

A CITY ON ICE.

A Michigan Settlement Where Men Dwell All Winter Long.

The City on the Ice is a settlement which exists during the winter months on the Saginaw bay and which claims the palm for being the greatest community ever founded in the United States.

The city is peopled by a great concourse of fishermen, who work throughout the winter at catching fish through the ice, living right at their work in the huts erected each on a low, stout sledge. These huts are about ten feet long by six wide and seven high, fixed on runners, and drawn by their owners from place to place.

For four months these "citizens of waste" isolate themselves from home and friends, and in many cases forever, the number of casualties being large, owing to the marvellous intensity of the moon to atmospheric warnings, the changing seasons, etc., and the chances of drowning, freezing, getting lost in blizzards, driven out to sea, or devoured by gray wolves, which in extra hard winters are driven from the dense woods in search of food.

The dress affected by a number of the men is very picturesque, but so much alike that it is difficult for a stranger to tell one from the other. It is warm, durable and easy to work in, consisting of a pair of bright red Mackinaw trousers, in which the pockets are made of coarse woolen material, resembling the coarsest of the kind in cheap house blankets; a shirt of bright blue color in the same goods; a red or blue sash; black or gray stockings, as thick as the shirt or trousers; a pair of high, spike-bottomed lumber boots, and a wide-brimmed hat like the one forming a settlement of its own, as far as the fishing is concerned, and the formation of these is varied almost day by day, according to the restlessness of their owners or the amount of fish obtained.

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The bulk of the fishermen are fine, muscular fellows, who during the summer live in comfortable houses and in the early fall shoot ducks for a living. Their little houses might easily be mistaken for dog-kennels of a larger growth. They are made of rough pine, with a slanting roof and a door at one end fitted with leather. Unattractive as is the exterior, the inside is cozy and warm.

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A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Two Balloonists Fall a Mile Through a Hole in the Air.

Hennequin, of Paris, France, who was in Fontenay at the time Tissidor and Gower had their thrilling adventures in their balloon, told the story of their fall of a mile. They ascended from Tissidor's house in Paris and floated toward Vincennes and as the wind was somewhat strong from the northeast, the two men soon disappeared from the view of Paris, having risen to a height of 1,500 feet. When they had reached Fontenay, however, they were fully 6,000 feet above the earth. They were sailing along smoothly, watching the scenes below, when suddenly they seemed to fall into a hole in the atmosphere, and down they went at a terrific rate. Gower glanced at the needle of the vertical scale. It was traveling with lightning speed. A roar filled their ears, and both men thought their time had come. Nothing had happened to the balloon. It was in perfect condition, but there seemed to be no air to hold it up. Tissidor desperately threw out sandbags. They were falling so rapidly that the bags were left far behind and disappeared above them. The earth seemed to be rushing at them with the speed of a comet. There seemed to be no atmosphere left, and they could scarcely breathe. As a last resort Tissidor threw over the anchor and the remaining ballast, and the big balloon, after a rush of a mile through the air, regained its poise, and they were saved. The earth was but fifty feet below.

"This goes to show that too much precaution cannot be observed in carrying plenty of ballast. There are in the air occasional reactions, and when a balloon once gets into one of them it drops like a piece of lead. Gower and Tissidor sailed into a veritable pit in the air, and had they not had lots of ballast aboard they would have been dashed to pieces."

Female Crusoe. In 1871, an Englishwoman named Williams set out to run a vessel that had been left her by her husband who died a short time before. She secured a cargo and crew in Singapore, and set sail for Java on her first voyage. The first land touched was Quenam, where she opened trade with the natives. She had 11,400 in specie in the cabin, and the natives coming to hear of it determined to rob the vessel. To this end they succeeded in getting the crew drunk, and all was ready for the attack as soon as darkness came. Some of the native women to whom Mrs. Williams had given presents informed her of what was intended, and she made her escape in the yawl, taking with her the most articles she could handle most ready with her. The crew were so drunk that she could do nothing with them, and they were left to meet their fate.

After drifting about the sea for several days, she managed to land on the northernmost island of the group named Pollo, which was inhabited. When Mrs. Williams first landed on the island she had no idea of stopping there for more than a day or two, but she had no sooner gone ashore than a gale came up that so damaged the yawl as to necessitate repairs. She united her goods, and made preparations to pass the night, when she rose in the morning her yawl was gone, having been carried out during the night, and the woman realized that she was a prisoner. Donning men's apparel, she set out with her horse, a pack on which she lived for four days, when she was finally rescued by the British ship Sahib, then engaged in surveying the group, and returned to her friends. All she could ever learn of her ship was that it had been robbed by the natives and the crew thrown overboard to drown.

Massillon, Ohio, widow had a dead poodle embalmed and set up for a parlor ornament.

NEW YORK'S OLD BELLMAN.

He Has Told the Cemetery Bell at Greenwood for 140,000 Dead.

