

PEARY'S ARCTIC JOURNEY.

The Explorer Now Probably Far Along on His Overland Way.

His Sledges, Food Supply, and Equipment—What is Expected of His Work and that of Lieut. Ryder of the Danish Navy.

The seven persons who compose the north Greenland expedition of Lieut. R. E. Peary doubtless saw the sun peering above the horizon in the last week of February, after a period of twilight and darkness lasting about 130 days. During March the welcome sunlight lingered a little longer with each successive day, and early April ushered in the period of active exploration. Nearly all the expeditions to north Greenland, after the long night of comparative inaction, have set out on their sledging expeditions during the first week in April, and three of them, those under Dr. Hayes, Capt. Markham, and Lockwood when he started for the "Farthest North," all began the formidable work of the season on April 3. It is hoped that Peary's sledges bound for the north end of Greenland, are already several weeks on the way.

How has the little party passed the long winter night? All we can say is that they had the most comfortable winter quarters that have sheltered any north Greenland expedition except Lieut. Greely's, at Fort Conger; that they had an ample supply of food for one year; that reindeer, fox, and rabbit tracks were numerous around their camp in July last, and there seemed a good prospect that the hunters would lay in a fair supply of fresh meat during the ten weeks of daylight remaining; that they had seven tons of coal, plenty of the heaviest woolen clothing, which it was hoped to supplement by fur garments to be made during the winter, an abundance of kerosene and oil stoves, and an ample supply of reading matter, including an Italian lexicon, which was added to their library by mistake, and must mildly have surprised Lieut. Peary when he opened his boxes. The accident by which Peary broke his leg was deplorable; but when the steamer Kite left him to return home there was every prospect that he would be around again before daylight faded. In a letter he wrote from McCormick Bay to the writer of this article, Mr. Peary said:

"The accident will interfere with my proposed work of surveying this season, but it will not interfere with the two principal objects of the expedition, viz., the determination of the northern terminus and the study of the Whale Sound natives. I have some brave and sturdy young fellows with me, and by next spring I shall be as good as ever."

Considering the party's equipment and the experience of its predecessors, we have no reason to doubt that it passed last winter in comparative comfort. Two views of Peary's house are given here. One shows the 12x20 foot structure as it appeared when first completed, and also the hill that rises steeply behind it to a height of 1,000 feet, at whose top the inland ice was seen stretching away to the north. The other view shows the house in its winter dress, surrounded as high as the eaves with a wall of stones, turf, and snow. One-third of the cabin was partitioned off for the use of Lieut. Peary and his wife. The party had as neighbors during the winter the kindly disposed Arctic Highlanders, one of whose settlements, composed of nine or ten large huts, was on Herbert Island, only a few miles from the Peary cabin. The Lieutenant has a fine photographic outfit, and he hoped to make a thorough study of these interesting Eskimos, the most northern human beings in the world.

There was plenty of winter work to do. All the men were exercised, whenever the weather would permit, on Norwegian "skis," or snow shoes, which they are to use on their journey north. Then sledges were to be made from timber that formed part of his equipment. For two years before he went north Peary was experimenting with different woods to find material for his sledges that would combine the greatest toughness and lightness. His sledges differ from those ever used in Greenland work, except the two he made for his journey on the inland ice in 1886. He has these sledges with him, and several others of the same type, though lighter, were to be made during the winter. His sledges are far lighter than those Dr. Nansen used in crossing Greenland, but they are expected to carry just as heavy loads. Peary expected to pack about 200 pounds weight on each one-man sledge, which is double the load Lockwood's men were able to haul along the shore of the Arctic Sea. The loads consist of the pemmican, condensed soups, vegetables, and other articles of food especially reserved for the sledging expedition, the camp equipment, and the scientific instruments.

The last days of March, probably, saw the little party hauling the sled supplies up the steep basaltic hill that rises a thousand feet above the cabin. At its top they found their icy highway. Four or five men, each dragging a sledge, form the exploring expedition. Mrs. Peary and Matt. Henson, the colored servant, were left behind at the cabin. If Peary can reach 85° north latitude, where most geographers think the big island ends, he has 1,300 miles of weary sledging before him. It is a big undertaking, but he has four and a half months in which to do the work, for he does not expect to break up camp for his return home before Aug. 15. What is his plan of operations?

