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Poetical.

BROW OF EGYPT.

An imitation of General William Lytle's poem, "I am dying, Egypt, dying."

Brow of Egypt! Brow of Egypt!
Beam upon my fading sight
Like fair Dian's haloed beauty
Shining through the clouds of night.

All the Fates for me have kindled
Fires funereal in thine eyes;
Ate claims me, and the victim
Shrinks not from the sacrifice.

While of life a single ember
Still is glowing in his breast,
Let thy lover on thy bosom,
Dying, yet adoring, rest.

Bend that crescent brow above him,
Soothe his forehead with thy breath;
Thou who wast in life his idol,
Be his comforter in death.

Shall I tell thee, at this moment,
What I was before that brow
Shed o'er me its fascination,
Made me what thou see'st me now?

Shall I tell thee, of the empire
That I did for thee relax,
Builded up with sword and pilum,
With the fasces and the axe?

Where the laureled coasts of Pontus
Greet the sun's ascending beam—
Where the waves, Alcides,
With his sinking splendors gleam;

From the South where temples tower
On that far, mysterious isle,
First to see the stately waters
Of thine own, thy sacred Nile.

To grim Thule's rugged forehead,
Frowning o'er a fretted main,
Rolling off to unknown islands,
Which no human foot may gain;

All Hellenes' vales and mountains,
Where the Immortals make their home;
All the blue eyed German's forests
Mighty Julius gave to Rome;

And, by Hercules, the triumph!
The white steeds and the gilded car,
Flashing steel and kingly purple,
The thronged streets and wild huzza.

But tho' all of this I yield
When entangled in thy chain,
For thee, soul-seducing siren!
I would lose it all again.

I have eaten of the lotos;
Gone my golden years of fame—
May the furies dog that Roman,
Caesar's nephew but in name.

Would my soul could pierce the future;
Mighty horrors chill my heart;
From the gloom that thickens round me,
Dread and pallid specters start.

But tho' dying thus and crownless,
Knowing all the wrath of Jove,
Shall I not yet bear to Hades
Deathless mem'ries of thy love?

Clasp me closer to thy bosom,
Thrill my trembling lips with thine—
Ere our hearts once more have beaten,
Even that I must resign.

Nemesis! I own thy power;
Wrong'd Octavia bids thee smite.
Bannered armies, scepters, senates,
Brow of Egypt, all good night!

The company in which you will improve
must be the least expensive to you.

SEVENTY-ONE BELOW ZERO.

Lieutenant Schwatka Tells Something About Cold Weather.

LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS—A SLEDGE JOURNEY WITH THE MERCURY SIXTY-EIGHT DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

Frederick Schwatka in *N. Y. Times*.

There are a few places in the United States proper (the word "proper" being put in to exclude our colony of Alaska, almost a third of which lies in the Arctic regions;) where the winter weather is intensely cold, and where even the summer is so cool that both seem like the polar regions, but these few places are so far in the West, among the high mountains, and so thinly populated, that I feel quite sure that the mere mention of seventy-one degrees below zero—or 103° below the freezing point—will make the chills run over my readers, and if it be a warm day when they peruse it they will be accordingly thankful, and, I hope, will not cast it aside with a mere glance at the heading, even if it be not.

The author was in a heavy storm, lasting some two or three hours, on July 8, 1876, while elk hunting in the high spurs of the Big Horn Mountains of Montana, and when returning to camp learned that another hunting party had crossed their horses on the ice of a lake on the 4th of July at a still higher level, the ice not having melted from the winter's deep freezing. The 14th of August the same year ice formed on the water in our camp kettles and buckets, and, in short, in that portion of the country it is cold enough to give a person who may live there long a chance to see a snowstorm every month in the year—as the author has—but it is not of these districts we will write in describing 71° below zero.

It was in the Arctic regions, not far from Back's Great Fish River, when the author was conducting a homeward sledge journey to Hudson's Bay in the depth of an Arctic winter—November, December, January, February and March. Severe weather—that is, intensely cold—had set in just before Christmas in 1879, the thermometer sinking down to 65° and 68° below zero, and never getting above 60° below, and we were having a very hard time with our sledging along the river, our camps at night almost in sight of those we had left in the morning, so close were they together and so slowly did we labor along. Reindeer, on which we were relying for our daily supply of food, were not found near the river, and being seen some 10 or 15 miles back from it, I determined to leave its bed and strike straight for home in Hudson's Bay.

