

FROM COAST TO KLONDIKE.



EDWARD SPURR
IN "OUTING."

fore we had tasted the tempting liver and coffee (to say nothing of the beans), we would be summarily ejected by the dish-washer, who was a very young man of dashing exterior and peculiar vocabulary, and who would disperse us with the assertion that "By the crew is going to eat now."

Crossing the Now Famous Chilkoot Pass.
The trip from salt water to the head of the navigable waters of the Yukon is usually made in two stages, of each about fifteen miles. The trader at Dyea had brought in a few horses, and we engaged him to transport our camp outfit and provisions over the first stage, where the trail, though rough, can be gone over by pack-animals. Some of the miners, however, engaged Indians immediately at Dyea to pack the whole distance, and, as it afterward proved, this was the wiser plan. We could also have obtained saddle animals, but our little party preferred to walk for the sake of getting toughened for the harder journeys that were to follow.

"The trip turned out to be exceptionally fatiguing, a large part of the distance being through sand and loose gravels in the bed of a stream, where it was impossible to find a firm footing; several times also we had to wade the stream. The valley along whose bottom we were thus traveling was narrow and canyon-like, with steep bare mountains rising high on either side. The tops of these mountains, so far as we could see, were capped with ice; and this great glacier stretched out long fingers down into the valley along each of the gulches or recesses in the mountain wall. Finally, crossing the river a last time on a fallen tree, we followed the trail up into the more rocky and difficult portion of the valley; and some miles of this brought us, thoroughly tired, to our halting place.

"From Sheep Camp, where we were, the only way to get our supplies over the pass was to get Indians to carry them. Although these Indians are no stronger than average white men, yet they greatly excel them in point of endurance, and they willingly under-

After awhile the well-beaten trail faded to almost nothing, and at the same time the snow-slope became of excessive steepness. We were obliged to kick footholds for every step, on a surface so smooth and steep that a slip would have sent us sliding into depths which we could not see. Looking down it seemed a bottomless pit, shapeless and fathomless, in the eddying fog.

On the other side of the summit a short but steep declivity led down to a small frozen lake, named by the miners Crater Lake, on account of the steep, crater-like walls which surround it on three sides. On one side, however, this wall opens out into a valley, through which a small stream runs; the lake is, therefore one of the ultimate sources of the Yukon, and it was with a feeling of relief that we stepped upon its frozen surface.

The Chilkoot Indian Packers.

"At Dyea is a small trading-post, kept by a white man, around which is gathered a village of Indians or Siwash, belonging to the Chilkoot tribe. They are by no means ill-looking people. The men are strong and well-formed; the women (naturally, when one considers their mode of life) are inferior to the men in good looks. These women have a habit of painting their faces uniformly black with a mixture of soot and grease, a covering which is said to prevent snow-blindness in the winter and to be a protection in summer against the mosquitoes. Some have only the upper part of their faces painted, and the black part terminates in a straight line, giving the effect of a half-mask. At the time of our arrival the Indians were engaged very busily in catching and drying a small fish. This fish is very oily, and when dried can be lighted at one end and used as a candle; and for this purpose it is stored away against the long winter night.

Graves of the Klondike.

"Although there are very few people in the country, one is continually surprised at first by perceiving a solitary white tent standing on some prominent point or cliff which overlooks the river. At first this looks cheerful, and we sent many a hearty hail across the water to such habitations; but our calls were never answered, for these are not dwellings of the living but of the dead. Inside each of these tents, which are ordinarily made of white cloth, though sometimes of woven matting, is a dead Indian, and near him are laid his rifle, snowshoes, ornaments and other personal effects. I do not think the custom of leaving these



HIGH SUMMER IN THE CHILKOOT PASS.

go extreme fatigue for any limited period. At this time, however, the trail was so bad, on account of the softening of the snows in the hot June sun, that they concluded to strike for higher wages. This was the cause of some little delay for us.

Once we saw the Siwash safely started with their packs, we set out ourselves, at about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. At this time of year the trip is usually timed by the Indians, so that the deepest snow will be crossed between 12 o'clock at midnight and 3 in the morning; for in these hours a crust forms, which in daytime is softened by the warm sun. Our way soon led us on to a glacier-like field of snow, which often sounded hollow to our feet as we trod, and at intervals we could hear the water rushing beneath. The grade became steep, and the fog closed around us thickly, joining with the twilight of the Alaska June night to make a peculiar obscurity which gave things a weird, ghostly appearance. As we toiled up the steep incline of hardened snow, those ahead of us looked like huge giants; while those on whom we looked down were ugly, sprawling dwarfs.

