

## MIND MAKES MATTER.

### BRIDE AND GROOM LONG FOR SHINING GOLD.

They Journey to Alaska and Soon Become Possessed of a Claim That Has Yielded Them Millions in Dust—Grit Brings Luck.

O. HOWARD, Jr., the mining expert and son of Gen. O. O. Howard, telegraphed to a Wall street syndicate: "I've secured an option on Clarence Berry's controlling interest in four best claims at Klondyke, price two million dollars, 50 per cent to be paid immediately, this sum to be forfeited if control isn't carried through and balance paid in six months. Forty square feet actually produce \$120,000, of which \$60,000 in nuggets is here."

Mrs. Clarence Berry is the heroine of this great Klondyke romance. If there are such things as lucky stars she was born under one of them. She was Miss Ethel Bush, of Selma, until March 15, 1896, when she became the bride of Clarence Berry, of Fresno, the man who has made the biggest and richest find yet made in the new Alaskan gold fields. His first season's work netted him \$130,000. Nine-tenths of the claim he has staked out is yet to explore, and is known to be full of the yellow dust. And the hand that held the Aladdin lamp which guided him to his fabulous fortune was that of the brave little woman who married him one day and started with him on the next for the ice-bound Land of Promise in the Northwest.

#### A Perilous Bridal Tour.

It was a unique honeymoon trip. For downright luck it is without a parallel in the record of bridal tours. On the day that they were married these two young people were poor in everything but love, pluck and faith in their future. Their worldly possessions consisted of just enough money to pay their passage to San Francisco, thence to Juneau, and on to Forty-Mile Camp, and provide themselves with the necessary stores for a year of mining-camp life when they got there. It was a rough start in life, but this young couple were no mere dreamers of fortune.

They had those elements of character that conquer success under the hardest conditions. They were prepared to literally force open the clinched fingers on the reluctant hand of fortune. They were ready to face hardships and "rough it" together. Between them and the Yukon river there was a long and weary journey, full of perils by land and sea. The journey to Juneau, which they reached on March 24, was easy enough, but beyond that point it was difficult and dangerous.

Their overland journey began on March 24, and it was not until June 10 that this brave pair drove their dog team into Forty-Mile Camp and "struck a claim." The story of those seventy-eight days of travel through an unknown country, across an almost trackless waste of ice and snow, is the story of a wedding trip that must have been more thrilling than comfortable. But love lightens labor and laughs at danger when it is united to the clear grit which these two had.

It was no freak journey, undertaken in a whimsical spirit of haphazard venture. Clarence Berry had talked of gold to Ethel Bush while he was wooing her. There was a golden thread running all through his tale of love. Among the pretty things he said to win her heart he was constantly whispering to her the suggestion of fortune to

be sought and found, hand in hand, they two together, in the frozen wilderness of the northwest.

Rumors of "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" had been floating down from there for many a year. So when they stood up before the minister and pledged themselves for life they had already agreed to start for that unknown country. And they did.

#### Over the White Deserts.

From Fresno, where they were married, they took with them four fine dogs to help pull them and their outfit over the white deserts that lay between them and the Yukon. They purchased provisions enough to last them twelve months, and they set out with the determination to stay in the Yukon district and hunt for the auriferous earth at least five years. There was to be no short holiday outing, but a carefully planned campaign—a long and persistent search for the coveted gold.

Few women would care to face the trials and privations of that long journey from Juneau to Forty-Mile Camp. It was full of exciting incidents, and more than once death seemed to be quite near. Mrs. Berry, who is now in San Francisco, furnishes many graphic



MRS. BERRY AS SEEN ON HER WEDDING DAY.

details of her trying experiences. She says:

#### The Bride's Account of It.

"The journey over the ice and snow was an experience that I am not likely to soon forget. The accommodations for a woman were very poor, though we had the best that was obtainable. We carried with us a stove and tent, and the latter we pitched every night on some spot where the snow was hard. Our beds were made of boughs. Mr. Berry was careful to see that I had every comfort possible. Just before leaving Juneau I was given a large bearskin robe, which added much to my comfort.

"I rode all the way from Juneau to the mining camp. During the journey I was strapped to the sled or boat, as

the case might be, and while it was considerably better than walking there was always an uncertainty about my position which made it uncomfortable. At first it was very, very cold, but after a time I got used to it. One of the greatest difficulties we had to encounter was the indistinctness of the trail. The snow fell so heavily and the winds blew so high that it frequently happened we were able only to follow the trail with the greatest difficulty.

