

UNUSUAL FOR JUNE.

Fleet of Icebergs.

The steamship "Abyssinia," which arrived June 17th from Liverpool, was delayed four days longer than her average time for crossing on account of having encountered immense ice floes. The steamer left Liverpool on the morning of the 3rd instant, and had been out about a week when the ice first made its appearance. It was in latitude 42 degrees 40 minutes, longitude 49 degrees 50 minutes, about one o'clock in the morning of Sunday last when the captain was called on deck. The morning was so dark and such a heavy fog prevailed that one could scarcely see a hundred yards before him. Having been informed that ice was likely to be found in that region Captain Bently exercised the greatest caution, and when the first iceberg loomed up in the darkness he gave orders at once to diminish the speed of the vessel. No sooner was the first iceberg espied than others put in an appearance, until presently the ocean seemed to swarm with them. Some of them are described as being over two hundred feet in height, sugar loaf in shape, and tapering up to a point. Several, it is declared, were over two hundred feet at the base, while all around them were floating particles of ice that gave them the appearance of small islands. As the steamer progressed the icebergs grew more numerous, until finally the captain could do no more than drift and proceed with the greatest caution. At times the "Abyssinia" passed within 400 yards of the largest ice floes. A southeast wind was blowing and the weather was warm and pleasant, making the trip most enjoyable but for the dense fog that seemed to follow them almost until this city was reached. From the discovery of the first iceberg until the vessel was entirely clear of ice Captain Bently says that fully a hundred miles were travelled. Had the weather been clear and no fog there would be no difficulties encountered. At times the fog was so dense that the lookout man could not be seen by those on the deck of the vessel, and the captain ordered that the temperature of water be taken every few minutes to discover the proximity of the ice. On Monday the temperature of the sea fell to forty degrees, when the engines were stopped for six hours, after which the steamer proceeded very slowly for the next three days. On Tuesday the vessel sailed through a whole fleet of icebergs, varying in size from fifty to one hundred feet in length. The captain said that in his seventeen years experience in those waters he never saw so much ice. The ice, encountered, he states, comes from the coast of Labrador, is carried by the currents through Davis' Strait into the Gulf Stream, where it finally dissolves in the warmer atmosphere.—*New York Herald*, June 18.

How Snow in June Affected a Parrot.

A long time ago a distinguished English poet made such a remark to a female friend as the following:

Believe you, aye, as soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June,
Constancy in the wind, or corn in chaff,
As soon believe a woman as an epitaph.

This distinguished English poet was unfortunately never permitted the privilege of spending a Summer in Montana, else the above immortal lines never would have been written. "Ice in June" was to be had very freely. When the snow commenced to tumble with the recklessness of innocence, about half past two o'clock, the pet parrot of a cynical old bachelor who lives close by this office, went out and drowned itself in the gutter. The same parrot

had been patterning after the vituperative habits of his master, and had been in the habit of saying "d--n the weather" every day for the past three months. These brief and pungent observations, however, were utterly inadequate to express the pent up feelings of this exile from the clime of the sunny south, so he broke the ice and drowned himself in front of his master's store.—*Butte (Montana) Miner*.

Cause of the recent Electric Disturbances.

THIS THE YEAR FOR SUN SPOTS.

For weeks past there have been an unusual number of electric storms. From all parts of the country have come stories of ruin and desolation. Whole families have been swept away by the bursting of waterspouts. Distilleries have been burned up by lightning, and men have been burned to death while attending to their duties. Nothing has been seen like it for years. Never before has there been such a disturbances of the atmosphere. Cold days have followed hot days in bewildering succession. For the last two or three days the air has been full of electricity; and sudden and violent thunderstorms, accompanied by frightful flashes of lightning, have been of more than daily occurrence. Several times have the violent rain-storm of the morning been surpassed by the thunderstorm of the evening.

A writer for the *Commercial* found Prof. Thomas W. Tobin, Ph. D., at his laboratory last night and had a long and interesting talk with the Professor on this subject. It may be remembered that the Professor delivered a lecture last spring on astronomy in which he stated that we would have exactly such weather as we had.

