

LATEST BY CABLE.

Turkey and Prince Ferdinand—Effect of the Crown Prince's Illness on the Emperor.

LONDON, March 8.—Slowly the revolving Bulgarian question has got around again to the point where everybody waits to see what Turkey will do. It has halted at this point several times before within the last four years. Each time after a long delay it was officially discovered that Turkey would do nothing, which everybody unofficially knew from the beginning, and then, as if it were a new departure, the whole weary circuit has been begun all over again. A correspondent is expected to write daily bulletins about this wearisome diplomatic manoeuvring, when in reality its periods of gestation are about eleven months each. The only difference this time is that the Russian is now ready to attend the accouchement with an escort of something like 750,000 mobilized troops. Whether this will inspire the Moslem midwife to find out that there really is something the matter remains to be seen.

Opinions here lean to the belief that Turkey will refuse to be frightened, and decline to begin a war by trying to coerce the Bulgarians; but this is not quite so clear as might be wished, and the English diplomats in Constantinople are working like beavers to offset Nelidoff's threats and Radowiz's intrigues. Inasmuch as the chief aim of the Turk's existence is to put off till next month what ought to have been done yesterday, there is the interesting probability that we shall be kept kicking our heels in idleness for a long time now awaiting his decision.

BERLIN, March 8, 1888.—Public interest is concentrated on the San Remo invalid and the complications likely to arise from his death. Among all classes throughout Germany it would be impossible to find a sane man who believes that the Crown Prince will live for three months longer. The open suppression of news regarding his illness gave the finishing stroke to the hopes which a few people had maintained up to the last possible moment.

THE OLD MAN'S GRIEF.

Moreover, the increasing weakness of the Kaiser and the great grief he has shown at his grandson's death make people tremble at the thought of the possible effect on him of his son's death. Sitting alone in his palace, without a near blood relation now in his kingdom, with the Empress tottering on the brink of the grave, weighed down, too, by a dread of the storm which must break over Prussia after his death, and with frowns from his grandson's still unsoiled grave as a rest for his eyes when they tire of poring over the documentary proof that Russia postpones her attack only in deference to his age, the wonder is that he still lives; that the long suspense regarding the Crown Prince has not already crushed him.

THE WISH TO SEE THE KAISER.

This feeling is what causes crowds from all parts of Berlin to stand daily in front of the palace waiting for a chance to assure themselves personally that the Kaiser is still alive and able to stand at his window. Another sign of the times is that Prince William's belongings are being transferred to Berlin, and it is announced that he will remain here permanently instead of living as formerly much of the time at Potsdam.

A Bicycle for Women.

It is not an improbable thing that bicycling for ladies will be an accomplished fact before many days, as a Washington cycle-making firm has lately completed a bicycle and tandem bicycle, especially built with a view to meet demands of lady riders. The ladies' bicycle consists of a 30-inch rear-driving wheel and a 24-inch front-steering wheel connected by a U-shaped frame with ample space between the seat and hand-bar to allow freedom to the skirts for graceful mounting and dismounting. The seat is stationed directly over the front wheel, with the pedals immediately beneath, so that when seated the lady stands in an absolute vertical position over the pedals. The frame to which the pedals are attached is low, near the ground, enables the machine to be worked with perfect ease and without awkwardness or disarrangement of skirts. The machine is geared to a 54-inch wheel if desired, or any other gear that may be ordered. The tandem bicycle is one 32-inch driving and one 24-inch front steering wheel, with a connecting frame dropping low to the ground and running forward entirely beneath the feet of the front rider, thus having no gearing or frame of any kind in front of the forward rider, the handle-bars extending from the rear around to the side of the forward rider. Both riders sit directly over the rear wheel and drive it by two sets of pedals and endless chains. The steering and balancing is entirely under the control of the rear rider, making it unnecessary that the front one shall know anything about cycling. Several ladies have tried it and pronounced it a great success.

A Noted Inventor.

