over the prairie, to see these farm implements lying around loose in every direction. —American Agriculturist.

—There was really nothing the matter with the young orator but nervousness; nevertheless, when he opened his speech by saying, "My cello fitizens, rushing is sotten in the Den of State-mark," his friends led him off to a farm, and next morning published a physician's certificate to the effect that he was suffering from an acute attack of "malarial cerebation." —Burdette.