

ON THE BEACH.

(From the Norwegian of Bjorstjerne Bjornson.)

On the beach she loitered, fancy free,
And of one—no thing in the world, thought she.
There came a young painter of great renown
From the town.
He sat him down
Painting her on the beach that was pebbly and brown.

On the beach she snatched, blythe and free,
And of one—no thing in the world, thought she.
She thought of the picture that he would make,
The sketch he'd take,
Where fern and brake
And herself were mirrored in crystal lake.

On the beach she rambled, far and free,
And of all things in the world, thought she.
Then, far out on the lake as well as near
On the beach just here,
On the painter there,
Oh! how warm the sun shone, and bright and clear!

NED P. MAH.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "JEANNETTE."

On July 8, 1879, a little ship, bearing a hardy crew of thirty-three adventurous men, sailed from the port of San Francisco, on the Pacific Ocean. Their errand was to explore the seas of the Polar region. The history of their sufferings, as narrated by Lieutenant Dannenhauer, reads like a sensational romance. To receive their full effect, however, one must have listened to them as told by the brave spirited officer himself, who, with his eyes blindfolded and resting on a lounge in a darkened room, simply rehearsed the story of thirty-four months of danger and death. It is possible to give his narrative in his own words:—"We sailed on July 8 for the Arctic Seas, equipped with every necessary for our expedition. Our vessel was staunch and seaworthy in every particular, and nothing had been left undone to secure her against all the perils we knew she must encounter. She carried as her crew five commissioned officers of the United States Navy, two scientists, Dr. Raymond L. Newcomb and Mr. Collins, and a ship's crew of twenty-four men. Twenty-four days later we reached Unalaska, near Behring's Straits, where we coaled ship and proceeded to St. Michaels, a fur trading station in Alaska. There we received supplies from a sailing vessel that had gone on before us, and added to our equipment such stores as only that country could furnish, such as fur clothing of the best kind for Arctic service, with forty dogs and two native masters or drivers of them, for our inland or ice-field journeys. This made our complement thirty-three men. On the last day of August we headed our way toward Wrangell Land. On September 6 we found what we judged to be the lead between the Siberian and American ice packs, and Lieutenant De Long taking charge of the ship's course from the crow's nest on the foretop-mast head, piloted us in. We encountered a great deal of ice, most of it of young formation; but through it we fought our way by ramming the ship against it. This was the first real trial we had had with our vessel. She bore the shocks nobly, however; but at last we found she could make no further headway, and gave over our fruitless efforts. That night we were frozen in. A week later we made an effort to reach the island by means of dog sledges. The party, led by Lieutenant Chipp, found open water between them and the shore, and were forced to return. By observations we found that the ship was drifting, and it was deemed prudent not to send out any boats. Sometimes the ship would be heeled over to an angle of twelve or fifteen degrees. To prevent being capsized, we got tackles from the mast heads with heavy blocks fastened to ice anchors, say one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet off, and stayed her as best we could. We unshipped the rudder, triced up our propellers, and tallowed the engines. When the ship began to heel over the local deviation of the compass was in ratio of one and a half degree to one of list of the vessel. This fact was due not only to the great amount of iron work, but to the vast quantity of canned goods that were stowed between decks aft. Early in November the ice began to break up. This agitation was in accordance with our anticipations, for the changes of moon and tidal action had given us previous warnings. The noise was awe-inspiring. The dogs howled and whined dismally, and the crash and roar were sometimes almost deafening. The ice floes tumbled into confusion, and water tracks under the bright star-light shone out like paths of shimmering gold through fields of silver. The broken masses seemed determined to encroach upon us, and threatened the destruction of our vessel from their heaving, towering summits, which flashed and shone with prismatic splendours whose beauty we could not appreciate. On November 23 the floe split away on the port side, leaving our ship cradled upon her starboard bilge. A few days after this break, which left our vessel lying in a sort of shelf, with the water beneath on one side, and a mountain of ice on the other, the floe closed in again. All day we were in the most serious apprehension, and the *Jeannette's* fate hung upon a delicate balance indeed. Pressed in the jaws of a vice such as no power created by human agencies could have made, she creaked and groaned in every timber. Only that she had been strengthened by an immense truss whose introduction into the ship was the latest thought of her builders, she must have gone to fragments then. Once a great tongue of ice pressed her against the port beam, and we gathered on the deck and breathlessly awaited the end, which it