We find marked on the map along the route to the north, Humboldt Glacier, Petermann Fiord, Sherard Osborne Fiord, and between Sherard Osborne and Cape Washington, the furthest point of land sighted by Lockwood, is De Long Fiord. At or near all these points Peary expects to establish supply depots on the northern march. It has been found, as far as the inland ice is known, that here and there nunataks, or points of land, peer above the ice sea. Nansen was seldom out of sight of them. Peary will cache his supplies on these nunataks. The whole party is not likely to advance beyond Petermann Fiord. Two sledges will return to camp from that point, and two or three, manned by the men who have shown the greatest endurance, will push on for the north coast.

Peary's 200 miles of the inland ice work in 69° 30' north attitude, in 1886, robbed deep, soft snow of its terrors. He believes that with his snow shoes and his type of sledge he can make good progress over soft snow, for which Nansen's sledges were not so well adapted. He will doubtless

meet crevasses; but, with the sledges roped together, the danger from this source will not be great; at least that was the experience of Nansen, whose men tumbled into many crevasses, but escaped uninjured. There will be days when the party will be storm bound, and can do nothing except to lash down their tent and keep comfortable in their sleeping bags. When the wind is favorable sails may be raised to assist locomotion.

Peary bases his hopes of reaching the north end of Greenland upon the theory that the inland ice practically extends to the north coast. While a number of geographers regard this theory as plausible, Gen. Greely is of the opinion that the inland ice does not extend north of the 82d parallel. He bases the view upon the report of Lockwood, who at his furthest north found the horizon on the land side concealed by numberless snow covered mountains. "The interior," he wrote, "is a confused mass of snow-capped peaks." He added that these mountains made it impossible to discover the topography of the region, and it is not at all unlikely that behind them the inland ice extends unbrokenly toward the north just as it does behind the mountains of south Greenland. If, however, the ice is not coextensive with the north coast, Peary will not be able to reach the north end of the island, and in this event he will try to trace the northern limit of the ice cap, and to follow its edge to the unknown east coast north of Cape Bismarck.

From the lofty elevation of the inland ice it is probable that he will be able to do more for the correct mapping of the famous channel through Smith Sound to the Arctic Sea than any of his predecessors. Much of the region will be spread out like a map before him, and he is likely to solve the mystery of Humboldt Glacier, believed to be the greatest in the world, and of the mighty fiords which penetrate no one yet knows how far inland.

If Peary succeeds in his undertaking and Lieut. Ryder of the Danish navy carries out the task assigned him of mapping the east coast between Franz Josef Fiord and Cape Dan, the year 1892 will see Greenland practically revealed in all its outlines. Ryder reached the east coast last summer, and intended to winter near Cape Brewster. He is expected to study and map 500 miles of coast line, of which the part between Cape Brewster and Cape Dan is wholly unknown. His project was to spend the winter in scientific observations; to devote the spring to sledging journeys, to map the inner part of the sounds and fiords, and to study the interior ice; and late in June he expects to start down the coast in three boats, leaving his collections at his winter camp to be taken off by a steamer if she succeeds in pushing through the ice.

It is expected that Ryder will complete his survey of the coast to Cape Dan by the beginning of September. He will await the steamer to take him home at Anngmagalik in 66° north latitude, where Holm spent the winter of 1884-85 among several hundred natives who had never before seen a white man. If the steamer does not appear, Ryder will be compelled to spend next winter among the natives, and in the summer of 1893 he will make his way around the south end of Greenland to the Danish settlements. Like Peary, he believes in the efficiency of small, picked parties for Arctic service. His expedition consists of nine persons, and is provisioned for two years.

These two enterprises are at present the only conspicuous features of Arctic exploration. The Danes this summer will continue their study of glacial phenomena, and a German expedition with the same end in view will pitch its camp for a year in one of the big fiords near Disco. The results they attain, valuable as they may be, will interest chiefly scientific men; but if the sixteen persons in the Peary and Ryder expeditions come anywhere near accomplishing the purposes that took them to Greenland, the civilized world will applaud their achievements.

Luck is an important factor in Arctic enterprises. If the conditions are favorable good work may be expected from both these expeditions. The scheme of exploration that Peary has originated at least eliminates many of the elements of uncertainty and danger that have environed earlier expeditions to North Greenland, and it may be hoped that the vessel which will visit McCormick Bay next summer to bring the Peary party home, will find them well and with a record of faithful effort and valuable achievement to their credit.