T. J. Mayall, who died at his home in Reading, Mass., on Saturday evening, was one of the most noted inventors in the United States, and had procured more patents, it is said, than any other known man. He began his career as a bobbin boy, and suffered many privations in his early life. When a young man he made a model of the first cylinder printing machine ever produced, and from it has grown not only the present industry of wall-paper printing, but of color printing as well. He discovered the vulcanization of rubber, and was one of the largest inventors of rubber goods and articles, and has taken out over 200 patents in this country and over 70 in England. Among his other inventions were revolvers, guns and automatic batteries and revolving cannons, cannon shells, whose edges were sharpened like a chisel, so that they would bore through the armor of ships; a coffee hulling machine, which he introduced into Brazil; printing presses, self-acting draw bridges for railroads, and at the time of his death was at work on an electric cable road and a pneumatic elevated railroad, which he intended to put in operation in Boston and Washington.

HOUSEHOLD.

VALUE OF EGGS FOR FOOD.

They contain phosphorus, which is a brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form, they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches.

A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish bone fastened in the throat, and the whites of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase. They can also be drunk in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorical efforts of modern statesmen. The merits of eggs do not even end here. In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80,000,000 a year, and the Alsations consume fully 38,000,000 in calico printing, and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may, of course, almost without trouble on the farmer's part, be converted into fowls, which in any shape are profitable to the seller and welcome to the buyer. Even egg shells are valuable, for alopath and homoeopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest of carbonate of lime.

Feeding for eggs is the principal thing, no matter what breed one may keep for winter laying. Mashed potatoes in the soft food are very desirable one or two times a week. Vegetables are necessary as well as grain and animal food for a full development of the laying capacities of any breed of poultry.

PRESERVATION OF MEAT BY SUGAR.

It results from a special report made to the French Minister of Agriculture that sugar is an excellent agent for preserving meat, and possesses some advantages over salt. In fact, salt absorbs a portion of the nutritive substances and of the flavor of meat. When an analysis is made of a solution of the salt dissolved by water contained in meat, we find albuminoid bodies, extractive substances, potassa, and phosphoric acid. Salt deprives meat of these substances so much the more readily in proportion as it enters the tissues more deeply or acts for a longer time. It then results that the meat, when taken from the saline solution, has lost nutritive elements of genuine importance.

Powdered sugar, on the contrary, being less soluble, produces less liquid. It forms around the meat a solid crust, which removes very little water from it and does not alter its taste. Thus preserved, it suffices to immerse the meat in water before using it. Although this treatment costs a little more than preservation by salt, account must be taken of the final result and of the loss prevented, which offsets the difference in cost between the two preservative agents. We think that navigators might profit by this.

The Jungle Cock.

We retired behind a clump of bushes and sat down to await victims. A loud crow from the decoy was soon answered by one from a cock some way off. Our bird on hearing it stood more upright and seemed to listen for a few seconds before responding, which he did loudly and defiantly. Again the unseen jungle cock crowed; it was evidently approaching the decoy, whose excitement was manifest. He tugged at the cord, flapping his wings and calling angrily as he tried to free his leg. As the stranger drew near the interchange of crows became less vigorous, and at last he alighted on the ground with a flutter outside the ring of nooses which were almost invisible from our ambush. With ruffled feathers and outstretched head he maneuvered round the decoy, which stood impatiently awaiting his attack. With a shrill cry he came on, straight at the foe, thirsting for battle. Alas for his hopes! A noose tightened around his leg, and bending double with the strain the springy bamboo converts his charge into an ignominious sprawl and whips him back a foot with outspread wings. Plucky little chap, he is up again, and with a shake of his firmly-entangled leg makes another charge at the excited decoy with the same result. The boy beside me, who has been watching the proceedings with open-mouthed interest, does not seem in a hurry to complete the capture, but after a peck or two from my stick springs up and seizes the snared cock just as he succumbs to his fourth rush. Elphing his human foe gamely with beak and spurs he is deposited in a bag his captor carries, where he soon gives up struggling and lies motionless. The common jungle cock is one of the handsomest birds in India. Resembling a large bantam in shape, with bold, upright carriage, splendidly-varied plumage, and long spurs, he looks a game cock all over. A determined fighter, he does not know when he is beaten, and I have seen a bird too exhausted to use his spurs seize his opponent by the hackle and cling to it with the tenacity of a bulldog. The *Bu man* enjoys few sports more than this, and in many districts seven paddy boats out of ten may be seen with the owner's bird on board tied by the leg, for a bout of fighting, if opportunity occurs. —[Macmillan's Magazine.]

Stretching a Point.