We had been gone three or four days, and as we ascended the higher levels the thermometer commenced lowering, and on the 3d of January, 1880, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, reached 71° below zero, the coldest we experienced on our sledge journey of nearly a year in length, and the coldest ever encountered by white men traveling out of doors; for that day we moved camp some 10 or 12 miles to the southeastward. The day was not at all disagreeable, I must say, until long toward

the early night, when a slight zephyr, the merest kind of motion of the wind that would hardly ruffle the leaves on a tree, or even sufficient to cool the face on a warm day, sprang up from the southward, and, slight and insignificant as it was, cut to the bone every part of the body that was exposed, and which fortunately was only the face from the eyebrows to the chin and about half of the cheeks. We turned our backs toward it as much as possible, and especially after we had gotten into camp and got to work building our snow houses and digging through the thick ice of the lake for fresh water, and so lazily did our breath that congealed into miniature clouds float away to the northward, like the little light cirrus clouds of a summer sky, that we knew well enough how terribly cold it must be without looking at the thermometer, that stood at 71° below zero, Fahrenheit.

It is not so much the intensity of the cold, expressed in degrees on the thermometer, that determines the disagreeableness of arctic Winter weather as it is the force and relative direction of the wind. I have found it far pleasanter with the thermometer at 50°, 60°, or even 70° below zero, Fahrenheit, with little or no wind blowing at the time, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little tell-tale showed 50° warmer temperature. Even an arctic acclimated white man facing a good strong wind at 20° or 25° below zero is almost sure to freeze the nose and cheeks, and the thermometer does not have to sink over 4° or 5° to induce the Esquimaus themselves to keep within their snug snow houses under the same circumstances, unless want of famine demands their presence in the storm. With plenty in the larder for all the mouths, brute and human, none of them venture out in such weather.

It is very consoling to add, however, that the intensely cold temperatures of the arctic are nearly always accompanied by calms, or at least by very light winds, and such was the case on our memorable 3d of January, 1880. In fact, with the exception of a very few quiet days during the warmest weather of the polar Summer, these clear, quiet, cold ones of the arctic Winter are about the only times when the wind is not blowing vigorously from some point of the compass, or so it seemed at least in that part of it where my travels were cast. I doubt, however, if there are as many fearful storms during low temperatures in the arctic as in the far north-western part of our own country where they are known as "blizzards." Certainly, in proportion to the ability of withstanding extreme cold, and the methods the polar inhabitants have of combating it, there are no such dangers run by them of life or discomfort as by our brethren of the far Northwest when the "northers" come down on them in the dead of Winter.

There were a few exceptions to this general rule of quiet weather with extreme cold, and when they had to be endured they were simply terrible. One morning the thermometer at 8 o'clock showed us that it was 68° below zero, but as it was calm and quiet we paid little attention to it, and harnessed our dogs and loaded our sledges for our day's journey, which was

an exceedingly short one of three or four miles to the snow house of an Esquimau where we could buy reindeer meat for ourselves and dogs. We were just ready to start when a sharp wind sprang up from the northwest that felt like a score of razor blades cutting the face. Had it started 15 or 20 minutes sooner we would not have thought of going, but the distance ahead was such a short one and the road so good over a gently rolling country that we choose to go ahead rather than unload our sledges and go back into the same old camp. We kept the dogs at a good round trot and ran alongside the sledges the whole way except one short rest, and I can assure my readers that when we reached the snow house of the Kinnepetoo Esquimau it was as welcome a refuge as if it had been a first-class hotel. I was frozen along my left arm from my shoulder to my wrist, and it was quite painful for a number of days; and many of the others, Esquimaus as well as white men, were also "nipped" here and there more or less severely. The wind was strong enough to drift the loose snow along the ground, but I suppose our imaginations during such a strain made us think it was very much stronger than it really was if we could have measured its rate with a proper instrument. When we got to the end of our journey I again looked at the thermometer, and it indicated 55° below zero, that is, it had gotten warmer by 13° in a half hour to three-quarters of an hour, the time it had taken us to get through, although it seemed as if it might have been thirteen times thirteen degrees colder, judging by the way we felt. I told the Esquimaus, who had been with us on the short trip as sledge drivers and so on, that it was much colder—as shown by the instrument—in the quiet air just before we started than it was when the wind was raging the highest, but I think from the incredulous glances they took at each other that they voted the thermometer as the most accomplished Ananias they ever met, and wondered how we could be duped into such preposterous ideas directly against our common sense and personal observations of cold. They might believe the world was round and turned over every day without the polar bears sliding off the slippery iceberg when it was upside down, simply because the white man, their acknowledged superior in intelligence, had said so, but nothing would persuade them that when they felt perfectly comfortable and warm loading the sledge and harnessing the dogs it was colder than when their arms and legs were frozen, and their noses and cheeks "nipped" most ferociously with the frost. We tried to explain the effect of the wind, but they said they had known the wind to blow them off their feet in the Summer and not freeze them a particle, and very much preferred to believe that the little thermometer told a fib, or at least was badly mistaken. They said they knew it seemed colder when the wind blew, but that was because it actually was colder at those times than others, and not simply because it seemed so, and here they stood firm.