now seemed could not be delayed. No one can tell how heartily we gave thanks when our noble little vessel resisted the pressure, and the great arm of crystal, crumbling into pieces, under-run the ship with a sullen roar that sounded like music to our ears. At such times as these, and they were not rare, the deck planks would start from their beams, and the fastenings would crack like the report of discharging rifles. The doors of our state room would become jammed, so that ingress and egress were impossible. Every man kept his knapsack ready by him, prepared to leave the vessel at a moment's notice. The dogs, too, were kept harnessed, and no precaution that our perilous condition could suggest was neglected. Several gales, some of them of great violence, added their dangers to our condition. Some of them moved at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The long night began on November 10, 1879, and lasted until January 25, 1880. During that time a regular routine was observed. At seven A. M. all hands were called and the galley fires started; at nine, breakfast; from eleven to one, hunting and exercise on the ice; at three P. M., dinner, after which, and for the purpose of saving coal, the galley fires were put out; between seven and eight, tea, made from the Baxter condensing boiler, originally intended to run the electric light engine. The light, however, we found too expensive, and soon abandoned its use. Coal was served out in careful quantities, in all 140 lbs. a day. For the most part we lived upon canned meats and vegetables, with bear or seal meat twice a week, and pork and beans or salt beef once a week. Rum was sparingly served out on festive occasions once or twice a year. Thus we spent twenty-one months in the ice-pack, man-of-war discipline being always maintained. For the entire time there was but one punishment, and that for the offence of profanity. Our amusements were theatricals, study, and such games as we could have from time to time on the ice. In January 1880, the great strain on the vessel started a leak. The strain she had borne is almost incredible, but when the great pressure attacked her longitudinally, and in her weakest point, the stern, she had to succumb. Directly that this new danger made itself known we got up steam and set the pumps to work without delay. The temperature was then 42 deg. below zero, the freezing-point of mercury, and it was with great difficulty the donkey pumps could be kept at work. The men worked with their feet in the freezing water, and in our mutual anxiety we struggled on. The pumps were kept going until June, at which time we found the leak was caused by the wrenching away of the forefoot, making a great aperture. We then built a compartment forward, which stayed the water a good deal. Nevertheless, we kept on pumping for eighteen months without cessation. A windmill pump was tried in summer, but the chill sephyr were too gentle to lift the freezing water, and keep by its flow the clearing pipes from closing up. The first year we got enough of game for table use, and of seal to clothe the crew from their skins. But this required a great deal of hunting—more, indeed, than you can imagine. Spring found us drifting over the same track again, but the calamity we feared was not to be long delayed. Finally, on July 11, 1881, we forsook the ship. We were not a moment too soon. Dragging our boats to an adjoining ice-flow, we saw the *Jeannette's* last efforts of resistance. Slowly her sides gave way, and a towering mass of ice fell over and buried her from sight for ever. After a terrible struggle, suffering hardships of a nature that no human tongue can tell, we reached open water. Then, for one hundred days we continued our journey, keeping our course in the open boats, to the south and west, sometimes dragging them over ice, sometimes wet, always hungry, but still hopeful of reaching land. We had plenty of bad weather. On the night of September 12, we had a furious gale, and the three boats became separated. Four days later my boat reached the Siberian Coast. The same day Captain De Long reached the shore. It was a barren harbour. We were without food, and our clothing, worn and tattered, afforded scant protection to the inclement winds that blew with blinding force over the desolate steppes of that inhospitable region. For food we chewed the sealskin of our garments. Our landing was made near the mouth of the Lena.—*Daily Telegraph.*

PAINT AND POWDER.