"I think the most remarkable experience I had during the overland journey was the trip over Lake Labarge. When we reached that point we found the lake broken up in the daytime, though at night there was a thin ice which made travel possible. We saw that it would be impracticable to make the portage from there to the river, so we determined to make the trip during the night. I am sure I don't know just how it happened, for I was asleep most of the time. One night in May I retired to my berth on a scow which we had built and woke up the next morning thirty-six miles away. We had crossed the lake in one night, an undertaking which I do not think had ever been accomplished be-

fore she could reach the Klondyke, was already beginning to show signs of floating ice, and she knew it would be only a short time before it would be completely frozen over. So she worked with a will, and soon got everything packed and started on the steamer Arctic for the new land of gold. Her husband and his party joined her on the way up the river.

It was Dec. 6, 1896, when this devoted and daring couple struck their first gold of any consequence. Then it came in a torrent. All through the winter Clarence Berry was piling up wealth. His wife was at the mines every day, and as the great chunks of frozen earth were dumped on the ground her fair fingers were busily at work picking out the nuggets. During the season she picked up in this way about \$10,000 worth of golden pebbles.

With a sharp stick she would dig into the frozen clods until they broke apart and gave up their treasure. The largest nugget Mrs. Berry found in this way was worth \$231, and it turned out to be the best individual prize found in the diggings.

Mrs. Berry enjoyed good health through all her experiences in the frozen northwest and weighs twenty-two pounds more than when she left Fresno on her wedding day in March, 1896. Undaunted by her hard and perilous journey, she says she is ready to return to Alaska with her husband next spring if he decides to go back there. But Clarence Berry is many times a millionaire now, and it is not probable that he and his plucky wife will ever repeat their romantic, picturesque, but perilous bridal tour.

#### Circumstances Alter Cases.

"You have been in the cigarette business so long," said the anxious mother, "that you must be able to give me the information I want. I hope you will candidly answer my question. Are cigarettes injurious to the health?"

"It all depends, ma'am," said the tobacco merchant.

"On what?"

"On whether you smoke them or sell them."

#### Bicyclist's Paradise.

Washington is called the bicyclist's paradise. It has over 300 miles of concrete pavement, and the roads in the suburbs are excellent. It is the only city in the country where the streets are better than the sidewalks. Wheelmen make daily trips to Baltimore and return. About 13,000 persons employed in Washington use the wheel going to and from work.

#### Frisky Bristol Folk.

Cyclists of Bristol, Pa., are incensed over the regulations which prohibit a wheelman of over 90 from mounting from the pedal and a wheelwoman of over 16 from doing fancy riding on the public highway. There is quite a frisky crowd at Bristol from all indications.

#### Not the Right Brand.

"No sooner do the Onondaga Indians get converted to Christianity than a New York woman visits the reservation and converts them back to their ancient religion. Their Christianity does not appear to 'take.'"

#### The Usual Way.

Grief over the death of her husband caused a Chicago widow of 22 to drink carbolic acid. Her condition is not serious and she will probably be married again within six months.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

The poles of Jupiter are flattened almost exactly like those of the earth. The phenomenon can be plainly seen with the telescope.

In the useful report of Dr. Lintner, state entomologist of New York, it is stated that the little red ant, a pest introduced from Europe, has the single redeeming feature that it is an active and efficient enemy of the bedbug.

The pleiades contain six stars visible to eyes of ordinary keenness, though twelve or fourteen have been counted in this cluster by persons of extraordinary eyesight. A two-inch telescope shows about sixty stars in this cluster.

The most scientific forester in Europe says the oldest trees in northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, and that these are not known to live more than 570 years. Germany's oldest oaks live only a little more than three hundred years.

Mathematical calculations show that an iron ship weighs twenty-seven per cent less than a wooden ship and will carry 115 tons of cargo for every one hundred tons carried by a wooden ship of the same dimensions, and both loaded to the same draught of water.

It has been a source of interest and wonder to arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that ripen in the northern swamps account for the presence of the birds.