All the rest of the climb was over snow, the ascent being very steep, with cliffs on all sides, which loomed up gigantic and ghostly. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by these bare, jagged rocks rising out of the snow field, in the silence, the fog and the twilight. We were forcibly reminded of some of Dore's imaginative drawings.

articles at the graves implies any belief that they will be used by the dead man in another world, but simply signifies that he will have no more use for the things which were so dear and necessary to him in life—just as, among ourselves, articles which have been used by some dead friend are henceforth laid aside and used no longer.

A Ballot Box That Counts.

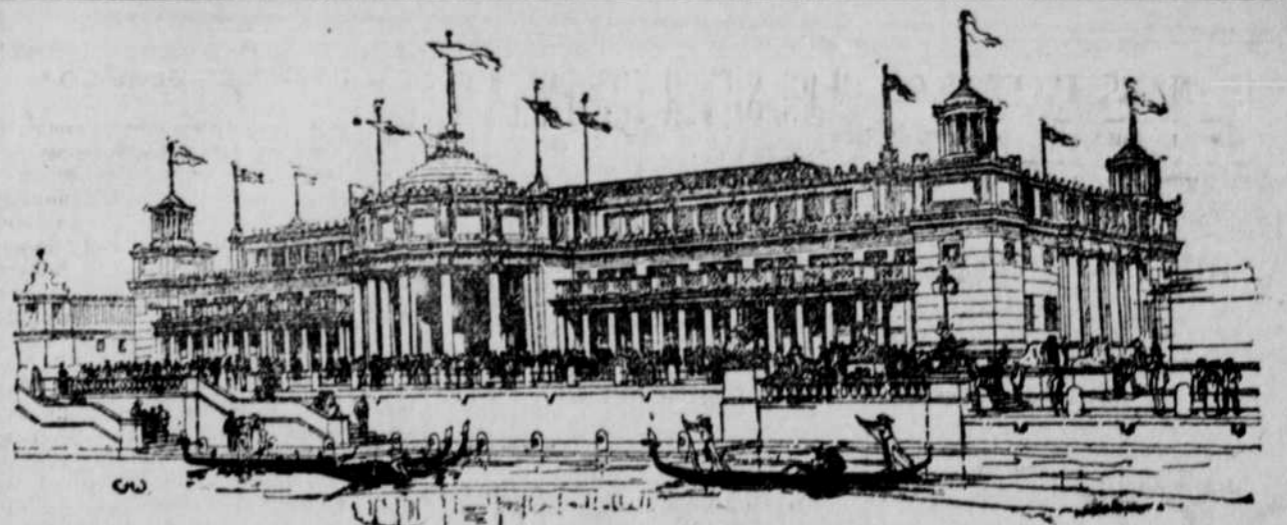
Something novel in the way of voting machinery has recently been patented in England by Arthur E. Collins, city engineer of Norwich. The ballots are printed on stiff paper or card, bound up in books, each leaf being so perforated that it can be torn off like a check from its stub. The voter goes into a screened room, where he sees a row of boxes supported on a frame.

Each box bears the name and other insignia of a party or a candidate. A conspicuous indicator points the voter to a slot in the box. Into this the ballot is thrust without any marking or folding, and after a few seconds it falls through to a glass box, into which all the other boxes discharge. An election official, on one side, and the voter on the other, can both see the ballot and be sure that it is all right; but the official cannot tell by which route it entered the glass-walled receptacle, and therefore cannot tell how the man has voted.

Just within the slot, in each ballot box there is an inked roller and some type, which print a number on the back of the ballot. These numbers run in succession. Consequently, they count each party's vote as it is cast. Both the type and the highest number on the ballots, finally taken out, record this, and, therefore, must agree when the polls close. Each ballot, after remaining an instant in the glass box for inspection, drops still further, and goes into a much bigger reservoir that is sealed.

Deaf-Mute Misers.

In the house of a deaf-mute brother and sister, William and Julia Barnes, who have lived alone on a farm near Columbus, Mo., an investigation committee of neighbors found after the death of the brother at 77 years, money to the amount of \$5,000 hidden about in all sorts of places.



MANUFACTURERS' BUILDING.

