ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

How Mrs. Workman Climbed to a Peak 23,000 Feet High.

While an army of nearly one-quarter of a million persons have swarmed over the Alps during one season, their daring feats appear as mere child play compared with the remarkable exploits of an American woman on the roof of the world—the Himalyan peaks. She, Fannie Bullock Workman, and her husband, Dr. William Hunter Workman, hailing from Worcester, Mass., succeeded in scaling a peak more than 23,000 feet high in what is known as the Namkin ranks of India

Mrs Workman gives an interesting account of the sensations experienced during the ascent, says the Pittsburg Gazette

In the Himalyas, those mightiest of mountains from every conceivable viewpoint, there are no villages or hospices within a few hours of the summits, no shelter huts for breaking the journey, no corps of guides. The mountaineer must go, self-provided, into the savage and trackless wastes surround the cloud-capped giants which tempt one to scale or fail

The preparations? Coolie demands at Darjeeling are rather magnificent in comparison with those elsewhere Our coolies, under a sirdar, were to meet us at Chia Ban'n, fully equipped, and extra supplies were to be sent up to be in the upper part of Sikkim to meet us after we had passed the mountains.

We reached Askor Nullah village without accident, and starting from

Mrs. William Hunter Workman.

there at 4 a. m., gained the foot of the pass, 12,500 feet, at 10.30 a. m. Our coolies begged to remain, but were refused, and at a height of 15,000 feet several of them collapsed with a mountain sickness and rent the air with their wailings. Despite our care of them, we were compelled to bivouac at 15,800 feet on a narrow, wind-swept ledge It was a gruesome camp, with room for only one small tent

At 4.30 next morning, with the mercury at 26 degrees, we broke camp The ascent was sharp and dangerous, owing to the uncertain footing directly over a valley 8,000 feet below.

Twelve hours of hard climbing brought us to the rope bridge spanning the river before Askole.

Askole had been called the end of the world, not inaptly, the designation applying to seven villages scattered throughout the remote valley.

The Biafo and Baltoro glaciers, for exploring which Askole is the starting point, are said to be the largest glacier outside of the Arctic regions Our plan was to follow up the former some forty miles to its origin at Hispar pass and return to Askole The only European who ever crossed Hispar pass was Sir Martin Conway, in 1892.

For the benefit of those who may not have ascended to altitudes above 16,000 feet but who are dreaming of the attempt here are my experiences for what they are worth: As good a bodily condition as possible is, of course, desirable, to enable one to combat successfully the facteur majeur in high climbing—diminished oxygen—as well as to endure fatigue and the extreme cold of such regions.

On the march to Askole I experienced much greater difficulty in breathing at 17,000 feet than later at 20,000 to 23,000 feet. The advisability of passing a month, if possible, in valleys 11,000 or 12,000 feet up and in making experimental tours is obvious. My pulse at 17,000 feet was 90; near the summit, 23,000 feet, 110.

I cannot say I ever slept soundly above 16,000 feet, and above 20,000 feet my rest was often disturbed by difficulty in breathing. Attacking the last stages of Koser Gunge my gaspings for air were extremely labored.

I do not endure severe cold well at any altitude, and at this great height found the chill and numbness produced by the icy wind bitter to bear. I recall no mountain sickness whatever, though the unprecedented and continued exertion, both on the ascent and descent of this peak, naturally used me up considerably. But no lameness resulted, and the following day I felt perfectly fit and able to attack another mountain had it been necessary.

SPIRAL ARROW HEADS.

Peculiar Bits of Chalcedony Fashioned by the Red Men.

According to an authority of the National Museum at Washington there have recently been found in New Jersey several chalcedony arrow-heads which are so peculiar in form that, if they are genuine relics of Indian times, they seem to indicate that the red men may have sought, in some cases, to give their arrows a twisting motion, like that of a rifle ball.

The arrow-heads in question are cut in a spiral shape, and one of them makes a fifth of a turn in its length of two and one-half inches. Dropped point down in water, it is said, it will perform a complete revolution in a space of about thirty inches.

Factory Work for Infirm.

Among the many charities in London there is none more interesting to the American visitor, than the factory where girls who are blind, cripples in wheeled chairs and dwarfs, some of them only a yard high, are taught the art of making artificial flowers, and when they have mastered the rudimentary branches they are paid for their time. The factory is maintained by the Water Cress and Flower Girls' Chirstian Mission, which was organized forty years ago by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and it is now under the patronage of the Queen and the Princess of Wales.