It appears that the domestic cricket of Europe, the "cricket of the hearth," has been introduced into this country. In Minneapolis and elsewhere they have proved to be a great nuisance. House agents there claim that besides being tiresome and noisy, they are very destructive, so that "a house invaded by them could not be rented." This cricket was observed in Canada by Kalm in 1749, and its recent occurrence there has been confirmed by two well-known entomologists; and it has been observed in various eastern towns by Uhler and others, but it has not hitherto been common in the United States, though frequently observed in Canada.

## A DREADFUL NIGHT.

### THREE MEN ON RAGGED EDGE OF NOTHING.

Several Hours Passed on a Cliff With a Terrible Death in Prospect Every Second—Rolling Boulders Flashing By.



It is an illustration of the discomfort of a position "on the ragged edge of nothing," the following story, from "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps," is excellent. The author of the work, E. A. Fitz Gerald, F. R. G. S.,

his guide, Zurbriggen, and Mr. Harper, were surprised by darkness in a position where it was impossible for them to advance. As it was equally impossible for them to spend the night where they were, hanging by narrow ledges of rock covered with thin ice, they were obliged to retrace their steps—a slow and painful process. At last they reached a spot that might answer their purpose—a ledge some fourteen feet long and eighteen inches broad, on which the three men could just manage to sit.

It seemed to us as sheltered a place as any upon the slope, but should there be any great fall of stones in the night, I feared that we should have but a small chance of escape. No sooner had we seated ourselves than we heard the ominous whiz of falling stones. This was but the commencement of a cannonade that was kept up at intervals throughout the night. The rocks flew past us so close that at times we could almost feel the wind on our faces. We never dared so much as to close an eye all night for fear of slipping into the abyss below.

The cold became intense, the thermometer dropping twenty-five degrees, and as most of our garments had been soaked in wading through the melting snow, they froze hard.

Harper took off his boots and placed his feet in his knapsack, so that, had he fallen, he could not possibly have recovered himself. Zurbriggen also took off his boots and sat upon them to keep them warm for the morning, lest they should be frozen, and he should find himself unable to get into them again.

We did our best to keep up our spirits by singing songs, the most appropriate of which seemed to be, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

There was no moon, and the night was intensely dark, though the weather was clear, while the slight breezes from the southwest seemed to chill us to the bone. After midnight we gradually fell silent, and did not even talk, while Harper dozed for a moment or two and nearly tumbled off. I had to catch hold of him and retain my grip till he could regain his balance. It then occurred to us that if we spread one of the pieces of mackintosh sheeting over our heads and lighted some candles beneath it, we should be warmer.

We found the plan successful, and kept on lighting candles, so that we could warm our fingers at them and still remain seated in our cramped position. Luckily we had an ample supply, and could continue to burn them till the dawn began to appear. It seemed to us as if we had been seated for weeks on this ridge; and when at last it became light enough for us to move, we were so stiff that it was with difficulty that we gained our feet. We now began making preparations for departure. The rope was like an iron bar, and our frozen clothes would not give to our motion. Harper's boots were frozen so stiff that he was obliged to cut them open and burn innumerable candle-ends inside of them before he succeeded in getting them on. I had kept mine on all night, as I knew how much trouble I should have in putting them on again in the morning if I took them off. Zurbriggen, however, was the very best of us all, for his scheme of sitting on his boots and warming them had worked most admirably, though during the night he complained several times that the nails in them were rather hard.

We were extremely stiff, all of us, and for some distance literally limped along. However, when the sun rose it gradually thawed us, and we were able to make better time.

#### A Lucky Klondyke Woman.

Luck, like lightning, strikes in curious places. It is so in the Klondyke. Mrs. J. T. Willis was less than three months ago a poor washwoman, living in Dawson City. She set out alone for the gold fields of the frozen north from Tacoma, Wash., about two years ago. She was not successful in her prospecting, but she managed to make a fair living as a laundry woman in Dawson City. When the news of the Klondyke discoveries of gold reached that place she joined a party of cattlemen and went at once to the new diggings. She staked out a claim as soon as she got there, and it turned out to be a good one. She is now worth at least \$250,000. Mrs. Willis has a husband living in Tacoma. He is a blacksmith and a great sufferer from rheumatism. It was his inability to work that caused her to start out for the gold-mining country, resolved to return rich or not at all. Incidentally she has the fame of introducing the first "boiled shirt" among the Yukon miners. She paid \$2.50 for a box of starch with which she starched it and paid \$4 a day and board to the Indian squaw who was her first assistant in the laundry.