The thermometer stood at -71° Fahrenheit, the unclouded sky in the vicinity of the sun, hanging low in the southern

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]

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WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 16, 1885.

As the paper goes to print we feel it our duty to make some kind of an apology to our readers, and especially to those of the College, for the delay in the delivery of yesterday's paper. Through a misunderstanding the papers were not handed to the proper person, and this occasioned the delay. We promise more promptness in the future.

The joint exhibition of the Browning and Philomathean Literary Societies last night, was a signal success. This is perhaps the most interesting exercise during Commencement Week, to the town people. The programme is always varied, being composed of Literary and musical selections.

Joint Entertainment.

On Monday evening, June 15th, the joint entertainment of the Browning and Philomathean Literary Societies was held in the College pavilion at 8 o'clock. A very large audience gathered to witness the entertainment. The exercises were opened with an instrumental solo, by Miss Madge Slaughter, entitled "Bird of the Woods," after which Miss Alma Duval delivered the Presidents address of the Philomatheans, which we were unable to secure.

Miss Jennie Wilson, the President of the Browning Society, spoke as follow:

It is with a due knowledge of our inability that we come before you this evening, amid pleasant surroundings, to extend to you words of greeting and cheer.

This is the second appearance before the public in a joint entertainment of the Philomathean and Browning Societies, and they hereby will endeavor to show to their audience that they have once more clasped hands across the gulf that separates them and will strive to assist each other. Our one aim is to excel in literary culture and with this in view we have not permitted ourselves to become discouraged, although surrounded by difficulties and discouragements which appear at times almost unsurmountable; but we have by strenuous efforts endeavored to overcome them.

We think we have attained some degree of success, and this inspires us with new vigor and we continue in our course believing that a bright reward is awaiting us in the distant future.

We hope that when the present members of our Society shall have finished their College career that their places will be occupied by others, perhaps endowed with greater abilities than we have for governing the Society and guiding it up the ladder of success until it has reached the top-most round.

It is my especial duty and honored privilege in behalf of the Browning Literary

Society to extend to our old and new friends, who have cheered us by their presence this evening, a most cordial greeting, hoping that they may be well entertained.—Honored Trustees and Faculty of our College; members of the Philomathean, Irving and Webster Societies, citizens of Westminster and all our friends, we extend to you a hearty welcome, while the Philomathean and Browning Societies will endeavor to make this beautiful June evening a season of enjoyment and profit, the remembrance of which will be cherished forever.

This address was followed by a recitation "Where's Annette?" by Miss Sadie N. Abbott. The graceful and earnest way in which this was recited made the selection very impressive. This was succeeded by a vocal quartette, entitled "Waves of the Ocean," sung by Misses Bell, Shriver, Trumbo, and Wilson. The voices sounded clear and fresh on the night air, and their harmonious blending was very pleasing and musical. Then followed the essay of the Philomathean, delivered by Miss Minnie Stevens, subject,

"ON TO VICTORY,"

which was as follows:

Wherever we look around us, on every side we see individuals whose minds are incited to the attainment of some definite end or purpose. Whatever this end may be, they will strive to the extent of their ability until their object in view is accomplished. The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit, however trivial it may be, which may give him employment and happiness.