"What is the cause of this unprecedented weather, Professor?" asked the reporter.

"You will doubtless remember that this is the year for sun-spots. Once in every eleven years a number of spots appear on the face of the sun. Nobody knows their cause or effect. All is enveloped in the deepest mystery. There are a number of works by the greatest scientists on this subject, but they have all ended by saying they knew nothing. We only know that once in every ten or eleven years there is a period of maximum intensity of these spots. Then is their effect most powerfully felt by us. We are in just such a period now, but its influence has been increased on account of certain unusual occurrences.

"What occurrences?"

"Well, the electric fluid with which the air is filled passes around the North pole and the South pole and is evenly and equally distributed. The air is like the sea, denser at the tropics, rarer and shallower at the poles. Now, the electricity seeks to go by the easiest route, and goes through the rare atmosphere at the poles in preference to the denser air at the tropics. This is shown by the aurora borealis, which in the tropical and temperate regions becomes storms of lightning. The difference is only the difference of the density of the medium through which the electricity goes. There are never lightning storms in the Arctic circle, and there are never aurora borealis in the tropics.

"The air becomes filled with this mysterious, and powerful agent. Storms of unusual violence spread desolation on sea and land. We are in just such a condition of the atmosphere at present time. Barriers of impenetrable ice have blockaded the northern passage of the electricity. It is passing across the temperate and torrid zones. The introduction of it into the atmosphere has caused all the disturbance, and is likely to cause much more."

"What are your predictions for summer?"

"That is a very delicate point, and I would not like to say anything about it. There are so many questions that enter into it and so many things which might disturb the calculation, that I would not like to make any prediction. However, I think that the present summer will be a remarkable one in many respects. There will be extraordinary magnetic disturbances. If the Northern hemisphere should clear out and the electricity should flow around, the summer would be one of extraordinary heat. There would be long spells of heat for weeks together, during which the air would be undisturbed by storms. They may be greater than anything we have had for many years. This is one possibility. The other is that if this impediment in the North be not cleared out, there will be an unprecedented number of storms. Lightning in all its forms will fill the air, and cyclones will spread desolation on all sides. Either of these conditions may occur. We may have a summer that will roast us, or we may have one full of cyclones with all their attendant horrors. Another singular fact is that the ocean currents have been unusually late this year. This is due doubtless, to the obstructions in the North."

Mr. Tom Royal, the stationer, who lived for many years in Australia, says the papers there report unprecedented disturbances in the air. He was, eleven years ago, the period of the last sun spots, at Sydney, New South Wales, and says the heat was then for weeks 12° in shade. All in all, the summer promises to be one which all may look forward to with fear and trembling. We may be roasted by the heat or burned by the lightning.—*Louisville Commercial*.

"Pretty Warm Weather."

DISCUSSION IN A STREET CAR.

The *Burlington Hawkeye* is bound that the weather subject shall not be a *dry* one,—and we do not see why it need be. If people will talk about weather they should be prepared to support their statements. From the paper above mentioned we take the following:—

"Pretty warm," the man with the thin clothes said to the man in the seat, as the South Hill car was coming down the Division street steps.

"What's pretty warm?" growled the man in the corner.

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?" more gruffly than ever.

"Why," the man in the thin clothes said, looking as though he wished he hadn't begin it, "this weather."

"Well," said the man in the corner, "how's this weather different from any other?"

"The man with the thin clothes looked nervously at the dumb mule, and said, "It was warmer."

"How do you know it is?" asked the man in the corner.

The other man began to wish he was well out of it, and said he supposed it was; he hadn't heard how the—

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?"

savagely demanded the man in the corner.

"Why, no," the man with the thin clothes replied, wishing to goodness he had a newspaper to hide behind, "no; it's warmer some places and some places it's colder."

"What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others?" remorselessly pursued the man in the corner.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said piteously, "the sun, the effects of the sun's heat."

"Makes it colder in some places than it's warmer in others?" roared the man in the corner indignantly. "Never heard of such a thing."

"No," the man with thin clothes hastened to explain. "I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."