A dyspeptic whose ailment is as much a matter of the nerves as anything is accustomed to ask his relations such crucial questions as these—"Will it hurt me to eat a tart? What is your opinion?" If the answer is unwaveringly encouraging, he enjoys his meal, and is seldom sorry that he indulged in it. "Frank," said he to his brother, "they say you might eat a bit of fowl?" "Undoubtedly." "You don't think it will hurt me?" "I am quite sure of it." Accordingly the dyspeptic yielded, and gave himself up without stint to the pleasure of the table. An hour later he sought his brother. "Frank," said he solemnly, "I shall never believe in you again. I followed your advice, and I'd better have eaten a crust—a dry crust." The adviser was not going to relinquish, without a struggle, his reputation as oracle. "My dear fellow," said he, with upraised brows and outstretched hands, "you asked me if I thought you could indulge in a bit of the fowl, I didn't say you were equal to the entire bird."

FLORICULTURAL.

HOUSE PLANTS, BASKETS, ETC.

Usually a cactus is the ugliest thing in all vegetable creation, but when it blossoms there is nothing more beautiful, and one can well afford to care for them for years only to get them to blossom once. Cactuses do not require a great deal of water at any time, and our plan is to set them back from the light in November and not water them oftener than once a month until spring. Then we give them a good soaking and water them rather sparingly the remainder of the season, and they will do well and put forth blossoms, if they are of the proper age. The pots are filled with a mold of well-rotted sods.

A friend was complaining that she could not succeed with a hanging basket. This I have found to be a very common complaint, and nearly every time the reason is lack of water. I placed a thermometer among the flowers on the window shelves, and then hung it with a hanging basket about seven feet from the floor and two feet from the ceiling, and found that the hanging basket was in a temperature over ten degrees higher than the other flowers, and nearer the ceiling it was warmer yet. Of course, under these circumstances, the earth in the hanging basket would dry out sooner than that in the flower pots. Again, in a good hanging basket there are more leaves to constantly exhale moisture than there are in a dozen flower pots, and this would further exhaust the moisture in the soil. We water a hanging basket by dipping it bodily into a pailful of water and letting it get thoroughly soaked, once a week, besides giving it water when the other flowers are watered. We use Kenilworth ivy, parlor ivy, wandering Jew and oxalis in our hanging baskets, and have one started which is filled with saxifrage, which makes a very nice plant for this purpose. Parlor ivy is used by some, but we prefer to train it up over the windows instead of allowing the vines to hang down. Ivy geraniums are very good also, if care is taken with them. A well-grown hanging basket is one of the prettiest ornaments that can be used in decorating a room, and it is worth one's while to spend some time in caring for it.

I do not know why we are so successful with our window gardens, but they grow a flourish, and every one exclaims at their beauty. One thing, I think, is that my wife and I are always fussing with them when we have a little time, and it does really seem that flowers appreciate petting. We have callas, coleuses, fuchsias, geraniums of high and low degrees, lantanas, petunias, begonias, even to a big thrifty *rez*. Nearly every one of them is vigorous and hearty. We try to keep our house from getting too warm for our own health, and the flowers are not subjected to great extremes, for we keep fires day and night and the temperature does not vary much. I think most houses are kept too warm for the health of flowers, and I frequently go into houses that are so warm that the perspiration starts from every pore, and very frequently these houses, as I know, are not kept warmed through the night. Such alternate grilling and freezing would be the death of me, and I am not a house plant, by any means! MILLER PURVIS.

New and beautiful chrysanthemums still appear. The growing appreciation of this sturdy plant is to be encouraged.

We may now plant dahlia and chrysanthemum seeds in boxes or pots, placing them in sunny windows. They will bloom next Fall.

Roses, new and old, galore. We will speak of these later. The catalogues must be examined. There are few among new roses, that are equal to the best of the old.

Sweet Peas (plant them as early as possible), striped zinnias, Spiraea Van Houttei, striped single dahlias are among the interesting new and old seeds and plants now offered.

New strains of pansies continue to command the "best positions" in the catalogues of 1888. Only give these fine strains a suitable place and good care and one is delighted with the many-faced blooms until frosts and often in mid-winter.

Verbenas have been greatly improved of late. The flowers are larger, the colors more varied and intense. There are few plants more satisfactory as bedders. They bloom from early in the season continuously until long after frost. If to be grown from seeds, it is well to sow now.

