

PENGUINS AND PROGENY

Habits of the Unwieldy Birds of the Antarctic Seas.

Enthusiasm of Dying Scientist Who Superintended a Dissection.

The following interesting notes on penguins are from an article by Prof. C. E. Borghesevink, the Antarctic explorer, in *Lestie's Magazine* for August:

The first penguin we met, says Prof. Borghesevink, arrived on Oct. 14, 1899, at Cape Adair, in South Victoria Land, thus long before the ice had broken up. I killed him at the request of my zoologist, who was dying at the time. The man knew that his death was only a question of hours, but he had looked forward to the arrival of the birds, and the news of this first arrival excited him. He begged us to kill and dissect the bird before him, although he himself was to follow the bird into the mystery of death half an hour afterwards, and he knew that he showed the utmost interest in the operation, and dictated scientific notes as he watched it till within fifteen minutes of his dissection.

Undoubtedly the penguins live on the edge of the ice-pack in winter time. A curious proof of this is that during a heavy gale in the bay near Cape Adair the ice field broke up suddenly, and the penguins drifted northwards into the ocean, carrying with them one of my sledges dogs. We naturally looked for the dog as lost, but a week later the sea was frozen as far as the eye could reach, and three months afterwards that dog returned to camp from the ice, and he was fat. Now, three dogs can kill a seal, but one dog cannot; and this dog had evidently been living on penguins out at sea at the edge of the ice-pack.

Penguins have an extraordinary amount of vitality, and are harder to kill than any ordinary cat. I once had occasion to kill a large bird aboard our ship, the Southern Cross, and, making use of the weapon next my hand, I drove a large spike squarely through the creature's head, and finished the operation by nailing it fast to the deck. That seemed to make a job very complete, and I went below decks for dinner. Coming up an hour later, my astonishment was prodigious on beholding the penguin, head and flippers out, waddling about, apparently without thought of the spike, which still remained transfixed in his cranial.

On shore the penguin is an awkward creature. Water is its element. When hunted on the ice the birds generally try to run away in any direction, but just as the hunter thinks he has got one, the bird lies down on its white belly and paddles along over the snow very quickly. The smooth quills slipping over the snow crystals without friction. A remarkable characteristic of the penguin is its hump of locality. I once saw one and in the water he never loses his way. To human eyes one ice floe is precisely like another, but under that roof of similar ice floes the penguin of the larger species finds its mate on a floe after diving and swimming for a full mile under water.

It was curious to see some of the lazy birds would quickly make off with the pebbles which they build their nests, and which through great care and watchfulness are accumulated by one of the band, the moment the owner happened to turn his back. The ostentatious attempt of the culprit to look innocent when caught in the act amused us mightily. The rightful owner of the pebble was sure to pursue the thief, and then the two would fight desperately till blood covered their flippers. Sometimes they stood up to each other like pugilists, giving and taking punishment like men, and they exhibited surprising efficiency in the art of hitting. Sometimes they seemed to remember the pebble, the cause of the quarrel, but I noticed that the one who first gave in generally walked off with the pebble, while the other, blinded by success, was left with the honor. Meanwhile the conqueror would return to his nest, and find that his kind neighbors had used the opportunity to pebble their nests from his possessions, while he had been away struggling so valiantly to catch the thief of one single pebble.

In their family life the penguins seem supremely happy. They are monogamists, with great respect for matrimonial contracts, and great morality seemed to rule in these crowded cities of the Antarctic continent. The female lays two eggs, the first one appearing in the beginning of November, and they take a month to hatch. It seems remarkable that the heat for the hatching of their eggs during the heavy snow squalls, even in midsummer, wrap their tiny incubators in powder. We put the thermometer under one, and after a couple of attempts to register the heat produced, frustrated by the penguin, which persisted in picking up our suspicious thermometers, and philosophically carrying them away back in her beak some few yards off, and at last succeeded in securing the thermometers in such a way that the bulb only appeared as a round pebble between the eggs, while the rest was covered by the stones on the nest. In this way we discovered that some 32 degrees, more or less, seemed to be the uniform temperature aimed at, and generally maintained by the penguins around their eggs. The male bird very appropriately takes his turn at the work on the eggs.

The young penguins appear in the beginning of December. They are fed by their parents in rather an unattractive way, for the young one puts its beak, and indeed its head, straight into the throat of its parent, which then gulps up half-digested crustaceans for the delectation of its offspring. So well are these young ones fed that they look like small bags plumped down on the ground, the food acting both as sustenance and as necessary ballast during the heavy gales.

Queen an Admiral.

Only one woman is an admiral in the Russian navy, Queen Olga of Greece. This distinction was conferred on her by Czar Alexander III. on account of her knowledge of naval affairs and of her interest in Russian seamen. In this respect she excels her husband, King George, for, although he served for some time in the British navy, he never attained a high rank.

Coaling Ships at Sea.