Telling the Hour.

In Singar, in the Malay archipelago, two bottles are placed neck to neck, and sand is put into one of them, which pours itself into the other every half hour, when the bottles are reversed. On a line nearby are hung twelve rods marked with notches, from one to twelve. The whole arrangement is in charge of an attendant, who sounds the hours on a gong

Work Caused by Automobiles.

The farmers in some English districts say that, owing to the dust raised by the motor cars settling upon grass, it now takes a man two days to cut an acre with a scythe, whereas it only took one before motor cars came into existence The dust dulls the edge of the scythe, and makes necessary frequent sharpening

Prize Fighting in Seattle.

The Chief of Police of Seattle, believing that prize fighters bring criminals and other undesirables in their train, has ordered all pugilists, trainers and others connected with the ring to leave the city or take up some respectable employment.

The Czar's Extensive Mail.

It is said that the Czar of Russia receives from his subjects through the post no fewer than 100 petitions every day of his life The majority of these documents before reaching the monarch's hands are examined by a confidential secretary.

Hygienic Restaurants.

Some of the restaurants for workmen in Paris are conducted strictly on hygienic principles Even the napkins are not put into rings and allowed to touch, but are put into marked pigeon holes, and each laborer gets his own on entering.

Birds Defends Their Nest.

Annoyed by swallows building over his windows, a Haywards Heath resident knocked down the nest with a prop The birds replaced the nest, and when the man again attempted to remove it he was surrounded by a number of swallows and martins, who attempted to peck at his eyes and face.

Weak Hearts in the Army.

Nearly 500 men fall out from the ranks of the British army every year owing to weak hearts and other defects brought about by the illogical system of physical training in the army, said Sir Frederick Treves recently. This system is now under review.

Seaweed Parasols.

Seaweed parasols are the latest novelty. The real weed is used, and is skilfully applied to a background of fine biscuit or pastel-tinted gauze. An outer layer of gauze is then placed over it.

Strength of Rope from Paper.

As illustrated the excellence of the paper (which is made from unused linen scraps) upon which Bank of England notes are printed, it is stated that when one of these notes is twisted into a rope it will sustain a weight of 359 pounds.

An Old Art Lost.

Although the name of the first ropemaker and that of the land in which he practiced his art have both been lost to history, Egyptian sculptures prove that the art was practiced at least 2,000 years before the time of Christ.

Safest Seat in a Train.

The question is often asked by travellers, "Where is the safest seat in the train?" The answer is given by an engineer, who, after scientific calculation and protracted experience, asserts that the safest seat is in the middle of the last car but one.

Well-Producing Sand.

A curious well in Canada produces sand instead of water. The sand comes up in a fine stream like a fountain. The force which drives it to the surface from a depth of 100 feet has not yet been discovered.

Too Many Cooks

The "county cook" stood in the lane at the back of the school buildings, and shaded her eyes from the sun, which was setting in a bank of purple clouds. In her trim, black gown, with the starched apron and dainty white sleeves, she looked as fresh as though the South Kensington College of Cookery had but that instant turned her out, armed with the diploma that had secured her appointment under the County Council. At the present moment, she also possessed a very impatient frown, the cause of which lay in a note she held in her hand.

Viva Kerr read the ill-spelled letter once more and sighed. It was her custom to hold a weekly demonstration and lecture at the remote townlet of Hillstone, and on these occasions Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a local gamekeeper, acted as her assistant. At the moment when she had completed all her preparations for the class, a shock-headed boy had appeared with the disturbing letter:

"Dear Madam," it ran, "I'm sorry to say as I'm ill with the sore throat, so I cannot oblige you to-night, and being so late I can't find you no one else but my cousin, him being up at the squire's and in the house, so will be handy and useful, and I've sent him word this minute, so he will be sure to oblige you. Yours obediently,

"Sarah Thompson."

The village clock struck eight, and still Viva waited for her assistant. Apparently, the obliging youth omitted punctuality from his stock of virtues. As the last stroke died away, and the girl turned to go inside the schoolhouse, a man rode furiously down the lane on a bicycle.

"Are you from the Hall? Stop this instant!" she called out in a very peremptory manner.

The man stared, but jumped off his bicycle.

"Yes, I'm Hall," he said, gazing at the girl.

Viva hardly heard the answer.

"I've been waiting ages," she said, in an aggrieved manner "I was told to expect you at the cookery class tonight."