The Greek Ionic style of architecture characterizes the Manufacturers' building. The order is of heroic proportions, carried out with great artistic care in every detail. The principal feature of the lagoon facade is a circular dome 150 feet in circumference, rising to a height of seventy-five feet. The dome is supported on a circular row of fluted Ionic columns, and the space enclosed by them and under the dome is open, forming a grand, open, domed vestibule for an approach to the building. The inner dome is richly designed with ribs and panels and is to be richly decorated in colors, while the outer is formed by a series

of steps rising in the form of a cone to the apex, which is crowned by a richly decorated base or flagstaff. The outer row of dome columns is detached and the entablature is broken around them at the base of the dome, and over each column is a statue and pedestal having as a background the stylobate of the dome. This treatment is very monumental in effect, and while in good taste and harmonious with the architectural style it is at the same time original and interesting. Over the doorway leading from this vestibule into the building are three large panels between the pilasters to receive paintings which will be emblematical of the character of the exhibits. Flanking the central dome

are beautiful Ionic colonnades which form covered ways along the entire facade, stopping at the corner towers. Over these colonnades are balconies capable of holding large numbers of people and opening from the interior galleries of the building, affording a fine view from which to obtain an elevated view of the lagoon and the beauties of the grand central court. The four corners of the building are marked by square plain towers surmounted by ornate, open, columned pavilions, circular in form and to serve for electric lighting. The manufacturers building is 300 feet long and 149 feet wide. It was designed by S. S. Beman of Chicago.

WOMAN AT THIRTY-FIVE.

Admitting That She Ever Gets There, That Is Her Most Charming Age.

In reality, a woman at 35 is still pausing at the height of her personal charm. She gained the height perhaps seven or eight years before, but if she has been careful of herself, has had small experience of sorrow and pain and apprehension, has not had too hard work for mind or body, has had but little illness, has kept her temper and spared herself worry, she has not fairly begun the descent; or if she has, then there is a slightly pathetic charm about her, says Harper's Bazar, as about the golden tangle of a rose that drops its first petal, but is still the rose.

For into the beauty of 20, gradually unfolding and expanding up to 25 or 26, the soul unfolding and expanding, too, has infiltrated a new quality, one which is wanting to youth except in extraordinary instances, and this beauty of spirit and of intellect has been added to beauty of flesh with every increasing power. And then just as the contours begin to yield and the beauty of the flesh assumes a doubtful part, when diet and exercise and massage and sleep and the right colors, and not too much light, all have to be carefully considered, and a veil is needed to hide the fine lines when in the sun—and if Betty gives "the cheek a touch of red" and the hair a dust of gold powder it is not our affair to know of it, nor does it diminish the fascination she unconsciously exerts—then if she has improved the years, comes the second stage—the stage of a superior captivation to that exercised by the mere fleshy beauty. It is in the years of this period that unconsciously and unwillingly women charm men much younger than themselves, and many men of rather extraordinary intellectual power, into proposals of marriage. At this time a woman understands herself and knows how to balance and counterbalance, the circumstances of the world about her. She has probably read many books; she has seen many people; if she amounts to anything worth considering she has tact and skill and, among ourselves, articles which have been used by some dead friend are henceforth laid aside and used no longer.

President Cleveland's Portrait.
A strange thing has happened to an oil portrait of Mr. Cleveland, painted during his first administration and hung in a New York clubhouse frequented by many of his admirers. There has lately appeared just upon the breast of the portrait a large inverted ghostly head, with bald dome and well defined eyes, nose and lips. Either the canvas was an old one or the artist made upon it and afterward abandoned a bust study of his subject. The subsequent coats of paint for a time concealed the lines beneath, but something in the atmosphere of the room where the portrait hangs has gradually revealed the hidden picture.

Banquet Is a "Highfalutin" Word.
The Philadelphia Ledger takes the loftiness out of a word that is in very frequent use: "Styling a public dinner a 'banquet' is something of a mistake; that is, if the use of the word 'banquet' is to add more dignity to the occasion or even to be more upish or bumptious or top-lofty." 'Banquet' from the French and Spanish, means a small bench, a little seat, and when spelled banquetta means a three-legged stool. It has reference to sitting while eating, instead of taking refreshment in 'stand-up' fashion, as at one of our Wistar parties or at a free-lunch counter. The truth is that 'banquet' is simply a grandiose expression—ambitious and somewhat 'affected.'

She Waited Long.
A case which was being tried before a New York justice was delayed by the absence of a witness named Sarah Money. The magistrate announced, with an attempt at wit, that the case would be adjourned without Sarah Money. One of the jurors, struck with the brilliancy of the pun, went home and told his wife that the justice had gotten off a wonderful joke by declaring that the case would be adjourned without Mary Money. "Pooh," said the wife, "I don't see anything funny about that." "Neither did I," responded her husband, "until I got half way home, but it will strike you in half an hour or so."