Cleaning Lace Curtains.

Lace curtains will not bear rubbing, writes Maria Parloa in her department in the *May Ladies' Home Journal*. All the work must be done carefully and gently. For two pairs of curtains half fill a large tub with warm water, and add to it half a pound of soap, which has been shaved fine and dissolved in two quarts of boiling water; add also, about a gill of household ammonia. Let the curtains soak in this over night. In the morning sop them well in the water, and squeeze it all out; but do not wring the curtains. Put them into another tub of water, prepared with soap and ammonia, as on the night before; sop them gently in this water, and then, after squeezing out the water, put them in a tub of clean warm water. Continue to rinse them in fresh tubs of water until there is no trace of soap; next, rinse them in water containing blueing. After pressing out all the water possible, spread the curtains over sheets on the grass; or, if you have no grass, put them on the clothes-line. When they are dry, dip them in hot, thick starch, and fasten them in the frame that comes for this purpose. If you have no frame; fasten a sheet on a mattress, and spread the curtains on this, pinning them in such a manner that they shall be perfectly smooth and have all the pattern of the border brought out. Place in the sun to dry. If it be desired to have the curtains a light ecru shade, rinse them in weak coffee; and if you want a dark shade, use strong coffee.

In a battle between British troops and Lushais, between Lungle and Damagiri, in India, 40 of the latter were killed.

The official inspector in lunacy at Melbourne has declared Deeming, the wife murderer, to be sane.

The estimated deficiency in the United States post-office department for the fiscal year 1890-91 is \$1,240,932.

The massing of Russian troops on the German frontier causes considerable discussion in Europe.

THE POETS' CORNER.

The Desolation of Babylon.

Isaiah XIII. 19, 21, 22.
"As the Lord on Gomorrah and Sodom did frown,
And did leave but a waste in that beautiful plain;
When the flames of his wrath from the heavens came down,
And their homes were consumed and the wicked were slain.

"Even thus shall it be," spoke the prophet of old,
"To the glory of kingdoms—to Babylon's crown:
Where the Chaldee's city its beauties unfold,
Not a soul shall be left in those gates of renown."

"And the Arab shall pitch not his tent even there;
Even there shall no fold of the shepherd be found;
The wild beasts of the desert shall make their lair,
And their houses with creatures shall doleful resound.

"From the towers where gardens suspended in bloom,
There the night's lonely bird in their bosoms shall dwell;
And where monarchs held feasts in their banquetting-room,
There the satyrs shall dance like the demons of hell.

"The wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their halls;
And the dragons inhabit the courts of their king."
Thus the prophet predicts, and the prophecy falls.
For the Lord to the prophet has spoken this thing.

*In the Gospels, Our Saviour is represented as frequently recalling the prophecies of Isaiah, and certainly nowhere in the Bible do we find Christ so clearly foretold as in Isaiah LIII. His prediction likewise of the Desolation of Babylon was just as clear, and the prophecy soon fulfilled. Read Isaiah XIII.

J. E. POLLOCK, B. A.

"The owl.

"A Baby—Only."

We passed it in a busy street,
Where hurried footsteps come and go,
A long white streamer which the wind
Caught up and wafted to and fro;
My friend looked back, then lightly said,
"Tis only someone's baby, dead."

"A baby, only!" At the words,
Swift from the city's ceaseless din
My thoughts stole to that saddened home.
And to the silent guest within:
The little child then passing by,
Thought 'twas no pity thus to die.

I seemed to see the darkened room,
The little waxen form so fair,
The little dimpled hand so still,
The soft, light rings of sunny hair,
The tender mouth that met the kiss
Of Death with such a smite of bliss!

'Twas only "some one's baby," but
Ah, me! the empty, empty nest!
Ah, me! the longing arms outstretched!
Ah, me! the lonely mother's breast,
The faded hopes, the joys now fled,
Because of "some one's baby, dead!"

For to "some one" I knew the world
Was brighter for the baby's birth;
And to "some one" the light went out
When fled the stainless soul from earth.
Yet these, the careless words, he said:
'Tis only "some one's baby, dead!"