Many so-called new varieties of musk and watermelons find a conspicuous place in the 1888 catalogues. We have spent much time during a few years past in trying all the new kinds of melons, but are not prepared to give any preference of the new over the old. It is well to try these varieties in a small way if one has the inclination and the time.

The Air.

The debris of dead plants and animals is nearly always present in air, but it is only under certain conditions that it can be regarded as an impurity from a hygienic point of view—that is to say, when, by reason of its abundance, it deoxidizes the air to any appreciable extent, or when it is especially irritating in character. Far more important are the products of putrefaction—heavy gases and vapours, charged with suspended organic matter, hanging about over localities in which they originate. These vapours do not mix readily with the surrounding air, and the moist matters they hold in suspension do not readily become broken up. Such vapours love the lower air, requiring nothing less than a storm to disperse them, and the matter they contain seems to require a specially active oxygen to burn it up. The air in towns is much polluted by the products of putrefaction; wholly rural districts and little villages may however suffer from the same cause. The exhalations are derived mainly from dustbins, compound middens, cesspools, all sewers not regularly and frequently flushed, and also from churchyards, vaults and cemeteries. The air in and around dustbins, middens, and cesspools nearly always contains the dead organic matter just noticed, an excess of carbonic acid, and a deficiency of oxygen.

Though workers in copper seldom suffer any ill health from their work, yet the particles of the mineral enter their system so as to completely saturate them in process of time. Some old coppermiths have had their hair turn green instead of gray, and their bones have been found green after death.

STATISTICS.

A many as 900,000 dog-licenses were in Great Britain last year. The duty amounted to £340,000.

The United States in 1886 took from England one fourth of the whole iron and steel exports. In 1885 397,668 tons were taken, value £4,106,199; in 1885, 796,526 tons, value £5,592,561.

There are 197 "towns" in New Zealand, but 82 of them have less than 100 inhabitants, while Devonport, the most populous, has only 2,650 inhabitants. Throughout the whole colony there are only 5,561 persons to the square mile. Out of the whole population of New Zealand—620,451—51.89 per cent. are native born, 21.72 come from England, 9.48 from Scotland, 8.89 from Ireland, and 0.34 from Wales.

One of the lightest tobacco crops ever grown appears to have been produced in the United States last year. A Louisville newspaper estimates the total Western crop at only 76,300,000 lb., as compared with 295,300,000 lb. in 1886, and 301,000,000 lb. in 1885; the corresponding figures for the Eastern States, in the same order, being 72,600,000 lb., against 135,000,000 lb. and 147,800,000 lb. There was a great reduction in the area last year, as well as a very small yield.

The annual average consumption of tea in the Australian Colonies is 18,200,000 lb.; in New Zealand, 3,902,000 lb.; in Tasmania, 699,500 lb.; in Great Britain, 170,733,600 lb.; in Newfoundland, 824,000 lb.; in the Straits Settlements, 2,098,320 lb.; in the United States, 70,572,530 lb.; in Canada, 16,690,000 lb.; in Holland, 4,860,373 lb.; in Cape Colony, 1,128,500 lb.; in Russia, 62,408,500 lb.; in Denmark, 746,000 lb.; in Persia, 1,043,000 lb.; in Portugal, 561,000 lb.; in Austria Hungary, 739,500 lb.; in Germany, 3,113,500 lb.; in Belgium, 155,896 lb.; in France, 1,029,561 lb.; in Roumania, 133,836 lb.; in Spain, 136,000 lb.

Wheat was grown on 2,317,324 acres in Great Britain last year, this being an increase of 1.4 per cent. as compared with 1886, but a decline of 6.5 per cent. as compared with 1885. Barley was grown on 2,085,156 acres, this being the smallest return ever made, and 7.0 per cent. less than 1886. Oats were sown on 3,087,989 acres, or 0.2 per cent. over the area of the previous year. It is curious to note that, while barley was sown on the smallest area on record, oats were sown on the largest. The reason being that the straw of the latter crop is greatly used for stock-feed in winter. The total area under corn crops was thus 8,145,900 acres, or 114,200 acres less than in 1886—a decrease of 1.38 per cent. As compared with the average of the preceding ten years, the total decrease last year was 621,000 acres.

