

FORTUNE HUNTERS WHO BRAVE DIREST PERILS

Life in the Gold Fields of Alaska, Where the Rough Element is Honest, and Always Insists Upon Fair Play for All

Ketchikan, Alaska, Correspondence.—Frontier life lost none of its flavor when the trail of the American pioneer swayed from the West to the North. The fortune hunter lost none of the perils of his calling when he abandoned the trail of the setting sun to go in pursuit of the north star. But he pays no more heed to the menace of the arctic than he did to the vicissitudes of the desert. He follows each stream as long as its sands will show color of gold, and the coals of his camp fire are hardly dead before there is a town site where he pitched his tent. The way is hard on account of nature's resistance to his encroachments upon her domain, but the result is always the same—he triumphs and goes boldly onward. Everything in this world has its price and the gold-hunting men of the North must pay in some coin for the privilege of the trail.

The loose way in which fortune flings her favors is unaccountable. One night some bunko men of the gold fields sold a tenderfoot an old claim that was supposed to be worthless. The knowing ones said they would not have it as a gift. When the raw Easterner took possession of his property he was the butt of many jokes. However, the swindlers and the jokers soon laughed out of the other corner of their mouths, for their dupe began taking such quantities of dust out of the abandoned claim that it soon turned out to be a bonanza. Up to this time it has paid him nearly \$200,000.



TRADING POST IN ALASKA.

Teh scapgeot son of a down East preacher drifted into the Klondike to make a new try at life. He had seen enough wild oats where he came from to make a beautiful crop of remorse, and it would seem that one who had played so hard and fast with good opportunities would hardly be entitled to hit upon the best claim in a thousand. But he did. He took the precious stuff out at a rate that was astonishing and broke the record for ringtons here. His good resolves couldn't stand prosperity.

Many who are well schooled in the craft of hunting gold may stumble over it, while the uninitiated often run right into it. The man who was responsible for the discovery of the richest fields in the North tramped over them for years, vainly seeking his fortune, and finally came out with hardly enough money to pay his way home. Before the ship reached Seattle he was robbed of the last dollar he had in the world. On the same boat was a young Californian who had tackled the frozen North with less than \$100 and had no experience, who had \$140,000 worth of nuggets to show what his luck had done for him. All signs fail in a dry time, and no man can tell much about the hiding place of gold.

In 1880 a French Canadian named Joe Juneau wandered up Silver Bow basin, the beautiful canyon back of the town which bears his name. He gained the first gold from a field that has enriched the world by many millions, and which will continue to contribute to its wealth for many years to come. Juneau was one of those fearless characters who helped to conquer the wilderness. He was a pathfinder in the full sense of the word, yet he died penniless. When the news came to Juneau that the old man was dead and no man could tell much about the hiding place of gold.

Idioms of the North.
The people of New England, as well as those of Dixie, have a distinction in their language, and so do the residents of the far North. Many words are in use here that are not known elsewhere. When a person arrives he is not known as a newcomer, but is mentioned as a "chee-chowker." A pioneer is not known by that name, but is called a "sour dough." Anyone who has braved the hardships of one winter in the gloomy arctic can then take to himself the honor of being a "sour dough." The word for "move on" is "mush." This odd word of command originated with the dog drivers. The

MARTIAL POWER OF JAPAN

Islanders Are Very Closely Knit by National Ties.
Japan is not a small country, and the Japanese are not a weak people. There are some 42,000,000 Japanese, says Guntō's Magazine. The empire contains about 150,000 square miles or one-quarter more area than England, Scotland and Wales. In other words the Japanese empire is considerably larger than Great Britain and contains about 10,000,000 more people. It is fortunate in being an island realm, so that it cannot be attacked except from the sea. This, in view of its powerful navy, probably superior to that of Russia, gives it a tremendous advantage in war with the northern empire. Again, it is so close to the Asiatic continent that it could land its troops in Korea or Siberia much more rapidly than Russia could march them overland or transport them on the Siberian railway. Again, the 42,000,000 Japanese are more closely knit by national ties, by loyalty and patriotism and zeal, than any equal number of people on the face of the globe. In this respect they resemble ancient Sparta, the Dutch in Europe and the magnificently heroic Boers.