Where can we find a phrase in the English language more expressive or more full of meaning than this short sentence of three words—"On to Victory? How these words rouse to a keen sense of duty the soul of every true and noble citizen. Let us picture to ourselves a large army lying slumbering in the peaceful hours of darkness, with sentinels placed over them to warn them of the approach of the enemy. Suddenly the quiet and calm is broken by the sound of the trumpet on the far-off hills. In a moment all are on duty. Oh! the thrill that penetrates each soldier's breast as he asks himself the question, "Shall the victory be ours?" He pauses not for a moment to reflect upon the danger of his life, but thinks—what is the sacrifice of my life compared with the freedom of my country—and with this courageous spirit rushes on to the struggle. How many brave men have died happy in the assurance that they had done their duty and their country was victorious. Well might they be called brave, for is it not a noble and heroic deed to lay down one's life for one's country? Did not Sir William Wallace love Scotland (his native land), and did he not gladly and willingly die for it? His motto, with that of many another brave soldier, was ever, "On to victory."

We are all warriors in this world. We will have a rough and rugged path over which to travel and many struggles with which to encounter in the battle of our daily life; but let us ever keep a banner waving before us on which is printed in large uneraseable letters, "On to victory." In the days of our youth, when under the guidance and care of our parents, it seems as if our path through life would always be "strewn with roses;" but as age advances our view in regard to this matter becomes somewhat changed. Thorns will take the place of the roses. We will not always have our parents to love and protect us, and then we will have to guide our own footsteps. New burdens and duties devolve upon us. At first the small battles will have to be fought and won and then greater ones will follow.

We will have many discouragements to encounter, with "fightings within and peace without," before the victory is ours. If we fight bravely and are conquerors, in the end our hearts will be filled with ineffable joy. It is the privilege of all to be good soldiers and brave victors. The victory is not to be gained at the onset, but only by slow degrees is the summit reached. "To climb steep hills requires slow paces at first." What were many of the most celebrated authors in the beginning of their warfare? It scarcely seemed possible that they could ever rise to eminence, but they persevered through defeat and failure, until by degrees they have become what the world calls them, "Great Writers." The first virtue they had to cultivate was patience.

"How poor are they that have not patience;
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?"

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; it requires the hand of time. Some one has said that "Every man has an estate allotted to him." Whether this estate is kept in a condition of continual improvement or of endless waste depends entirely upon its possessor. To maintain its increasing advancement and improvement the noxious weeds must never be allowed to grow within its limit. They will prove not merely detrimental to successful cultivation, but will choke all the good plants, making the soil not only a waste and desolation, but far worse, an harbor for poisonous reptiles. Life is so short it is of the utmost importance to improve every opportunity afforded us, so that we may properly cultivate our estate. Therefore let us strike as heroes in our battle of life, and when done we will certainly have gained a great victory by dwelling forever with God on high.

"What is life but a battle,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand?
What is death but rest,
When the strife and toil are o'er?
And when the angel of God
Says we need fight no more."

Miss F. Trenchard then read a selection, after which followed a vocal quartette, entitled "Jack and Jill," and sung by Misses Abbott, Everhart, Roberts, and Slaughter. The well-know story was sung in a lively manner by each of the singers in succession, but at the same time in concert with the others. This was succeeded by the essay of Brownings, by Miss Mary E. DeWitt. In consequence of the unavoidable absence of Miss De Witt, Miss Lulu Bell kindly consented to read the essay which we give:

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

"Oh, the rain is pouring in torrents, and it looks as if it never would stop! But it is just what I expected, for it always rains, or something happens, when I have fixed upon a day of pleasure." These were the words of one whose countenance plainly bespoke her disappointment. She was as unhappy as she could be, and those who came in contact with her were made to feel almost as much so, for the day was dark and she could not at this time recall a bright one.

"Ah, a rainy morning! Is it not delightful? The earth was so dry, and we needed it so much; all nature is smiling now. We will gladly defer our picnic, for it will not always rain, for many more are our days of sunshine than of clouds." Thus spoke one who, with her cheerful face and merry laugh, filled the home with gladness, for she saw the bright side. Thus it is with those who look only on the dark side of life; they see nothing but crosses and vexations, while others, even in the midst of the darkness of trials and anxiety, get glimpses of the silvery lining.