But to that baby soul itself,
If "some one" knew what bliss is given,
To take but one sweet sip of earth,
Then fall asleep to wake in Heaven:
To come and go, like summer's breath,
And smile alike on Life and Death!

—[Good Housekeeping.

While Talking at the Gate.

Blythe Tom and Sue went walking,
Went walking down the lane,
With guarded words while talking,
While talking in refrain:
The sun was gently sinking, sinking slowly out of sight,
The evening stars came blinking, came blinking on the night.

The birds had ceased their singing,
Their singing for the day,
The evening air was ringing,
With ringing roundelay
Of insect life and humming, of humming soft and low,
The moonlight slowly coming, coming on with silvery flow.

The twilight dews were falling,
Were falling far and near;
The whip-poor-wills were calling,
Calling sad and low, yet clear;
The flowers were gently sleeping,
Sleeping with fragrant breath,
Their vigils closely keeping,
Keeping semblance faint of death.

The brook kept up its flinging,
Flinging light spray as it went,
Adown the hillside singing,
Singing songs of sweet content,
In its chorused voice of gladness,
Of gladness and glee,
From its woodland shades of sadness,
Sadness nevermore.

Thus Tom and Sue, together,
Together down the lane,
Regardless of the weather,
The weather, wind, or rain,
Walked side by side, quite slowly,
Slowly crossing o'er the stile,
With voices tones sweet and lowly,
Sweet and lowly all the while.

The hours grew long and longer,
Grew longer as they sped,
And the falling dews spun stronger,
Still spinning on the thread,
When Tom and Sue, returning,
Returning up the lane,
Found the light of love still burning,
Burning bright again.

Where late it had been darkened,
Darkened and almost out;
To Dame Gossip they had hearkened,
Hearkened full of doubt;
But the twain away went roving,
Went roving down the lane,
And talking of love and loving,
Of loving and of pain.

Their former life reviewing,
Reviewing under breath,
Their vows of old renewing,
Renewing unto death;
So Tom and Sue went walking,
Went walking to their fate,
And betrothal came while talking,
While talking at the Gate.

—[Good Housekeeping.

The Three Infinites.

The vast remote blank darkness of the skies,
Where Silence foldeth the immortal chime
Of wheeling stars in awful companies,
White whispers on the lips of ancient Time:
The hollow waste of the unfathom'd deep
Where no sound is, and light is but a gleam
Lost in dim twilight shades, where never creep
The dying rays from day's golden dream.

The dark, obscure, mysterious human heart,
Where fierce tides ebb and flow for evermore,
Where thoughts and dreams and hopes forever part
For ruin or haven on some unknown shore—
O, vast abyss, more deep than starry night,
More awful than the mid-sea's soundless might!

—[Harper's Magazine.

It is reported that the prohibition of the exportation of grain from Russia will be withdrawn this month.

A Brave Young Canadian.

Letters and papers received at St. John N. B. last week from Africa give particulars respecting the death of Captain Robinson, of the Royal Engineers, who was killed in action in an expedition against the natives in March last. The death of this brave young New Brunswicker greatly moved his companions-in-arms, by whom he was held in high esteem, and the expressions concerning him which have found their way into print are as unaffected as they are sincere. Captain Robinson had served five seasons on the Sierra Leone station, and his services were of such a character that he won not only a name for himself, but they had obtained for him well-merited recognition by the authorities. His form of service was practically over, and he was under orders to return home, with particularly bright prospects, when he met his death. His brother officers had for him the greatest admiration because of his ability, untiring energy, and devotion to duty, and one of them has tersely said: "By his death we have lost a brave and trusted comrade." The corps has lost a most promising and valued member and will feel proud to record and hand down his brilliant example of soldierly courage and gallantry under the adverse circumstances in which he met his untimely death. What is perhaps a more interesting tribute to Captain Robinson's character is a statement of the feelings of his men when word reached them that he was killed. Expressions of grief were general and some of them burst into tears at the announcement. Apparently the expedition sent against the natives was not strong enough for the work which it had to do, and after the death of Captain Robinson and the failure to enter the fort the expedition returned. Subsequent telegraph advices report that a larger force was sent out with better results. In St. John expressions of regret at Captain Robinson's death are very general. His old friends and associates, and many who became acquainted with him for the first time on his visit there last year, feel that by his death a brave and an honorable life has ended while there was opening before it a most brilliant career, and sympathy with the family is deep and general. The following letter, written by the officer commanding the expedition, gives details respecting the sad occurrence:

KUKUNA, 16th March, 1892.
It is with deepest regret that I write to tell you of the great loss we have all sustained in the death of poor Robinson. He had been so hard-working all the way up that everyone was full of admiration for his soldier-like qualities, but our just appreciation of him was heightened, if possible, when we saw his magnificent conduct under fire. He was as cool as on parade, fired his rockets, and watched their effect with interest, and when at last he was asked to blow in the gate agreed at once.

