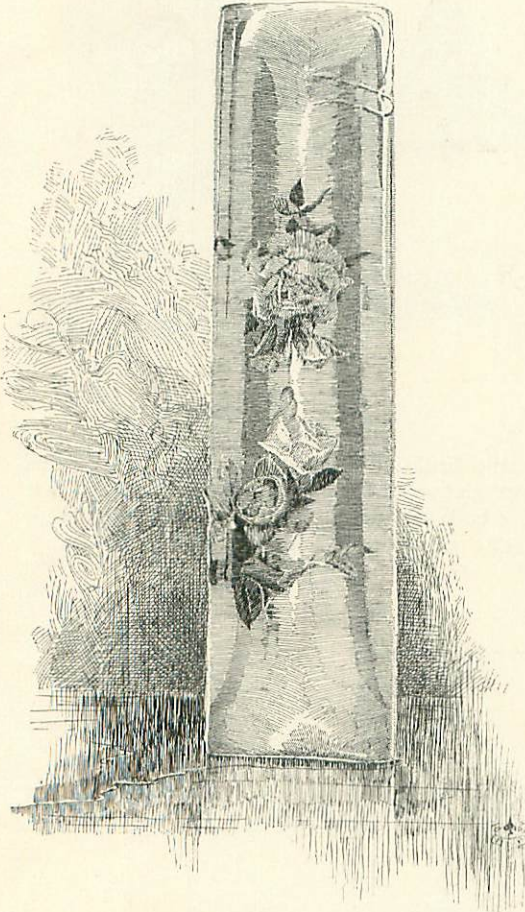


A ROSE IN A QUEER PLACE.

BY PROFESSOR FREDERICK STARR.



WELL, boys and girls, here is a picture for you. What is it? I did not know at first. I thought it was a picture some artist had painted, which had been photographed. But it is more remarkable than such a picture would be. I think it one of the most wonderful things I saw in Florida.

In that warm land, where ice is so desirable for cooling food and drink, it is not naturally formed, and so must be made. I visited an ice-factory yesterday. The process of ice-making is simple and

interesting. It depends upon the principle that gas in expanding, like liquids in evaporating, draws heat from neighboring bodies. First, a great basin of brick-work and metal is built. This is filled with brine. A frame-work just above the basin supports a large number of metal tanks, which reach down into and are surrounded on all sides by the brine. At this factory I think there were one hundred of these tanks. Each is shaped like a brick, and is perhaps one foot wide, two feet long, and four feet deep. When in position they are like bricks set up on end with a little space between each one and its neighbors. Wooden covers fit over the tops. Of course, brine surrounds them all, and a coil of iron tubes passes everywhere through this brine and around the tanks, on every side, and below. The tanks are filled with perfectly pure water. The coils of tubes are filled with condensed ammonia gas. This gas expands rapidly, and while expanding draws heat from the brine. The cold salt-water surrounding the tanks, in turn draws heat from the water within, until a solid brick-shaped block of clear ice is formed by the freezing of the water in each tank. The ammonia gas is collected after use, condensed under pressure by an engine, cooled and may then be used again.

I saw the process of lifting one of the tanks. They seized it with a hoisting-machine, raised it from the brine, lowered it carefully into warm water, to loosen the cake of ice from the sides of the tank, lifted it and slid out a great four-hundred-pound cake of ice, so clear and transparent that one could read small print through a foot of it.

They have twenty tons of ice forming here, all the time. They lift a tank every thirty minutes, take out the ice, refill the tank with water and replace it. The freezing takes forty-eight hours. The tank they have just emptied will be filled soon, and a new block of ice will be taken from it on "the day after to-morrow."

Now, it seems that this freezing takes place so gently that a spray of roses may be put into a tank of water and frozen into the mass of ice without stirring a petal from its place. There it lies im-

bedded, in all its beauty of form and color—a marvellous thing, I think. The ice-makers like to perform this experiment, as it shows the clearness of their ice; and pride is taken in freezing pieces of unusual beauty and transparency.

A delicate spray of flowers, a cluster of ripe fruit, or a brilliant-colored fish are favorite subjects. Exhibitions of such freezings are occasionally made at fairs, and a particularly beautiful or interesting piece makes a very attractive gift for a birthday or for Christmas.

What a pretty way to preserve objects! I would like a collection of Florida specimens so preserved. No dried-out herbarium specimens; no faded and distorted alcoholic preparations; no unnatural taxidermist mounts, but everything in its natural color, its perfect outline, its living beauty. Here, a clear little block with a chameleon; here, a larger one with a coiled rattlesnake; there a young alligator, a cluster of grape-fruit or oranges, a spray of flowers or a series of forest-leaves. But, alas! such a collection would not last a single week.

Nature, herself, sometimes makes such preparations, but neither often nor everywhere. My rose

in ice reminds me of the old mammoth and the woolly rhinosceros in the Siberian ice-blocks. You have read of them in ST. NICHOLAS? They were specimens that had been kept for hundreds

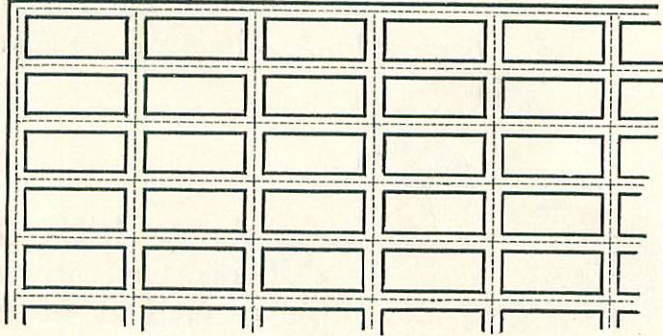


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE ICE TANKS.

of years in that cold climate. So perfectly preserved were they, that the flesh, the hair, the skin, the eyeballs, were not decayed.

Perhaps such a collection of Florida specimens might be *kept* in Siberia, in some cold corner of that desolate land, but here the rose in ice gives us but a transitory delight and then is gone forever.

THE DISCONTENTED SNOW-FLAKE.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

IN a fresh little, feathery, fluffy white coat,
An egotist Snow-flake from heaven did float;

And he sighed to his fellows,—a similar
throng,—

“Seems to me there’s a sameness in falling so
long!

“I am tired of this tingle and chill; I desire —”
(They shuddered to hear him) “a room with a
fire;

“A tiger-skin rug and a Japanese screen,
And some chocolate to drink, and a nice maga-
zine!”

He had sunk past the roof, with its chimneys
like hats,
Of the Warwickshire-Walsingham-Warburton
flats.

A ninth-story window was open — one puff
Of the wind, as he reached it, was impulse
enough.

He alighted within with a rapturous thrill,
But he very soon after began to feel ill.

Soon his liquid remains like a tear-drop were
seen
On the well-printed page of the nice magazine;

And a caller, observing, remarked in sad tones,
“How affecting the stories of Jane Johnson Jones!”