As to their military qualities, it is well known that the Japanese army is not only of considerable size but that its discipline and equipment are fully equal to that of the French or German forces. The present standing army of Japan is something like 650,000 troops, or equal in size to the army of either France or Germany, and in military efficiency it is undoubtedly the superior of either.

It should be remembered that Japan has never been conquered. It should also be remembered that a foot of her soil has never been held by an enemy for an appreciable time. It is very hard to remember that the very heroes that Genghis Khan and his predecessors and successors led in triumph against Russia and Central Europe had which overthrew Persia and India and Afghanistan and Russia and Hungary were easily beaten by the Japanese.

It has been said that the Japanese have never fought a serious war with a white nation and are an unknown quantity. It may be said with equal truth that Russia has never faced the Japanese in war and that therefore the Russians in a conflict with the Japanese are an unknown quantity. But there is abundant material for estimating the strength on sea and land of these two peoples. The Japanese in their conflict with China in 1894 proved themselves superior to the Chinese in a greater degree than the Russians or any European soldier have ever proved themselves superior to the Chinese. Again, in the international extravaganza known as the marching in Peking the Japanese soldiers marched and fought side by side with the picked soldiers of Europe and America. In that experience they showed themselves superior to the American and European troops in every respect and almost every western commander engaged in the expeditions against the Chinese "Boxers" admitted that they were at least the equal if not the superior of all other soldiers engaged in an expedition.

MEN WHO GET UP EARLY.

Some People Begin Daily Work Before Daylight.
I hate to get up early in the morning. I never saw a thing since I was born.
I like to lay my fat old head in the bosom of a great big feather bed.
Oh, I hate to get up early in the morning.

So runs one of the songs of the day. Tearing it out long ago, a news paper man—one of that class which ever gets up early if it is possible to avoid it—conducted an investigation with the view of ascertaining just how early some people beat the sun every morning.

He was told that drivers of milk wagons frequently start out on their rounds at midnight. It is a fact to which plenty of affidavits can be obtained that truck yardmen who live at some distance from this city frequently start for market with their vegetables at 11 o'clock at night—before lots of people are in bed. Drivers of butchers' wagons generally commence to be on duty by 4 or 4:30 a. m.—that is to say, those who are employed by butchers who make early morning deliveries. The few men get them about one-hour better—or worse—for they are generally loading their wagons about 3 or 3:30 a. m.

Around a newspaper office the man in charge of the circulating department is around by 2:30 o'clock at the latest. The mailing clerk frequently sees duty beginning at 11 o'clock and extending far into the forenoon.—Dall News.

Wanted No Cheap Gamblers.
It happened in a San Francisco opinion den, and may fairly be termed a contest of imagination. Three dope fiends who had attended the races at Oakland during the afternoon lay stretched out under the influence of the dreamy narcotic. Presently one of them explained: "I bettee \$10,000 on the black horse." "After a while subject No. 2 broke the silence with: "I bettee \$1,000,000,000 Killy G. catechee money." Then sport No. 3 was heard from. Rolling over, he remarked disgustedly: "Flow dem pikers out."

A Fair Cry.
"Murder will out, they say."
"Yes, nothing on earth could keep that girl next door from singing every night song that appears."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Coarse Efforts to Be Funny.

THE editor of an Indiana publication, in an effort to make a coarse jest on the subject of a local wedding, ran afoul of the United States postal laws, and as a result thereof pleaded guilty to a federal indictment. The incident calls attention to the fact that a very large class of people throughout this country carry the time-honored wedding jocularity altogether too far, and while they seldom go to indecent lengths in their efforts to be funny, as in the present instance, their "humorous" attempts usually smack of a coarseness that is entirely out of harmony with the civilization of the day.

The charivari, or "shiveree," as it is commonly called, is an institution of historic antiquity, and when confined to a drumming that compels the betrothed groom to produce a barrel of cider and the pipe of peace, is interesting and harmless enough, but the efforts to embarrass the newly married couple before strangers is a different proposition. Starting with the harmless old custom of throwing rice for good luck, it progressed to the matter of playing tricks with the groom's clothing, to tacking ribbons on the traveling trunks, and, finally, to the "send-off" at the train, where some humorist announces to the assemblage of traveling men and other strangers that these people have just been married, and another idiot distributes handbills to the same effect, embellished with remarks more or less impertinent or unbecoming, as the case may be. The only possible effect of such performances is to make the bride and groom miserable and cause all other passengers bliss with good sense to feel foolish.