"Cookery class?" The man's countenance cleared "Yes, I did promise something " he began, but he spoke to Viva's back

"Follow me quickly, and don't waste time," she directed

There was a smile on the man's face, as he obeyed these instructions, but when he had passed the door of the schoolhouse, the grin faded to a genuine look of fear.

The room was large and bare. On a raised platform stood a gas stove and on the table there was a collection of cooking utensils and provisions. All this was harmless enough, but what brought the bashful red to Hall's face and fixed it there was the fact that the room was simply packed with the petticoat brigade most of them young, and a fair proportion quite pretty

Notebook in hand, they sat round on the forms Some looked bored, and were obviously there under protest, while others were so eager in their search after new recipes that they did not need a ring to label them "Engaged" All of them stared at the masculine intruder

The charming cook stepped on to the platform

"I'm exceedingly sorry to be late in starting," she said, "but my assistant kept me waiting. However, we will lose no more time."

She hurriedly gave out the initial recipe, and then turned to the thoroughly alarmed Hall

"You'd better have this on," she observed, and then she started to tie a very serviceable-looking apron about him. Hall placed desperate hands to restrain her.

"Not for worlds!" he exclaimed; "and really, Miss—er—"

The black eyebrows arched themselves in a disagreeable manner.

"It is simply to save your clothes," she remarked acidly. "If I"—such an accent on the "I"—"do not mind wearing an apron, surely you need not object."

Hall felt himself dwindling visibly.

"Look here, Miss —er—" he began, "I really must explain. You're making a mistake. Do listen! I don't know what you expect me to do, and—"

He stopped in despair, for Viva, who noticed that the class was waiting, cut in hurriedly. "Can't you see you're keeping us waiting?" she cried. "I've been hindered and bothered enough as it is, without you. You don't know what to do? Simply do as I tell you. I don't expect more. You might surely try and help, instead of putting obstacles in my way."

Hall looked at her. Anger had deepened her flush to a deep carnation color, and her gray eyes had darkened to purple pansies. A sudden admiration glowed in his face.

"If you put it like that, of course, I'll do all I can," he said, and Viva nodded. She noticed now that the clean-shaven face had deceived her. Her assistant was an older man than she had originally taken him to be.

"Evidently stupid and can't get on," was her deduction. Then, absorbed in her work, she forgot all about her assistant. For his part, he watched her with amusement.

"That's a young madam," he decided, as her high-pitched voice laid down the law on the science of cookery. The slight element of authority which her position gave her was evidently pleasing to the girl, but her vigorous grace, and the energy with which she worked, made Hall gaze at her with pleasure, while he mechanically tried to cope with her abrupt demands for "bowl" or "spoon." Suddenly, as she was about to place a dish on the stove, she met his gaze, and the admiration made her redden with annoyance.

"Just watch this pastry, and turn down the gas in five minutes' time exactly," she commanded as she turned away.

Her recipes were of the simplest, and were evidently selected to meet the needs of a rural population. Baked haddock and cottage-pie did not prove inspiring, so once again Hall watched the wavy black hair, and marked the play of the mobile features in dreamy content.

"Are those tarts ready?"

Viva's high-pitched voice suddenly broke his reverie. Hall gave a guilty start of horror.

"I'm afraid I've—I've forgotten," he stammered.

Never before in his life had he been so thoroughly afraid of a woman, and his knees nearly shook as, with the air of an empress, Viva swept past him to the oven. She banged open the door and slammed down on the table a tray of blackened pastry, while Hall heartily wished the ground would swallow him up, and mingle his ashes with the sympathetic dust of King Alfred.

"You see the result of my puff pastry, ladies!"

"This is exceedingly annoying, as they were specially ordered for a supper party to-night, and we help to meet our expenses in this way. I suppose I'm to blame, but, at the same time, I must say that if one cannot expect anything but ignorance from inexperienced people, one has a right to expect ordinary care and common sense.

The look she gave poor Hall seemed suddenly to brace him up, for he raised his drooping head.

"I'm exceedingly sorry for the accident," he said, "and as I gather some inconvenience may result, will you kindly allow me to make good the deficiency?"

The class stared at the speaker, and Miss Kerr's eyes opened in surprise This was not the kind of speech she had expected from an assistant, but her astonishment was quickly swallowed up in a greater wonder.