He ran back a good distance for his explosives and then with an "All right; major, I'll be back in a minute," was through the first fence and up to the gate. The man carrying the gun cotton did not follow him past the fence; so Robinson returned and himself carried up and fixed the charge. It was a beautiful thing to see him calmly lying down amidst the rattle of firearms at the gate and fixing the detonator as if he were at practice in the school.

He came back safely, and he, Lundy, Cockburn and their men charged twice for the gate, but failed to effect an entrance. Robinson, who had been in each time with his men, was at the end of the second charge, shot straight through the heart and lungs and fell dead.

I ran to him at once, but as I lifted him to bear him off I saw that he was dead. My God! My heart was sad; such a good fellow, such a soldier, and just slain at the moment when we were all full of admiration for him; at the moment when he had so distinguished himself and gained without doubt such a recognition as a soldier covets. I would he had lived to wear it.

We brought the body back and buried him yesterday at nine o'clock, beside the grave of the frontier policeman who was killed the last time I was at this ill-fated spot. Everybody was present except Major Browne, who was badly wounded, and Capt. Doyle, who was sick. We fired three times, blew a flourish and came away with very heavy hearts.

I have sent in to-day poor Robinson's boy, George, who was faithful and good, and marched with his master's body even when we were harassed by the enemy in rear and encompassed with blazing bush, lit to cut off our retreat.

Yours, very sincerely,
A. L. McDONNELL MOORE,
Major Commanding Expedition.

Teaching Horses to Stand.

An old horseman gives the following as his method of training horses to stand without being tied: After young horses have once become entirely bridle-wise, I first endeavor to teach them the meaning of every word I say to them. This is not a difficult matter, provided too many words are not used at once. The first step is to adopt some word at the sound of which they are to understand that they must stop. Words that are easy to speak, and which can be made emphatic, should be chosen, such as "ho," "whoa," etc., and every time the word is used the horse to which it is spoken should be made to obey it fully. Carelessness in regard to this matter will do more to undo what has been taught than any thing else. When a horse fully understands the meaning of the word which you use when you wish him to stop and stand still, the greater part of the work is accomplished. He then can be trusted with safety while you leave him a short time. To take no risk, and to make the work more effective, it is a good plan for two to get into the vehicle to which a horse is hitched, and, having stopped after a short drive, one should get out and leave him for a short distance. Should the horse then start, the one in the vehicle can draw the lines suddenly, and thus prevent his getting away. There will be no trouble in teaching any horse with an ordinary amount of good common sense to stand as long as you desire without being hitched, if a little judgment and patience are used in attempting it.

It is expected that the workingmen will not be allowed to hold processions anywhere in Germany on May day.

Russia has adopted a number of drastic measures which indicate that preparations are being made for war.

It is rumored in Berlin that the second daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh is betrothed to the Grand Duke of Hesse.

TOLD OF WILD GEESE.

As a train was crossing the prairies west the other day, the noise of the train started many flocks of wild geese from the grain fields and meadows near the track. The flocks did not contain many birds—no more than thirty or forty were seen at once, but nearly a third of the fields had wild geese in them. The sight of these started the men in the smoking compartment of one of the cars talking about wild geese shooting. One told of a corn laden schooner that was sunk near the islands at the head of Lake Erie. The water swelled the corn until it burst the hatches of the schooner, he said, and then it rose and spread over the surface of the water for miles. Thereat ducks and geese came by the thousand and the hunters from the lake towns by the dozen, and the slaughter was immense and sport unequalled. Another had been along the streams of North Carolina, where the sweet oak acorns tumble into the water and float along until some rift or obstruction gathers them and thus forms a bait for which the wild geese have the greatest liking. He had had no end of sport shooting them from the banks. A third had followed the Atlantic coast from Chincoteague Island to Cape Hatteras, and had a story to tell of the way the gunners there rear flocks of wild geese for use as decoys; how they make blinds by digging holes in the sand dunes along shore and set out the decoys by driving stakes in shoal water and fastening a goose to each stake by a short strap. Still another story was that of a man who had been along the upper waters of the Snake River in Idaho and Wyoming, where wild fowl abound. His had been a hurried journey, and there were neither decoys nor blinds, so he had had to stalk the geese and shoot them with a rifle at very long range—such long range, indeed, as to excite the surprise of the rest of the party. There was a short interval after he had ceased talking when nothing was said and then the train conductor, who had been a listener, remarked that he had had an odd experience with wild geese in the Indian Territory.