Everything has its dark and bright side. In winter the trees are stripped of their foliage, the grass is dead, the fields only show the dark earth when there is no snow, and the bleak winds whistle and moan

around our dwellings, but when summer comes the trees put on their leafy dress, the earth is covered with its rich carpet of green; beautiful flowers of every hue surround our pathway, and the sweet song of birds greet our ears.

During the night darkness enshrouds the earth, but after a few hours comes the sunshine of a new day.

When a storm is raging dark angry clouds fill the sky, sending forth peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, filling one with fear and alarm, and we ask, can it ever be bright again? But if we wait, we soon see the black clouds roll away, leaving the silver lining.

Often we see the little child weeping as if his heart would break over some broken toy or denial of a wish; but in a short time he is smiling through his tears and happy again.

When illness prostrates us, and we are helpless with pain and weakness, we wonder if we can ever be strong; but when health is restored, we almost forget our days of suffering, for we are active and cheerful as ever.

Troubles come sometimes which we think we cannot bear; then God tells us: "When I bring a cloud over the earth then the bow shall be seen in the cloud."

How much happier will we be and will we make those around us if we always look on the bright side, which we will be sure to find if we patiently look for it.

"There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light."

Then followed a reading, entitled, "A Twilight Idyl," by Miss Hattie Stevenson. The selection was rendered in a neat forcible manner. It was followed by a recitation, entitled "Too Utterly Utter," by Miss Sadie A. V. Kneller. The aesthetic drift of the selection was well brought out by the reader, who succeeded in holding successfully the attention of the audience. The literary and musical part of the programme was then closed by an instrumental solo, "Pas de Change" rendered by Miss Sallie E. Wilmer.

The young ladies then retired from the stage to give place to the calisthenics which completed the evening's entertainment. After a short time allowed for costuming themselves, at the tap of the piano, the following ladies marched in perfect order across the stage. Of the Philomathean Society, Misses Jennie Burroughs, Blanch Pillsbury, Minnie Stevens, Madge Slaughter, Mammie Powell, Sallie Pennington; of the Browning Society, Misses Jennie Wilson, Florence Tranchard, Eadie Richardson, Lulu Bell, Carrie Mourer, Nannie Heyde. The exercises were as follows: First, Fan Drill; second, Free Hand Movements; third, Exercises with Wands; fourth, Dumb Bell Exercises; fifth, Club Swinging. All the various movements of the exercises were performed with a grace and ease and self-possession, that won frequent applause from the audience. Miss Ada Roberts deserves special mention for what she contributed toward the success of the calisthenics by the rendition of the marches on the piano. The whole programme was well performed, and we cannot help pronouncing the joint entertainment of the Browning and Philomathean Societies, a grand success.

At all times kindness is better than ill-nature, and courtesy is a nobler thing than disrespect. Nothing can be much more foolish than to go out of our way to make enemies for the mere sake of making them, when a very little patience, forbearance, and self-restraint would have given us instead a helper a friend, a panegyrist, and a backer.

71 Degrees Below Zero.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

horizon, assumed a dull leaden hue, tinged near the sun's rim with a faint, brownish red, not unlike the skies we see coarsely painted on cheap chromo-lithographs displayed for sale in third-rate picture shops. At nighttime the stars glitter like diamonds under the electric light, and fairly seem on fire with their brilliant radiance. Should you pour water—cold water taken from the well dug through the ice of the lake near which you are camped—upon the surface of the ice, it greets you with an astonishing crackling noise like fire running through cedar brush, or like a dozen bunches of miniature fire-crackers, and the ice that was so clear before that you almost felt timid about putting your foot on it for fear that it really was not there, now instantly turns as white as marble and as hard to see through as so much snow, caused by the infinite number of little seams running in every direction through it from the unequal expansion. Many of the Esquimaux children amuse themselves trying this simple experiment until the white spots on the clear ice of the lake give it a most mottled appearance.

Vapor and steam seem to roll away from everything of a living nature, and the sledge with its 10 or 15 dogs and its 4 or 5 humans in harness looks like a starting locomotive enveloped in its escaping steam, and leaves a trail of vapor behind them resembling the dust stirred up on a well-used road by rolling wagon wheels. Should the party halt to rest in a basin-like valley this vapor rapidly collects as a fog bank, and in a little while becomes so dense as to obscure the originators from a person at a distance, but really makes their whereabouts easily determined by this very sign. Herds of musk oxen and reindeer make their positions visible by this means at quite long distances—if the herds be large, four or five miles away, and at from very favorable heights even three or four times this distance, so the Esquimaux hunters claim; so far away, in fact, that it has been known to take two days sledging to reach them; but my readers must bear in mind that a day in the arctic Winter is very short, often only an hour or two long. Even at these wonderful and extreme distances the most keen-eyed hunters claim (and these Esquimaux are never given to premeditated falsehoods) that they can tell whether the herd is one of musk oxen or reindeer by some varying peculiarities of the vapors which I did not clearly understand, and which I never took an opportunity to practically apply.