Very disagreeable and tedious is the ordinary method of coaling ships, and for this reason naval men are much interested in a new method, the principal advantage of which is that no time is lost while a ship is being loaded with coal and that the dust is scattered over the clean decks. Moreover, by this new method, a few men can quickly supply a ship with all the coal needed, whereas under the old method it is necessary to employ several men. A man-of-war requiring coal need not stop, as heretofore. All

she had to do is to take in tow a coal barge and to continue on her way, keeping the barge at a distance of about 180 yards behind her. Besides the cable, or tow rope, a rope of strong wire must connect the barge and man-of-war, and one end of this rope must be firmly fastened on each vessel to a rack or stand. To this wire rope is attached another cable, which is provided with several rollers. Over this last cable the coal is easily passed in bags from the barge to the ship. A test has shown that a thousand tons of coal can quickly be placed in this manner on an ironclad vessel of the latest type and that during the operation, the barge being still kept in tow, a speed of from ten to twelve knots can be maintained.

VANDEBILT VS. HILL

Hot Fight Now On Between the Big Railway Magnates.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 2.—The Commercial says: "It was learned late this evening that the Great Northern elevator, capacity 3,000,000 bushels, has withdrawn from the Western Elevating Association. The Great Northern elevator is owned by the interests controlled by James J. Hill, owner of the Great Northern Railway, and one of the principal factors in the N. P. Railway. The withdrawal of the Great Northern from the Western Elevating Association was followed immediately by discrimination on the part of railroads controlled by the Vanderbilt interests against the Great Northern. In brief, a fight is now on between the Vanderbilt interests and Jas. J. Hill. It was also learned late this afternoon that the railroads discriminating against all the elevators in the Elevator Owners' Association, the new elevator pool that was organized recently in this city. What the outcome of this wholesale discrimination will be remains to be seen. It is said that the fight has only begun. The withdrawal of the Great Northern is said to be due to the failure to agree regarding the percentages to be allowed to the elevator. It is said that the Great Northern wanted more than the association was willing to allow.

Bronx 'Bobbies' Rattled.

New York, Aug. 2.—Police Commissioner Partridge reduced 196 detective sergeants to the rank of patrolmen and three to the grade of roundsmen yesterday. He also transferred three inspectors, among them Inspector Cross, who was temporarily in command of the district in which the riot at the funeral of Rabbi Joseph occurred. Cross is sent to Bronx Borough, Sgt. B. J. Gallagher of Brooklyn, and is promoted to captain and placed in command of the Eldridge street station, succeeding Captain James K. Price, who retired yesterday.

The Pain of Sore Feet.

Just about the most tantalizing of all pains comes from sore feet. To get relief, bathe the feet in warm water and then rub them with Polson's Nervine. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, takes out the secreted acids, reduces the inflamed muscles, tones up the circulation, and prevents the feet from becoming sore again. Nervine is a protection and safeguard against the pains and aches of the entire body, and cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, etc. 25 cents.

San Francisco has a new labor organization, the Newsboys' Union, with a membership of 350, applying for admission into the Labor Council.

JUSTINIA AND THE CREEK

By MARIAN MORRIS in Chicago Record-Herald.

"Half past 11," I said, consulting my watch, "and she's been out ever since 11, lost beyond a doubt and wandering round in circles," and I admit I smiled, it seemed such a poetic justice. But my merriment ceased as turning a bend I came upon a lonely little figure sitting at the foot of a tree. She was laboring at the shoe in her lap, and I saw a little black stocking foot peeping out beneath her skirt. Such an advantage was not to be lost, and I promptly stepped forward. But a dry twig snapped beneath my tread—she started and looked up and the little foot disappeared like a flash. I stopped in front of her.

"Can I be of any assistance?" "O, no, thank you," she answered caressingly; "that is," she continued as I turned away, "this wretched heel has come off." I sat down beside her at once, and in a matter of fact, brotherly sort of fashion, took the little shoe and turned it over in my hand. "Hairpins, my dear girl," I said, glancing at the twisted remains of the one she held, "though a wonderful tool in the hands of a woman, are not of much use in an emergency of this way, and one of the principal factors in the N. P. Railway. The withdrawal of the Great Northern from the Western Elevating Association was followed immediately by discrimination on the part of railroads controlled by the Vanderbilt interests against the Great Northern. In brief, a fight is now on between the Vanderbilt interests and Jas. J. Hill. It was also learned late this afternoon that the railroads discriminating against all the elevators in the Elevator Owners' Association, the new elevator pool that was organized recently in this city. What the outcome of this wholesale discrimination will be remains to be seen. It is said that the fight has only begun. The withdrawal of the Great Northern is said to be due to the failure to agree regarding the percentages to be allowed to the elevator. It is said that the Great Northern wanted more than the association was willing to allow.

"But what am I to do? I can't walk without a heel." "Then I am afraid I must knock off the shoe," I said, and I stooped to unfasten it. Justinia demurred strongly. I pointed out with unerring force and logic that it was impossible to fix a heel with a hairpin, and an ordinary pocketknife. Whereat she presently yielded up the other shoe, and with heroic calmness watched me pry off the heel, which I furtively dropped into my pocket with the intention of trying it. "Now," I said, "allow me to replace your shoes."