"The Social Purity Alliance" is the name of an association in London with an idea that its workings will purify the tone of British society. Its aims are, of course, excellent, and, however much we may be tempted to smile at a theory of legislating sin out of the world, we have no doubt that it is quite within the bounds of possibility that such a society, not alone in London, but anywhere, in our own city of Philadelphia, for instance, might be made to produce a vast deal of good.

It is with some hesitation that we put the question—not new, for women have been and are talking about it at this day.—Can not something be done, not by law, but by the power of public opinion, to stop the dreadful coating of their faces with paint and powder and cosmetic by women who consider themselves not outside the pale of respectability? First, there is the artistic reason—it is unbecoming. Catch a bepowdered woman in a side light, and her face is hideous in color; the metallic hue makes one shiver. The "pearl powder" is a lie, the "flesh pink" is a lie, and the whole "make

up" is a cheat that deceives nobody—but herself. Unless she has some wonderful, undiscovered trick of color and applies it without detection, she simply makes a target of herself for the brutal or contemptuous or pitying remarks of the unpainted men and women she meets, by night in the drawing-room, or by day in the thoroughfare. Oh, how many times have not been heard such remarks as these shot after the train of some woman:

"Yes, she's quite an artist—in *pastel*!"

"Neat little filly. I'd like to kiss her, if I didn't fear poisoning," accompanied with winks and grins.

Then there is the suggestion it too often has of evil. If a young girl paints, one asks why? Her youth ought to be accompanied with freshness, and her complexion should be not bad, if not beautiful, if she is cleanly and lives intelligently. If she has not a fresh skin, it is made worse by putting poison on it, and a mask that is the reverse of freshness. She stops the pores of her skin and renders it unhealthy; she proclaims herself not of the guild of the modest, and one does not dare ask her why she does it, for fear a true confession would not be flattering to herself.

If a married woman paints, it is still more suggestive. It is not, certainly, to attract her husband, for husbands detest paint and powder on their wives, and, if not to attract him, then who? Certainly not her children; and once they are old enough to discern the put-on complexion, they receive a lesson in untruth of which we cannot think a mother fully estimates the danger. Nor does the wife and mother paint and powder to attract women—everybody knows that.

With an actress it is different; it is her business—and I believe that even actresses do not "make up" their faces for the street.

This is not to say that innocent women do not paint; they do, there's the misery of it. If it were well known that only the "unfortunates" painted, women would be then estimated with more comfort to themselves, but as it is now, in this present license of chalk and rouge, that it is only when a man *knows* the painted woman is of respectable reputation that he believes her to be so. When he does not know something of her to her credit, he believes her to be, simply, vicious. And, as she walks along the street, she forms against herself the lowest possible opinion on the part of men, the contempt or pity of women, leaving only a portion of the world, painted like herself, who merely gaze at her, half indifferently, to see if she can give them points for their own "make up."

Again, when we remember that one man's rights end where another's begins, it is a matter of doubt if a respectable woman has really a right to paint. While she may only harm herself if she goes through life unaccompanied, if married she hurts her husband, by giving an opportunity to the heartless and cruel of dragging his honor in the mud. Although here it must be confessed, if a married woman so vulgarizes her face, her husband is not free from blame, for, if she love him, his influence should be sufficient, and, if an appeal to that were in vain, women, we think, if not juries, would pardon him the exercise of a little authority.

Moreover, it is not pleasant for the unpainted woman to be ever defending the painting woman. For argument we will suppose the first to dislike vulgar attention, and, if she dresses as a lady, really a lady, and by that I mean appropriately and quietly on the street, it must be extremely painful to her to have a companion whose painted face attracts the attention of every passer-by; she may know that her friend is foolish, not wicked, but she sees in the wink of the man about town that he thinks something very different. She cannot stop the public motley to say:

"Wait a minute, I know my friend to be a loving wife and a kind mother, and her people are respectable though you do not think so. I know her painted face is horrid, but she is really very nice, once you know her."

