



MAMMOTH ON ICE.

WELL-PRESERVED MEAT.

The River Viloui, in the North Siberia, is frozen a greater part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on they return. It was during one of these migrations that an entire mammoth was discovered. The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice, had overflowed its banks and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down. Some of the more daring natives ventured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that at first they would not approach it.

At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great mammoth was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native, and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a Government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed. Only its head and feet remained, which are now preserved in one of the great museums of Russia.—St. Nicholas.

THE END OF A BLANKET STORY.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

"Grandfather," said Lillian, "please tell me a soldier story."

Grandfather didn't tell soldier stories very often, even to Lillian. Somehow the old soldiers who have known the horrors of the war do not like to speak of it. But to-day, leaning back in a most comfortable armchair on the hotel piazza, after the best possible dinner, and with the cool lake breeze blowing Lillian's pretty curls

softly, he was ready to do almost anything. He fixed his eyes on the dancing waves and began, half to himself:

"I'll tell you about a man I have tried to find for forty years. He lent me something once, something that was worth more than all the money I had, and I never paid him back.

"What was it grandpa?" asked Lillian. "It was a blanket."

"A blanket! How funny!"

"Oh, no, it wasn't funny, at all. It was the only blanket in the company, and he had carried it miles through mud so deep that we had to drag one foot out after the other all the way. It was when we were marching from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson. We marched all day through roads that were awful. First it rained, then it turned bitter cold, and began to snow, and we had thrown away our blankets and overcoats."

"Why did you do that?" asked Lillian.

"We couldn't march over those roads and carry the heavy things. We piled them up in a heap, and carts were ordered to bring them after us. But the carts went wrong and we never saw our blankets and overcoats again. The rain had soaked the ground, and the falling snow was covering it; but we had no other place to sleep. I think I was never so cold in my life. My teeth chattered, and it seemed to me the ground shook under me with my shivering. One man, Flint, had carried his blanket instead of piling it with the rest. We had laughed at him all through the march, but now we envied him.

"Some of the boys who had money offered Flint any amount for his blanket; but he would not take it. Indeed, I do not think any amount of money would have been worth what the blanket was just then. I was only eighteen—a good deal of a spoiled boy, not used to hardships, and really sick with fatigue. I would drop asleep and then wake up because I was so cold. Then I got to dreaming that I was home and sat up and whined like a child, 'Mother, bring me some more bedclothes, I'm cold!'

"How the boys laughed and gayed me! But Flint did not laugh. Instead he brought me the heavy blanket he had staggered under all day. I protested sleepily, but he said: 'No, keep it. I'm more used to cold than you.' In the morning I looked for Flint to give him back his

blanket. But I never found him. There had been night firing and he had been wounded. He recovered from his wound, I learned, but I never could find where he went."

An old soldier came limping toward the steps of the hotel, leaning on his cane.

"That's poor old Flint," said a voice. "He has lost all his property. He has tried hard to support himself, but he is really too disabled to work. I am afraid he will have to go to the poorhouse."

Lillian's grandfather stared. Then he sprang up.

"Why, Flint! Is it you? I've looked for you everywhere," he said. "Lillian, this is the man that gave me the blanket."

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

The Gilbert Islands lie on both sides of the equator and a little beyond the 180th meridian. They are sixteen in number, with a thin soil, scanty rainfall, and limited vegetation. The cocoanut palm thrives here, as well as the pandanus, or screw-pine; but almost nothing else which can furnish food for human beings. Advocates of a meagre diet, as conducive to health, might do well to emigrate to the Gilbert Islands. If they survive the experiment, their testimony will be interesting; possibly, however, a little "thin." The people are naturally hardy, savage and quarrelsome. While not cannibals in the same sense as were the Fiji Islanders, yet it is said that on some of the Islands there is probably not an adult male who has not tasted human flesh.

The only water fit to drink on all coral islands is rain water. Missionaries living on the Gilbert Islands are obliged to depend entirely on foreign food, which is never perfectly fresh, and always preserved with difficulty. Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with his devoted wife, began work here in 1857, and labored on alone, with their Hawaiian helpers, until 1874. Frequently they were obliged, in self-preservation, to flee for a season to a more salubrious clime; until, at last, utterly in health, they were compelled to take up their residence in Honolulu, where they still continue their labors of love among Gilbert Islanders who have been brought to Hawaii as laborers. The days of martyrs and heroes of faith are not yet passed.



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