"It was down near Ft. Gibson," he said. "You know the Cherokees are pretty well civilized, down that way; they have fine farms in the bottom lands along the branches of the Arkansas River. In the spring and again in the fall the country is alive with all kinds of wild fowl; in fact, both ducks and geese can be found there all winter. It was along in the latter part of April when I was there and everything was bright and green. The geese had nearly all gone, but I had never killed a goose, and so the squaw man with whom I was stopping agreed to put me where I could get one provided I could kill it at long range with a rifle, as this gentleman was telling of doing west of the Rockies and providing, further, as he put it, that 'you ain't skeered of rattlers.'"

"That remark about rattlers made me rub my chin reflectively for a moment, for there are rattlesnakes so large in the Indian Territory that you would not believe me were I to give you the figures. I have seen them myself that were eight feet long, and there is a skin of one at the boys' school in Tahloquah that measures either ten or twelve feet, I've forgotten which. However, as I was saying, I was dead set to kill a goose, and so the next morning before daylight my man took me out to a field of young wheat not far from the house and put me in a bit of brush that had grown up about a stump in one corner. He said the geese would be there by the time I could see to shoot, though they had been shot at so much they were likely to settle down near the middle of the field where all was clear. Then he went away.

"I sat there for a while watching the sky very carefully, and then began to get sleepy. I wasn't used to getting up so early, you know, and pretty soon I dozed off and forgot all about geese and snakes and everything else. The next I knew I awoke with a jerk, and there, sure enough, a good hundred yards—yes, a hundred and twenty-five yards—away was a flock of geese pulling up the wheat and having lots of fun. But just as I was getting my rifle into position to shoot, a movement beside a little stump about forty or fifty steps away attracted my eye. There were some dead weeds and a bit of brush by the stump, and something was behind this. I could see a long neck and a flat head raised now and then just as a goose might raise its head to look around when feeding, and then down it would go as if for more wheat. It was just breaking day, and I couldn't see very well, but I took it for granted that this was a goose feeding by itself. Of course I'd forgotten all about the rattlers, so I concluded I'd just wait a minute for this single fellow to work out from behind the dead weeds. He was so close I felt sure I could bag him easily.

"After watching him may be five minutes I saw that he didn't seem to move a peg. There he stayed, raising his head and looking out at the flock and ducking it down again twenty times a minute. That struck me as mighty queer, but while I was studying on it I noticed that the flock out in the field were waddling in toward that little stump. I suppose you've heard about snakes charming birds; I had, too, but I never thought of that while I watched the geese working along toward that stump. In fact I began to think if I could only be patient I'd get two of the geese in range and kill 'em both at one shot. So I just kept perfectly still and held my rifle on the chap behind the little stump until—you will hardly believe it, but it's true—that flock got clear over by the stump, and the leader stopped right behind the little clump with his head up. Just then the head that had been behind the stump rose up and another goose from the flock waddled into range beyond. The sight made my eyes a little misty but I blazed away.

"There was a tremendous flopping behind the little stump and a greater one in the air as the flock got away. I jumped up in a hurry and rushed over. There lay one goose shot through the neck, and beyond another with his back broke. I thought it was a right good shot with a rifle in the grey of dawn."

Here the conductor got up and started out of the door.

"Hold on; how about that snake?" asked the man who had killed geese in Idaho.

"What snake?" said the conductor. "I didn't say there was a snake. That was a goose behind the little stump, but I missed 'em clean."

Let him that would be at quiet take heed not to provoke men in power.