

putting your foot on it, and turns instantly as white as marble. Many Eskimo children amuse themselves trying this simple experiment, and the white spots on the clear ice give it a moss-mottled look. The iced runners dragging over the fine, gritty snows give forth a clear, musical ring that can be heard many miles in the still cold of the Arctic. Sometimes when breathing this extremely cold air my tongue would feel as if it were freezing in my mouth, but I could readily cure this by breathing through my nose for a few minutes. You will naturally ask, "Why not breathe through the nostrils all the time?" as you have so often heard advocated. The air, however, is so bitter cold that it becomes absolutely necessary to breathe through the mouth. Also the nose is more liable to freeze when breathing through it. These freezings of the nose and cheeks are very common affairs in very low temperatures, especially when the wind blows. The Eskimo cures these frost-bites by simply taking the warm hand from the reindeer mitten and rubbing the affected spot. They know nothing of rubbing frost-bites with snow, and that article could not be used in arctic temperature, where the snow, if it is loose, is like sand, or if in mass, like granite rock. Another thing the Eskimo always used was snow to quench their thirst, which most arctic writers have condemned as hurtful. My Eskimos used it at all temperatures, and I have never seen any bad results from its use.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

PROSEYBOY—"Why didn't you take a wedding trip, Bloodgood?"

BLOODGOOD—"Well, you see my wife and I came to the conclusion it wouldn't be much of a novelty for us. We met first on a steamer on the Atlantic ocean; I proposed in Sweden; was accepted in Russia; obtained her father's permission in England; the marriage settlement was drawn up in this country, and we were married in Algiers."

## February.

The world lies hushed in white,  
Field and hollow and hill;  
The forest grim hath a purple rim  
And the river's heart is still.  
Then hey for that dim hour fleet,  
Born of the day and the dark,  
When the earth-flame red doth leap to meet,  
Its far-off phantom spark.

And ho! for who comes nigh,  
With his yellow hair ablow!  
Is warmth and cheer for the traveller here,  
Or wilt thou bid him go?  
Nay, for he rideth to win,  
With the young year bonny and bold;  
Then open thy door, and let love in,  
Good neighbor, from out the cold.  
—VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD,  
*in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

## The Cottage on the Moor.

Oh, give me back my native land,  
Her "banks and braes" once more,  
Her rushing gales,  
And sleeping vales,  
And the "Cottage on the Moor."

There's many a "boasted land" more fair,  
And many a sky is bluer,  
But the jolly lad  
That wears the plaid,  
And the "bonnie lass" are truer.

My native hills! your rugged steeps  
Are dear in song and story;  
The hardy brave,  
The rocky cave,  
And the tale of blood and glory!

Scotland! I love your heather bells,  
Your sea-girth wave-washed shore,  
And more I love,  
Where'er I rove,  
"The cottage on the moor."

'Twas there "my blue-eyed Mary" dwelt,  
And there I learned to love her;  
But Mary sleeps,  
And Allan weeps,  
While shadows round him hover.

Oh, give me back my own dear land!  
Her "banks and braes" once more,  
The trees that wave  
O'er Mary's grave,  
And "the cottage on the moor."

Thus sang a lonely, wandering Scot  
At eve beside my door;  
Though years ago,  
I love that song—  
"The cottage on the moor."  
—Mrs. L. A. K. in *Godey's Lady's Book.*