## PONY AND WHEEL RACE.

And the Westerners Had to Acknowledge Their Defeat.

"Before the people knew as much about bicycles as they do now," said the man who has lived pretty much all over the civilized world, according to the Detroit Free Press, "there were some funny things happened. I'll never forget what occurred while I was visiting a friend of mine running a ranch up in North Dakota. A young college boy on a vacation came through there on a wheel, the first one the cowboys had seen. Their comments on the machine were amusing.

"Wonder if the thing bucks?" asked one. "Rope a steer from that saddle," grinned another, "an' he'd throw you so far you'd never know where you lit." "Wouldn't be much good in Injun fighting," declared an old-timer, and a trim-looking young fellow that was the dude of that ranch announced disdainfully that he could go farther in a day on his broncho than the young fellow could do in a week.

"Tell you what I'll do, Dick," I said to the boaster. "I'll bet a hundred that he can cover fifty miles on his bike in less time than you can on your pony." I was snapped on every hand, even my friend expressing a willingness to tap my pile on that same proposition. I accommodated them all, as far as possible, and the race was arranged for next day. The send-off was like a Fourth of July celebration. A flying start was made over a straightaway course over a well-known trail, twenty-five miles and return. Dick was in his gayest attire and when my friend gave the racers the word there was a fusillade of revolvers mingled with yells that must have reached the man at the turning post. Of course Dick forged ahead at the start, and his partisans were jubilant, railing at me till my watch and pin went up against their accepted valuation. Things had quieted down and we had done a lot of smoking, so that the time seemed short, when we saw my favorite coming on his wheel as though an electric motor was supplying the power. He was a humped-up scorcher and no mistake. There was a strong disposition to question his claim of having gone every inch of the route, but when Dick came in, his mount in a complete state of collapse and Dick with both hands in the air above his head, the crowd wilted gracefully and I had enough to buy a half interest in the ranch."

#### FLAGS FOR UNCLE SAM.

For more than thirty years the flags which our ships and men-of-war have flaunted all over the world have been made in one suite of rooms at the Brooklyn navy yard.

It is the boast of the department that the workers turn out flags better made than those obtainable in any other portion of the globe. Not only are American flags made but flags of all nations, for each warship is required to be fitted out with a flag of every nation which sends ships upon the sea. James Crimmins, the foreman, knows more about flags than any one else in the world. He weighs the bunting, tests the colors, measures the stripes, cuts the cloth, carves out the stars and inspects the sewing.

The department reserved for the measurement of the flags resembles a gigantic tennis court, only in place of white lines the floor is inlaid with strips and plates of brass. The measurements of the flags must be perfect. The floor is so good and so large that the semi-monthly balls of the officers stationed at the Brooklyn yards are held in the room.

Some of the women who sew the flags together have worked for fifteen years. Machinery and electricity have done away with the necessity of sewing the flags by hand, but the women who sew on stars are expert needlewomen. A certain number of stitches is allowed to one inch and only careful hands can do the work. Cutting out the white stars is interesting to watch. The foreman folds the cloth twenty times, places a metal star on the pile and marks the pattern. Then with chisel and mallet he cuts out a whole shower of stars at once.

The flags used by the navy have to endure frost and snow, rain storms and blazing suns, and therefore great care is exercised in the choice of goods and coloring and many testing devices are used before choice is made of cloth.

#### One of Those Strange Happenings.

A good one is being told on a Chicago man. A few days ago, the story goes, he received a photograph of his girl in another town. The girl had wrapped the picture in a piece of newspaper on which was printed the ad of a stove firm. A portion of the paper adhered to the picture and the young man was very much surprised to see staring at him on the face, in bold, large type, the words, "See the name on the leg."

#### Where It Came In.

Bluejaws—Yes, I am very fond of the variety stage and think I'll stick to it. Footlights—Yet you are hardly a variety actor. The sketch you put on is quite "legit." Bluejaws—Quite so, but I got my salary regularly, and that's where the variety comes in.—Town Topics.

#### A Four Note.

"Remember, my son, that early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise." Is that the reason the farmers are the richest class of people in the nation?—Indianapolis Journal.



MRS. BERRY AS SEEN IN THE KLONDYKE.