The Saguenay River.

The river is probably the deepest stream in the world; excepting in a few places the general depth is from 600 to 900 feet; and the bottom of the Saguenay at its mouth is 600 feet below the bottom of the St. Lawrence. Thus a low point of rock at the shore or an island is really the top of a great hill springing up steeply from the bottom, and many of the cliffs are not half out of water. As the spring tides rise about eighteen feet, the currents of the river are violent and eccentric; in some places the ebb stream runs from four to six miles an hour; the eddies along the shores are like those on a rapid; and the undercurrents sometimes lay hold of a vessel and turn her about or hold her still in spite of a tow-boat. Before the use of tow-boats, a vessel left helpless by a calm sometimes drifted against the rocks, lodged on a ledge, and when the tide fell capsized in deep water. As anchorage is very rarely found, large iron rings were let into the rocks, and vessels even now sometimes tie up to the cliffs and await a fair wind. The tide for some unexplained reason, advances with extraordinary rapidity in the Saguenay; thus, notwithstanding the fact that the ebb current very rarely ceases to flow out of the river, yet high tide arrives at Chicoutimi only forty-five minutes later than at Tadoussac—seventy miles. On the St. Lawrence the tide advances in the same time only from Tadoussac to Murray Bay—about thirty-five miles. The source of the Saguenay, Lake St. John, seems like a Northern sea. The pale twilight lasts far into the night—until the aurora borealis hangs its mystic veil across the sky. The beaches a mile or more wide in summer, the sharp waves raised by a wind on this very shallow basin, the screaming gull all make you look for a tide and for white winged ships. But only a bark canoe now and then comes along from one of the thirteen rivers descending by many falls and cascades from the forest-covered mountains; and the pinched-up farms scattered along the shores add to the arctic sentiment, felt even on a summer's day. The Saguenay comes into being as lustrous twins, the Little and the Grand Discharge—deep narrow channels worn in the rock. They run on separately for some miles through rapids and pools, and finally come together at the foot of Alma Island, at the Vache Caillie. There begin the Gervais Rapids, three or four miles long; at their foot the river enters a smooth, quiet stretch of fifteen miles to the Grand Remous—the most furious cascade and the most turbulent eddy of the river; and then, after a few more miles of falls and cascades, the Saguenay ends its rapid career where it meets the tide near Chicoutimi. With the exception of a few clearings, the forest still covers the abrupt hills crowding upon the river. The Grand Discharge is a beautiful region; the stream is filled with an archipelago of small islands, some black bare rocks, others tree-crowned or decked with rich mosses; it has all the virgin seclusion and quiet of a lake, enclosed by a shore of bold picturesque bastions and walls of rock, surmounted by stately birch-sams that rise like sentinels above the birches, poplars, cedars, and nooks full of tender green grass. But this quietness is full of life; the islands divide the river into a labyrinth of streams; the water runs silently and swiftly in many opposite directions—down, across, even up the general course of the river; one is piqued, surprised, at this coquetry and shyness. And farther down it leaps away in the furious rapids of Ile Maline. The Little Discharge is so rapid that it destroys logs in its falls and cascades; the government therefore built an aqueduct, "the Slide," for running the timber over these dangerous places. After fishing a few days for the active wanoniche—said to be the landlocked salmon—and exploring the waters of these twin Discharges, I joined the men driving logs at the Vache Caillie, and began my acquaintance with the voyageurs.

A HUNGRY CORPSE.

A Strange Story of Burying Alive and Resuscitation.

TOLEDO, March 6.—The details of a remarkable instance of supposed death, actual burial, and resuscitation, after being dug up to serve the ends of science on the dissecting table, were made known here the other day. Charles Martindale died suddenly in this city five or six years ago as a result of a stroke of apoplexy which came upon him during a wrestling match with a companion. He was buried with the usual forms. Last night he appeared in the flesh at the home of his parents, in the First ward, and had the following story to tell of his experience. He knew that his parents were weeping over him, and afterward he was conscious that he was being laid out. Still he was unable to let any one know that he was alive. The most horrible sensation came over him when the coffin was lowered in the grave, and as the clods fell upon the lid he lost even what little mind he had, and everything was a blank. When next consciousness came to him he was seated between two men, who were riding in a light wagon. Although his eyes felt so heavy and swollen that he could not see, he heard enough to convince him that he was in the city, but the conversation of the two men was what attracted his attention especially. "I tell you," said one, in low tones, "we'll give old Prof a bigger scare than he has had in many a day. Hooked a good suit of clothes to-day from the house, and when we get this stiff fixed up he'll be stunning."