The Death Watch.
The little insect popularly called the death-watch or tick is a timber-boring insect which usually commences its sound late in the spring, and is no other than the call by which the male and female are led to each other, the same as with birds during the mating season. The sound they emit is not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on or striking any hard substance with the shield or fore part of its head. The prevailing number of strokes are from seven to nine and eleven, and it is this circumstance which probably adds to the ominous character it bears among ignorant and superstitious persons.

Our Friends, the Birds.

Those who have made a study of bird habits say that birds of almost all sorts are rather the friends than the enemies of farmers and gardeners. Not only do the song birds by destroying insects earn their right to eat a few berries, but even the crow that generations of farmers have feared and killed, is said to prefer insects to corn, and often to be in the very act of destroying pests when farmers suppose him to be maliciously bent on robbing the work of the sower.

Headache Powders.

The habit of taking "headache powders" is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country. These powders, as their name indicates, are claimed by the manufacturers to be a positive and speedy cure for any form of headache. In many cases their chief ingredient is morphine, opium, cocaine or some other equally injurious drug having a tendency to deaden pain. The habit of taking them is easily formed, but almost impossible to shake off. Women usually commence taking them to relieve a raging headache and, finding it successful, soon resort to the powder to alleviate any little pain or ache they may be subjected to, and finally, like the morphine or opium fiend, get into the habit of taking them regularly, imagining that they are in pain if they happen to miss their regular dose.

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THE GIRL WHO TEACHES.

She Ought to Be a Paragon, but She Very Often Is Not.

Sound health is a prime necessity for any worker in the world, no matter what the line of work may be, but it becomes of the greatest importance if the work is to be carried on in the school room, writes Caroline B. Le Roy in the Ladies' Home Journal. There not only the physical, but the nervous and mental forces are taxed to their utmost. The young graduate has hitherto gone to school to sit comfortably at her desk; to stand occasionally for recitations; to use her voice but little; to have constant variety in her work; to enjoy her recess with perfect freedom and in congenial companionship. As a teacher she goes to school to stand upon her feet all day long, to use her voice incessantly, perhaps, too in a large room filled with the tumult of the street; to keep noisy, and very likely, rebellious and disobedient children not only quiet, but interested, and to spend the recess in care of them in the halls and the yard. Besides this she is to stimulate their brains, and a certain amount of time—usually prescribed by a board of education, the members of which know little of the capacity and possibilities of the youthful mind—is allotted her, in which she must, somehow or other, succeed in teaching them a certain number of facts—no allowance being made for the slowness, stupidity or disorder, which increases the friction of the work and delays the doing. No matter how complete the education, or how enthusiastic the spirit, the power for physical endurance is absolutely necessary.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

What the Giant Undertaking Represents in Mechanics.

It is not easy for the mind to grasp the stupendous nature of this undertaking, says the Review of Reviews. The wheel itself is 250 feet in diameter; at its highest point it is 288 feet above the earth. That is to say that if the Bunker Hill monument were used as a yardstick to measure it the towering monolith would fall short fifty feet. If the wheel were set in Broadway by the side of Trinity spire it would lift the passengers of its cars to a level with the apex of that soaring steeple. The obelisk of Luxor, or Trajan's pillar, at Rome, would not be long enough to serve as a radial spoke.

Then, again, as to its enormous weight. The Niagara cantilever, just below the falls, was looked upon as an engineering wonder when it was built. Its construction required three years. The Ferris wheel was built in five months and its weight is four times that of the Niagara bridge. The St. Louis bridge was another wonder and its weight is about equal to that of the big wheel complete. The Cincinnati cantilever is another huge bridge; it is 1,300 feet long, and it would about balance the scale with Mr. Ferris' big toy. And the one is set immovably resting on two supports, while the wheel is swung upon an axle lifted 140 feet in the air. It has thirty-six cars, and in these two regiments of soldiery could be seated and swept with an almost imperceptible motion high above the White wonder.

A Queer Organ.

A curious organ is to be seen at the Jesuits' church at Shanghai, China. It was manufactured by a native, a "brother coadjutor" of the Jesuit order. The pipes of the instrument are in bamboo wood instead of metal, and the sonority is of incomparable sweetness, "angelic and superhuman," says a correspondent, and such as has never been heard in Europe.

Electricity in Mining.

In the general report of the commission in Prussia in charge of mining matters, which has recently been published, the commissioners state that in their opinion electricity is perfectly safe for mine use, provided care is taken to see that conductors are properly insulated, lamps well protected, and the current not too intense. A more extensive use of electricity in mines would be possible were a portable electric lamp devised combining simplicity, duration of power, and cheapness.



DRIVING A BARGAIN WITH THE NATIVES.