The line between laughter and disgust is a very narrow one, and the amateur comedians essaying great jocularity on the occasion of their friends' marriage almost invariably overstep it. It seems a pity there is no way for the aggrieved ones to reach the great majority of them—this sinner was reached.—Indianapolis Journal.

Publicity of Modern Life.

THE fierce light that was supposed to beat exclusively upon a throne has come, in our modern conditions, to beat with almost equal fierceness upon a kitchen. The doings, sayings, and portraits of the cooks of the truly rich are nowadays put before the public record. Meantime our American court calendar includes not only the daily doings of the presidential family, but also of the families of those of our millionaires who use it, and by some supposed exclusively to constitute "society." Not only this, but there is a system, especially in what would be called in England the provincial press, of recording the doings, movements, and visitations of pretty much everybody in pretty much every community in the country.

What effect is all this publicity to have upon the average man, woman and girl? But, particularly, what effect is all this familiarity to have upon the world's sentiment with regard to royalty and high ecclesiastical authority? As to these latter matters, surely there will be palpable effects. Can the sense of awe continue as great when there is so little left of the unknown? One thing is sure; the sentiment toward kings and courts and Vatican can never remain the same in these new and remarkable conditions. The relation between the former and their subjects and followers may be none the less affectionate, even reverent; it may become more human; more close. But the mystery having departed, there can hardly be the old stress. When the mind is no longer awed and clouded by the dim and the unknown, the appeal to reason must be reinforced.—Century Magazine.

Do Not Worry.

WE should worry less if we were fully conscious of our own freedom. If we realized that nothing can hurt us except our own false notions, that no one can hurt us except ourselves, we should worry less if we looked neither too anxiously toward the future nor too slyly toward the past, but concerned ourselves chiefly with the duty of the moment. We should worry less if we could always say to the jering god: "I tried to do my best, and that was the best I could do." We should worry less if we turned our backs on every Satan of excessive luxury, excessive work, excessive duty, excessive anything. We should worry less if we ate simple food, if we took plenty of sleep, if we developed our minds with

our bodies and our bodies with our minds. We should worry less if we would frankly meet our ideals with temporary, just compromises, aiming simply to gain more with every new compromise.

The Boston Globe says: "The investor who carries his stock to bed with him every night, and in his dreams sees it falling, falling, is not the man who watches the ticker tape with a sharp eye looking out of a clear head the next day, prepared to grasp the hand of fortune."

"The merchant who permits himself to suffer long from the blues because his profits this year are less than last year, will always keep a little store around the corner, so long as his brain is active. His show windows will never grace the main street."

"The mechanic who continually nurses the fear that he will be left penniless in time of sickness, because his earnings all go for the family food and clothing, it but weakening his capacity as a workman and hastening his day of expected misfortune."

"The housewife who eternally frets lest the cake fall or a speck of dust be overlooked in the parlor, not only loses the pleasure of the present, but mortgages the joys she might naturally expect for the future."

Don't worry, and the result will be fewer overwrought minds, fewer exhausted nervous systems, less recourse to bracing drugs, and a marked reduction in the number of cases of insanity.—The Week's Progress.

To Make Bad Boys Good.

IT is not strange that there should be a good deal of sentiment among public school principals in favor of the restoration of corporal punishment, under proper restriction, in the schools. The rule that the teacher who cannot secure discipline and order in his class without resorting to physical force is not fit to teach sounds very well in theory, but in practice there are exceptions. There are refractory pupils, whom nothing but the fear of physical punishment can keep in subjection, and it is unfortunately true that the example of one or two such boys is more potent as a demoralizing force than the example of the good boys can counteract. Boys are naturally lawless. If they are healthy, and the forceful young rascal who defies his teacher is likely to be regarded as a hero by his schoolmates. There are doubtless many occasions when a good, efficient caning would do more to maintain order and discipline in the classroom than the most earnest appeal to the dormant sense of honor of the boys.