"Its mighty heavy," answered the other, as he pushed the body over towards his companion. "Good subject," said No. 1 in a whisper, and then Charles began to realize that he had been stolen out of the coffin for a medical college. The thought was by no means cheerful, but try as he would, Charles could not get out of his semi-unconscious state. Rather the news unsettled him, and he again lost all consciousness. When he knew anything again he was standing bolt upright in a low, square, dimly lighted room. He could feel something on every side of him holding him up. He thought he was in a dissecting room, and realized that whatever was done must be done then or never. Necessity is a creator, and the gravity of his position seemed to infuse new blood into his veins. Suddenly he felt the throbbing of his heart, and then the sense of touch seemed to come back to him. He could feel the warmth from the stove, while sharp pains darted through his whole body. The sense of smell came next, and he almost fainted as the odors from a dozen medical compounds passed into his nostrils.

And, lastly, sight came to him, and slowly his eyes opened and he was able to discern things about him. And what a sight! He was not in a dissecting room, but in a doctor's office; shelves filled with bottles, solved the origin of the odors. A bookcase well stocked stood in the corner, while in another was a combination chair in which a patient can be placed into almost any position. A skeleton strung on wires, with the ghastly skull and pieces of dried flesh still hanging to the bones, was an unpleasant reminder of his own situation. He knew now how he came there. The men were two medical students who had robbed his grave and who proposed to cut him up after having a little fun with one of the professors. The pangs of hunger made him faint, and he searched the office for a morsel. He found it behind the curtain, where it had evidently been placed by the doctor's wife, who intended it for her husband when he should return home from a midnight call. He never got it that night, for the corpse did not leave as much as a crumb behind. The meal despatched, Charles felt less like a dead man.

Young Martindale had more nerve than the ordinary young man, but even he shuddered as he thought of what he had passed through. The next thing was to get away. Now that he was himself again, he had no idea of being soured into a pickling tub nor of ornamenting a dissecting table. He believed that he had another destiny, and then the thought of his past follies came to him, and he almost wished that he had not returned to this world, which at best has its unpleasant side. Unmindful of his father's warnings, he had borrowed money until he could borrow no more, and he was ashamed to go home. He went West and found employment, and has been there until his sudden reappearance to his astonished parents the other night.

Moral Strength.

Moral strength is gained chiefly through struggles of the moral nature. Every time a temptation is resisted, an evil inclination conquered, a duty performed, moral strength is accumulated. The one whom all men honour for his virtue and integrity, to whom wrong doing seems to offer no attraction, and who performs each duty as it arises, apparently without an effort, has not gained this power by treading flowery beds of ease. It has come to him through effort and sacrifice, and the more it has cost the greater the reward. The poor weak victim of temptation and indulgence, who is powerless to deny his appetite or to subdue a craving or to resist the persuasion of an evil companion, is indeed to be pitied; but his deplorable condition is due to long years of moral idleness, during which he has drifted into evil, instead of having stemmed the current and resolutely pressed forward in the opposite direction.

What to do in a Blizzard.

When exposed to a blizzard immediately envelop the head and upper part of the body in a thick shawl or blanket, and in no case allow the face, powdered snow floating in the air to enter the mouth or lungs. This I wrote from personal experience, having, some years ago been exposed to a blizzard in Minnesota, with the thermometer at 45 degs. below zero. The first few breaths sent a sensation like an icicle through my chest. I grew weak and trembling. It seemed as though the blood was thickening in my veins and the heart could not circulate it. Respiration grew rapid. I was being smothered. I concluded that that would not do, so with what means I had I wrapped up my nose and mouth and breathed only through the covering. I was exposed for more than an hour and got through all right. I afterwards saw the Indians adopting the same plan, for they had a large blanket—a government one—wrapped around their heads and bodies and they resembled unveiled moving statues or Turkish women on the streets. When lost in such a storm get on the lee side of a snow bank and burrow a hole in it and close the opening, or, as they say, "Crawl into a hole and haul the hole in after you."