But when this goes on, and the painted woman paints, in spite of all appeals, her friend, who tires of having cruel remarks made about herself, is forced, because of her friendship for her, to withdraw from the painter's acquaintance. Even friendship, though it may expect much, has no right to demand the sacrifice of one's fair name. And, indeed, friendship is give and take, and where is the love in the feeling that would demand the sacrifice? I don't think a non-painting woman, however much she may love another, could stand the fire of such adverse criticism that this calls forth for two weeks, for the sake of the most angelic painted woman that ever trod.

A certain young lady in this city, who, ten years ago, had more than average social chances, is to-day ostracised by almost every honorable household in Philadelphia, for this very unfortunate fault. Her old schoolmates are forbidden to call on her, and are charged—"of course, speak kindly to her if you meet, but on no account be seen on the street walking with her, or stopping to talk to her."

The most cruel things are said, possibly, nay probably, with no foundation, simply because she paints conspicuously, and it is a pity that the girl has not some friend to explain to her that her painted face, in the first place, was the real reason that her visits were not returned. It is not enough that a woman is womanly, but she must look womanly; and as she is respectable, why in the name of common sense does she strive to look disreputable?

Paint and cosmetic do not hide her lack of beauty—they emphasize it—and if she could but

hear the one-hundredth part of the nasty things said about her face, she would not only abandon the practice on moral grounds—but on worldly ones—*it does not pay.*

It is a woman's right and duty to look as beautiful as she can, but she should learn to accept her age gracefully—as the clever French women do. A French woman with wrinkles and white hair, will wear soft grey cashmere and light tulle that, surrounding her face, makes it a pleasure to behold. A good physician can advise a regimen which will aid in the accomplishment of a good complexion, and if this cannot be done—paint and powder can not do it, but only increase ill-health of body and mind.

Lastly, if the non-face painting woman would make up her mind to say to her face-painting friend:

"I will not walk the streets with you until you stop, once for all, painting your face," we should be proud of many of our women, in whose company, at present, it is not safe to be seen.

HUNTED BY THE "LION."

One of those irrepressible American "lady correspondents" in London, who make it their business to hunt up the "lions of the metropolis," i.e., to intrude upon the privacy of people distinguished in literature and the arts, for the purpose of retailing personal gossip to the Yankee newspapers, met, a contemporary tells us, with deserved punishment the other day. An eccentric but famous young author having, by his bachelorhood and the notorious oddity of his habits, repelled her from paying him a visit at his chambers, she in desperation adopted the expedient of inviting him to her own lodgings, to read to her his new work.

He arrived soon after daybreak, and began to read in his wild, gesticulatory style. By breakfast time, she had exhausted her stock of compliments and felt fatigued. He ate the breakfast with avidity, and recommended reading. Wearily did she count the hours until luncheon was brought in. The author, exclaiming, "Capital idea!" devoured the luncheon with ferocity, and once again took his M.S. in hand, and read on. Supine upon the sofa did the unhappy lady writhe in anguish. The poet took no heed, but read on.

Dinner-time came. A gleam of hope inspired the wretched "lady-huntress;" but alas! her very feebly suggested invitation to stay was accepted by the frenzied genius, who, to use the language of provincial reporters, "did ample justice to the assembled viands." "He cannot go on reading," she fondly whispered to herself, "after so heavy a meal." But he did, and with renewed energy.

It was now dead mid-night, and cold fearful drops stood upon the brow of the wretched lady. With a desperate effort, she suggested the propriety of retiring, as she wished to go to bed. "To bed—capital idea!—and we can finish the reading in the morning."

But instead of saying good night, the tormenter deliberately opened the folding doors, saying, "Ah, I thought there would be a bed there—always is in London lodgings," and immediately threw himself on the couch, and was soon snoring peacefully.

His victim took refuge in a neighbor's house. When she returned in the morning, she found the author reclaiming his remaining chapter to himself in the looking glass.

HOW TO WIN A WIFE.

How shall a good wife be won? I know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly unassuming, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry. Not the gallantry of fast men and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion, decision, and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where boots and brains win one. If a man stands before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you possess not the spirit to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you.

But in any case don't be in a hurry. Don't get into a feverish longing for marriage. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years' old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more of manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with only two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them.

THE International Monetary Conference has been postponed till 1883.