In the case of the boy who drew a knife on his teacher in one of the Brooklyn schools recently, it certainly seems that an earnest application of the cane would have been more effective than the arrest of the boy. Imprisonment tends to exhort the vice that there may be in a boy, while the inclination to virtue of a good thrashing from which there is no honor in the sight of his fellows to be derived, would prove much more efficacious as a reforming measure.—Brooklyn Times.

Average Marriage Age.

THE average age of marriage for men in the United States is 26½ years, which, according to the New York Sun, is lower than in any other country in which accurate marriage records are kept. In Sweden the average is 31 years. Whether it is better, on the whole, that the average age of marriage in a country should be low or high is a moot question, and the answer must vary according to the character of the country. Early marriages naturally are followed by large families of children, but young parents with many children are very likely to be poor and unable to give the children much care. The young wives are forced to leave school and go to work at an early age and thus their minds and bodies are prevented from attaining the highest development of which they are capable. Thus a moderate measure of sensible neglect is good for a child. Thus, also, that many great men rose like Abraham and Charlemd from the humbled and poorest of early environment. But when talking of general averages it is a safe proposition that extreme poverty is a detriment to children. The advantages of money, good schools, books and a reasonable amount of comfort and even luxury at home are beneficial. They make a finer quality of men and women.—San Francisco Bulletin.



She Got a Broom

"Have you any old clothes, lady?" asked the broom peddler. "I'll give you a fine broom for some old clothes."
"I'm busy now," said the woman of the house. "Not to-day."
She began slowly to close the door, but the peddler displayed one of his brooms—a gorgeous, wide-spreading one with a varnished handle and bound with green plush.
"Just a pair of old shoes," pleaded the peddler.
"Wait a moment," said the woman and closed the door, carefully putting the catch on. Then she went upstairs and rummaged through some closets and at last found a pair of old shoes, which she brought down and offered to the peddler.
"They're badly worn," he said.
"Of course they are," said the woman, briskly. "If they weren't I'd wear them myself. Do you want to trade me a broom for them."
The man smiled mournfully and producing a whisk broom said, "I'll let you have this for them shoes and 10 cents."
"Certainly not," said the woman. "Give 'em to me."
"Haven't you any others?" asked the peddler.
"No, I haven't. I don't need a whisk broom. I want a carpet broom."
The peddler examined the shoes again. Then he said: "Well, I'll give you a carpet broom for the shoes and a quarter."
"I won't do it," said the woman. "Give me back the shoes."
"Well, 15 cents, then."

torneys for both sides, forced in the above promptly at 11:30.

At 11:45 the real estate in the bride's name was transferred to his lordship.

At 11:50 a million dollars in legal tender changed hands.

At high noon all the railroad first mortgage bonds known to be the bride's possession were handed over.

A vote of thanks was then passed to his lordship for leaving the bride's father enough to live on comfortably until the next rise in Wall street, which is predicted for next spring.

At 12:15 two bishops, four clergymen, two real estate lawyers and a barrister, representing the plaintiff, pronounced the benediction.

The groom will pass the next three weeks with his bride at his estates in England, after the roof has been repaired.

After this, it is understood, they will separate and enter society.—New York Life.

Facts About Immigration.
In thirty years 1,330,074 Italians have come to this country. This immigration has a very peculiar character. Until 1880 the percentage of women was less than 15, but now it has increased to 39. This indicates that the immigration has a marked tendency to become permanent.

Obedying the Law.
"Why did you let him get away from you?" thundered the chief.
"He—er—took a mean advantage of me," replied the green detective. "He ran across the grass in the park and—"
"Well?"
"Well, there was a sign there, 'Keep off the grass.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Land is Redeemed.
By means of irrigation something like 3,700,000 acres of land in Dakota has been increased in value over \$230,000,000.

Perhaps the time will come when the intelligence of the people will make politics unprofitable.

Wedded in Modern Style.

There was a wedding yesterday in Graceless Church. Lord Balaknob of Kiltshire, England, married Miss Kallie Panhandi, of East Pittsburgh. The bridal party, including the at-