A familiar personage to be met in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, is Patrick Taffay, the grim old bellman. His duty is to toll the bell at the funeral processions as they enter Greenwood. For nearly a quarter of a century Patrick has performed this mournful task, and a more faithful bellman never tolled a bell, whether it be in the tower of a cemetery archway or in a modest church or stately cathedral. In twenty-four years he has muffled but a few days from his post of duty. He opens the big gates of the main entrance at 5 a. m. each day, and from that time till almost noon is engaged in running errands and doing other work for the cemetery officials. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon the funerals begin to arrive, and up to 5 o'clock Patrick is kept busy tolling the bell, giving the names of the undertakers at the office and naming the digger who is to make the grave. He has waited the passage of the most of processions, where there were but one or two or three carriages besides the hearse, and he has waited the arrival of almost endless corteges of seventy or eighty carriages. Babies, sweethair children, husbands and wives, and gray-bearded patriarchs have been borne away by the thousand past the portals where this rugged bellman stood grimly by. People of every age and condition have in his day been carried to their last resting place, from the humblest children of men of wealth, distinction and national fame. He has tolled the bell announcing the arrival of many distinguished dead.

The number of interments last year at Greenwood was sixteen a day. The cemetery officials say that is a fair average for twenty-four years past. Allowing that to be true, the bellman has seen over 140,000 funeral processions pass the gates. And supposing there were on the average ten carriages to each procession, he has seen more than 1,400,000 carriages in funeral procession, containing more than 5,600,000 occupants.

Moving in New York. New-Yorkers move every year, says a letter from that city. They can't help it. It isn't because they don't pay their rent, but it is because they become possessed of a feverish restlessness that will not permit them to stay put. They must get in a newer quarter of the city. They cannot rest unless they can find a flat electric lighted. They want a gas range and bath tubs with thermostats in them. They want to move, and move they must. With them moving is attended with none of the old-time horrors, when carpets, pictures, bureau-drawers, and china closets were torn from their moorings, and trunks rained for a month before and after the exodus.

Moving is not done that way now days; not at all. When madame gets good and ready to move she notifies the moving bureau that Wednesday, April 15, she wishes her goods and trunks removed from 110 Washington avenue to 9 Central Park place, and that said articles are valued at \$2,000. On the appointed day the family breakfast as usual, let the fire go out in the fire-place and cook stove, and, putting on all their jewelry, go out to luncheon. Then they go to the window. Later they find their way to the new flat at 9 Central Park place, to be greeted by the familiar Lares and Penates, which have been transferred in their entirety to the new quarters. Of course, some rearrangements are necessary. The pictures are placed on squares instead of corners, pictures must be hung by two wires instead of one, and the prayer-rug must be placed in front of an east window instead of between the folding doors. But these things are trifling. And madame and family go to bed with a rainbow in their souls, for all they has been accomplished successfully without worry, or pneumonia. And all this for \$25.

One of the most extraordinary stories of the extraordinary state of things in Ireland is told as follows: A member of the Land League was sent from Dublin to a certain district to get up a meeting and make a speech. You can always get up a meeting in any part of Ireland on a very few minutes' notice. On reaching the town where the meeting was to be held, the speaker met a friend, and both being genial fellows, they retired to a public house and had something. Then they got talking over old-time reminiscences, and the first thing the Land-Leaguer knew the man came into light the lamp. "Great heavens!" he said, "I was sent down from Dublin to get up a meeting here, and now it is too late!" "Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said the other.

"Yes, but it does matter," said the organizer. "I have to report to my superior that the meeting was held." "Oh, that's all right," said his friend. "Here, you write out a speech and I will send it to the local papers, and they will print it just as if the meeting was held, then the folks in Dublin won't know the difference." This was quickly done, and the speech that never was delivered, soon appeared in the papers. The fun of the thing comes in over the fact that the leaguer was arrested for delivering his speech, and was sentenced to four months in jail for a speech that he never delivered at a meeting that was never held. He cheerfully went to jail rather than admit that the meeting never took place.

The Largest Cask in the Country. Toledo comes to the front with the distinction of having the largest cask in use in this or any other country. It is about 35 feet in diameter, and holds about 40,000 gallons of wine. This cask was built in 1853 and placed in its present position, the building containing it having been erected around it afterward. A flight of twenty-nine steps lead to the top of the cask, where there is a platform, on which a party so inclined could dance a quadrille with comfort, perhaps all the better for the reason of the hilarious element over which they tripped.

An Embalmed Poodle. A Massillon, Ohio, widow had a dead poodle embalmed and set up for a parlor ornament.

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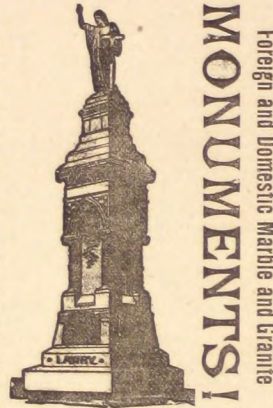
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