Even the foot of a person walking along as it is lifted from the ground leaves a little puff of vapor to float away from the spot as if the walker had stepped upon a sponge saturated with smoke, which was liberated by the pressure, and this, too, when there are four thicknesses of heavy reindeer skin between the bare foot and the snow underneath.

So scarce was the game through this part of the country, and so absolutely dependent were we upon it for our daily supply of food, that to increase our chances of securing it we separated into parties, one and two days' journey apart from each other, (although traveling the same trail,) and thus each space between camps was gone over twice or three times, and our chances of seeing reindeer or musk oxen increased proportionally. Occasionally my sledge would be in the rear, and before we started in the morning it would sometimes be useful to know if the party ahead had moved on, and Toolooah, my sledge driver, would climb a near hill, and if the weather was intensely cold and clear was almost sure to

be able to tell me, although the measured sledge journey to the snow house that he had discerned by its ascending vapors was often eight and ten miles, and probably three-fourths as much in a straight line.

Whenever the sledge was traveling along, its iced runners, dragging over the fine gritty snows, would give forth a clear musical ring in the bitter cold air that sounded very much like the drawing of a rosined bow over a tuning fork, a well-known experiment in acoustic lectures. Many of my readers who live, or have lived, in countries where the thermometer gets down to zero and 20° below in the Winter have heard this sound coming from the iron runners of the swift-gliding sleighs, and especially upon a clear quiet night with but a single sleigh within hearing. Could you imagine that clear frosty ring as much louder as the whistle of a steamboat is above the whistle of a man, or certainly multiplied manifold times, you could realize how the iced sledge runners fairly sing with their polished surface dragging over the marble-like snows of the intense arctic cold. By holding the ear near to the snow this music of the cold can be heard two miles away, and at this great distance sounds like the soft murmurings of an Æolian harp or distant minglings of guitars.

Sometimes when breathing this extremely cold air my tongue felt as if it was freezing in my mouth, but I could readily rid myself of this uncomfortable feeling by breathing through the nostrils for a minute or two. Naturally you will ask "Why not breathe through the nostrils all the time?" as you have so often heard advocated. This bitter cold air passing through the nostrils keeps up an irritation so that the consequent catarrh makes it desirable to use the mouth nearly altogether in breathing. Also, the nose is more liable to freeze when breathing through it. These freezings of the nose and cheeks are very common affairs, occurring over a dozen times a day in very low temperatures, and especially if there be any wind blowing in the face. The Esquimaux cure these slight frost bites by applying the hand, warm from the reindeer mitten, directly to the spot. They knew nothing of rubbing frost bites with snow, so extolled in our own cold climates, and I doubt its efficacy myself in those extremely low arctic temperatures, when the snow is like sand if loose and like granite rock if in mass. Another fallacious idea exploded by my Esquimaux, at least to a great extent, was the use of snow to quench thirst, which every arctic writer has been so unanimous in condemning as hurtful. My Esquimaux used it at all temperatures to alleviate their thirst, first breathing on the piece of snow a few times before putting it in the mouth. I have often seen Esquimaux boys place a steel snow knife to their tongue and let it freeze fast, and then swing it backward and forward until it fell, and try and make it stick upright in the snow.

Of the 413 species of trees found in the United States, there are sixteen species whose perfectly dry wood will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (*Condalia ferrea*) of Southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent. heavier than water. Of the others, the best known are the lignumvitæ (*Guaicum sanctum*) and mangrove (*Rhizophora mangle*). Another is a small oak (*Quercus grisea*) found in the mountains of Western Texas, Southern New Mexico and Arizona, and westward to the Colorado Desert, at an elevation of 5000 to 10,000 feet. All the species in which the wood is heavier than water belong to semitropical Florida or the arid interior Pacific region.



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