The assistant had possessed himself of her place. With lightning rapidity he seized a bowl and spoon and began a series of rapid movements. Eggs seemed to crack as though by magic; flour whirled round in a white cyclone, and sprays of water splashed through the air. The deft fingers seemed everywhere—patting, kneading, cutting, molding with unerring skill, while the class gasped in astonishment. They had a feeling of watching a performance which should have progressed to show music and applause. When the last tartlet was popped into the oven, the transformed assistant turned to his audience with a smile:

"As I am about fifteen years out of practice, I hope you will wait about ten minutes to see if I have vindicated myself."

He need not have troubled. The class had no intention of disbanding until it had seen those tartlets emerge from the oven. And when after a short time they appeared from that fiery trial to be subjected to be hotter ordeal of the scrutiny of fifty pairs of eyes, a storm of enthusiastic exclamations arose. Such a triumph of cookery had never been witnessed in Hillstone before.

And the county cook knew it, too! She saw the room grow empty, as the class melted away, and she was at last left alone with her assistant. She looked at him with inquiring eyes; all her self-assertion had vanished, and it even seemed to Hall as though the starch had gone out of her apron.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"There, now, you would not let me explain, I'm Adrain Hall, from the Colossal Hotel."

Viva gasped. She knew the name Only the previous week a magazine had published an interview with the celebrated Adrain Hall—an artist in his special line, and the head chef in England, or, as some asserted in Europe, who, after a varied career, had proved himself a very genius in the culinary art. She had read of his army of chefs and subordinates, and his princely income, and on top of the recollection came another. She had given him a demonstration of cookery.

"You see, I only get a holiday about once in five years, and was here fishing. Met the squire, and he invited me to try his preserves. He happened to mention that he to put in one attendance at the cookery class, and I offered to look in for him," went on Hall.

Viva's sigh was indicative of the resignation of despair.

"Well, I suppose I've quite done for myself in Hillstone," she said. "To begin with, I've made a laughing-stock of myself. Then, of course, you'll tell the squire all you've seen. Yes, I know that sauce was burned, though I did say it was the coloring. And there's worse than that."

"Still worse?" Hall was heartless enough to laugh in the face of such a tragedy.

"Yes—worse," was the reply. "I—I told you to take hints from me."

Here the tears fell, but Hall affected not to see them.

"Anyway," he said, "you'v taken me on as first assistant, and a jolly poor job I've made of it. Now I'm going to finish up in the orthodox way by washing up. Won't you help me? It's rather fun."

So Viva took up a towel and helped him, just as a year later she helped him to ice the names "Adrian" and "Viva" on a wedding cake.—Answers.

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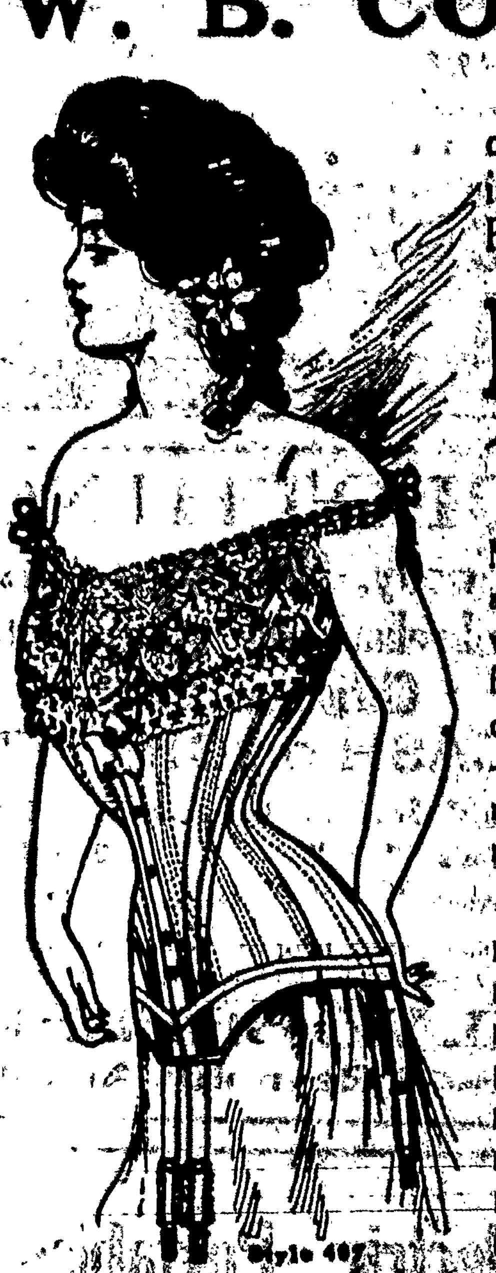

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