Justinia was all indignant in a moment. "Very good," I said, slipping them into my pocket after the heels, "if you don't mind I'll hunt around and have them properly mended, though I fancy you could walk in them—if you tried." "I think you are horribly mean!" she exclaimed angrily. I agreed that meanness was undoubtedly one of my chief characteristics, venturing at the same time to touch her ankle. Seeing that it was not withdrawn, I slowly fitted on the shoes and felt distinctly sorry when she arose.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I fancy the buckle of your left shoe is loose. I've no wish to detain you, of course, but if you choose to let me take it off again I fancy—" But she turned away indignantly and hurried down the path. I followed.

"Do you know," I said, after we had walked half a mile without exchanging a word, "do you know, I begin to think you are angry. Is anything worrying you?"

"Well, no; I didn't," I replied, trying to see her eyes.

"So you didn't go to the Philippines after all?" she said, without looking up or noticing my question.

"Well, no; I didn't," I replied, trying to see her eyes.

"Well, you see, the Philippines are such a confounded distance away, and I thought if ever you did happen to avail yourself of the privilege of your sex and change your mind—" "I shall never do that," she broke in. "Then, of course, there is no more to

be said," I answered stiffly. "Do you know I think you are awfully ridiculous," she said, which remark I thought entirely uncalled for. Thus it was in the deepest of deep silence that we at length reached the clearing. Remembering an "honest yoke's" head directions, I turned hesitatingly to the right. Presently, sure enough, a creek came in view. Justinia came to a sudden stop and gave a little exclamation. "It's only the creek," I said reassuringly.

"Yes, but how horribly broad. How ever am I to get across? Surely there must be another way?" "Certainly," I replied cheerfully, "if you care to walk another—or two or three miles."

Justinia looked at me in desperation. "But how ever am I to cross? It may be awfully deep."

"Yes, of course," I said, readily. "Then what is to be done? I can't walk another mile in these shoes," she said wistfully.

"You might try swimming it," I suggested. "Kindly talk reason, Mr. Hermiston."

"Certainly," I replied; "then, as far as I can see—there is only one way left!" "And that?" she inquired, with a swift side glance.

"Why—I shall have to carry you over."

"She declared it was ridiculous. 'Very good,' I said, 'then I must try and find another honest yoke' and get him to bring planks and things, I suppose. It may take a long time, but, of course, as it is the only way—why, here goes." And taking a run I leaped across, and, lifting my hat, turned to begin my search.

I had gone but a few steps when a quiet little voice reached me. "Dick!" The single word, though it was faint, brought me back instantly. Justinia looked at me across the creek with a pair of beseeching eyes.

"Is there really no other way?" she asked humbly. "None," I answered, and leaped back to her.

"But you'll get awfully wet," she said, retreating as I advanced, "and do you think you will be able to—?" and she stopped, blushing and stammering most delightfully. So she suffered me to lift her. Clipping her tight I stepped into the water, and making for a large round stone in the middle stepped upon it.

"Justinia," I said, "look at me." She gave me a quick, shy glance beneath her lashes.

"I am now," I continued, "standing upon a stone, Justinia—a smooth, round stone, and may slip off at any moment."

"Then get off at once," she commanded.

"I am now," I answered, "here I stand until either I fall off or you promise to marry me."

Justinia hid her face, and perhaps it was as well she did, for her red lips were provokingly near and it required all my attention to keep my balance.

"I am waiting, Justinia."

"Tell me first that you—you—love me," she said, her face still hidden.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You know I have been trying to teach you that fact for the last three years."

SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE RUBBED IN—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, pour a little in the hand and applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.

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A Cause of Grief.

Major John Burke, avant-courier of Buffalo Bill's Wild West exhibition, and one of the picturesque apparitions of that venture, told a party of Philadelphians during the recent visit of the show, an anecdote concerning two doughty old Indian chiefs who were present at the dinner in one of the frontier forts. Both chiefs had ugly records, but possessed the respect of the officers as brave fighters, and were known as men of influence on the reservation. One of the pair was attracted by the bright yellow of a pot of freshly mixed English mustard, and motioned to the waiter to pass it. He took a tablespoonful and put it in his mouth. Then his face set, his teeth were clenched in agony, and the tears welled from his eyes and down his cheeks in a torrent. Without a word he passed the pot to his fellow diner, nodding approvingly to indicate that it was good to the taste.

The Drugstore Asks Agreed.

that the most reliable Corn and Wart Remover is Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, which has been used with universal satisfaction for more than thirty years. We recommend "Putnam's."

A live frog is said to have recently been taken from the stomach, where it had lived five years, of a Hopewell Junction, N. Y., woman.

Why does the chief cry?" he was asked by his friend, who noted the tears suffusing his cheeks. "I cry," replied he, "because my grandfather is not here to enjoy the feast."

A second spoonful went into the mouth of the other red man and with similar effect.

"And why do you cry?" asked the first, as he noted the tears with vengeful satisfaction. "I cry," said his friend, "for that you did not die when your brave grandfather died!"

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